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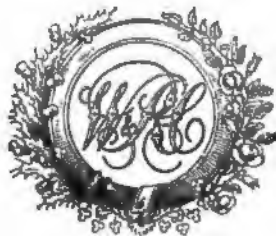
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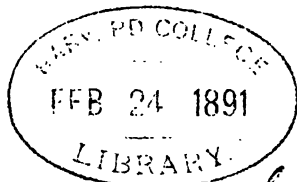
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OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.*

CHAPTER I.—THE FLOWERY LAND.

LINDA FLORIDA! fair land of flowers!

Thus hailed thee the bold Spanish adventurer, as, standing upon the prow of his caravel, he first caught sight of thy shores.

It was upon the Sunday of Palms—the festival of the flowers—and the devout Castilian beheld in thee a fit emblem of the day. Under the influence of a pious thought, he gave thee its name, and well deservedst thou the proud appellation.

That was three hundred years ago. Three full cycles have rolled past, since the hour of thy baptismal ceremony; but the title becomes thee as ever. Thy floral bloom is as bright at this hour as when Leon landed upon thy shores—ay, bright as when the breath of God first called thee into being.

Thy forests are still virgin and inviolate; verdant thy savannas; thy groves as fragrant as ever—those perfumed groves of aniseed and orange, of myrtle and magnolia. Still sparkles upon thy plains the cerulean ixia; still gleam in thy waters the golden nymphæ; above thy swamps yet tower the colossal cypress, the gigantic cedar, the gum, and the bay-tree; still over thy gentle slopes of silvery sand wave long-leaved pines, mingling their acetalous foliage with the frondage of the palm. Strange anomaly of vegetation; the tree of the north, and the tree of the south—the types of the frigid and torrid—in this thy mild mid-region, standing side by side, and blending their branches together!

Linda Florida! who can behold thee without peculiar emotion? without conviction that thou art a favoured land? Gazing upon thee, one ceases to wonder at the faith—the wild faith of the early adventurers—that from thy bosom gushed forth the fountain of youth, the waters of eternal life!

No wonder the sweet fancy found favour and credence; no wonder so delightful an idea had its crowds of devotees. Thousands came from afar, to find rejuvenescence by bathing in thy crystal streams—thousands sought it, with far more eagerness than the white metal of Mexico, or the yellow gold of Peru: in the search, thousands grew older instead of younger, or perished in pursuit of the vain illusion; but who could wonder?

Even at this hour, one can scarcely think it an illusion; and in that age of romance, it was still easier of belief. A new world had been discovered, why not

a new theory of life? Men looked upon a land where the leaves never fell, and the flowers never faded. The bloom was eternal—eternal the music of the birds. There was no winter—no signs of death or decay. Natural, then, the fancy, and easy the faith, that in such fair land man too might be immortal.

The delusion has long since died away, but not the beauty that gave birth to it. Thou, Florida, art still the same—still art thou emphatically the land of flowers. Thy groves are as green, thy skies as bright, thy waters as diaphanous as ever. There is no change in the loveliness of thy aspect.

And yet I observe a change. The scene is the same, but not the characters! Where are they of that red race who were born of thee, and nurtured on thy bosom? I see them not. In thy fields, I behold white and black, but not red—European and African, but not Indian—not one of that ancient people who were once thine own. Where are they?

Gone! all gone! No longer tread they thy flowery paths—no longer are thy crystal streams cleft by the keels of their canoes—no more upon thy spicy gale is borne the sound of their voices—the twang of their bowstrings is heard no more amid the trees of thy forest: they have parted from thee far and for ever.

But not willing went they away—for who could leave thee with a willing heart? No, fair Florida; thy red children were true to thee, and parted only in sore unwillingness. Long did they cling to the loved scenes of their youth; long continued they the conflict of despair, that has made them famous for ever. Whole armies, and many a hard struggle, it cost the pale-face to dispossess them; and then they went not willingly—they were torn from thy bosom like wolf-cubs from their dam, and forced to a far western land. Sad their hearts, and slow their steps, as they faced toward the setting sun. Silent or weeping, they moved onward. In all that band, there was not one voluntary exile.

No wonder they disliked to leave thee. I can well comprehend the poignancy of their grief. I too have enjoyed the sweets of thy flowery land, and parted from thee with like reluctance. I have walked under the shadows of thy majestic forests, and bathed in thy limpid streams—not with the hope of rejuvenescence, but the certainty of health and joy. Oft have I made my couch under the canopy of thy spreading palms and magnolias, or stretched myself along the green-sward of thy savannas; and, with eyes bent upon the blue ether of thy heavens, have listened to my heart repeating the words of the eastern poet:

Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this!

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CHAPTER II.

THE INDIGO PLANTATION.

My father was an indigo planter; his name was Randolph. I bear his name in full—George Randolph.

There is Indian blood in my veins. My father was of the Randolphs of Roanoke—hence descended from the Princess Pocahontas. He was proud of his Indian ancestry—almost vain of it.

It may sound paradoxical, especially to European ears; but it is true, that white men in America, who have Indian blood in them, are proud of the taint. Even to be a 'half-breed' is no badge of shame—particularly where the *sang mélé* has been gifted with fortune. Not all the volumes that have been written bear such strong testimony to the grandeur of the Indian character as this one fact—we are not ashamed to acknowledge them as ancestry!

Hundreds of white families lay claim to descent from the Virginian princess. If their claims be just, then must the fair Pocahontas have been a blessing to her lord.

I think my father was of the true lineage; at all events, he belonged to a proud family in the 'old dominion'; and during his early life had been surrounded by sable slaves in hundreds. But his rich patrimonial lands became at length worn out—profuse hospitality well-nigh ruined him; and not brooking an inferior station, he gathered up the fragments of his fortune, and 'moved' southward—there to begin the world anew.

I was born before this removal, and am therefore a native of Virginia; but my earliest impressions of a home were formed upon the banks of the beautiful Suwanee, in Florida. That was the scene of my boyhood's life—the spot consecrated to me by the joys of youth and the charms of early love.

I would paint the picture of my boyhood's home. Well do I remember it: so fair a scene is not easily effaced from the memory.

A handsome 'frame'-house, coloured white, with green Venetians over the windows, and a wide verandah extending all round. Carved wooden porticoes support the roof of this verandah, and a low balustrade with light railing separates it from the adjoining grounds—from the flower parterre in front, the orangery on the right flank, and a large garden on the left. From the outer edge of the parterre, a smooth lawn slopes gently to the bank of the river—here expanding to the dimensions of a noble lake, with distant wooded shores, islets that seem suspended in the air, wild-fowl upon the wing, and wild-fowl in the water.

Upon the lawn, behold tall tapering palms, with pinnatifid leaves—a species of *oreodoxia*—others with broad fan-shaped fronds—the *palmettoes* of the south; behold magnolias, clumps of the fragrant illicium, and radiating crowns of the *yucca gloriosa*—all indigenous to the soil. Another native presents itself to the eye—a huge live-oak extending its long horizontal boughs, covered thickly with evergreen coriaceous leaves, and broadly shadowing the grass beneath. Under its shade, behold a beautiful girl, in light summer robes—her hair loosely coiled with a white kerchief, from the folds of which have escaped long tresses glittering with the hues of gold. That is my sister Virginia, my only sister, still younger than myself. Her golden hair bespeaks not her Indian descent, but in that she takes after our mother. She is playing with her pets, the doe of the fallow deer, and its pretty spotted fawn. She is feeding them with the pulp of the sweet orange, of which they are immoderately fond. Another favourite is by her side, led by its tiny chain. It is the black fox-squirrel, with glossy coat and quivering tail. Its eccentric gambols frighten the fawn, causing

the timid creature to start over the ground, and press closer to its mother, and sometimes to my sister, for protection.

The scene has its accompaniment of music. The golden oriole, whose nest is among the orange-trees, gives out its liquid song; the mock-bird, caged in the verandah, repeats the strain with variations. The gay mimic echoes the red cardinal and the blue jay, both fluttering among the flowers of the magnolia; it mocks the chatter of the green paroquets, that are busy with the berries of the tall cypresses down by the water's edge; at intervals it repeats the wild scream of the Spanish curlews that wave their silver wings overhead, or the cry of the tanager heard from the far islets of the lake. The bark of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the hinny of mules, the neighing of horses, even the tones of the human voice, are all imitated by this versatile and incomparable songster.

The rear of the dwelling presents a different aspect—perhaps not so bright, though not less cheerful. Here is exhibited a scene of active life—a picture of the industry of an indigo plantation.

A spacious enclosure, with its 'post-and-rail' fence, adjoins the house. Near the centre of this stands the *pièce de résistance*—a grand shed that covers half an acre of ground, supported upon strong pillars of wood. Underneath are seen huge oblong vats, hewn from the great trunks of the cypress. They are ranged in threes, one above the other, and communicate by means of spigots placed in their ends. In these the precious plant is macerated, and its cerulean colour extracted.

Beyond are rows of pretty little cottages, uniform in size and shape, each embowered in its grove of orange-trees, whose ripening fruit and white wax-like flowers fill the air with perfume. These are the negro cabins. Here and there, towering above their roofs in upright attitude, or bending gently over, is the same noble palm-tree that ornaments the lawn in front. Other houses appear within the enclosure, rude structures of hewn logs, with 'clap-board' roofs: they are the stable, the corn-crib, the kitchen—this last communicating with the main dwelling by a long open gallery, with shingle roof, supported upon posts of the fragrant red cedar.

Beyond the enclosure stretch wide fields, backed by a dark belt of cypress forest that shuts out the view of the horizon. These fields exhibit the staple of cultivation, the precious dye-plant, though other vegetation appears upon them. There are maize-plants and sweet potatoes (*Convolvulus batatas*), some rice, and sugar-cane. These are not intended for commerce, but to provision the establishment.

The indigo is sown in straight rows, with intervals between. The plants are of different ages, some just bursting through the glebe with leaves like young trefoil; others full grown, above two feet in height, resemble ferns, and exhibit the light-green pinnated leaves which distinguish most of the *leguminosae*—for the indigo belongs to this tribe. Some shew their papilionaceous flowers just on the eve of bursting; but rarely are they permitted to exhibit their full bloom. Another destiny awaits them; and the hand of the reaper rudely checks their purple inflorescence.

In the enclosure, and over the indigo-fields, a hundred human forms are moving; with one or two exceptions, they are all of the African race—all slaves. They are not all of black skin—scarcely the majority of them are negroes. There are mulattoes, samboes, and quadroons. Even some who are of pure African blood are not black, only bronze-coloured; but with the exception of the 'overseer' and the owner of the plantation, all are slaves. Some are hideously ugly, with thick lips, low retreating foreheads, flat noses, and ill-formed bodies; others are well proportioned; and among them are some that might be accounted good-looking. There are women nearly white—

quadreroons. Of the latter are several that are more than good-looking—some even beautiful.

The men are in their work-dresses: loose cotton trousers, with coarse coloured shirts, and hats of palmetto-leaf. A few display dandyism in their attire. Some are naked from the waist upwards, their black skins glistening under the sun like ebony. The women are more gaily arrayed in striped prints, and heads 'toqued' with Madras kerchiefs of brilliant check. The dresses of some are tasteful and pretty. The turban-like coiffure renders them picturesque.

Both men and women are alike employed in the business of the plantation—the manufacture of the indigo. Some cut down the plants with reaping-hooks, and tie them in bundles; others carry the bundles in from the fields to the great shed; a few are employed in throwing them into the upper trough, the 'steeper,' while another few are drawing off and 'beating.' Some shovel the sediment into the draining-bags, while others superintend the drying and cutting out. All have their respective tasks, and all seem alike cheerful in the performance of them. They laugh, and chatter, and sing; they give back jest for jest; and scarcely a moment passes that merry voices are not ringing upon the ear.

And yet these are all slaves—the slaves of my father. He treats them well; seldom is the lash uplifted: hence the happy mood and cheerful aspect.

Such pleasant pictures are graven on my memory, sweetly and deeply impressed. They formed the *mise-en-scene* of my early life.

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO JAKES.

Every plantation has its 'bad fellow'—often more than one, but always one who holds pre-eminence in evil. 'Yellow Jake' was the fiend of ours.

He was a young mulatto, in person not ill-looking, but of sullen habit and morose disposition. On occasions, he had shewn himself capable of fierce resentment and cruelty.

Instances of such character are more common among mulattoes than negroes. Pride of colour on the part of the yellow man—confidence in a higher organism, both intellectual and physical, and consequently a keener sense of the injustice of his degraded position, explain this psychological difference.

As for the pure negro, he rarely enacts the unfeeling savage. In the drama of human life, he is the victim, not the villain. No matter where lies the scene—in his own land, or elsewhere—he has been used to play the rôle of the sufferer; yet his soul is still free from resentment or ferocity. In all the world, there is no kinder heart than that which beats within the bosom of the African black.

Yellow Jake was wicked without provocation. Cruelty was innate in his disposition—no doubt inherited. He was a Spanish mulatto; that is, paternally of Spanish blood—maternally, negro. His father had sold him to mine!

A slave-mother, a slave-son. The father's freedom affects not the offspring. Among the black and red races of America, the child follows the fortunes of the mother. Only she of Caucasian race can be the mother of white men.

There was another 'Jacob' upon the plantation—hence the distinctive sobriquet of 'Yellow Jake.' This other was 'Black Jake'; and only in age and size was there any similarity between the two. In disposition they differed even more than in complexion. If Yellow Jake had the brighter skin, Black Jake had the lighter heart. Their countenances exhibited a complete contrast—the contrast between a sullen frown and a cheerful smile. The white teeth of the

latter were ever set in smiles: the former smiled only when under the influence of some malicious prompting.

Black Jake was a Virginian. He was one of those belonging to the old plantation—had 'moved' along with his master; and felt those ties of attachment which in many cases exist strongly between master and slave. He regarded himself as one of our family, and gloried in bearing our name. Like all negroes born in the 'old dominion,' he was proud of his nativity. In caste, a 'Vaginnny nigger' takes precedence of all others.

Apart from his complexion, Black Jake was not ill-looking. His features were as good as those of the mulatto. He had neither the thick lips, flat nose, nor retreating forehead of his race—for these characteristics are not universal. I have known negroes of pure African blood with features perfectly regular, and such a one was Black Jake. In form, he might have passed for the Ethiopian Apollo.

There was one who thought him handsome—handsomer than his yellow namesake. This was the quadroon Viola, the belle of the plantation. For Viola's hand, the two Jakes had long time been rival suitors. Both had assiduously courted her smiles—somewhat capricious they were, for Viola was not without coquetry—but she had at length exhibited a marked preference for the black. I need not add that there was jealousy between the negro and mulatto—on the part of the latter, rank hatred of his rival—which Viola's preference had kindled into fierce resentment.

More than once had the two measured their strength, and on each occasion had the black been victorious. Perhaps to this cause, more than to his personal appearance, was he indebted for the smiles of Viola. Throughout all the world, throughout all time, beauty has bowed down before courage and strength.

Yellow Jake was our woodman; Black Jake, the curator of the horses, the driver of 'white massa's' barouche.

The story of the two Jakes—their loves and their jealousies—is but a common affair in the *petite politique* of plantation-life. I have singled it out, not from any separate interest it may possess, but as leading to a series of events that exercised an important influence on my own subsequent history.

The first of these events was as follows: Yellow Jake, burning with jealousy at the success of his rival, had grown spiteful with Viola. Meeting her by some chance in the woods, and far from the house, he had offered her a dire insult. Resentment had rendered him reckless. The opportune arrival of my sister had prevented him from using violence, but the intent could not be overlooked; and chiefly through my sister's influence, the mulatto was brought to punishment.

It was the first time that Yellow Jake had received chastisement, though not the first time he had deserved it. My father had been indulgent with him; too indulgent, all said. He had often pardoned him when guilty of faults—of crimes. My father was of an easy temper, and had an exceeding dislike to proceed to the extremity of the lash; but in this case my sister had urged, with some spirit, the necessity of the punishment. Viola was her maid; and the wicked conduct of the mulatto could not be overlooked.

The castigation did not cure him of his propensity to evil. An event occurred shortly after, that proved he was vindictive. My sister's pretty fawn was found dead by the shore of the lake. It could not have died from any natural cause—for it was seen alive, and skipping over the lawn but the hour before. No alligator could have done it, nor yet a wolf. There was neither scratch nor tear upon it; no signs of blood! It must have been strangled.

It was strangled, as proved in the sequel. Yellow

Jake had done it, and Black Jake had seen him. From the orange grove, where the latter chanced to be at work, he had been witness of the tragic scene; and his testimony procured a second flogging for the mulatto.

A third event followed close upon the heels of this—a quarrel between negro and mulatto, that came to blows. It had been sought by the latter to revenge himself, at once upon his rival in love, and the witness of his late crime.

The conflict did not end in mere blows. Yellow Jake, with an instinct derived from his Spanish paternity, drew his knife, and inflicted a severe wound upon his unarmed antagonist.

This time his punishment was more severe. I was myself enraged, for Black Jake was my 'body-guard' and favourite. Though his skin was black, and his intellect but little cultivated, his cheerful disposition rendered him a pleasant companion; he was, in fact, the chosen associate of my boyish days—my comrade upon the water and in the woods.

Justice required satisfaction, and Yellow Jake caught it in earnest.

The punishment proved of no avail. He was incorrigible. The demon spirit was too strong within him: it was part of his nature.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOMMOCK.

Just outside the orangery was one of those singular formations—peculiar, I believe, to Florida.

A circular basin, like a vast sugar-pan, opens into the earth, to the depth of many feet, and having a diameter of forty yards or more. In the bottom of this, several cavities are seen, about the size and of the appearance of dug wells, regularly cylindrical—except where their sides have fallen in, or the rocky partition between them has given way—in which case they resemble a vast honeycomb with broken cells.

The wells are sometimes found dry; but more commonly there is water in the bottom, and often filling the great tank itself.

Such natural reservoirs, although occurring in the midst of level plains, are always partially surrounded by eminences—knolls, and detached masses of testaceous rocks; all of which are covered by an evergreen thicket of native trees, as *magnolia grandiflora*, red bay, *zanthoxylon*, live-oak, mulberry, and several species of fan-palms (palmettoes). Sometimes these shadowy coverts are found among the trees of the pine-forests, and sometimes they appear in the midst of green savannas, like islets in the ocean.

They constitute the 'hommocks' of Florida—famed in the story of its Indian wars.

One of these, then, was situated just outside the orangery; with groups of testaceous rocks forming a half-circle around its edge; and draped with the dark foliage of evergreen trees, of the species already mentioned. The water contained in the basin was sweet and limpid; and far down in its crystal depths might be seen gold and red fish, with yellow bream, spotted bass, and many other beautiful varieties of the finny tribe, disporting themselves all day long. The tank was in reality a natural fishpond; and, moreover, it was used as the family bathing-place—for, under the hot sun of Florida, the bath is a necessity as well as luxury.

From the house, it was approached by a sanded walk that led across the orangery, and some large stone-flags enabled the bather to descend conveniently into the water. Of course, only the white members of the family were allowed the freedom of this charming sanctuary.

Outside the hommock extended the fields under cultivation, until bounded in the distance by tall

forests of cypress and white cedar—a sort of impenetrable morass that covered the country for miles beyond.

On one side of the plantation-fields was a wide plain, covered with grassy turf, and without enclosure of any kind. This was the *savanna*, a natural meadow where the horses and cattle of the plantation were freely pastured. Deer often appeared upon this plain, and flocks of the wild turkey.

I was just of that age to be enamoured of the chase. Like most youth of the southern states who have little else to do, hunting was my chief occupation; and I was passionately fond of it. My father had procured for me a brace of splendid greyhounds; and it was a favourite pastime with me to conceal myself in the hommock, wait for the deer and turkeys as they approached, and then course them across the savanna. In this manner I made many a capture of both species of game; for the wild turkey can easily be run down with fleet dogs.

The hour at which I was accustomed to enjoy this amusement was early in the morning, before any of the family were astir. That was the best time to find the game upon the savanna.

One morning, as usual, I repaired to my stand in the covert. I climbed upon a rock, whose flat top afforded footing both to myself and my dogs. From this elevated position I had the whole plain under view, and could observe any object that might be moving upon it, while I was myself secure from observation. The broad leaves of the magnolia formed a bower around me, leaving a break in the foliage, through which I could make my reconnaissance.

On this particular morning I had arrived before sunrise. The horses were still in their stables, and the cattle in the enclosure. Even by the deer, the savanna was untenanted, as I could perceive at the first glance. Over all its wide extent not an antler was to be seen.

I was somewhat disappointed on observing this. My mother expected a party upon that day. She had expressed a wish to have venison at dinner: I had promised her she should have it; and on seeing the savanna empty, I felt disappointment.

I was a little surprised, too; the sight was unusual. Almost every morning, there were deer upon this wide pasture, at one point or another.

Had some early stalker been before me? Probable enough. Perhaps young Ringgold, from the next plantation; or maybe one of the Indian hunters, who seemed never to sleep? Certainly, some one had been over the ground, and frightened off the game?

The savanna was a free range, and all who chose might hunt or pasture upon it. It was a tract of common ground, belonging to no one of the plantations—government land not yet purchased.

Certainly Ringgold had been there? or old Hickman, the alligator-hunter, who lived upon the skirt of our plantation? or it might be an Indian from the other side of the river?

With such conjectures did I account for the absence of the game.

I felt chagrin. I should not be able to keep my promise; there would be no venison for dinner. A turkey I might obtain; the hour for chasing them had not yet arrived. I could hear them calling from the tall tree-tops—their loud 'gobbling' borne far and clear upon the still air of the morning. I did not care for these—the larder was already stocked with them; I had killed a brace on the preceding day. I did not want more—I wanted venison.

To procure it, I must needs try some other mode than coursing. I had my rifle with me; I could try a 'still-hunt' in the woods. Better still, I should go in the direction of old Hickman's cabin; he might help me in my dilemma. Perhaps he had been out

already? if so, he would be sure to bring home venison. I could procure a supply from him, and keep my promise.

The sun was just shewing his disc above the horizon; his rays were tinging the tops of the distant cypresses, whose light-green leaves shone with the hues of gold.

I gave one more glance over the savanna, before descending from my elevated position; in that glance I saw what caused me to change my resolution, and remain upon the rock.

A herd of deer was trooping out from the edge of the cypress woods—at that corner where the rail-fence separated the savanna from the cultivated fields.

'Ha!' thought I, 'they have been poaching upon the young maize-plants.'

I bent my eyes towards the point whence, as I supposed, they had issued from the fields. I knew there was a gap near the corner, with movable bars. I could see it from where I stood, but I now perceived that the bars were in their places!

The deer could not have been in the fields then? It was not likely they had leaped either the bars or the fence. It was a high rail-fence, with 'stakes and riders.' The bars were as high as the fence. The deer must have come out of the woods?

This observation was instantly followed by another: The animals were running rapidly, as if alarmed by the presence of some enemy.

A hunter is behind them? Old Hickman? Ringgold? Who?

I gazed eagerly, sweeping my eyes along the edge of the timber, but for a while saw no one.

'A lynx or a bear may have startled them? If so, they will not go far: I shall have a chance with my greyhounds yet. Perhaps'—

My reflections were brought to a sudden termination, on perceiving what had caused the stampede of the deer. It was neither bear nor lynx, but a human being.

A man was just emerging from out the dark shadow of the cypresses. The sun as yet only touched the tops of the trees; but there was light enough below to enable me to make out the figure of a man—still more to recognise the individual. It was neither Ringgold nor Hickman, nor yet an Indian. The dress I knew well—the blue cottonade trousers, the striped shirt, and palmetto hat. The dress was that worn by our woodman. The man was Yellow Jake.

CHAPTER V.

THE MULATTO AND HIS FOLLOWER.

Not without some surprise did I make this discovery. What was the mulatto doing in the woods at such an hour? It was not his habit to be so thrifty; on the contrary, it was difficult to rouse him to his daily work. He was not a hunter—had no taste for it. I never saw him go after game—though, from being always in the woods, he was well acquainted with the haunts and habits of every animal that dwelt there. What was he doing abroad on this particular morning?

I remained on my perch to watch him, at the same time keeping an eye upon the deer.

It soon became evident that the mulatto was not after these; for, on coming out of the timber, he turned along its edge, in a direction opposite to that in which the deer had gone. He went straight towards the gap that led into the maize-field.

I noticed that he moved slowly and in a crouching attitude. I thought there was some object near his feet: it appeared to be a dog, but a very small one. Perhaps an opossum, thought I. It was of whitish colour, as these creatures are; but in the distance I could not distinguish between an opossum and a puppy. I fancied, however, that it was the pouched

animal; that he had caught it in the woods, and was leading it along in a string.

There was nothing remarkable or improbable in all this behaviour. The mulatto may have discovered an opossum-cave the day before, and set a trap for the animal. It may have been caught in the night, and he was now on his way home with it. The only point that surprised me was, that the fellow had turned hunter; but I explained this upon another hypothesis. I remembered how fond the negroes are of the flesh of the opossum, and Yellow Jake was no exception to the rule. Perhaps he had seen the day before, that this one could be easily obtained, and had resolved upon having a roast?

But why was he not carrying it in a proper manner? He appeared to be leading or dragging it rather—for I knew the creature would not be led—and every now and then I observed him stoop towards it, as if caressing it!

I was puzzled; it could not be an opossum.

I watched the man narrowly till he arrived opposite the gap in the fence. I expected to see him step over the bars—since through the maize-field was the nearest way to the house. Certainly he entered the field; but, to my astonishment, instead of climbing over in the usual manner, I saw him take out bar after bar, down to the very lowest. I observed, moreover, that he flung the bars to one side, leaving the gap quite open!

He then passed through, and entering among the corn, in the same crouching attitude, disappeared behind the broad blades of the young maize-plants.

For a while I saw no more of him, or the white object that he 'toated' along with him in such a singular fashion.

I turned my attention to the deer: they had got over their alarm, and had halted near the middle of the savanna, where they were now quietly browsing.

But I could not help pondering upon the eccentric manœuvres I had just been witness of; and once more I bent my eyes toward the place, where I had last seen the mulatto.

He was still among the maize-plants. I could see nothing of him; but at that moment my eyes rested upon an object that filled me with fresh surprise.

Just at the point where Yellow Jake had emerged from the woods, something else appeared in motion—also coming out into the open savanna. It was a dark object, and from its prostrate attitude, resembled a man crawling forward upon his hands, and dragging his limbs after him.

For a moment or two, I believed it to be a man—not a white man—but a negro or an Indian. The tactics were Indian, but we were at peace with these people, and why should one of them be thus trailing the mulatto? I say 'trailing,' for the attitude and motions, of whatever creature I saw, plainly indicated that it was following upon the track which Yellow Jake had just passed over.

Was it Black Jake who was after him?

This idea came suddenly into my mind: I remembered the *vendetta* that existed between them; I remembered the conflict in which Yellow Jake had used his knife. True, he had been punished, but not by Black Jake himself. Was the latter now seeking to revenge himself in person?

This might have appeared the easiest explanation of the scene that was mystifying me; had it not been for the improbability of the black acting in such a manner. I could not think that the noble fellow would seek any mean mode of retaliation, however revengeful he might feel against one who had so basely attacked him. It was not in keeping with his character. No. It could not be he who was crawling out of the bushes.

Nor he, nor any one.

At that moment, the golden sun flashed over the savanna. His beams glanced along the green-sward, lighting the trees to their bases. The dark form emerged out of the shadow, and turned head towards the maize-field. The long prostrate body glittered under the sun with a sheen like scaled armour. It was easily recognised. It was not negro—not Indian—not human: it was the hideous form of an alligator!

THE LABOURER AND HIS HIRE.

My friend, Beaudesert, has detected a vein of poetry in the depths of his soul, and undoubtedly possesses considerable talent for mooning and reverie. He opines that the votaries of song are inadequately remunerated by an ungrateful public. The case of mankind, according to his account, is desperate; for how can they become regenerated in the face of the fact, that an epic of high merit does not pay its expenses of production? Although Mr Beaudesert usually expresses this sentiment in general terms, he is supposed to allude to a certain poem in the Spenserian stanza, by Aubrey B—, which has not reached a second edition. On the other hand, Robert Short, Esq., another friend of mine, conversant with cotton fabrics and hosiery goods, observes that B— is not obliged to write epics unless he likes; that if such and such a thing is wanted, such and such a thing will be paid for according to its market-value; and that he sees no reason why people should make more fuss about a knack for rhyming, than about thorough acquaintance with useful goods, which hold their colours and wear well. I am happy to find that both gentlemen are agreed upon one point—namely, that musical talent is often exorbitantly overrated; and the whole circle of our acquaintance, with the exception of a gentleman whose son is in the Foreign Office, is of opinion that the salaries of some public servants cannot be reasonably complained of by those fortunate officials. Of course, the expression of these sentiments has given rise to discussion; and it seems a pretty prevalent doctrine relative to the wages of head-work, that 'it's all luck.' For my own part, I do not shut my eyes to the importance of being born with a spoon made of one of the nobler metals in one's mouth; but after making allowance for caprice of fortune, general laws are manifest; and it certainly appears that labour of different kinds is remunerated at very different rates, and not always in proportion to its absolute importance. The point of view from which this fact is contemplated, varies with temperament. Some are apt to estimate the absolute value of a thing by its market-price; others seek to adjust the market-price to the absolute value. The one class sneers at the thinker; the other underrates the practical man.

The greater part of labour and capital are employed, directly or indirectly, in satisfying physical requirements; and the usual wages of labour and profits of capital are accordingly determined by the extent of those requirements, and the means which the community possesses of giving *quid pro quo*. Trade and productive industry, or labour having for its end the practically useful, is of all labour most widely and steadily appreciated. In fact, although 'what we are imports us more than what we eat,' the lower wants of man's nature are prior to the higher. Amongst practical pursuits, therefore, and the professions which depend on them, every citizen has a certain power of selection; and 'choosing a career' is always an important topic of discussion in family circles. It may be remarked, however, generally, that ordinary occupations are adopted from the sheer necessity of earning bread and cheese, and not from irrepressible bent of mind urging men to activity in a given direction. Although a certain retired tallow-chandler, impelled by force of habit, and the strong necessity of occupying himself,

asked leave to busy himself gratuitously on melting-days; nevertheless, most men, provided they had ample means, and were not habituated to a certain routine, would decline to follow that or any other calling in the beaten road of life. Without, then, meaning anything derogatory to honest work, rather remembering the *laborare est orare* of the monks, I assert it to be literally true, that the ordinary callings of men are mercenary in their aim: wages are the inducement to toil.

When, however, we pass to those occupations the object of which is to gratify sensuous tastes, we find they are taken up very much in obedience to natural bias. It is of course impossible, in the present complicated state of society, to draw sharp lines of demarcation between the different provinces of human labour. The sensuous wants of man, however, comprise music, dancing, theatrical amusements, and in some part poetry, together with the ornamental arts generally. Since the professors of these arts cultivate them from natural liking, and in a great many cases would pursue them without substantial reward if they were possessed of independent means of living, it is clearly not necessary, in order to secure a sufficient number of recruits, that they should be rewarded according to the rates of purely mercenary callings. Hence, such of this class as possess no more talent than many who have adopted more homely callings, receive less remuneration than they might have received in other walks of life. Those, again, who are gifted with brilliant talents, succeed in obtaining no insignificant reward; for the arts they cultivate are patronised by a large and increasing portion of the community, and afford pleasure and profit to the individuals composing it. Adam Smith points out that a butcher is remunerated at a higher rate than other artisans, because his occupation is none of the pleasantest. This principle applies to the case we are discussing, and still more forcibly to the case which we will next consider—namely, that of the class which supplies the spiritual needs of man—spiritual needs as opposed to his physical and sensuous wants.

This class of labourers also adopt their several professions from personal bent of mind. Indeed, these pursuits are apparently so opposite in aim to those which are practical, that it is considered almost disgraceful to follow them from mere mercenary motives. Professors of thinking, therefore, who possess only little more than the average ability of cultivated men, receive less remuneration than the corresponding class, who devote themselves to sensuous arts. Yet, in this case too, if the wants supplied are popular and general, the reward is by no means niggardly. Popular men of genius are successful even in point of earnings, for the amount of their profits has been greatly augmented by the spread of popular refinement, and where formerly chief reliance was placed on some wealthy or influential patron, the patronage of the public has been found amply sufficient. There still remains, however, a large class of intellectual pursuits which appeal to only a small portion of the community, chiefly to those engaged in kindred labours. In these cases, it becomes a question whether the patronage of government can be entirely withdrawn with security and propriety. Professors of science, learning, and philosophy are generally dependent for their means of living on that part of their occupation which is immediately beneficial. They are not enabled to devote their whole time to exploring the remote regions of thought, but are expected to make themselves useful in education or practical life. Nor, perhaps, is this to be complained of, for it frequently happens that those are best fitted to bring into practical bearing the results of science and learning, who have penetrated their furthest depths.

Several circumstances combine to render abstract

studies unremunerative in a pecuniary sense. In all original investigations, a great deal of labour is unavoidably lost, and the public will not pay for abortive labour if it can possibly avoid the outlay. In the next place, from the very nature of those pursuits, their essential value cannot become recognised and notorious until an extremely high point of popular cultivation is attained. The demand comes after the supply. The public cannot generally appreciate the inception of a science or discovery of an abstract truth. To most men, a bale of goods is an object of greater interest than a new theorem. It is, moreover, unfortunately too true that people do not set themselves rigorously to inquire whence a useful invention derived its origin. They pay for it just as much as they are compelled to by those who furnish its practical application; and the system of patents can only partially remedy this unavoidable injustice. The necessary stringency of patent and copyright laws, shews how little the public can be depended on for a just distribution of reward. We esteem it a very praiseworthy exhibition of charity, when an original discoverer, out of whose hands an invention has been taken, is recompensed by a purse, or his poverty-stricken descendants are redeemed from utter destitution.

As human nature is constituted, it is in vain to expect the highest interests of humanity to take up their true relative position. We might as well expect a schoolboy to pay his master out of his pocket-money, as that mankind should labour in order to remunerate those who devote themselves to their instruction. The professors of religion may seem, on a superficial view, to be an exception to this rule. The annual revenues devoted to their support are indeed enormous in the aggregate, and a successful career in the church is not to be sneered at by a prosperous cotton-spinner, or counsel learned in the law; but a little reflection will shew that, in truth, this is no exception. Wherever what is called the 'voluntary principle' is working, the salaries of ministers of religion are less than those of confidential clerks or expert salesmen. With respect to established churches, the greater part of their revenues were devoted to their service in times when superstitious fear and frantic fanaticism mingled largely with healthy faith, and placed men in an abnormal position. Much is thus accounted for, and when we add to these considerations the fact, that of all instincts in man, religion is perhaps the strongest, the whole phenomenon is adequately explained.

Thinkers of the highest class will readily acknowledge, that even the strictest justice and most enlightened reverence for their vocation, do not require their remuneration in pounds, shillings, and pence to equal that of merchants, manufacturers, and professional men. They would readily admit that competency, not wealth, is all they have a claim to. To render the vocations of the poet, scholar, and philosopher so many modes of accumulating fortunes, would be to degrade them. After all, honour, respect, and affection are no mean rewards when they are added to suitable means of livelihood. Beyond a certain point—dependent, of course, on social position and habitual mode of life—wealth, to the low-minded, is mere display, and to the high-minded, is full of responsibility. It is always rash to complain of the necessary nature of things. The adaptation of different modes of life to the exigencies of society, is better than the human intellect, guided by the best social virtues, could *a priori* invent. There is room for improvement, as there is in everything partially human; and for praise, as there is in everything partially divine.

Labour is the honourable lot of man, and by a beautiful adaptation of his nature, idleness is irksome to him. Each in his station, without the aid of brilliant gifts or accidental advantages, may render his

life useful and happy according to the measure of human happiness. And though the healthy desire to raise a family well and usefully, and provide for declining years, too often degenerates into a morbid thirst for riches, the general beneficence of the law is manifest in the industrial progress of mankind. Nor would it be becoming in those who are permitted to exercise their highest faculties, and devote their best energies to working out and unravelling the beautiful, good, and true, to grudge to life's more homely wayfarers such solace and satisfaction as wealth can afford. We all know that a pittance granted in love is better than a liberal allowance grudgingly bestowed. And it is equally certain that we individually benefit strangers in a pecuniary point of view more than those nearest to our hearts. 'Among eminent persons, those who are most dear to men are not of the class which the economist calls producers; they have nothing in their hands; they have not cultivated corn, nor made bread; they have not led out a colony, nor invented a loom.' We should be wrong, too, if we permitted ourselves to estimate the happiness and wellbeing of the different classes of men by their affluence. After Sir Humphry Davy became famous, he contemplated resuming the medical profession; his better genius prevailed, and he remained a philosopher in moderate circumstances, instead of becoming a wealthy physician. When urged by a friend to take out a patent for his safety-lamps, he declined to do so, saying: 'I could then only put four horses to my carriage; and what would it avail me that people should say: Sir Humphry drives a carriage-and-four.'

Whether or not we patiently acquiesce in the appointed order of things, is a matter for our own consideration. Certainly, the great laws which have made the history of man will remain in force; there is no sign or token that a day of change is near. The highest developments of character belong to a scanty minority. The great poets, scholars, or philosophers must still be content with fit audience, though few, and reap a scanty harvest of material prosperity. And yet the world need not despair of great men that will do its work, develop its resources, and reform its life. If there is no demand for calicoes, calicoes will cease to be; the trade of coach-building goes down as the lines of rail lengthen. Not so with the intellectual and imaginative arts. Poets will sing, though none should listen; astronomers would point their glasses heavenward, though it were a penal offence; some few will speak of the great realities of life and the soul, though death should be their guerdon. Genius will serve mankind in spite of itself. Such is the ordained strength of the spiritual element in the human race, that no obstacle which human ignorance may raise can stay human advancement. If it were not so, philanthropists might well be dismayed. There is a divine event, whereto all things tend, and nothing can render it uncertain. Men may yet come to acknowledge that money-value is not a universal standard; and the representatives of Alexander and Diogenes may learn mutually to acknowledge the work of life.

BREAKING-UP À LA FRANÇAISE.

'Ce 19 Août 184-.

MADAME BIDAMONT DE ST MAUR présente ses complimens à Monsieur et Madame Smith, et les prie de vouloir bien lui faire l'honneur d'assister à la distribution des prix, qui aura lieu chez elle le Jeudi 21 Août, à sept heures et demie du soir.

8 bis, Avenue des Demoiselles, Champs Elysées.'

Such, as nearly as I can remember, were the contents of a slim little note, addressed 'Monsieur Smith, Esquire, Avocat, Hôtel des Bouleognes Britanniques,' which Mrs Smith and I found on our breakfast-table at the above-mentioned comfortable establishment, the

morning after our arrival in Paris, on our way to Switzerland, where we proposed spending my long vacation. For the benefit of those of my readers who may happen to be worse French scholars than myself—if there be any such—I may translate the missive as follows: 'Madame Bidamont de St Maur presents her compliments to Mr and Mrs Smith, and requests them to do her the honour to assist at the distribution of prizes, which will take place at her house on Thursday, the 21st of August, at half-past seven in the evening.'

Now, my knowledge of Madame Bidamont de St Maur, who was the mistress of one of the most fashionable 'establishments for young ladies' in Paris, was very slight; but she knew enough of me to be aware of the fact, that I had a couple of nieces for whom she would be very glad to find room; and therefore, having a keen eye for business, she was most desirous of improving our acquaintance. Hearing, then, by chance, from a mutual friend, of our arrival in Paris, she hastened to send us an invitation to be present at her 'distribution,' or 'breaking-up;' trusting to produce such an impression on us by what we should there see and hear, as to further very materially the object she had so much at heart.

'Oh, do go, Frank. I should so like to see how they manage these things in Paris. Emily Brown, you know, went to one of those advertising schools near Calais, and she says that the distribution of prizes was very amusing even there. Besides, as your brother thinks of sending his girls to school here, we may be able to gain information which will be valuable to him. Do let us go.'

And so it was decided, partly from curiosity, and partly from the desire of picking up all the knowledge we could of French schools, that we should accept madame's invitation; though not without some grumbling on my part at the loss of two days, for what I prognosticated would prove to me at least a very slow affair. This decision being come to, it was necessary to concoct an affirmative reply to Madame Bidamont de St Maur's note, and this at first seemed likely to prove rather a formidable undertaking—neither of us liking to venture on the composition of a French letter. A happy thought, however, got us out of the difficulty. Hurrying to the Palais Royal, I invested three francs fifty centimes in the purchase of a polyglot *Libre de Poche pour Voyageurs*, at the end of which we found, as I had anticipated, several forms of invitations and replies thereto, adapted to the requirements of polite society. Selecting the form which appeared to us the most appropriate, we filled in and despatched the following note:

'Ce 20 Août 184-.

Monsieur et Madame Smith font leurs respectueux compliments à Madame Bidamont de St Maur, et ils auront l'honneur de se rendre avec autant d'empressement que de plaisir à son aimable invitation.

Hôtel des Bouleddogues Britanniques.'

Anglicé: 'Mr and Mrs — make their respectful compliments to Madame —, and they will have the honour to render themselves with as much of eagerness as of pleasure to her amiable invitation.' At least such was the English version of the form of acceptance given in the *Travellers' Pocket-book* I had just purchased.

The number of vehicles of all sorts, public and private, which we found setting down company at Numéro 8 bis, Avenue des Demoiselles, when we arrived there on the following evening, shewed us that the gathering together of papas and mamas and sympathising friends would be a large one at any rate; and that if dull, as I feared, it would not be so on account of the paucity of spectators. The anteroom also was crowded with parents and relatives of every degree of consanguinity, from third-cousin up to grand-

papas and grandmamas; some of the latter, by the by, not answering at all to the popular idea of a grandame, being very fashionably dressed, and much more youthful in appearance than grandmothers of children nine or ten years of age usually are, at least with us. When our mothers and grandmothers marry as soon as they leave school, perhaps at sixteen, it is not impossible that we should remember our 'grannams,' not only as the dispensers of plum-cake, lollipops, and half-crowns, but as very fine women.

Ushered into the presence of Madame Bidamont de St Maur by the name, style, and title of 'Monsieur et Madame Smit,' that lady received us with one of her most winning smiles, and, declaring that she was 'charmée' to see us—as, remembering that I had two nieces, no doubt she was—and that we were 'bien bons' to come, conducted us to seats from which we could both see and hear everything that passed. It was essential to the success of her plan that 'Monsieur et Madame Smit' should be well placed.

The apartment—a long and wide gallery leading to the various class-rooms—had been charmingly decorated for the occasion. Instead of the unmeaning bundles of half-withered evergreens stuck about the walls in the style of a village club-room on 'club-day,' in which clownish, unclassical fashion we used to ornament the school-room at Dr Birchem's, on the last day of every 'half'—festoons of artificial flowers hung gracefully from column to column, and along the line of tall windows, contrasting prettily with the white drapery. A profusion of waxlights, artistically disposed, displayed the appropriate decorations to the best advantage; and in short, guided by madame's correct taste and eye for effect, the gallery had been converted, by the willing hands of the *pensionnaires*, into an elegant reception-room. The placing, too, of the performers and spectators was conducive to effect. At one end of the room, several rows of benches, covered with scarlet cloth, and raised one above another, were reserved for the 'young ladies;' while three rows of seats, placed on either side of the gallery, were already crowded with the company invited. At the other end of the apartment stood a table, on which were displayed a large number of gaily-bound books and other prizes, together with the ivy wreaths with which every successful pupil was to be *couronnée* in the sight of the admiring and applauding spectators of the solemnity. On a cushion by itself, lay a wreath of pure white roses, destined, as we afterwards found, to be the reward of the best-behaved and best-loved girl in the school.

But I ought to say a few words on the appearance and bearing of Madame Bidamont de St Maur herself. She looked and acted her part to perfection. A buxom widow of forty, she had by no means laid aside her pretensions to good looks, for she was still handsome—skilful millinery contending successfully with the first approaches of the destroyer, Time. She was dressed richly, and in perfect taste, but soberly, as became the mistress of a place of education; and as she gracefully welcomed each new arrival, smiling and bowing how *charmée* she was to see them, no doubt she impressed her visitors with the belief that she was a very amiable, *comme-il-faut* person, qualified in every respect to superintend the education of young ladies destined to live in the most artificial society in the world.

A glance at the programme of the evening's proceedings shewed that madame's endeavours were seconded by an ample staff of professors. The programme set forth the names and qualities of all the professors who taught at 'Numéro 8 bis,' as well as the order of the entertainment provided for us; and it appeared that, if Madame Bidamont de St Maur, besides exercising a general superintendence, had merely confined herself to the department of 'manners,'

ample care had been taken for the instruction of her pupils in other branches of polite female education. The professorial power of the establishment in the Rue des Demoiselles was immense; and the little army of gentlemen in white cravats and spectacles—all the literary gentlemen wore gold spectacles—was enough to make one feel learned and accomplished to look at them. There was 'Monsieur le Professeur de Littérature Française,' a bald-headed little man, evidently duly impressed with a sense of his own importance, and bursting with the *beau discours* which it would be his duty and delight shortly to pronounce. There was 'Monsieur le Professeur de Géographie et Cosmographie,' whose duty it was that evening to look wise, which he did—as an owl in spectacles. There were 'Messieurs les Professeurs' of History, of Natural Philosophy, of Writing and Arithmetic, of English, of Italian, and of German; of the Piano, of the Harp, and of Singing; of Drawing, of Dancing, and even of 'Gymnastique,' which latter functionary was habited in the uniform of an officer of the 'Sapeurs-Pompiers,' and displayed on his well-stuffed breast the cross of the Legion of Honour. Nor must I forget to mention the gentleman—although his name did not appear amongst the list of professors—whose business it was to conduct the religious instruction of the pupils, and who prepared them for the examinations of 'Monsieur le Curé' himself. He appeared to be a kind of 'Professeur de Religion,' I suppose of the orthodox faith of the country; but I cannot help believing that Madame Bidamont de St Maur, rather than lose a pupil, would have undertaken that he should have catechised in any religion required, even if it were that of a Turk or a Hindoo. *La religion*, at Number 8, was regarded, I fancy, pretty much in the same light as *la danse*, *la gymnastique*, or any other *étude*. The keeper and director of all the consciences of the establishment, the curé of the parish, was also present, and appeared to enjoy himself as much as anybody. No doubt, the *distributions des prix* at the ladies' schools to which he was invited, were looked forward to by him almost as joyfully as by the girls themselves. On all other occasions, his profession forbade him to be present at a *soirée* where he might enjoy the society of the fair sex.

Madame Bidamont de St Maur now takes her seat on one side of the table on which are displayed the various prizes, supported by Monsieur le Professeur de Littérature Française on the other. The smiling curé places himself on her right hand, the professors and teachers group themselves around, and, at a given signal, the 'young ladies'—between sixty and seventy in number—enter in due order. They are as well drilled as a *corps-de-ballet*, and are all dressed precisely alike in white muslin; each class being distinguished by broad sashes and bands across the shoulders of different coloured ribbons. They enter two and two, beginning with the youngest, and gradually rising to the 'finished' young lady, who, in all probability, has a *bon parti*, a desirable match, looked out for her as soon as she reaches home. Each pair formally salute the company, and then, dropping two folded papers into a gilt urn placed ready to receive them, take their places on the crimson-covered benches. When all are seated, the spectacle is as charming as the eye need to look upon. The many-coloured ribbons which served to distinguish the classes, divided the mass of white muslin, and the crowd of fresh young faces, into parterres as brilliant as ever the most cunning gardener could devise. The gayest beds of tulips and ranunculuses would have lost by comparison with them. Madame Bidamont de St Maur had already made a hit. The drilling and dressing had answered the purpose intended. All the mammas, by a process of ratiocination peculiar to the maternal mind, put the effect the young ladies produced in the aggregate

down to the sole credit of their own daughters; and were therefore more than ever convinced that madame was a most charming woman.

We had been greatly mystified by the dropping of the folded pieces of paper into the gilt urn, but the explanation was at hand. As soon as the last paper had been deposited, the urn was carried to the table, at which sat madame and the professor, and its contents being emptied out, the voting papers—for such they were—were examined and counted by them. The pupil who had gained the most votes was to be presented with the *couronne blanche*—the prize for good conduct, to be by her worn during the evening. This prize, by which it was intended to reward and honour the most amiable girl in the school, the girl best loved by her companions, and the girl whom we should call 'the best behaved'—not the cleverest—was not conferred, nominally at least, by the favour of madame; or after grave consultations, like many of the other prizes, between Monsieur le Curé and several of the gentlemen in spectacles. The *couronne blanche* was awarded by the girls themselves; and as Madame Bidamont de St Maur never failed to turn to the best account every opportunity of producing a dramatic effect, the election took place by universal suffrage and vote by ballot, on the evening of the distribution. Whether these panaceas for all the ills which humanity, political and administrative, is heir to, secured the placing of the right girl in the right place on this occasion, is more than I will undertake to say. It may be also that the secrets of the urn were not so well kept as our ballot society would desire, and that, after all, the election was more or less the result of 'legitimate influence.' All I know for certain is, that the learned professor, after carefully counting the voting papers, declared that the choice of the electors had fallen on Mademoiselle Blanche de Bonneval; and that a very pretty girl, answering to that name, rose from her place, and advanced, blushing, to the table, amidst the unanimous plaudits of the spectators. The *couronne blanche* was handed to her with a few kind expressions, by no less a personage than Monsieur le Curé; and then, kneeling at the feet of Madame Bidamont de St Maur, the much-coveted wreath was fastened on her brow by that lady, who, affectionately embracing her, sent her back, more deeply blushing, and still more loudly applauded, to her constituents. As I have said, there may have been legitimate influence at work in spite of universal suffrage and the ballot; and, at the best, it is more than probable that the contest gave rise to petty jealousies and heart-burnings, and intrigues amongst the white-robed electors. But the effect of the election and the crowning of the chosen one was admirable. Madame Bidamont de St Maur may have waked feelings in the hearts of some of her pupils which would have been roused only too soon by contact with the world, but she had made another decided hit.

The choosing of the *couronne blanche* being thus concluded with all the *éclat* that could be desired, the young ladies displayed their musical accomplishments in a concert at which they were the sole performers. It commenced with a *grand chœur*, in which some thirty or forty of the girls took part, and which had been composed expressly for the occasion—the words by Monsieur le Professeur de Littérature Française, and the music by Monsieur le Professeur de Chant. The latter professor of course presided at the piano, and had every reason to be contented with the effect of his composition. Indeed, nothing could be prettier in its way than the effect produced by the fresh and well-trained voices of his pupils. As to the part which the other professor had had in this chorus—the words—from the few which reached my Britannic tympanum with sufficient distinctness for comprehension, I judge that the opportunity for a puff had not been

vasted; and that the chorus were made to sing of the delights of study in general, and of the merits of 'Numéro 8 bis' in particular. The chorus was followed by a solo on the harp, a nervous affair for the poor soloist; for when performing on this instrument, there is no possibility of half hiding one's self behind the music. The harpist is exposed from head to foot to the criticism of the company, and inelegance in playing is almost as fatal as want of skill. Madame Bidamont de St Maur, however, prided herself above all things on imparting elegance of manner to her pupils, and the *pose* of such of them as learned to play on the harp was especially attended to. On this occasion, both grace and talent were conspicuous in the harpist, who was no other than the pretty *couronne blanche*. She fully merited the hearty round of applause which she received when she courtesied and made way for a stately, dark-eyed girl, with a tragic cast of countenance, the *prima donna* of the *pension*, and the pet pupil of Monsieur le Professeur de Chant. Great things were expected of this damsel, and expectation was not disappointed. Her style of singing was certainly not to my taste, but I was in a woful minority on that question; for when this *prima donna* of sixteen, by the aid of a violent jerk of the head, a frightful contortion of the mouth, and a sudden straightening of the arms, got up as high as *do*—my wife said it was *do*—the whole room burst into a storm of acclamations, and the face of Monsieur le Professeur de Chant absolutely beamed with delight. The *prima donna* was the trump card in the vocal department of the concert; but a charming little *blonde* who sang next, pleased me infinitely more. She sang a simple ballad with taste and feeling, and, to my mind, was not half so much applauded as she deserved to be.

But the great hit in the concert, not even excepting the roudades, the screams, and the contortions of the *prima donna*, was the *morceau* with which it concluded. This was a 'grande fantasia pour six pianos et douze executantes'—a grand fantasia for six pianos and twelve performers, arranged expressly for this solemnity by Monsieur le Professeur de Piano. Half-a-dozen cottage pianos—we may thank Heaven they were not *grands*—are wheeled from the adjoining rooms, and ranged back to back in the centre of the gallery, like line-of-battle ships prepared for action. Twelve music-stools are placed before them; a dozen pensionnaires take their seats thereon, and twelve pair of hands, ninety-six crooked fingers, and four-and-twenty bent thumbs suspended over the key-boards, await but the signal to commence the attack. As Monsieur le Professeur de Piano takes his place between the two lines of instruments, curiosity is at its height. The stillness is like the breathless silence we hear of as usual just before hostile fleets open on one another their thousand iron throats. Monsieur le Professeur is evidently impressed with the solemnity of the moment: he taps once on the nearest piano; his white-gloved hand saws the air, up, down, and across, after the manner of musical commanders. 'Un—deux—trois—quatre; up goes the white glove, and—but what a disappointment to the ear! Instead of a terrific onslaught on the six instruments by the whole body of performers with their two dozen hands, and their ten dozen fingers and thumbs, a single hand begins *piano*, *pianissimo*, somewhere far down in the bass. Instead of the thundering broadside from every ship which we all expected with trembling curiosity, a feeble rumbling only is heard on the extreme left. Presently, however, another hand comes into play, and then another and another; one vessel after another gets into action, and soon a tremendous cannonade is kept up along both lines. Sometimes the big guns of the six basses are worked so vigorously that they completely drown the pattering musketry of the six

trebles; and sometimes the rattling of the small-arms is so sharp and quick, that it fairly dominates the heavy artillery; and thus from *pianissimo* to *piano*, from *forte* to *fortissimo*, and *ffff* *isissimo*, and far beyond what it is in the power of ordinary language musical to express, the *grand morceau* went on to its conclusion in a crash which nearly deafened the hearers. Need I say that the success was commensurate with the concluding noise? It always is so. The caterer of popular music who can contrive to make a piece end with the explosion of a powder-magazine, or the bursting of a boiler, will probably make a fortune.

The noise and fury of the *finale*, the *do* of the *prima donna*, and the pretty scene of the election of the *couronne blanche*, had put everybody in a good humour for the real business of the evening—the distribution of the prizes. At last, then, the time had arrived for Monsieur le Professeur de Littérature Française to disburden himself of the beau discours which had long weighed so heavily upon him. Adjusting his gold spectacles, he spoke, or rather *read*—a Frenchman seldom *speaks*—to the following effect.

After telling us with what pleasure he performed his duty on that occasion, because of the very favourable report he had to give of the progress made during the past year, he entered into a detailed account of what had been done by each class in each branch of study. Then, in well-rounded and sonorous phrases, he expatiated on the delights of knowledge, and reminded his young friends of the immense advantages they enjoyed at 'Numéro 8 bis, Avenue des Demoiselles,' where professors of *grand talent*, and a lady watching over them with *soins tous maternels*, were unceasingly endeavouring to accomplish the most ardent hopes of their dear parents. In short, he delivered himself of a discourse which, as he meant that it should, pleased everybody. When he alluded to the motherly care of Madame Bidamont de St Maur, and spoke of the 'sacrifices and exertions before which she would not shrink in order to assure herself of the happiness and wellbeing of her pupils,' what a capital puff it was in the ears of the anxious parents present! When he ran through the whole list of studies, from *cosmographie* to la *gymnastique*, and one big word after another rolled out of his mouth or twanged from his nose as the pronouncial exigencies of his native Gallic required, it seemed that No. 8 was a fountain of all knowledge, and a source of every fashionable accomplishment. How satisfactory, too, this report of the progress made by the pupils; how gratifying to all parties the announcement that 'this year' the conduct of all had been most satisfactory; how pleasing to find that, from the department of elementary theology—the catechism—to that of la *danse*—that elegant accomplishment more than ever necessary to those destined to mix in the brilliant society of our time—the young ladies had surpassed the expectations of their professors. No wonder that, capping his lucid statement of all these agreeable facts with a magnificent peroration, the learned professor concluded a speech more than half an hour long amidst the acclamations of all present.

Then came madame's turn to make a speech, and very well she did it too—saying, not *reading*, what she had to say in a ladylike, conversational style, which was really very pleasing to listen to. Of course, she addressed her pupils as *mes chères enfants*, and assured them how much she had their temporal and eternal welfare at heart. She had a kind word for all of them; for those who were going to leave her not to return, and for those whom she hoped to see again after the *vacances*. She flattered herself that she had earned, as she had striven to merit, their confidence and affection. She assured them of the deep interest she should always feel for them, whatever *Dieu* should

have in store for her; and wishing them all an affectionate adieu, in a voice nicely modulated to express just the fitting degree of emotion, sat down, having convinced her guests that she was not only charming and amiable, but *très spirituelle* as well. The vigour and evident heartiness with which her pupils applauded her little speech throughout, proved at any rate that she was popular with them, and that if circumstances made her worldly, her nature was not unkindly.

A flutter of expectation now ran through the ranks of the pensionnaires, for the prizes were about to be given. Madame took up a roll of paper, and saying: 'It is now my pleasing duty to announce the names of those young ladies who have been thought worthy of a reward for diligence in their various studies,' or rather the French equivalent for that phrase, the distribution of the prizes at once commenced. Each recipient, on her name being called, walked up to the table, and having been crowned with an ivy wreath, received her prize, and returned to her place. The first prize awarded in the first class was for 'Littérature Française et Style;' the second, for history; and so on to singing, dancing, and the polka. In those days, polka-ing was just coming into fashion, and the giving of a prettily dressed doll to a pretty child of seven, a great pet of the whole school, as a prize for her proficiency in this much-talked-of dance, created quite a sensation, as doubtless it was intended it should. Though, of course, not to be taken *au sérieux*, the *prix de polka* was one of the most successful strokes of the evening. The remarks which the professor of 'Littérature Française' had made as to the progress of the young ladies in their various studies, were fully borne out by the number of prizes which it had been thought advisable to award. I think that every pupil had at least one, and some had as many as half a dozen, so that they all went home rejoicing, and every mamma was more or less content.

The prizes having all been distributed, the affair, after a few more well-chosen words from madame, was over. The girls came down from their seats, and mingled with their friends and relatives. Books were eagerly held up for the inspection of admiring parents, and the little *prix de polka* became the subject of universal attention. Madame Bidamont de St Maur received on all sides well-merited compliments on the result of her exertions; and Monsieur and Madame Smit, amused rather than captivated, departed in their *ciadine* for the Hôtel des Bouledogues Britanniques.

IMPROVEMENT IN BREAD-BAKING.

A new process of bread-baking, the invention of Dr Daughlish of Malvern, is at present undergoing a course of successful experiment at the works of the Messrs Carr in Carlisle, and promises to effect at once an improvement in quality and the saving of about a tenth of material. The idea proceeded upon is not new—that has been long known, and frequently made the subject of experiment; but the process by which the theory can be successfully reduced to practice is now for the first time brought forward.

When the dough, mixed with yeast, under the old system, is placed in a warm atmosphere, in an hour or two it begins to rise or swell, in consequence of a portion of its starch being converted into sugar, and this changed into alcohol and carbonic acid. The gas permeates the dough, forming, in its efforts to escape, little cells, where it is imprisoned by the tenacity of the gluten, which forms about 10 per cent. of fine flour. It is this mechanical peculiarity of wheaten flour which has made it the chief food of mankind.

Rye, although of nearly the same composition, has less tenacity in the gluten, and the bread made from it has therefore less lightness; while oatmeal, although much richer in gluten than fine wheaten flour, has so little tenacity as to be quite incapable of being baked into a spongy loaf at all.

When the dough is placed in the oven, the fermentation goes on more rapidly; the little cells grow into large bubbles; the alcohol escapes and is dissipated; till at length, when the heat is about the boiling-point, it kills the yeast, and the fermentation is suddenly at an end. The use of the yeast is to evolve gas in order to give lightness to the bread; but this, we see, it can do only at the expense of the dough, by first converting a portion of its starch into sugar.

To save this waste, it was necessary to charge the dough with ready-made (carbonic acid) gas, instead of making the gas of its own substance; and this was repeatedly tried by mixing the flour with aerated water, but with no good result, since, in the very act of mixing, the gas escaped. In this stage of the business, Dr Daughlish conceived the idea of employing, in the operation of mixing, sufficient pressure to prevent the escape of the gas. This, in point of fact, is his invention; but a vast deal of patient ingenuity was required to make it work practically. In a well-written article on the subject in a local paper, the *Carlisle Examiner*, the following account is given of the apparatus and its action: 'The apparatus constructed at the works in Caldewgate consists of the ordinary gas generator and holder used by soda-water makers, and of a set of powerful pumps, for forcing the gas into the water contained in a condenser; also, for pumping a pressure—that is, a volume of gas—into a kneading or mixing vessel, which is a strong iron globe, capable of containing more than two sacks of flour, and furnished with arms revolving by steam-power. To work the apparatus, flour is put into the mixer, and water into the condenser, the pumps set to work, and, when sufficient gas has been pumped into these vessels, the water is let into the mixer, and the arms set agoing. In eight minutes, the dough is mixed. The pressure is then let off, and the dough rises instantaneously. Thus, in about half an hour, the usually tedious and uncertain process of bread-making has been accomplished, and there has also been effected the saving of that precious tenth of nutritious matter which would have been wasted in exhalation, or by conversion into alcohol. The baker is delivered from the hard necessity of setting his bread at night, and watching for its rising in the morning. Alternations of cold and heat are rendered powerless over the heaviness or lightness of our breakfast-loaves. Time, labour, and material are saved, and thus bread rendered both purer and cheaper.'

But there is something of importance in bread-making besides raising the dough. The oven must be constructed on a good principle, or every other advantage will, to a certain extent, be lost. Our present oven has come down to us as an heirloom from our ancestors, and we have never thought of examining it by the lights of science. In the Carlisle experiments, however, it was found that the bread, however artistically made by the new process, was not invariably what might have been expected, and this led to an inquiry into the principle of the oven. It was discovered that the heated vaults we use for the purpose, in which the heat radiates *down* upon the bread, are unfavourable to lightness; whereas in Paris and Vienna, where the heat *rises* from the bottom, and

passes through the loaf, the top-crust is soft, and the bread as spongy as is desirable. On this latter principle, therefore—new, we believe, in England—the ovens were constructed for the unfermented bread.

We may add, as something that will appear curious to many of our readers, that 'the *bulk* of light bread—or rather, the space it fills—is but one-sixth solid matter, and five-sixths aërial, and that, consequently, very high pressures are needed to make such light bread.' These pressures, however, are so effectual by the new process, that even when the dough is rolled out into biscuit, it retains the gas in minute cells, and thus a novel and superior kind of bread is produced under a familiar name. This has struck Messrs Carr & Co. so much, that we believe it is their intention to confine the use of the apparatus to their original occupation—the manufacture of biscuit; although their doing so will not exclude the public from the advantage of the invention in their daily bread, since it is Dr Daughlish's intention to treat liberally with all who desire to avail themselves of his patent.

THE BLUE CAVE.

WHOEVER has travelled much in the south, must have necessarily made the observation, that in certain states of the atmosphere everything around you appears startlingly unreal. Here, in the north, the world has a substantial aspect about it. You look upon it, you touch it, and you are fully persuaded of its permanence and solidity. But as you approach the extremity of the temperate zone, you often appear to be floating through a delusive creation, which expands, and gleams, and scintillates about you; now immersed in light, now enveloped with shadow; now contracting, now dilating, until your imagination becomes a prey to a sort of dim scepticism independent altogether of reason. At all events, this is what I myself have often experienced, when hovering in dreamy abstraction about the shores north and south of the Mediterranean. Our existence is divided everywhere into two very distinct parts—the life of the day, and the life of the night—which, to the least poetical and fanciful of our species, must necessarily be distinguished by striking contrasts from each other.

I had a friend at Naples, somewhat old even when we first met, who seemed in his experience to have reversed the great principles of life. Having been solid, logical, and somewhat material in his youth, he had become romantic and imaginative as he advanced in years. To him, nothing was so delightful as to contemplate the universe as a sort of diversified mirage, moulded by the plastic power of the soul into infinite variety, and stretched out like a fantastic picture beneath the moon. Lazy people are everywhere the best adapted to keep alive this sort of dreamy propensity; and the Neapolitans being pre-eminently lazy, my worthy friend found the paradise of his fancy in the Bay of Naples, where, with a couple of boatmen at his command, he used frequently to put forth soon after nightfall, and move about in silence over the gleaming waters, and between those lofty and fantastic islands which, studding the whole distance from Misene to Sorrento, cut off the Bay from the Mediterranean. During my stay, I accompanied him more than once on these moonlight excursions.

The doctor—for my friend had studied divinity, and risen to a high position in the church—was, in spite of his profession and the duties it devolved upon him, considerably more than half a pagan; not as scholars often are, through a mere learned deference to the freaks of the imagination, but from genuine, unsophis-

ticated superstition. I would not maintain upon oath that he believed absolutely in Orcus and the Sybil; but there were ideas in his mind, connected with ancient creeds, which dominated all his thoughts, and imparted a peculiar colour to his faith. Our two boatmen—which, however, is no marvel—were to the full as much under the influence of ancient superstitions as himself. Paganism had come down to them as a sort of secret inheritance, of light or darkness penetrating through their everyday belief, until it reach much further down into their minds, where it underlay all their notions and imaginings, and impressed upon their characters an extremely peculiar stamp. They were afraid of the night, afraid of the moon, afraid of the shadowy figures which the wood-crowned islands threw here and there upon the surface of the deep. It seemed to them that by disturbing at such hours the gentle ripples with our oars, we were guilty of something like sacrilege, towards what power they could not tell, or would not, for perhaps in their hearts they had familiarised their apprehensions much more distinctly than they chose to acknowledge. Nemesis bears a wide away over the earth, but more especially enfolds the Mediterranean with her broad wings. There she resumes every night her ancient empire, and makes the hearts of all who go abroad beneath the sky pant and thrill with a consciousness of her presence.

We had just rowed by Castel-a-mare, when the doctor—a sudden thought apparently striking him—turned round to me and said: 'You mentioned to me yesterday that you had never visited the Blue Cave. Let us do so now. The play of colours is more marvellous by day; but the sense of solitude, the silence, the mingling of light and shadow, the movement and murmur of the half-fabulous water, will be more exciting, more charming by far at this delicious hour.'

I assented readily, and we moved on. It is no doubt very common to imagine at such times that the boat in which we sit forms the point of contact between two universes—the universe above, and the counterpart of the same universe below—and that we are upheld and borne along by we know not what power between these two systems of existence; touching neither, mingling with neither, yet powerfully acted upon by the influences of both. The water was still and smooth as glass, and seemingly far more transparent. We looked down into it, and far away in its unfathomable depths beheld moon and planets, and constellations flinging towards each other their golden light, until the concave was one blaze of splendour. Above, the eye was encountered by the same phenomena. For a while, no one uttered a word. The sailors moved backwards and forwards; the oars dipped, bright drops, like showers of molten pearl, rained over them as they ascended into the air; the boat moved forward, and shores, woods, islands flew past as in the panorama of a dream. Here and there, a long way off, lights twinkled between the trees; and as we moved among the islands, vast piles of masonry like prisons rose high among the rocks. I was not ignorant that thousands of brave hearts, in anguish and bitterness, were at that very moment throbbing freely within. Their owners had dared to dream of improving the social condition of their countrymen, and this, in most parts of the world, being a crime, they were expiating their proud fancies upon an insufficient supply of bread and water in those dungeons. But under the inspiration of the picturesque, we sometimes become hard-hearted, or else discover the knack of escaping from painful topics to enjoy the beauty that is before us. At anyrate, we were not so sad as might have been expected, and approached the precipices of Capri quite in the humour to enjoy all their grandeur. We had shot out a little into the Mediterranean to the north-west of Capri, and there paused a while to gaze at that mimic Alp thrusting up its rugged bulk out of

the waves. All travellers have seen it; but it appears to me that very few, if any, have infused into their descriptions anything like the grandeur of the rock itself. Perhaps, with all their experience, they have found it impossible. To guard against similar failure, I shall not attempt a description, but merely state two or three facts which may assist the fancy in representing the scene to itself. When the moon shines over Naples, over its white buildings, its vast bay, its woods, its promontories, the eye wanders along delighted from Vesuvius outwards until it is arrested by the dark frowning mass of Capri. Scarcely can it be said to be delighted then. The imagination experiences a rough, abrupt, strong, almost painful shock, as it beholds this abode of Tiberius rearing its Titanian proportions into the sky. Cliffs of giddy altitude hang beetling over the waves, with sea-mews skimming about their bases, and eagles rising with difficulty to their summits. Behind them stretch boundless expanses of ether, of the tint of amethyst tinged with smoke. Stars of liquid brilliance hang over the summit of the rock like a coronet, while the moon here and there paints with white light the smooth parts of the rock, which appear to hang like polished tablets against a vast dusky wall.

When we had gazed for some time at this prospect, the boatmen began of themselves to row towards the Blue Cave. Has any one ever rounded the north-western point of Capri without encountering a breeze more or less active? I have never known anybody who has. Let the Mediterranean be ever so calm, the Parthenopean Bay ever so lustrous and lovely, you no sooner approach the rocks of Capri, than the winds begin to blow, the surges to moan, and the caves to reverberate their murmur. At every pull of the oar, our hearts beat as we beheld the rocks throw up their stupendous masses above our heads. We approached the cave; we saw the tiny billows roll in and break with silvery foam against the black slippery rocks which defend it on the sea-side. Presently the oars were drawn into the boat, which, by the impulse already communicated to it, glided in between the rocks, where we found ourselves plunged for a moment in more than Egyptian darkness. By degrees, however, the eye recovered its power, and then we could perceive the moonlight stealing in through chinks and crannies, as if forcing its way through some diaphanous substance, which altered its nature and gave it a magical power over the mind. Still advancing, we reached a narrow ledge, upon which we landed. The boat then put back, while I stood with the doctor gazing out upon the moonlit sea. Rays of light fell here and there upon the dark waters which formed the floor of the cavern. Presently, as I gazed, blue streams shot from both sides of the rock, mingling and traversing each other, glancing, quivering, flashing, and partly illuminating the lofty irregular arch extending over our heads. Far in the distance, on the right, stretched a green avenue, which terminated in a red point; while on the left, a corridor of sapphire led the eye towards an opalescent point. My surprise and pleasure were great and unfeigned, and I expressed my astonishment that so little should have been said by strangers of so wonderful a place. Instead of replying directly to my observation, my companion said:

'On the very spot on which you and I are now standing, a terrible catastrophe took place many years ago. A young nobleman of dissipated habits and fierce character entertained a passion for one of the king's daughters. Being himself of high rank, he thought it scarcely an act of condescension on the part of the monarch to give him the girl in marriage; and accordingly, without the least ceremony, went to the palace and demanded her hand. Had his character been more respectable, the king might perhaps have

consented to overlook the disparity of position. But Girolamo had rendered himself remarkable by the wildness of his life, and was even suspected of piracy. At anyrate, he made voyages to the African coast, and came back from time to time laden with wealth. Some said he plundered the Moors; others, that he made no distinction between Moslems and Christians, but filled his coffers indiscriminately at the expense of all whom he encountered at sea. Influenced by these rumours, the king refused him his daughter; upon which Girolamo spoke thus:

'Your majesty's decision is perhaps the best. I have led a wild and wayward life; and though my fortune is great, and daily on the increase, I ought not, perhaps, to desire a connection with your family. Still, as I and my forefathers have always been faithful subjects to the crown of Naples, you will not, I feel convinced, refuse to grant me a smaller favour.'

'The king, glad to perceive that the Count Girolamo had not taken his refusal to heart, was willing to conciliate him by any concession he considered reasonable.

'Well,' replied Girolamo, 'in a week from this time I intend giving a party in the Blue Cave, and shall have it boarded over and lighted up brilliantly, so that we may dance over the waves and banquet amid the rocks.'

'The idea appeared at once new and striking to the king, and he promised to attend the party with his whole family. It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the preparations made by Count Girolamo: they were on a scale of great magnificence; and on the appointed night, the royal barge, accompanied by numerous boats, filled with ladies and gentlemen, arrived at the entrance to the cavern. There, to their surprise, they found a series of steps, covered with costly carpets, leading up to what might be called the great saloon, then filled with a blaze of lights, adorned here and there with hangings, and in recesses of the rock, abounding with refreshments, wine sparkled in crystal goblets, and delicacies of various kinds tempted the appetite. After a while, the hall was cleared for a dance, and, as a special favour, Count Girolamo was permitted to lead out the queen. He was all gaiety, all smiles, and the whole company of dancers appeared intoxicated with delight. At length, as the evening drew on, the count enjoyed the pleasure of leading out the princess upon whom his heart had been fixed. It is not known whether the lady herself felt any attachment for Girolamo, though it is believed she did. Whatever may have been the case, as they were gliding along the floor, the count took her in his arms, and stamping violently, a trap-door opened beneath his feet, and down he went with his companion into the dark waves below. The terror and confusion that followed may be easily imagined—the whole party rushed towards the opening in the floor, and lights being brought, they sought to discover the bodies, but without effect. The waves had sucked them out; and it was not until the next morning that they were discovered, locked in each other's arms, beyond the entrance of the cavern.'

As the doctor spoke, the light on both sides of the cave became more powerful, and shewed the surface of the water in the most distinct and vivid manner. The rocks seemed to have been transformed into pillars, with niches and hangings of gorgeous tapestry. Presently a hissing sound ran along the sides of the cave, and we were left in total darkness. The boat then approached, and groping our way into it, we pushed out silently into the moonlight.

'What we have just seen,' observed the doctor, 'is a mere contrivance of my own. I often visit this cave, and have invented an apparatus for lighting it up; but be persuaded that it is often converted into a blaze of splendour by other than human hands, and that Count Girolamo and the princess are beheld sitting

side by side at its extremity. Before them, the waves grow still, and appear to be converted into a marble floor, upon which hundreds of spirits whirl round in the mazes of the dance, while music breathes in through every crevice of the rock, and inspires them with unceasing activity.'

I thanked the doctor for the interesting account he had given me, and returned to Naples, fully persuaded that he would soon need to be taken care of by his friends.

POLYGASTRIC ANIMALCULES.

THE wits of London, better able to discuss the merits of a fable by Dryden or a comedy by Congreve, long continued to amuse themselves with the wonderful discoveries of a body of philosophers that, under the title of the Royal Society, held frequent meetings at Gresham College. The enthusiasm for research that prompted men endowed with ordinary judgment to dissect mal-formed calves—to study critically the motions of spiders, snails, toads—or to feel interested in learning whether there were in certain foreign countries blue bees that made black wax and white honey, and similar subjects of investigation, appeared to the man of fashion in those days a deplorable delusion—pardonable perhaps in the gloomy time of Old Noll, when playhouses were closed, and all sorts of amusement forbidden, but certainly unbecoming such as had the good-fortune to live in the reign of the Merry Monarch. Nor needs such an estimate of the infancy of the distinguished Society surprise us when we bear in mind the apparent uselessness of many of its experiments and researches, and the indifference of its most exalted patrons to the true advancement of science. The chief delight of its royal founder was to put such puzzling queries as neither common sense nor philosophy could satisfactorily solve, or to gratify his curiosity by witnessing an 'anatomical administration,' as the rather rare spectacle of a dissection was called in those days. Surely some apology was afforded to the idle for scepticism regarding the utility of Prince Rupert's glass manufactory, or such a contribution in natural history from the Duke of Buckingham as 'the horne of a unicorn.' Moreover, its *Transactions*, which, under the ponderous title of 'An accompte of the present undertakings, studies, and labours of the ingenious in many considerable parts of the world,' the Society began regularly to publish, contained not a little that must have appeared extremely ludicrous to such—at the time the majority of the public—as could not sympathise with the many errors through which experimental philosophy had to struggle in its progress towards maturity. Among the papers that appeared in the *Transactions* during the year 1675, was one that caused almost as much amusement to the Society as to the loungers of the Mall. It was from a Dutch contributor, Anthony Leuwenhoek of Delft, whose ingenuity in improving microscopes—instruments to which the Society very wisely gave much attention—had procured him honourable distinction among his English associates. The curious observations which the superiority of his glasses enabled him to make, had not hitherto overstepped the limits of belief, but when, in the year mentioned, he declared himself as having discovered certain animals of such extreme minuteness that many thousands of them did not equal a grain of sand, his statement was received with derision. It is not impossible, from the proneness universally shewn by mankind to treat as profane such observations as reveal an elevated physical organisation in other beings, that the daring microscopist might in an earlier age have met the reward of Galileo.

The splendour of Leuwenhoek's discovery might well compensate him for an indifferent reception. He had the high fortune to have been the first to observe that

beyond the power of the keenest vision there lay an unsuspected world of life, surpassing in number all the united occupants of air, earth, and water. Examined through his lenses, the smallest speck of the green mantle of the standing pool resolved itself into myriads of individual existences. It has been reserved to his successors to discover that the waters of the seas, lakes, and rivers, are equally prolific—a view of the boundlessness of animated nature which it is almost impossible to comprehend.

From the facility afforded by vegetable infusions for procuring these little animals, they came to be known as Infusoria. This generic name is still retained; but, by the more scientific arrangement of the great Prussian naturalist, Ehrenberg, the class is divided into Polygastria, or many-stomached, and Rotifera, or wheel-shaped animalcules. It is to the former class that we ask the reader's attention, as the rotifers, from their more advanced organisation, are objects of inferior interest. The polygastrians are so low in the scale of being as to have no fixed type of form. Many important organs they want altogether, and such as they possess are very defective. They have neither brain nor spinal cord; nor eyes, blood, nor proper organs of locomotion. Many species have neither mouth nor digestive canal; and yet with all these defects, they are lively and playful, great eaters, and very fond of their ease. They have managed, in the successive eras of geological change over the globe, to avoid destruction. They are thus at once the tiniest and oldest inhabitants of the earth; nay, notwithstanding their subordinate position, they claim, through that wonderful chain of analogy that connects all nature, kindred with the representatives of the most exalted. Their vitality is so strong, that they are easily revived after several years' apparent death. Absence of air is the most favourable condition for their preservation; in fact, paradoxical as it sounds, interment is the surest way of keeping them alive.

From their abundance and antiquity, we are not surprised to find that these animals have an important function to discharge in the economy of nature. The preservation of life in other beings depends directly upon them. The ceaseless appetite of the polygastrian is employed in reducing the vast mass of effete vegetable and animal matter in the globe that is always hastening to decomposition, and which, if allowed an unopposed development, would speedily make its noxious properties known. This view of their utility enables us to appreciate the fitness of the homely name given to them by Professor Owen—the scavengers of the atmosphere. Nay, further, the effete substances so intercepted become, from assimilation in the system of the polygastrians, adapted to the support of more highly organised animals. It may not be out of place to observe here that the objections made against such water as is seen through the microscope to abound in animalcules, has been frequently urged in forgetfulness of the dependence of pure water upon the presence of a certain number of such beings.

Let us now consider a little in detail the organisation of a polygastrian. The animal essentially consists of a cell. A cell we know to represent the lowest order of vegetable or animal life. The polygastrian cell is only a stage removed from the Gregarina, which stands upon the very border of the two divisions, and is only known not to be a vegetable from its power of independent existence, and never advancing to a further stage of development. Some polygastrian species are bare; that is, the cell has no investment, but the majority are provided with a shell-covering either silicious or calcareous. This shell, fashioned after a variety of quaint patterns, is ingeniously adapted to the peculiar form of its wearer. Across some, it is placed horizontally; in others, it shoots out as a conical prominence over the tiny occupant; while in a third variety, this

defensive armour expands in the shape of a shield. Immense accumulations of these shells are found in different parts of the world. Strata of great depth occur in Bohemia and the United States, entirely made up of infusorial shells. Sometimes their abundance occasions their being applied to unexpected purposes. Thus the berg-mehl, or mountain-meal, a white powder gathered by the people bordering upon Lake Lett-naggejon, near Urnea, in Sweden, and much esteemed as an article of diet when mixed with flour, consists entirely of these. In animals that live in water, having neither fins, tail, nor any fixed form of limb, it becomes a curious subject to inquire into their means of locomotion. In such polygastrians as are attached to foreign bodies, no mechanism of the kind is required; but, in the greater number, progression is generally maintained by cilia or hair-like processes. Some, indeed, have such a mobility of substance as enables them to furnish an extempore limb upon an emergency, but this agreeable power of improvising a hand or foot is not frequently met with. Thanks, however, to its ciliary apparatus, the polygastrian can row nimbly through the water, seize firmly upon his prey, or, if none be at hand, make a slight agitation of the water that will soon accumulate sufficient materials for a meal. The manner of connection of these cilia with the body of the animal is not clearly understood. According to Ehrenberg, they are fixed by distinct muscular processes; but to grant that, were to claim for the order a higher degree of development in the animal kingdom than other observers are disposed to admit. The cilia are sometimes arranged in sets, but more frequently they are scattered irregularly over the animal. They occur in greatest number at the neighbourhood of the mouth, for the obvious purpose of facilitating the seizure of food. The cilia are also of use in the peculiar respiration of the animal, by causing successive currents of water to strike against it.

Although destitute both of brain and spinal cord, the polygastrian is not without an analogue of these organs. A little red dot, once considered an eye, is now known to compose its limited nervous system. The functions of this part of the organisation are obscure, and to this may be ascribed the difference of opinion among naturalists respecting the movements of the animal. These are said by some to be automatic, and not the result of volition—a view apparently based upon the fact of the animal never having been observed in a state of quiescence. But even if there were not many ways of accounting for such restlessness, the evidence in favour of a contrary belief appears pretty conclusive. The most diminutive monad shrinks into a less form from the effect of fear, and carefully avoids, in his merry dance through the water, all contact with his playmates.

Though the polygastrians have no blood or proper circulating apparatus, there is a fluid, intermediate between blood and chyme, which circulates in a little central organ or heart, several pair of which lie along the backs of the larger varieties. But the most extraordinary parts of the organisation of these animals are those by which their digestion and reproduction are maintained. Although the view once held that the polygastrian consisted, as the name indicates, of an aggregation of stomachs, has not been confirmed by further observations, it is not without a certain amount of correctness, so far as the existence of a series of movable sacs or stomachs is concerned. Of these, which are dependent upon that mobility of texture noticed in connection with the means of locomotion, there may be from three or four to as many hundreds. Occasionally, when the animal wishes to gorge upon a victim as large as himself, these stomachs are all displaced—an opening is made at the most convenient position, and the prey enclosed, the little

glutton removing every trace of his temporary mouth. In a few of the more advanced species—and we should always remember that the difference between the larger and smaller polygastrics is as great as between an elephant and a mouse—there is a regular form of mouth, and even a complicated dental apparatus.

The most common mode of reproduction is by *spontaneous fissure*. A longitudinal or transverse division shews itself in some part of the animal, rapidly advances, and, when complete, two individuals result, both equal in size. Not unfrequently, the young, if we may so call it, begins immediately to divide. In the next most frequent process, that of *gemination*, we are reminded of the vegetable kinship of the polygastrian. Here separate animals are thrown off in the form of buds, which differ from those produced by the former method in not attaining maturity for some time after leaving the parent cell. Omitting any notice of a third, or the oviparous process of reproduction, since its existence is disputed, we may mention the curious phenomenon observed in the *volvox globator*. In this little animal, the young may be seen through the transparent texture of the mother. Like her, they are provided with cilia, that enable them to swim almost as actively as after birth. In no long time, these, in their turn, become the recipients of independent existences. Well may Professor Owen say that 'Malthusian principles, or what are vulgarly so called, have no place in the economy of this department of organised nature.'

We shall, in conclusion, state shortly the connection existing between the polygastric and more superior beings, as observed in the great law of unity of organisation. The infusorial monad is the sole unchanging organic form in the animal world. Every member of the four great sub-kingdoms—Radiata, Mollusca, Articulata, Vertebrata—has been a monad at some period of its existence. The little nervous dot of the polygastrian, its rude circulating apparatus and fluid, its displaceable stomachs, are but permanent representations of the temporary forms of the complicated nervous system, the highly organised blood, and the powerful digestion found in the most advanced class of animals. Even the similarity that exists between the human embryo and the polygastrian is retained in certain respects throughout life, for the cilia that line the nasal passages, the larynx, and bronchiæ of the adult man, are identical with those of the invisible monad.

CONVENTIONAL REPUTATIONS.

Literary life is full of curious phenomena. I don't know that there is anything more noticeable than what we may call *conventional reputations*. There is a tacit understanding in every community of men of letters that they will not disturb the popular fallacy respecting this or that electro-gilded celebrity. There are various reasons for this forbearance: one is old; one is rich; one is good-natured; one is such a favourite with the pit that it would not be safe to hiss him from the manager's box. The venerable augurs of the literary or scientific temple may smile faintly when one of the tribe is mentioned; but the farce is in general kept up as well as the Chinese comic scene of entreating and imploring a man to stay with you, with the implied compact between you that he shall by no means think of doing it. A poor wretch he must be who would wantonly sit down on one of these bandbox reputations. A Prince Rupert's drop, which is a tear of unannealed glass, lasts indefinitely, if you keep it from meddling hands; but break its tail off, and it explodes, and resolves itself into powder. These celebrities I speak of are the Prince Rupert's drops of the learned and polite world. See how the papers treat them! What an array of pleasant kaleidoscopic phrases, that can be arranged in ever so many charming patterns, is at their service! How kind the 'Critical Notices'—where small

authorship comes to pick up chips of praise, fragrant, sugary, and sappy—always are to them! Well, life would be nothing without paper-credit and other fictions; so let them pass current. Don't steal their chips; don't puncture their swimming-bladders; don't come down on their pasteboard boxes; don't break the ends of their brittle and unstable reputations, you fellows who all feel sure that your names will be household words a thousand years from now.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

TOAD-WORSHIP.

The practice, which seems so unaccountable, if it be once seriously thought upon, of worshipping some of the lower animals, was not unknown on the coast of Cumana, and their treatment of toads may be mentioned as a ludicrous instance of that kind of superstition. They held the toad to be, as they said, 'the lord of the waters,' and therefore they were very compassionate with it, and dreaded by any accident to kill a toad; though, as has been found the case with other idolaters, they were ready, in times of difficulty, to compel a favourable hearing from their pretended deities, for they were known to keep these toads with care under an earthen vessel, and to whip them with little switches when there was a scarcity of provisions and a want of rain. Another superstition worthy of note was, that when they hunted down any game, before killing it, they were wont to open its mouth and introduce some drops of maize-wine, in order that its soul, which they judged to be the same as that of men, might give notice to the rest of its species of the good entertainment which it had met with, and thus lead them to think that if they came too, they would participate in this kindly treatment.—*Helps's Spanish Conquest in America*.

THE GOOD SHIP MARSHAL.

'Twas the red sundown of Christmas Day,
And off Cape Otway Head,
That the *Marshal* stood for Melbourne port
With canvas sparsely spread.

For all day long it blew a gale,
And they looked for land a-lee;
Yet under short and steady sail
The ship went bowlingly.

And all day long through scud and wave,
And long swell flecked with foam,
Right on and on the *Marshal* held,
Like a courser heading home.

With sundown passed the driving wind—
It passed off gustily:
And slowly down to its deep, deep rest
Sunk the sultry austral sea.

Then the thoughts of all were full in port;
All hopes stood high and dry;
As specks in the good ship's gleaming wake
Shewed the seventy days gone by.

How strange the sound of 'Land, ho! land!'
(How full the round words fall)
They seemed to have wedded hand to hand,
As all wished joy to all.

In the speech of home, heart spoke to heart;
And friendly eye met eye:
Week on week they had walked apart
Whom this parting hour drew nigh.

Nigher yet, and a flaunting group
Broke from the master's door;
Sweeping the ship from stern to poop
For a sight of the golden shore.

And late on the bulwark's side a-lee
Tarried a little band
Of those who could not sleep at sea
In a ship so near to land.

Looking, you saw a white low line—
A long low line of foam,
While they talked of the cheerful frost and snow,
And the Christmas fires at home.

Slowly the headstrong ship wore in
With the steadfast undertow;
While the mistress moon smiled up above,
And the master laughed below.

Over the *Marshal's* shining deck,
And her low shrouds traced so fair,
There fell such calm, that spoken words
Seemed to linger in the air.

Steadily yet her topsails drew,
Stood 'Pilot!' from the truck,
And the helm to a steady hand was true,
When the good ship *Marshal*—struck.

The *Marshal* struck on her larboard bow,
And a hollow sound came, then
She heavily reeled till she shewed her keel,
And heavily grounded again.

Then did the startled master's shout,
And the mate, with word and blow,
Hurry the men to work aloft,
And the women to weep below:

Nearer the plunging vessel's keel,
Nearer the depths beneath;
To try the hold of their hearts on hope?
And to keep the watch of death?

The short night passed in the settling ship;
It passed—what more to say?
Terrors full as a dreadful dream
Pass as a dream away.

Crossing an early angry sun,
Rose something faintly dark;
And answering back to the *Marshal's* gun
Came the gun of an outbound bark.

Close in her cabin's scanty space,
Swarming her slipp'ry deck,
Through a stormy air and a seething sea,
All sailed from the lonely wreck.

Then the young hand with the old was crossed,
And the brown head helped the gray;
For their all but life was lost, was lost
Sad salt-sea miles away.*

Good ships, your ribs are stanch and tried;
Your spars are tough and tall:
But a heart of oak in the master's side
Were the bulwark best of all.

* One needs to know but little of the ways and means of the poorer emigrants to be aware that few venture to bear anything of value on their persons. Taught by the reported experience of others that their class of passengers is almost certain to be robbed, gold, silver, even bills, as well as other valuables in their little stock, are stowed away in the strong box, safe in the hold while the voyage is safe; and when the ship goes down, all goes with it.

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QUOTATION.

THE faculty of quotation is one of the most terrible weapons of social life; 'an engine of colloquial oppression' only less tremendous, perhaps, than the asking of riddles and the narration of anecdotes, and sometimes partaking of the worst qualities of both; for often a quotator, who must needs have his lion's share in the conversation at all hazards, whether he be certain or not of getting safe out at the other end of his selected passage, will stop in the middle of it (especially if it be poetry), and appeal to the general company to assist him in that strait to which his own imprudence has reduced him. This has all the ill effect of a conundrum in creating a dead silence, and is even destitute of that meagre hope which exists in the latter case of arriving at something amusing at last. Old gentlemen may be permitted to quote the classics to boys—'*Arma virumque*, what? You young dog! In my time, sir, I should have been flogged if I had not supplied the word by this time!'—because boys have no real relish for conversation: but learned persons and others should be very chary of indulging in this practice in real life, and among ordinary society. It is a pitiable spectacle to see an entire company, half of whom, perhaps, are ladies, put in abeyance, as it were, while a gentleman who has forgotten his Greek is depending upon people who never knew any to fill up the *vacuum* in some sonorous sentence which, after all, may be, is by no means illustrative of the matter in hand. Instead of being sorry for what he has done, too, this sort of character is commonly enraged with the audience, protesting not only that he shall forget his own name next, but that *they* are foolish and ignorant to an extreme degree. 'Every school-boy knows it,' cries he, without remembering that if that really be the case, there was no need for him to be so superfluous as to repeat it. We do not mean to state that a very first-rate conversationalist may not make himself appear to understand and appreciate a Greek quotation, but such a one must be near the top of his profession; nor can even he pay tribute to one only half delivered. Moreover, we are speaking of general society; amongst which are females who cannot divest themselves of an uneasy but not unnatural feeling, that what needs concealment in a dead language, must certainly be something they ought not to hear.

Difficulties in finishing occur by no means unusually in English. A revered friend of our own is perpetually entangling himself in verbose selections from the works of Lord Byron; and as that poet is by no means so universally read now as his admirer imagines, release is often hopeless. 'Good Heavens,

gentlemen,' he exclaimed, on one occasion, after failing in the fifteenth line of an extract which none of us had ever so much as set eyes upon before, 'and you have absolutely never read his *Age of Bronze*!' Is not this at least as abominable as the conduct of the asker of rebuses, whom Sydney Smith recommends should be delivered over to immediate execution, without being suffered to explain the connection between his seventh and his eighth?

Nor, again, is that noxious person, 'a man of anecdote,' to be looked upon with less disgust when he attacks society under the thin disguise of a quotator: for where is the difference whether conversation be interrupted by his avowal that 'that reminds him of an anecdote,' and he at once blockades us by means of such regular approaches; or if he silence the company from some masked but not less fatal battery, such as: 'Ah, you know, that's what Sheridan said to Brummell when they were going down Pall Mall. "I'll bet you," says he; . . . and so on for perhaps a quarter of an hour.' This description of person, in case of his *dramatis personæ* being celebrated and popular, will often introduce them with an air of easy patronage—as, 'that queer old Barham,' or 'that dear Leigh Hunt'—very hard to listen to; and when he begins in this fashion, he is particularly difficult to stop. If he do chance to set before us a good thing tolerably new, he spoils the effect of it by following it up with a course of ancient jokes, the entire contents of his jest-box—putting them back, alas, very carefully afterwards, for another time, but perhaps for the same people.

Apropos of, it may be, pepper, he will remark: 'Poor Tom Hood, during his last illness, was much attenuated; and upon the doctors applying mustard-plasters to his feet, observed: "Ah, sirs, there is very little meat for your mustard."' Now, not above one-third of a company may have heard this before; and the kind of quotator of whom we speak is so elated by that unusual circumstance, that he goes on to tell of the bottle of ink being taken instead of the medicine, and the piece of blotting-paper the patient volunteered to swallow in order to neutralise it, and things even older yet. Still, quotation of some kind we must have. The apt use of it, with judgment and in moderation, is pleasant both to the talker and the hearer. If the latter recognise the 'selection,' his self-love is gratified almost equally with that of the former; but he must be careful not to display his rival knowledge by encumbering the first speaker with aid, and running along, as it were, by the side of the other's hobbyhorse with an unnecessary leading rein: one man is, in ordinary cases, sufficient for one quotation. In general conversation, a single line of poetry, or a couplet at

most, is as much as should be ventured upon. In public speaking, upon the contrary, eight or ten lines may be hazarded, and it is a chance if anything else in the speech be so well received; the reason of which difference is obvious, inasmuch as in the one case many persons lay a claim to the time of the audience besides him who is holding forth; and in the other, a number of folks who have no taste at all for poetry, are flattered by being presumed to have an exquisite appreciation of it.

Most of us, without being such 'comparative sweet young' persons as Prince Hal was, have more or less of his 'damnable trick of iteration;' and the humblest of us is ready to repeat somebody else's words, if it be only to strengthen a position, or to avoid the responsibility of having any opinion of our own.

An ignorant young friend of ours going in for examination, almost without a chance, for one of the open civil service appointments, remarked to us: 'I hope for the best, but expect the worst, as the old woman said when she was buying the pound of tea.' Who was the old woman in question, or what the particular tea, is immaterial; the quotation was as apt as though it came from Machiavelli or Montaigne; and in the same manner, upon the very vaguest authority, we often get the most perfect illustrations. 'You force me to proceed to extremities, as the nobleman said when he cracked the periwinkle in the door,' is an admirable instance of this; and similarly, 'the Man,' 'the Irishman' (who is habitually employed in this capacity), 'the Scotchman,' 'the Frenchman' (also a great favourite), and 'the Poet,' are made use of when memory fails as sponsors for fatherless sayings. All we sometimes get, after the delivery of an apothegm, by way of acknowledgment to its proprietor, is an 'as they say,' or 'as the saying goes,' which is unsatisfactory, indeed; but in such a case the plagiarism is not generally of great value. The Prince Regent and Mr Theodore Hook are so continually invoked upon these occasions, that a true conversationalist would no more dream of referring to them than to Mr Joseph Miller himself: the very mention of their names before a quotation has become a signal for inattention and contempt, and is almost as much an assistance to it as the autograph of a bankrupt to the back of a bill. Mr Charles Lamb has fallen very low, indeed, in the quotation market, and Sydney Smith and Rochefoucauld are drugs. The most artful thing exhibited by some quotators is the reverse of this—namely, the ingenious concealment of an authority who is perfectly well known. For instance, in making use of that philosophical paradox, 'the child is father to the man,' they would think it unwise, and, indeed, extravagant, to add, 'as Wordsworth says,' displaying all that learning in an instant, like the flash of a cracker: they prefer to herald it with, 'as the bard of the lake-country has well expressed it;' or, 'as the greatest metaphysical poet of the century has remarked;' or, 'as the restorer of natural poetry truly sings;' or even with a combination of these three expressions, if they be of rank and wealth enough to venture so far. A good deal of verbosity is permitted to lords and capitalists in this respect.

In writing, we need not point out to those who contribute to reviews, &c., how much more space can be profitably taken up by, 'as the graceful author of the *Pleasures of Memory* has told us,' than by,

'as Rogers says;' besides the advantage of setting the general reader thinking of who the deuce *did* write the *Pleasures of Memory*, and perhaps of even delighting him with the discovery.

We come now to the two highest branches of our subject—the one, that of introducing a quotation as something of our own; the other, that of introducing something of our own as a quotation. The first requires the very greatest delicacy of conduct. There are a number of sagacious people, it must be remembered, in society, too lazy to say anything themselves, who have their ears wide open, nevertheless, to all that is said by others. These are jealous and malicious men—not women, who, indeed, are industrious enough in this respect—who will let you display all your stolen gems to the last jewel, and then turn police-constable in the brutal overhauling of your whole pack. Your *bon mots*, they will swear, were Jerrold's; the epigrams, Tom Moore's; and the repartees those in the *Punch* newspaper of 1852—which it is very likely they were. Now, as the true genius—as we remember to have read in every essay upon the writings of our greatest dramatist—makes everything he touches his own, whether it previously belonged to anybody else or not, so the first-rate conversationalist may reproduce with effect the efforts of bygone wits, in such a way that the parents themselves should not be able to recognise their offspring. In ordinary cases, however, extreme precaution is by no means necessary, and the most wholesale plagiarisms may be made by the self-possessed and dexterous, who have only to confess, upon detection, that 'of course the thing was Jerrold's; they should have supposed everybody knew that; there was no more necessity for inverted commas, than for saying "Macbeth" after quoting the dagger-scene.'

Finally, the reverse of this has to be considered. It is sometimes expedient to borrow a great name to 'edit,' as it were, the production of one's own native talent; and there are some people so conventional that they will listen to nothing unless it be spoken by the lips of authority, having less regard to the merit of a remark than to the fame of him who is supposed to utter it; and there are others so miserably envious as to deride or treat with contemptuous indifference all the efforts of a contemporary to amuse or instruct them. A judicious interposition of a supposititious *deus ex machina* is, in these cases, not only expedient but excusable. We may be (*we are*) very brilliant, and yet need sponsors now and then to answer for us before an unbelieving world. Our bills may be good enough (*they are*), and yet require a good name at their backs to insure acceptance. 'Dickens was telling this story the other night,' 'as Thackeray said to a friend of mine,' 'as Macaulay replied to his publisher,' are very good letters of introduction indeed. These experiments are interesting, not only as illustrative of the weakness of human nature in our fellow-creatures, but also of its strength in ourselves. We have to behold without a groan or outward sign of agony, one of our very best *jeux d'esprit* perhaps swept up into the great treasure-house of an acknowledged genius, who has no need of an addition to his wealth, and made absolutely dangerous for us to claim as our own for evermore. We hear peals of laughter or murmurs of applause paid to persons who have neither desire for nor right to them, while we sit poor and unappreciated—mere spoons for ladling out that honey which we have in reality ourselves collected and hived from the very first. How we long to cast off our disguise, and proclaim ourselves to be indeed the exceedingly clever fellows we are! But should we do so, we are well aware that joke of ours would be the very last that would be listened to. Moreover, in this secret knowledge of our actual merit,

in this patient surrender of our laurels to other brows, is there not something generous, Spartan-like, besides a very exquisite flattery of our self-love?

CATTLE EPIDEMICS.

DURING the past spring and summer, the chief subject of interest to the 'agricultural mind,' both at home and abroad, has been the fact or the apprehension of some infectious disease, popularly called 'murrain,' among the horned cattle. On many parts of the continent, the prevalence of a very destructive epizootic was no matter of doubt. Throughout Denmark and Prussia, in the districts skirting the south shore of the Baltic, and in the Rhenish states of Germany, the cattle-breeders have suffered very severely from the ravages of a disease among their herds, whose cause and cure alike seem to have baffled research, but which was generally supposed to be disseminated by infection. The British farmers have been more frightened than hurt by this calamity; but as the countries where the murrain was most prevalent were precisely those from which the English market was chiefly supplied, an Order in Council was issued some months since, by way of precaution, prohibiting the import of live-stock, carcasses, or raw hides, from the Gulf of Finland, the Russian, Prussian, Mecklenburg, and Lubeck ports on the Baltic, and sundry other quarters whence infection might be apprehended. This regulation provoked much criticism. Medical authorities are indeed altogether at variance on the whole question of epidemics, either as regards man or beast. It is even contended that there is no such thing as infection—that cholera, yellow fever, or even the plague itself, have nothing contagious in their character, but spread merely through the medium of atmospheric miasmata, impure water, unwholesome conditions of heat, damp, dirt, and other 'predisposing causes,' wholly distinct from the influences by which, according to the ancient doctrine, epidemic diseases were diffused among a whole population.

When doctors differ so essentially, we shall not presume to settle the controversy. Certain it is, that the so much dreaded murrain has not visibly extended to England; though whether the disease was kept at arm's length by the Order in Council, or was safely defied by the better feeding, the more careful breeding, and the greater skill in management practised by English farmers, is still problematical. In many cases of epizootic mortality occurring during several years past—ever since agriculture became a science—the most experienced practitioners have been altogether at fault. The loss of many thousand sheep by the 'rot,' or of cattle by some mysterious 'complaint,' can sometimes be traced to the influences of weather or food, but just as often proves wholly inexplicable. Science, on these occasions, is totally bewildered; while the most careful tending of the husbandman proves vain.

One result, however, dominates over all morbiological theories—namely, that in modern eras the access of murrain among cattle has become as rare in occurrence and mitigated in severity, as that of 'plague, pestilence, and famine' among the human race. It is impossible to dissociate this undeniable fact from the improvement in food and nurture which the advance of agricultural science has enabled us to command. Three centuries ago, for example, the very idea of keeping cattle in a state fit for the butcher through the winter months, had never dawned on the human mind. Where was the food to come from, while the pastures were covered with snow, or iron-bound with frost? At that era, the fatted kine were all killed in November at latest; and the whole world, from the lord in his castle to the servitor at his lodge-gates, lived upon salted meat until the ensuing May. Of the gluttonous feasts occasioned and justified by the

superabundance of fresh meat, and especially of those portions of the animal not fit for preservation, at these autumnal slaughtering, a gross but most graphic description may be found in Rabelais. Another and more clearly recognition of the annual event is given in the old festival of Candlemas, when the accumulated stock of tallow, from the summer pasturage of the herds, was formally blest by the priest before its conversion into candles for the long nights of winter. The world in those days was a long way removed even from the possibility of a 'fat-cattle show' at Christmas, in the Baker Street Bazaar, or elsewhere.

The cattle-murrains, in olden times, were attributed to moral and supernatural causes. Homer describes the vengeful Apollo visiting the Greeks before Troy with a pestilence, which began with the dogs, and passed on through the horses and horned beasts to the human race. It shewed some knowledge of the real source of malady, that the calamity was assigned to the divinity who governed the sun, the atmosphere, and other climatic conditions. Among the Jews, an epidemic in cattle was attributed to some national sin—the presence of an Achan in the camp, or the rebellious idolatry of a king. In later times, many singular accounts of epizootical disease are handed down to us by historians; and if their narrative must sometimes be considered more legendary than authentic, they present at all events a vivid picture of the vicissitudes to which society was exposed in times when the production of food, whether for the human race or for their flocks and herds, was so little understood, and remained so much more completely at the mercy of the season than at present. For the examples we are about to give, let us at once confess our obligations to the copious details so industriously collected by the census commissioners of Ireland, touching pestilences and famines, plagues, inclement seasons, atmospheric phenomena, epizootic disease, and other visitations, published in the fifth volume of their elaborate *Report to parliament*.

Not to linger too long in the legendary periods of British, or rather Celtic history, we shall give but a single specimen of cattle-murrain as recorded to have occurred in these isles before the Christian era. This epidemic visited England and Ireland, so far as the vague annals of the event can be interpreted, at a period about contemporary with the last Punic War—that is, 150 years B.C. The contemporary king of Ireland—for the histories of the period are all Irish—was named Breasal, and surnamed Bod-hio-Bhlaith, or 'Cow-destroyer,' in commemoration of the event. In his time, so the record runs in the *Annals of Clonmacnoise*, 'there was such a morren of cows in the land as there were no more then left alive but one bull and one heifer in the whole kingdom, which bull and heifer lived in a place called Gleann-Samasse.' It is mentioned, by way of testimony to the truth of this legend, that the locality named is to this day known to the dwellers in the neighbourhood as Glensamish, or the Glen of the Heifer, and is situated in county Tyrone. The description of some devastating catastrophe as leaving only a single survivor, belongs to the hyperbolic language employed by all oriental races and their descendants. The image recurs more than once in the book of Job. In the Celtic annals, from whence the above record is taken, it is subsequently stated as the consequence of an inclement season, that 'only one' shock of corn was left in the fields, or 'only one' fruit on the tree. Thus, in the time of Cairbre, the 'Cat-headed,' it is chronicled that the 'earth did not yield its produce, inasmuch that there used to be but one grain upon the stalk, one acorn upon the oak, and one nut upon the hazel.' As a contrast to the calamitous visitation in the reign of Breasal, it is related that about fifty years afterwards, in the time of his successor, King Conaim, 'the cattle were without

keepers in Ireland, on account of the greatness of the peace and concord.' The weather seems also to have sympathised in this general harmony, since we find it added that 'the wind did not take a hair off the cattle from the middle of autumn to the middle of spring.' During the reign of this plenty-giving monarch, 'nothing bent but the trees, from the greatness of their fruit in his time.'

During several centuries of what may be termed the twilight period of the historic era, it is curious to notice the rarity of any account of epidemic mortality among the cattle, as compared with the records of famine or pestilence among mankind. The apparent exemption of other and lower animals from these visitations does not arise from any idea, on the part of the chronicler, that the subject was beneath his notice; on the contrary, we find particular mention made, when occasion occurs, of mortality among the cattle. The pestiferous air to which is assigned the plague of 547 A.D., is said to have 'ragged not only against men, but against beasts and reptiles.' Not very long afterwards, it is recorded that a 'poisoned pool made its appearance through a chasm of the earth,' from which a vapour proceeded that proved fatal to men and beasts of burden. During the terrible famine which scourged Britain in 446, Gildas relates that no animals remained on which men could feed, 'save such as could be procured in the chase.' This destruction of the flocks and herds, however, does not seem attributable to disease, but to the fact that they were all eaten up by the famished population. Altogether, it is evident that in the times of which we have hitherto treated—and, indeed, for long after—sheep and kine escaped many of the evils that decimated the human dwellers in this and other lands. As animals, they were considered more valuable, and therefore were better cared for, and enjoyed, besides, exemption from the political convulsions which so repeatedly swept over whole kingdoms, destroying thousands of the human race in their passage, and leaving famine and pestilence behind them to complete the work of devastation.

The numerous records of epizootic disease which have occurred in later eras in different parts of Europe, are seldom unaccompanied by incidents, mentioned, as it were, accidentally, that give some insight into the real cause by which the epidemic was produced. For example, in the collection of Irish chronicles, entitled the *Annals of The Four Masters*, it is stated that in 684 A.D., 'there was a mortality upon all animals throughout the world, so that there escaped not one out of the thousand of any kind of animals.' Afterwards, however, it is recorded of the same year, that a great frost occurred, 'even so that the lakes and rivers were frozen, and the sea between Scotland and Ireland was frozen, so that there was a communication between them on the ice.' These intense frosts seem to have been very frequent at that era. Mention is often made of reciprocal visits paid by the Irish and Scots to one another across the ice. Elsewhere we find it related that the inland waters were frozen up; that the river Boyne was passable on the ice; that 'horses and hunters went on Lough Neagh to chase the wild deer; that in the winter of 939-40, 'the foreigners'—that is, the Danes—'plundered Inis-Mochta on the ice.' This was an island containing a church which formerly existed at a place still called Inishmet, in Meath. Seldom also do we find the record of these severe frosts, or of heavy floods, long-continued wet or drought, or other tokens of inclement seasons, without meeting an account very shortly afterwards of some murrain among cattle. These accounts shew various forms of disease, extending sometimes to the lower animals. Thus, one year we are told of 'a great destruction among the birds.' In 916, after a 'great snow and unusual frost, destruction was brought

upon cattle, birds, and salmon.' Of that year it is related that 'many evil signs' were manifested: 'The heavens seemed to glow with comets: a flame of fire arose from beyond the west of Ireland until it passed over the sea eastwards. A few years later, a terrible mortality occurred, which included 'men, cattle, and bees.' Long subsequently, the Italian writer Ramazzani describes a murrain which extended even to bees and silkworms. On that occasion, also, the distemper among animals was contemporaneous with blight in the vegetable creation. Early in June, this author relates that 'all the springing corn was spotted with mildew; grapes and other fruits were spoiled or destroyed; and the leaves of herbs and shrubs eaten to the stem by various insects.' Wholly unable to appreciate the true influence of natural phenomena, the chroniclers of that age are just as apt to exaggerate some consequences as to ignore others. Lightning is made to play a frequent part in the destruction of living beings, and even of whole towns. In 1184, the *Annals* record how the castle of Lough Keg, the stronghold of the Mac Dermotts, was destroyed by fire from heaven, wherein six or seven score of distinguished persons perished, together with fifteen of kingly or chieftain descent. In 966, a ball of fire is said to have passed through Leinster and killed 1000, or, as another account gives it, 100,000 persons, and flocks, besides burning the houses of Dublin. Narrations of tempests frequently occur, in which the wind blew down hundreds of dwellings; though this, perhaps, does not imply that the blasts were stronger, but that the buildings were weaker than at present. Making every allowance for the ignorance or the credulity of the reporters, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion, that in these periods, frosts, rains, and tempests, and other meteorological phenomena, evinced an intensity of which we have had no recent experience.

One phenomenon frequently recorded, and always as a sign of special wonder, is that of a shower of blood. The portent was naturally considered very terrible. Once, indeed, the prodigy seems to have occasioned no alarm. Red snow having fallen in the reign of King Elim, the people fancied that it had both the taste and colour of wine. The phenomenon was accordingly regarded in a jovial aspect, and the king was styled Elim Oilfinshneacta, or Elim of the Great Wine-snow. At other times, the occurrence is related in terms that prove the utmost dismay. Lough Neagh was turned into blood several times within a period of a century or two, the event being recorded in the same style of alarm as that used when the moon also turns into blood; and occasionally the phenomena seem to have been supposed related to one another. On one occasion, Loch Lephim—now Leam—in Westmeath, 'was turned into blood, so that it appeared to all as if it were lumps of blood all round the edge.' This appearance has lately been thoroughly investigated and explained. Red snow was found by Captain Parry and Sir John Franklin, and the colour traced to the presence of microscopic plants of the cryptogamic order. As this occurred in high latitude, and no red snow is mentioned as having fallen in Ireland in modern periods, we find another cause to infer that the climate of the British Isles has become mitigated. Respecting the blood-coloured water, some curious facts were told in a paper read a few months since before the Royal Society by Mr Macdonald, a gentleman who was attached to Her Majesty's surveying-ship *Herald*. The colouring matter is a minute plant popularly called the Sea Sawdust, and accounts were given of its appearance in various parts of the ocean besides the Red Sea, to which it has actually given its name.

Quitting these earlier chronicles, we pass to the records of the two great cattle-murrains which took

place in the last century. Of them, the first began in 1711. In that year, as Short relates, a pestilential plague broke out among the cattle in Hungary, Italy, Germany, and Central Europe generally, of so infectious a character, that it spread from their saliva 'wherever they licked the grass, laid down their mouths, or came near other animals.' In Holland this epizootic lasted for three years, and killed 300,000 cows, oxen, and bulls. Passing into England, the disease reached its acme during the years 1718-14-15, contemporaneously with the accession of the House of Hanover. Great multitudes of cattle were lost in the metropolitan districts, and large sums were paid to various farmers and graziers by the state as compensation-money, in consideration of their submitting to various precautions intended to prevent the epidemic extending to other parts of the kingdom. Nevertheless, in 1715, it appears that the pestilence had spread over various counties previously unaffected. The second epizootic of the eighteenth century began in the celebrated year when the young Pretender invaded Scotland, 1745. Bascombe relates that the plague 'began in Turkey, thence passed over Europe, and ultimately spread to England.' Here, however, as elsewhere, we find many local circumstances to account for the calamity. The spring and summer of that year were most inclement—storms and floods are stated to have taken place all over the British Islands. In the Dublin district, 'there was not a brook or rivulet which was not swelled to an extraordinary height.' In natural sequence, we hear that corn, potatoes, and oats were very dear; then that 'there was a famine among the black-cattle;' and afterwards, of the frightful mortality of kine, sheep, and horses. But the infection doctrine still prevailed. In Faulkners' *Journal* it is told how, in 1747, from fear of contagion, the removal of horned cattle from one town to another was prohibited. Berkeley, the famous Bishop of Cloyne, wished to make this cattle-distemper a means of introducing his favourite remedy, tar-water. He writes: 'If I can but introduce the general use of tar-water for this murrain, which is in truth a fever, I flatter myself this may pave the way for its general use in all fevers whatever.' Continuing in 1751, of which 'the spring was stormy and cold, the summer wet,' the murrain proved unusually destructive. Webster reports of this year that there were 'great inundations in England and France,' and that a mortal distemper prevailed among horses and cattle in England; 30,000 cows are said to have died of it in Cheshire alone. During the following year, when the summer was 'exceedingly wet,' a great rot occurred among the sheep, and we are informed by a journal of the period, that 'the distemper rages about the skirts (of London), insomuch that last Saturday several cows were buried in the fields at the bottom of Gray's Inn Lane.' The scourge ceased about a hundred years ago. In 1756, it is recorded that 'the mortality among the horned cattle, which hath raged more or less for these ten years past, seems to have departed.' This announcement appears in the *Dublin Medico-Philosophical Memoirs*; and the writer proceeds to explain the cause, according to the vague theories current at that day, by attributing the disappearance of the epizootic to certain heavy rains and overflowings of the meadows, 'which they think has washed off any remaining infection in the grass and herbage.'

The last record of epizootic for which we can afford space, relates to an epidemic among a different species of animal to any before mentioned. Towards the close of the last century, the cats were visited with a strange pestilence. The feline race, in Ireland, are reported to have died in numbers during the year 1797, 'of a mere murrain similar to that which sometimes seizes and spreads among the black-cattle.'

Some of their skins being dried, and the hair taken off by lime, 'appeared full of small holes, caused by worms or insects. When seized with the distemper, the poor animals appear to be in the greatest agony.' Contemporaneously with this cat-murrain, mention is made of a comet in the heavens, and a 'dreadful gale in the Channel.' Evidently the year was an ill-starred one for the witches. The cat-disease of this year was epidemic in England, France, and even America. Webster relates that 'in England a pestilence among cats swept away those animals in thousands. The same cat-plague was soon after epidemic in France; it appeared in Philadelphia in June, and was very fatal throughout the States. Fish died in some of the rivers, and hydrophobia was again epidemic.'

Modern improvements in agricultural science, if they have not rendered murrain among cattle impossible, have at anyrate limited the range and largely diminished the frequency of these visitations. There is no doubt still plenty to do in the way of sanitary reforms, both for man himself and the inferior animals whom he has subdued to his use. Still, a great deal has been already done in that direction—more, perhaps, in proportion for the brutes than for their human keepers and owners. By skilful crossing of breeds, we obtain a far hardier and healthier stock; and wholesome fodder is now procurable even in the most inclement seasons. The epizootics which heretofore ravaged the flocks and herds for years together, have almost disappeared at anyrate from the more civilised countries of Europe. As constituting so valuable a possession to a large class of the community, and of nutritious food to all, this comparative exemption of cattle from the murrains which once so often nearly destroyed them, must prove no small addition to the 'sum of human happiness.'

THE LAKE ON THE MOORS.

We were a cosy little party of six—three on horseback, and three in a pony-carriage. We started courageously, in the teeth of sundry prophecies of rain, and of the moors being full of swamps from the rain that had already fallen. Cornish people have a natural talent for prophesying bad weather, so we declined to place too much stress on these forebodings; and though the sun only shone between great masses of cloud, and the blue sky only shewed itself in rifts, we declared that a cloudy day was better than one all sunshine; that even if it rained, we wouldn't mind; and, in short, we spoke so bravely, and looked so determined, that the foe succumbed, with a parting fire of, 'Well, don't blame me if you get drenched,' which we received with fortitude.

So, about two o'clock on this doubtful September afternoon, we set off to see the lake on the moors. Much had we heard of it, one of the most curious phenomena of this western land, which is so rich in marvels. We had heard that not only was it a large pool of water on the very highest ground upon the moors, completely isolated, and with no visible spring or source of supply, but—popular taste being always inclining to paint the lily, and add impossibility to the wonderful—that its waters were salt; that it ebbed and flowed with the tides of the sea; and that on its shores sea-weeds and shells, and other marine waifs and strays, were to be found. Happily, however, our ideas had been set to rights by the perusal of a very interesting record of the parish in which the lake is situated, and when we went on our way to see it, we were perfectly 'up' in what we were to expect. We knew that the lake was 'about a mile in circumference, surrounded with barren heaths and desolate moors;' that the road to it lay across the wildest and dreariest scene in Cornwall. Also we knew that there were

two traditions attached to the spot, both connected with a certain Tregeagle, who is to be heard of in many parts of Cornwall, and generally in connection with the most disreputable character known in modern or ancient history, and whose occupations are numerous enough, though always partaking of the same character. These appear chiefly to be of some such light nature as making trusses of sand, binding them with ropes of the same, conveying them from one place to another; or, as in the case of this moorland pool, dipping an unfathomable depth of waters dry, by means of a limpet-shell with a hole in it. As to the cause of his being appointed to such onerous commissions, we have said there are two legends of him connected with this one place. The first, which we indignantly scouted as being a great deal too legal for romance, and more like a law report than a tradition, affirms that he was a steward who defrauded his master by not entering a certain sum of money in his books. After his death, therefore, ensued a lawsuit; but when the cause was brought on at the assizes, the supposed debtor raised the spirit of Tregeagle, and brought him as a witness 'into court.' (Is any one credulous enough to believe in such a ghost as this? The idea is preposterous.) 'Being questioned concerning the affair in debate,' proceeds this remarkable legend, 'Tregeagle admitted the payment, and the plaintiff was nonsuited. On returning from the bar, this singular witness was left behind in the court; for the defendant on being requested by some of the gentlemen of the long robe to take him away, replied sternly, that as he had been at the pains of bringing the witness, those who complained might take the trouble to remove him.'

Hence, since they could not banish this perturbed spirit, there arose the necessity of finding some employment for it; and to empty the moor-pool, on the terms previously set forth, was the first task appointed. During this work, whenever the wind was easterly, 'the wicked one was thought to pursue him three times round the pool, from which place he was always obliged to escape to Roach Rock, where, on putting his head into one of the chapel windows, he was safe.'

So much for tradition number one. The second is the real and genuine one, which elicits our sympathies, commands our attention, and takes our credulity by storm. It is set forth in a ballad of some seventy verses (be not alarmed, good reader; we purpose not to quote it entire), which, whether or not it is veritably as ancient as its language would indicate, possesses much of those quaint and picturesque elements which generally distinguish old ballad poetry, and in which consists its most special and peculiar charm. So we will take it with us, and dip into it as we ride along these pleasant Cornish lanes, with their high banks, and whereon the various ferns flourish with tropical luxuriance, and where the honeysuckles are perpetual temptations to linger and gather, and so become possessed of their glories more than by the eye.

To commence at the commencement, we learn that 'in Cornwall's famed land, by the poole on the moore, Tregeagle the wicked did dwell'; also, that he was a shepherd, that he grew ambitious, wished for wealth; and finally, one moonlit night, on the wide, lonely heath, made a compact with the Individual before alluded to in this chronicle, who appeared before him like a gigantic knight in armour, riding on a black steed, and with black lance, bugle, &c., and two hideous dogs, complete. The bargain concluded, Tregeagle became a grand knight, with a splendid castle, which stood exactly where the moor lake now appears—retainers, horses, huntsmen, minstrels, and every requisite for a nobleman's family, in those days. Not content with these possessions, however, he seems to have indulged a disposition the reverse of amiable; for we are told that

He marked each daye with some horrible deede;
Some mansyn must burne, or some traveller bleede,
Or hatefulle that daye to his sighte.

But now comes the 'central interest' of the story, which is thus ominously heralded:

It chaunced one evenynge as homewarde he wendes,
Deepe muttered the Hagg of the Storme;
Earth trembles as boundynge the skyes she ascendes—
The welkyn across her blacke winges she extendes,
And nature with darkness deformes.

And nowe the bold hunters theye stode alle aghaste,
Their stoute heartes with feare overawed:
The rede lyghthinges glared, the rayne poured faste,
And loude bowled the demons that rode on the blaste,
And Terroure the tempeste bestrode!

Whene swift from the woode, and all wylde with
affryghte,
A damsele advancinge they spyed;
All whyte were her garments, her palfrey was whyte,
Wyth sylver and golde, and wyth jeweles bedyghte,
And a litle payge rode bye her syde.

Tregeagle proffers the shelter and hospitality of his castle to the storm-surprised wayfarers, who prove to be Goonhylda the fayre, the daughter of Earl Cornwaile, who, with her trusty page, had lost the rest of the hunting-party with whom she had set forth in the morning. Of course, the wicked knight loves Goonhylda straightway, and while she is innocently full of gratitude to him for the kind hospitality he extends to her, he villainously causes her father to suppose that his child has been torn to pieces by the 'ravenous beastes of the nyghte.' This done, he proffers himself and his possessions to the 'fayre mayden than floweres the fayrest more fayre,' who, however, modestly informs him that she is already betrothed to a knight, and that since 'fayre is the daye and refulgente the morne,' she fain would hasten to depart home, and relieve her father's heart of fears for the safety of his Goonhylda. Upon which the treacherous knight shews himself in his true colours, 'smyles insydious, and bendes hys darke browe,' and boldly announces that she cannot be permitted to depart, and that he has prevented the possibility of rescue by causing the powerful Earl Cornwaile to suppose her dead. Affairs thus seem desperate enough for the unfortunate lady; but all is not over, for the little payge,

Though few were his yeares,
Yet cunningy and shrewde was the boye;
Where he satte in a corner, thys speech overheares,
And faythefulle as swift to the stable repayres,
And seizes his courser wyth joye.

How this gallant little Roberto steals from the castle, spurs on his fleet horse to Duneoyd's high gate, and tells the earl—the real state of the case; how the old earl buckles on his armour, and summons his horsemen so valyante and bold; and how the troop set forward, and reach Tregeagle's gate before the 'greye morne peeped the easterne hills o'er:' all this can be readily imagined, as detailed by the next half-dozen verses. But while they wait reply to the blast on the horn with which they summon Tregeagle, the horrified company hear instead that 'shrylle blast from the farre dystante heathe, whych the eares of alle mortales confoundes.' It is the Black Hunter come to claim Tregeagle, the time stated in the terms of the bargain between them having expired.

Then forth came Tregeagle all palyed wyth feare,
And fayne woulde more fawoure have founde,
But loude roared the thundere, and swyfte through the
ayre
The rede bolte of vengeance shot forth the wyth a glare,
And strooke him a corpe to the ground!

Then from the blacke corpse a payle spectre appeared,
And hyed him away through the nyghte,
Whenequicklye the yelpes of the hell-houndes are hearde,
And to the pursuite by the bugle are cheered,
Whyle behynde thunders after the spryte.

And nowe ruddie mornynge agayne gilds the skyes,
The hellish enchantment is o'er:
The forrest and castle no more meete their eyes,
But where from greene woodes its bryghte turrets did
ryse,
Nowe spreads the darke poole on the moore.
And neare its dreare margyn a mayden was scene
Unhurt! Goonhylda the fayre:
For stytle guardian angels dyd keepe her, I ween
And neare her gay palfrye in trappyns so sheene,
Whych late torne by wolves dyd appeare.

So the villain is discomfited, and virtue is triumphant, after the orthodox manner; and a dread interest is thrown about 'the poole' by the final verse of the ballad, which affirms that—

Stylle as the trav'lere pursues hys lone waye,
In horror, at nyghte o'er the waste,
He heares Syr Tregagle with shrieks rushe awaye,
He heares the Blacke Hunter pursuing his preye,
And shrynkes at his bugle's dreade blaste!

Well—we are not pursuing a lone way now, nor are we likely to be benighted on the moor; but in good sooth, the scene is desolate and eerie on which we now cast our eyes. We are on the St N— moors. Round us, on far as we can see, stretch the great barren wastes, swelling here into hills, crowned with some fantastically shaped group of tors—sinking there into hollows terribly suggestive of swamps and bogs. A few rough cattle are scattered about among the gorse clumps and heather near, and very far away to the left rise some one or two mine-stacks—their tall chimneys diminished to toy-like dimensions by the space between. This is everything suggestive of life that is to be seen in that wide prospect. Savage desolation usurps the rest, and reigns supreme.

And yet wilder and stranger was the scene, when presently the turbulent clouds overhead burst into that peculiar soft, fast rain that we never know to perfection except on mountain or on heath. Like a shroud it wrapped us round, isolating us from all surroundings for a while, as we galloped on through it. Then we found a turf-pile, under the lee of which we sheltered ourselves and our horses, and watched the storm clearing off. Very soon those restless clouds, more passionate than inexorable, began to part and sweep off in grand masses to the north-east; while through the rifts and breaks little rills of intense gleaming light began to trickle down upon the moorland, making oases of emerald brightness upon its darkness and desolation. Once more the wind came in our faces, vigorous, vital, yet withal protecting rather than assailing, as though indeed it 'had a giant's strength,' but disdained 'to use it like a giant.' Once more the veil is drawn aside from distant hill, and tor, and flat, and the vast plain is before us again, in the clear, gray, cloudy light of the autumn afternoon.

And now the pony-chaise is seen wearily toiling along the wretched road, one wheel about a foot above the other, proceeding along the ridge of a wagon-rut. They are all very wet, and the suggestion that 'possibly a house is near, judging from the pile of turf against which we are standing,' is received with eagerness. In short, another turn of the road brings us to the outbuildings of a little farm, and at the yard gate stands a man with a child in his arms. Looking up as we approach, the man reveals a face equally comely and kindly—dark intelligent eyes, well-formed features, and curly brown hair. There is freedom, and therefore a certain picturesque grace in his movements, as he stoops to set the child on its feet, and

as he stands, leaning against the gate answering our questions: 'How far is it to the pool? Which is the best way? Could our horses and chaise be put up for a while in any shed or outbuilding?' And these inquiries being satisfactorily answered, pending the arrival of the pony-chaise, we enter freely into conversation, and our desire for information being frankly gratified, we soon know all about our new friend and his circumstances. Yes, it is his house; but he has not lived there long—only five months. There is a small farm attached to it—a cattle-farm, which he manages to attend to in the interval of mining-work; for he is a miner, and works at Wheal Katharine over there. That is his little boy, his only one (Kiss your hand to the ladies, Johnnie. Do you love the ladies, my son?) He thinks it will be more rain. It has been a stormy day, and is not over yet, he reckons. Yes, it's coming to rain now—there are the first drops. Would the ladies come inside and rest, and dry their things, and perhaps take a cup of tea? His wife will make a cup of tea in a minute. Though we decline this, we gladly accept the proffered shelter; and his brown face lights up, and beams a thousand welcomes upon us, as we alight and enter under his roof-tree. There, in the neat kitchen, we find his wife, a fair, well-grown young woman, busily engaged in mending Johnnie's pinafore. She cordially econds her husband's welcome, stirs together the smouldering turf upon the hearth, piles on more, and soon has a glorious fire burning, before which our wet garments speedily become more comfortable. Then the miner's hospitality again stirs his honest soul. *Won't we have some tea? Couldn't we take a cup of tea and some bread and butter? We are not to say no, he entreats, because we are in a poor man's house. We are as purely welcome as—* Imagination fails him for a parallel; but, indeed, there is no need of a spoken welcome, when we look into his kind, eager face: the generous soul of a king—that is, an ideal king—shines out from those dark eyes of his. Then a new thought strikes him. Perhaps the ladies could eat some bread and cream? Fresh cream scalded an hour since! Could we? Great but quietly expressed delight ensues when one lady 'thinks she really should like a little piece.' With a sort of glad dignity he says: 'Mary, my dear, spread some slices of bread and cream—and some jam—some jam on the top of it!' and he subsides into contentment and quiet talk with the gentleman of our party, while we eat the bread and cream, which is delicious. Meanwhile, the rain ceases, and the time passes. The evenings are short, now, and we have to see the pool yet, and ride back afterwards. So our miner now proffers us the best adjunct to our comfort he can give, and says he will be our guide to the pool. So we leave the neat cottage and the busy wife. Johnnie is asleep in the cradle now, and we may place within his tiny fist that which we could no more offer to our host than to the Duke of Devonshire were he entertaining us at Chatsworth; and we mount our horses again, and follow our guide.

We toiled up a tolerably steep ascent that rose behind the little farm, and was doubtless part of it; a portion of the moorland had here been planted with some sort of corn. Harvest was well over, and a tolerably good crop gathered in, we were glad to hear, as we cautiously wended our way among the stubble. Up, and up, and still up we went, till at length we gained the heath, and our horses' feet sunk down into the soaked turf; for now we were fairly on the moor, with its little patches of yellow gorse and purple heather, that seemed striving hard to keep gay and cheerful in the midst of the very barrenest and forlornest external circumstances that ever oppressed the soul of a vegetable. Darkly, hopelessly frowned the brown waste, with its deceitful bogs and swamps, many and near between, and increasing in frequency

and extent the further we went on. Still there was a slight rise in the ground, and as we ascended, the bleak prospect widened, till suddenly, like a great ghost glaring on us, there was the pool. It certainly was the very eeriest and most uncanny-looking sheet of water that could be imagined. Brightly it flashed in the sunlight, that just then burst forth benignantly; the wind rippled its surface into sea-like waves, and it plashed against the mimic shore of sand and pebble that surrounded it, with the low music that was as an echo caught from the greater harmonies of the grand waters afar off. And yet, for all this brightness of aspect and soothingness of sound, it was a ghostly, unreal, phantom-like, deceitful-looking lake—such as one might dream of in a feverish sleep, and shiver to remember when awake. A very devil's pool, of which the beauty itself was chilling, and inspired neither love nor trust. It might have vanished like a wraith, melted like a mist from before our eyes, and it would scarcely have seemed unnatural. A little boat was offered to us to row across, were we so minded; but I think we should instinctively have recoiled from launching forth on those treacherous-looking waters, even had our time been longer, and the clouds not gathering so blackly in the distance.

And we turned our faces from the pool, and retraced our way, still guided by our miner, whose cheery face, ever and anon turned back towards us, it was a wholesome pleasure to see.

Now fell the rain again—and once more washed from our vision the vast scope of rugged barrenness. But this was a storm that rapidly passed us by, leaving us in clear atmosphere, with the wind blowing lustily about us, while afar off the clouds seemed wildly and tumultuously leaping from very sky to earth. It was a wondrous scene; as slowly coming down the hill again we watched that fury of rain in the distance spend itself, and subside; while, coming into life with the death of its violent passion, was born a rainbow; at first pale, then gradually increasing into perfection of arch, and radiance, and colour, till the bleak moorland was transfigured, and the world once more looked as though it knew God.

It was good so to depart on our way back, with that last vision in our eyes; it was good to remember, when we were at home again, not only the weird lake, but the soft sky that shone above it—not only the legendary Tregagle, but the real flesh-and-blood miner, our friend for ever, with his honest face and genial, generous warmth of heart—not only the great moor, looking like incarnate desolation and despair, but the glorious rainbow, the visible type of divine love and human faith.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A WORD ON THEATRICALS.

It is matter of common remark, that the theatres in general are now ministering to a lower taste than was formerly the case. The managers say they find the galleries more resorted to than the boxes, and they have to legislate for the amusement of their supporters. It might be asked, why do the more affluent classes not go to the theatre? and there might be some difficulties to settle before a satisfactory answer could be given; but we set all such questions aside, and content ourselves with the acceptance of the facts placed before our eyes, that vast multitudes of nearly all classes—both those who would be found in boxes, and those who would be found in galleries, if they frequented theatres—now prefer the lecture-room to the playhouse. It shows there are evenings to spend away from home, and money to pay for entertainment, now as heretofore, but that the theatre is no longer the

exclusively favourite place for the spending of evenings from home. It seems to us that theatrical managers should lay this fact well to heart. They should see in it that, in getting up frivolous vaudevilles for the sixpenny galleries, they are letting vast numbers of potential auditors of a better class escape them. The questions for them are: Could any of these people be brought back to the theatre, or induced to give it a share of their patronage? and, Would the theatre, in recovering them, necessarily lose any other class? It strikes us that the management of the Princess's Theatre by Mr and Mrs Charles Kean is a fact greatly favourable to the affirmative in one case, and to the negative in the other. By legislating for a cultivated taste, by introducing a thoroughly respectable element into their system, they have carried all classes, and been highly successful. We regard this as the first theatre to discern the tendencies and actual attainments of the age—to see that men and women now require that even with their amusements there must go some mental improvement, some gratification to a refined taste, something of a worthy nature to form an excuse to themselves for the time they are spending in amusement. Its reproductions of esteemed plays with correct historic illustrations in dresses and scenery, at once pleasing in general effect and highly instructive, have been, in our apprehension, amongst the most meritorious doings in the whole history of the English theatre. We speak as provincialists who only see London occasionally and superficially—neither bound over by private spite to be snarlers, nor allured by private regard to be panegyrists. We report our own simple impressions from what we have witnessed. Well, may not other managers profit by taking the same or analogous means to throw a respectable element into their performances? We really can see no reason why they should not.

THE SCOTCH SYSTEM OF BANKING.

The Scotch system of banking, of which one used to hear panegyrically a few years ago, was simply this—a *joint-stock bank, prudently conducted*. There have of late been several banks both in England and Scotland, professedly on the Scotch system; and they were so—*barring the prudence*. That made a great difference—so great, that it is questionable if they could justly be said to be upon the Scotch system.

Scotch banks will probably be for some years more coolly referred to than they used to be. Yet this is only as it were to talk depreciatingly of a family because it has had one or two *mauvais sujets* in it. The steadiness, solidity, and durability of the good old Scotch banks are precisely what they have ever been. The three of Edinburgh, whose notes were put into the Castle at the approach of Prince Charles's army in 1745—namely, the Bank of Scotland, the Royal Bank of Scotland, and the British Linen Company's Bank—are all flourishing in the highest credit to this day. The first of these has had its doors open every day, and answered every demand upon it, since the time which Lord Macaulay describes in his *History of England*. It is not easy to imagine that such a door can ever be shut. And as this bank has always a reserve of two millions in government stocks, it may be said to have given a tolerably good guarantee that the door *will* continue to be kept open. Of like character and credit-worthiness are several of more modern establishment; but as a rule, the solidity is in proportion to the antiquity.

And the reason is plain. The newer banks, in their eagerness to obtain business and connection, have in general been less disposed than the older ones to hold by the old prudential maxims. The old, having fewer temptations to go wrong, have more generally kept right. The safety of the joint-stock banks lay

in the caution they exercised in trusting men of business with funds for their mercantile speculations. The old system was—to look well to the character of a bill before discounting it—that is, to see that it represented a genuine transaction, and that the names on it were trustworthy—to give moderate cash-credits on sound security, and only where there appeared a likelihood of the favour proving serviceable to a sound business. Money was taken in at a moderate interest, to be employed in these ways at a profit; but the bank took care to keep good reserves in case of a pressure arising. The modern system was the reverse of all this, and the consequences are what we have lately seen.

The personage in Marryat's novel of *Peter Simple* who believed that everything now happening had happened before, would have had a support to his notion in the history of Scotch banking. The Western Bank was prefigured eighty-five years ago by the bank of Douglas, Heron, & Company, of which the head-office was placed at Ayr. It had been set up in 1769 with £96,000, subscribed by about a hundred and forty individuals, mostly unacquainted with banking business. It made notes without limit, and to get them into circulation, was unusually liberal in discounting bills. No poor struggling tradesman or farmer was refused credit to help him on. It was thought to be at once a good business for the bank and a useful thing for the country. Of course, an artificial stimulus was given to trade and to expenditure, and for a time all seemed going on well. But in June 1772, the great banking failure of Mr Fordyce created a general panic. A run on Douglas, Heron, & Company commenced, and in a few days they found it necessary to suspend payments in specie, and to propose instead making their notes carry interest. Then there were meetings of well-meaning but ignorant gentlemen to express confidence in the bank, and offer to continue taking its notes, exactly as there were in the case of the Western. Leading shareholders, including the Duke of Queensberry and the Duke of Buccleuch, went to the Bank of England to ask assistance, precisely as the Western directors went to the Edinburgh banks; but the Bank of England, having already Douglas, Heron, & Company's notes to the extent of £150,000, was indisposed to trust them any further. There was next—exactly as we have seen in the recent case—a howl of indignation from the embarrassed bank and its friends against the Bank of England, without a word of acknowledgment of the great sins of the embarrassed bank itself, or of the justice of the punishment it was now suffering. Persons locally interested realised Sydney Smith's idea of human benevolence in an extreme form: We must run upon you for our deposits, because we cannot want the money, but endless disgrace to those rich banks in Edinburgh which have refused to help you! And this lasted till, in the course of a few months, it was discovered that there was a hopeless gulf to be filled up; and Douglas, Heron, & Company closed business a little after the end of their third year, leaving an amount of destruction in their wake such as Scotland had not experienced since the wreck of the Darien Expedition. It is said that a large proportion of the land of the county of Ayr changed hands in consequence. For the remainder of their lives, its shareholders were never done with paying; and we have been told that their families, in some instances, did not get their accounts satisfactorily closed till some time after the passing of the Reform Bill, at the distance of upwards of sixty years from the calamity!

The recent failure, then, of the Western is a second splendid example of the error of an over-facility in granting accommodation. It ought now to be seen, through the medium of experience, if the principle be still obscure, that it does not do to deal out large

sums to traders without capital and men struggling with debt. That is Scotch banking, *minus* the prudence; a thing altogether to be condemned.

When the old private banks of England failed in such large numbers in 1825-6, it was thought desirable to introduce new establishments in imitation of the joint-stock banks of Scotland, which were understood to be thriving and solid concerns. Banks were accordingly set up on what was called the Scotch plan—namely, joint-stock; and, in many instances, managers were obtained for them from Scotland. But it was soon found that the directors took accommodation for themselves out of the coffers of the bank, a thing never heard of in Scotch banks; and the management was in general unable to exercise that careful discrimination in a large bustling mercantile community like Manchester or Liverpool, which it could do in a little community such as that of Edinburgh, where the character and circumstances of everybody are more or less known. Owing to these causes, there have been many disastrous failures of banks on the so-called Scotch plan in England. But were these banks truly like the Scotch banks?

We would wish our southern readers to understand that the Scotch banks which used to be referred to as such models of banks, are all still much as they used to be. Or if they have given in, as we believe they have, to the vice of over-facility—forced thereto by the competition of younger establishments conducted on vicious principles—it is not to any serious extent, and will probably be hereafter to one still less so, for the history of the two suspended banks is a serious lesson. The venerable establishments we have enumerated, and several of the more modern, are all of them prudently conducted and of fair prosperity. They are the depositories of some forty millions, the floating uninvested capital of Scotland; and their three millions of notes, backed by the legal proportion of gold, are the circulating medium of the country (sovereigns being barely known in Scotland). We believe we can prognosticate with tolerable safety that this system of things will long go on unchanged, and to the perfect satisfaction of Scotland itself, if the state-doctors will permit.

'AFAR IN THE DESERT.'

WHEN the gentle and genial Thomas Pringle sang his Desert ode, which lingered in the ear of Coleridge like a spell, the desert in question was comparatively little known. 'The silent Bush-boy alone by his side' had only begun to tell, or to *click*, his tale in the ear of Europe; and the 'valleys remote' of the ourebi, the gnu, the gazelle, the hartebeest, and the gemsbok, were still covered by the blue veil of distance, behind which they played their fantastic tricks, more like shadows than realities. Since then, many an adventurous knight has threaded the maze of these primeval forests, and sounded the horn at the gates of their enchanted castles of living rock, and started with a thrill of gallant fear as the challenge was answered by the roar of the lion, and the trumpet of the elephant, the ogre and giant of the region. Many a story of brave emprise and of religious heroism has come to us from these wild regions. The shadiest nook of the African south is as well known as a field of silvan war as the scene of an English steeple-chase or a Scotch deer-hunt, but still our curiosity is unsatisfied; and here comes the narrative of another last Nimrod, as new, and fresh, and exciting as ever.*

Nor is this surprising, when we know that as yet we are only on the borders of the mighty population of

* *Sporting Scenes amongst the Kaffirs of South Africa.* By Captain Alfred W. Drayson, Royal Artillery. London: Routledge. 1858.

feræ nature; that in the far interior, the whole face of the country may sometimes be seen, as the Boers report, 'covered for miles with a densely-packed body of blesbok, boutebok, springbok, and wildebeest. In the trek-boken, or migration of the spring-bok, the inconceivable numbers destroy all the grass, leaving the plain like a vast cattle-fold; hundreds die from being in the rear, and not getting anything to eat, while those in the front are fat, but from this very cause become at last lazy, and gradually fall in the rear, to become thin in their turn, and move again to the front.' Captain Drayson, even in the civilised part of the country, encountered a herd of two hundred elands coming on at full speed, led by their bulls, and at the sound of the hunter's fire, although large and apparently unwieldy animals, making prodigious leaps in the air.

Scenes like this occur in the 'open;' but the bush has other denizens, and awakens other sensations. Our adventurer's first excursion into the forest introduced him into the presence of a herd of forty elephants.

'A strange mysterious feeling came over me in being thus brought for the first time on the fresh traces of evidently a numerous herd of these gigantic animals. I began to ask if it were not great impertinence for two such pigmies as we now seemed, to attempt an attack upon at least forty of these giants, who, by a swing of their trunks, or a stamp of their foot on us, could have terminated our earthly career with as much ease as we could that of an impertinent fly? There is also an utter feeling of loneliness and self-dependence in treading the mazes of these vast forests. One mile of bush always appeared to remove me further from man and his haunts than twenty miles of open country. One is inspired with a kind of awe by the gloom and silence that pervade these regions, the only sounds being the warning-note of some hermit-bird, or the crack of a distant branch. The limited view around also tends to keep every other sense on the alert, and the total absence of every sign of man, or man's work, appears to draw one nearer to the spirit-world, and to impress us with a greater sense of the Divine presence.'

It would be easy to fill our space with very exciting combats between the knight and the giants; but these being the staple of various other books of the kind, we prefer turning to details of a more novel character. Captain Drayson has a very observant eye, and does not content himself with adventures and pictures. His volume, in fact, may be described as the *vade mecum* of South African hunters; it is so full of remarks useful or necessary to the sportsmen of these regions. His pupils, however, cannot well be numerous, if we judge by the qualifications considered as absolutely essential, even to mediocrity in the chase. 'It is absolutely necessary not only to be a good shot, but to be so after a sharp four-mile gallop, and from either shoulder; to load as well while at full speed as when on foot; to be able to ride boldly across country, and allow your horse to go downhill at speed over the large stones and with a loose rein; to pull up, dismount, fire, and get up again with a rapidity a monkey might envy; and when an animal has been wounded and is out of sight, to lean over your horse's shoulder, and follow the spoor at a canter on the hard ground, with the accuracy of a hound; and last and not least, to take care to fly clear of your horse when he turns over in a jackal's or porcupine's hole, instead of letting him come on you, and smash a few ribs. These and many other qualifications, I have no doubt, most of my readers possess; but there may be some who do not, and who in consequence would not stand *Al* in the far south.'

To follow the spoor, or, as the Americans call it, trail, is not the gift of instinct. The tracks of the animals pursued are as obvious to the experienced

European as to the native, although in his novitiate he is no doubt frequently astounded by what may seem to him the supernatural intelligence of his black guide, who not only points the path the unseen object has taken, but describes the sex, size, and pace of the animal. The footprint of a male elephant is round; that of a female, elliptical; and six times the diameter of these impressions gives the height of the animal. An engraving in the volume puts us in possession of numerous secrets of the kind; and after studying it by the fireside, Mr John Smith may comfort himself with the idea, that if fate should ever lead him into the South African bush, he will be able to tell at a glance the spoor of a rhinoceros from that of a hippopotamus, of a buffalo from an eland or a hyena, a leopard, an ostrich, or a wild pig. He will be able to distinguish, likewise, whether the animal has galloped, or trotted, or walked. 'When judging of elephants, it may be concluded that, if they browsed, they must have moved slowly; if they are found to have passed through the forest in Indian file, they travelled at a quick walk; and if they disregarded old paths, and smashed the branches of trees in their course, that they moved very rapidly.'

Our sportsman mentions, that when his attention was drawn to an object about four miles distant, before he had found the correct focus of his glass, the Boers with their naked eye would have decided correctly that it was a hartebeest. 'Elands,' said they in explanation, 'always look light fawn-coloured when they turn, whereas hartebeest look red; buffaloes, black—these three animals being the most commonly met with in these plains. The wild boar—the "vleck vark" of the Dutch—is told by its dark colour, and because it is not so large about the head and shoulders as a buffalo; besides, four or five are generally found together. When the sportsman becomes acquainted with the habits of the animals, the positions which they occupy, as also their way of moving, will generally shew to what class the game belongs.'

An animal whose spoor is not thought worth describing, will perhaps be found as interesting by the reader as any other. Captain Drayson had gone out one morning to see the sun rise in a very beautiful part of the desert. 'Suddenly I heard a hoarse cough, and, on turning, saw indistinctly in the fog a queer little old man standing near, and looking at me. I instinctively cocked my gun, as the idea of Bushmen and poisoned arrows flashed across my mind. The old man instantly dropped on his hands, giving another hoarse cough, that evidently told a tale of consumptive lungs; he snatched up something beside him, which seemed to leap on his shoulders, and then he scampered off up the ravine on all-fours. Before half this performance was completed, I had discovered my mistake; the little old man turned into an ursine baboon, with an infant ditto, which had come down the kloof to drink. The "old man's" cough was answered by a dozen others, at present hidden in the fogs; soon, however,

Uprose the sun, the mists were curled
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around;

and I obtained a view of the range of mountains gilded by the morning sun.

'A large party of the old gentleman's family were sitting up the ravine, and were evidently holding a debate as to the cause of my intrusion. I watched them through my glass, and was much amused at their grotesque and almost human movements. Some of the old ladies had their olive branches in their laps, and appeared to be "doing their hair;" while a patriarchal-looking old fellow paced backwards and forwards with a fussy sort of look: he was evidently on sentry, and seemed to think himself of no small importance. This estimate of his dignity did not appear to be universally

acknowledged, as two or three young baboons sat close behind him watching his proceedings; sometimes, with the most grotesque movements and expressions, they would stand directly in his path, and hobble away only at the last moment. One daring youngster followed close on the heels of the patriarch during the whole length of his beat, and gave a sharp tug at his tail as he was about to turn. The old fellow seemed to treat it with the greatest indifference, scarcely turning round at the insult. Master Impudence was about repeating the performance, when the pater, shewing that he was not such a fool as he looked, suddenly sprang round, and catching the young one before he could escape, gave him two or three such cuffs that I could hear the screams that resulted therefrom. The venerable gentleman then chucked the delinquent over his shoulder, and continued his promenade with the greatest coolness: this old baboon evidently was acquainted with the practical details of Solomon's proverb. A crowd gathered round the naughty child, which, childlike, seeing commiseration, shrieked all the louder. I even fancied I could see the angry glances of the mamma, as she took her dear little pet in her arms, and removed it from a repetition of such brutal treatment.'

We are told likewise of a tame baboon whose great delight was in frightening the Kaffir women. On selecting his victim, he would rush at her as if he intended to devour her, and away she would fly for bare life, dropping her basket or hoe. But he soon caught hold of her, and seizing her by one leg, stared in her face, mowing and grinning, and moving his eyebrows at her like an incarnate fiend. When her screams at length brought assistance, in the shape of a Kaffir cur, Jacko sprang up a tree, and resting secure on an upper branch, 'gazed upwards and around, with a quiet and contemplative air, as though he had sought this elevated position for the sole purpose of meditating on the weakness of baboon and animal nature generally, but more particularly on the foibles of excited Kaffir cur.'

The baboon, when tame, however, is sometimes of more use than to frighten women, who he knows will throw down the hoe instead of breaking his head with it. He is made use of to discover water in the desert when his master would perhaps perish without it. A little salt is rubbed on his tongue to irritate his thirst, and he is then let go; "he runs along a bit, scratches himself, shews his teeth at me, takes a smell up-wind, looks all-round, picks up a bit of grass, smells or eats it, stands up for another sniff, canters on, and so on. Wherever the nearest water is, there he is sure to go." This anecdote was corroborated by others present.'

Besides the author's adventures, there are several very exciting narratives in the volume, more especially one of a Boer who was severely bitten in a conflict with a wounded leopard. After contriving to despatch the animal with his knife, he lay down helpless, expecting death before the morning, and thinking it hardly worth his while to notice a sensation he had as if something were crawling upon his shoulder. When daylight came, he looked at his broken arm lying useless beside him, and saw a great brown-looking thing lying over it—the fat bloated body of a hideous puff-adder. The sound of voices was now heard—his friends had come to look for him; but he dared not answer, he dared not move. As their steps came near, the puff-adder raised his broad head, and looked towards the new-comers, and then, removing from the warm lodging he had tenanted perhaps for hours, glided away through the brushwood.

But the most novel narrative in the book bears no relation to wild animals; it is a genuine Kaffir love-history, wearing to us the air of romance, owing to the manners being new and strange. The heroine is a

certain Peshaua, a young lady whose reputation for beauty does not seem to have been affected, in the gallant captain's estimation, by the circumstance of colour. Indeed, he remarks on another occasion, that one very soon gets over that prejudice—that after having looked for some time on the rich black of a Kaffir belle, a white lady appears bloodless, consumptive, and sickly! Peshaua, when our traveller saw her, was the head-wife of a Kaffir called Inkau, and manifested her dignity and her husband's love, by doing little work, and being fashionably dressed in beads and brass. The beads, which were red, blue, and white, hung in strings round her head, neck, and wrists; her waist was adorned with a little apron of fringe, ornamented with beads, and her ankles were encircled with a fringe made from monkey's hair. This was the full dress of Peshaua, for whom twenty cows had been paid, and five men speared, before she became the bride of Inkau. The wooing is described in the following narrative, taken down from the lips of the fortunate husband:

"I had long heard people talk of Peshaua being a beauty, but did not think much about it until I went buffalo-shooting near her father's kraal. I stopped there one night and saw her. *Ma mee!* she was *muthle kakulu!* [the superlative of beautiful]. I talked to her a great deal, and I thought that she would soon like me. I went out next day, and shot a young buffalo. I managed to get help enough to bring it to the kraal, and I gave it all to Peshaua. Her father had asked many cows for her, but somehow no one had yet offered enough. When I heard this, I felt very frightened lest some one should carry her off before I could manage to buy her. My two wives I had always thought would have been enough for me, and I had given so many cows for them, that I really had not twenty left. I considered, how I could manage, and hoped that fourteen cows paid, and seven more in ten moons, would be as good as twenty now. But Ama Sheman, her father, would not have this, and told me that a young chief named Boy would give the twenty cows at once. I was very angry at this, and asked Ama Sheman to wait a little, which he agreed to do for four months, as he said he would sooner see her my *umfazi* [wife] than Boy's. I went home, and was always after elephants. I got very rash, and was nearly killed by them once or twice, for my gun was not big enough. At last I killed a large bull-elephant, and got eight cows as my share. I started off at once to tell Ama Sheman that my cows were ready. He did not seem pleased to see me, but told me he should like to see my cows. He was an old *chingana* [rogue], and wanted to see which had the finest lot of cattle, Boy or I, as Boy had now offered twenty cows as well as myself. Mine were the finest, so it was agreed that I was to take Peshaua as my *umfazi*. When this was settled, I went out to try and shoot a buffalo for our marriage-feast. I did kill a large one before the sun was up high, and I returned with it to the kraal. As I came near, I heard the women and children screaming. I ran up, and found that Boy had watched all the men out of the kraal, had then walked quietly in with three of his people, and caught my dear Peshaua, and, before she had suspected anything, carried her off. Ama Sheman went out to try and stop them, but he was knocked on the head with a knob-kerry, and lay as if dead. They got off well from the kraal, and were out of sight when I returned, for they did not think I should be back so soon. I shouted for the men, who soon came in. We got our assegais, and I had my gun. Ama Sheman came all alive again, and eight of us started in chase. We went fast, and soon sighted the four rascals. As we came near them, they seemed surprised, and did not know what to do. They soon let Peshaua loose, and ran for their lives. We gained on them, and I threw away my gun, that I

might run quicker. They had a river to cross, which was deep; they were wrong to try and get across; they ought to have fought on this side. Before they had gone over half the water, we had assagied two of them. They soon sank, and were eaten up by the alligators. The other two got over. We all jumped into the water, and swam after them. One of our young men, a very fast runner, went past me, and neared Boy; as he did, he shouted to him not to run like a dog, but to stop and fight. Boy took no notice until the man was close to him, when he suddenly stopped, turned round, and threw an assagy, which went through our fast runner, and killed him. It was Boy's last achievement, for I was on him like a leopard, and my assagy going into his heart was pleasant music to me. The other Kaffir was killed by Ama Sheman. We hid their bodies, as we did not wish a war with their kraal. We all kept the story quiet, and they did not for some time discover what had become of Boy and his party. The hyenas and vultures soon picked their bones."

We must now close this amusing volume, recommending it to two classes of readers: those who have themselves the prospect of hunting elephants and buffaloes in the wilds of South Africa, who will find in it very useful lessons; and those who have no prospect of the kind at all, who will find in it pictures graphic enough to enable them to do very well without the reality.

O Ç E O L A :

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ALLIGATOR.

To one brought up—born, I might almost say—upon the banks of a Floridian river, there is nothing remarkable in the sight of an alligator. Nothing very terrible either; for, ugly as is the great saurian—certainly the most repulsive form in the animal kingdom—it is least dreaded by those who know it best. For all that, it is seldom approached without some feeling of fear. The stranger to its haunts and habits, abhors and flees from it; and even the native—be he red, white, or black—whose home borders the swamp and the lagoon, approaches this gigantic lizard with caution.

Some closet naturalists have asserted that the alligator will not attack man, and yet they admit that it will destroy horses and horned cattle. A like allegation is made of the jaguar and vampire bat. Strange assertions, in the teeth of a thousand testimonies to the contrary.

It is true the alligator does not *always* attack man when an opportunity offers—nor does the lion, nor yet the tiger—but even the false Buffon would scarcely be bold enough to declare that the alligator is innocuous. If a list could be furnished of human beings who have fallen victims to the voracity of this creature, since the days of Columbus, it would be found to be something enormous—quite equal to the havoc made in the same period of time by the Indian tiger or the African lion. Humboldt, during his short stay in South America, was well informed of many instances; and for my part, I know of more than one case of actual death, and many of lacerated limbs, received at the jaws of the American alligator.

There are many species, both of the caiman or alligator, and of the true crocodile, in the waters of tropical America. They are more or less fierce, and hence the difference of 'travellers' tales' in relation to them. Even the same species in two different rivers is not always of like disposition. The individuals are affected by outward circumstances, as other animals are. Size, climate, colonisation, all produce their effect; and, what may appear still more singular,

their disposition is influenced by the character of the race of men that chances to dwell near them!

On some of the South-American rivers—whose banks are the home of the ill-armed apathetic Indian—the caimans are exceedingly bold, and dangerous to approach. Just so were their congeners, the alligators of the north, till the stalwart backwoodsman, with his axe in one hand and his rifle in the other, taught them to fear the upright form—a proof that these crawling creatures possess the powers of reason. Even to this hour, in many of the swamps and streams of Florida, full-grown old alligators cannot be approached without peril: this is especially the case during the season of the sexes, and still more where these reptiles are encountered remote from the habitations of man. In Florida are rivers and lagoons where a swimmer would have no more chance of life, than if he had plunged into a sea of sharks.

Notwithstanding all this, use brings one to look lightly even upon real danger—particularly when that danger is almost continuous; and the denizen of the *cypriere* and the *white cedar* swamp is accustomed to regard without much emotion the menace of the ugly alligator. To the native of Florida, its presence is no novelty, and its going or coming excites but little interest—except perhaps in the bosom of the black man who feeds upon its tail; or the alligator-hunter who makes a living out of its leather.

The appearance of one on the edge of the savanna would not have caused me a second thought, had it not been for its peculiar movements, as well as those I had just observed on the part of the mulatto. I could not help fancying that there was *some connection between them*: at all events it appeared certain, that the reptile was following the man!

Whether it had him in view, or whether trailing him by the scent, I could not tell. The latter I fancied to be the case; for the mulatto had entered under cover of the maize-plants, before the other appeared outside the timber; and it could hardly have seen him as it turned towards the gap. It might, but I fancied not. More like, it was trailing him by the scent; but whether the creature was capable of doing so, I did not stay to inquire.

On it crawled over the sward—crossing the corner of the meadow, and directly upon the track which the man had taken. At intervals, it paused, flattened its breast against the earth, and remained for some seconds in this attitude, as if resting itself. Then it would raise its body to nearly a yard in height, and move forward with apparent eagerness—as if in obedience to some attractive power in advance of it! The alligator progresses but slowly upon dry ground—not faster than a duck or goose. The water is its true element, where it makes way almost with the rapidity of a fish.

At length it approached the gap; and, after another pause, it drew its long dark body within the enclosure. I saw it enter among the maize-plants, at the exact point where the mulatto had disappeared! Of course, it was now also hidden from my view.

I no longer doubted that the monster was following the man; and equally certain was I that the latter *knew* that he was followed! How could I doubt either of these facts? To the former, I was an eye-witness; of the latter, I had circumstantial proofs. The singular attitudes and actions of the mulatto; his taking out the bars and leaving the gap free; his occasional glances backward—which I had observed as he was crossing the open ground—these were my proofs that he knew what was coming behind him—undoubtedly he knew.

But my conviction upon these two points in nowise helped to elucidate the mystery—for a mystery it had become. Beyond a doubt, the reptile was drawn after by some attraction, which it appeared unable to resist—its eagerness in advancing was evidence of this, and

proved that the man was exercising some influence over it that lured it forward.

What influence? Was he beguiling it by some charm of Obeah?

A superstitious shudder came over me, as I asked myself the question. I really had such fancies at the moment. Brought up, as I had been, among Africans, dandled in the arms—perhaps nourished from the bosom—of many a sable nurse, it is not to be wondered at that my young mind was tainted with the superstitions of Bonny and Benin. I knew there were alligators in the cypress swamp—in its more remote recesses, some of enormous size—but how Yellow Jake had contrived to lure one out, and cause it to follow him over the dry cultivated ground, was a puzzle I could not explain to myself. I could think of no natural cause; I was therefore forced into the regions of the weird and supernatural.

I stood for a long while watching and wondering. The deer had passed out of my mind. They fed unnoticed: I was too much absorbed in the mysterious movements of the half-breed and his amphibious follower.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TURTLE-CRAWL.

So long as they remained in the maize-field, I saw nothing of either. The direction of my view was slightly oblique to the rows of the plants. The corn was at full growth, and its tall culms and broad lanceolate leaves would have overtopped the head of a man on horseback. A thicket of evergreen trees would not have been more impenetrable to the eye.

By going a little to the right, I should have become aligned with the rows, and could have seen far down the avenues between them; but this would have carried me out of the cover, and the mulatto might then have seen me. For certain reasons, I did not desire he should; and I remained where I had hitherto been standing.

I was satisfied that the man was still making his way up the field, and would in due time discover himself in the open ground.

An indigo flat lay between the hommock and the maize. To approach the house, it would be necessary for him to pass through the indigo; and, as the plants were but a little over two feet in height, I could not fail to observe him as he came through. I waited, therefore, with a feeling of curious anticipation—my thoughts still wearing a tinge of the weird!

He came on slowly—very slowly; but I knew that he was advancing. I could trace his progress by an occasional movement which I observed among the leaves and tassels of the maize. The morning was still—not a breath of air stirred; and consequently the motion must have been caused by some one passing among the plants—of course by the mulatto himself. The oscillation observed farther off, told that the alligator was still following.

Again and again I observed this movement among the maize-blades. It was evident the man was not following the direction of the rows, but crossing diagonally through them! For what purpose? I could not guess. Any one of the intervals would have conducted him in a direct line towards the house—whither I supposed him to be moving. Why, then, should he adopt a more difficult course, by crossing them? It was not till afterwards that I discovered his object in this zigzag movement.

He had now advanced almost to the nether edge of the cornfield. The indigo flat was of no great breadth, and he was already so near, that I could hear the rustling of the cornstalks as they switched against each other.

Another sound I could now hear; it resembled the howling of a dog. I heard it again, and, after

an interval, again. It was not the voice of a full-grown dog, but rather the weak whimper of a puppy.

At first, I fancied that the sounds came from the alligator: for these reptiles make exactly such a noise—but only when young. The one following the mulatto was full grown; the cries could not proceed from it. Moreover, the sounds came from a point nearer me—from the place where the man himself was moving.

I now remembered the white object I had observed as the man was crossing the corner of the savanna. It was not an opossum, then, but a young dog.

Yes. I heard the cry again: it was the whining of a whelp—nothing else.

If I could have doubted the evidence of my ears, my eyes would soon have convinced me; for, just then, I saw the man emerge from out the maize with a dog by his side—a small white cur, and apparently a young one. He was leading the creature upon a string, half-dragging it after him. I had now a full view of the individual, and saw to a certainty that he was our woodman, Yellow Jake.

Before coming out from the cover of the corn, he halted for a moment—as if to reconnoitre the ground before him. He was upon his feet, and in an erect attitude. Whatever motive he had for concealment, he needed not to crouch amid the tall plants of maize; but the indigo did not promise so good a shelter, and he was evidently considering how to advance through it without being perceived. Plainly, he had a motive for concealing himself—his every movement proved this—but with what object I could not divine.

The indigo was of the kind known as the 'false Guatemala.' There were several species cultivated upon the plantation; but this grew tallest; and some of the plants, now in their full purple bloom, stood nearly three feet from the surface of the soil. A man passing through them in an erect attitude, could, of course, have been seen from any part of the field; but it was possible for one to crouch down, and move between the rows unobserved. This possibility seemed to occur to the woodman; for, after a short pause, he dropped to his hands and knees, and commenced crawling forward among the indigo.

There was no fence for him to cross—the cultivated ground was all under one enclosure—and an open ridge alone formed the dividing-line between the two kinds of crop.

Had I been upon the same level with the field, the skulker would have been now hidden from my sight; but my elevated position enabled me to command a view of the intervals between the rows, and I could note every movement he was making.

Every now and then he paused, caught up the cur, and held it for a few seconds in his hands—during which the animal continued to howl as if in pain!

As he drew nearer, and repeated this operation, I saw that he was *pinching its ears*!

Fifty paces in his rear, the great lizard appeared coming out of the corn. It scarcely made pause in the open ground, but still following the track, entered among the indigo.

At this moment, a light broke upon me: I no longer speculated on the power of Obeah. The mystery was dissolved: the alligator was lured forward by the cries of the dog!

I might have thought of the thing before, for I had heard of it before. I had heard from good authority—the alligator-hunter himself, who had often captured them by such decoy—that these reptiles will follow a howling dog for miles through the forest, and that the old males especially are addicted to this habit. Hickman's belief was that they mistake the voice of the dog for that of their own offspring, which these unnatural parents eagerly devour.

But, independently of this monstrous propensity, it is well known that dogs are the favourite prey of

the alligator; and the unfortunate beagle that, in the heat of the chase, ventures across creek or lagoon, is certain to be attacked by these ugly amphibia.

The huge reptile, then, was being lured forward by the voice of the puppy; and this accounted for the grand overland journey he was making.

There was no longer a mystery—at least, about the mode in which the alligator was attracted onward; the only thing that remained for explanation was, what motive had the mulatto in carrying out this singular manoeuvre?

When I saw him take to his hands and knees, I had been under the impression that he did so to approach the house without being observed. But as I continued to watch him, I changed my mind. I noticed that he looked oftener, and with more anxiety, *behind* him, as if he was only desirous of being concealed from the eyes of the alligator. I observed, too, that he changed frequently from space to space, as if he aimed at keeping a screen of the plants between himself and his follower. This would also account for his having crossed the rows of the maize-plants, as already noticed.

After all, it was only some freak that had entered the fellow's brain. He had learned this curious mode of coaxing the alligator from its haunts—perhaps old Hickman had shewn him how—or he may have gathered it from his own observation, while wood-chopping in the swamps. He was taking the reptile to the house from some eccentric motive?—to make exhibition of it among his fellows?—to have a 'lark' with it? or a combat between it and the house-dogs? or for some like purpose?

I could not divine his intention, and would have thought no more of it, had it not been that one or two little circumstances had made an impression upon me. I was struck by the peculiar pains which the fellow was taking to accomplish his purpose with success. He was sparing neither trouble nor time. True, it was not to be a work-day upon the plantation; it was a holiday, and the time was his own; but it was not the habit of Yellow Jake to be abroad at so early an hour, and the trouble he was taking was not in consonance with his character of habitual *inouciance* and idleness. Some strong motive, then, must have been urging him to the act. What motive?

I pondered upon it, but could not make it out.

And yet I felt uneasiness, as I watched him. It was an undefined feeling, and I could assign no reason for it—beyond the fact that the mulatto was a bad fellow, and I knew him to be capable of almost any wickedness. But if his design was a wicked one, what evil could he effect with the alligator? No one would fear the reptile upon dry ground?—it could hurt no one?

Thus I reflected, and still did I feel some indefinite apprehensions.

But for this feeling, I should have given over observing his movements, and turned my attention to the herd of deer—which I now perceived approaching up the savanna, and coming close to my place of concealment.

I resisted the temptation, and continued to watch the mulatto a little longer.

I was not kept much longer in suspense. He had now arrived upon the outer edge of the hommock, which he did not enter. I saw him turn round the thicket, and keep on towards the orangery. There was a wicket at this corner, which he passed through, leaving the gate open behind him. At short intervals, he still caused the dog to utter its involuntary howlings.

It no longer needed to cry loudly, for the alligator was now close in the rear.

I obtained a full view of the monster as it passed under my position. It was not one of the largest, though it was several yards in length. There are some

that measure more than a statute pole. This one was full twelve feet, from its snout to the extremity of its tail. It clutched the ground with its broad webbed feet as it crawled forward. Its corrugated skin of bluish brown colour was coated with slippery mucus, that glittered under the sun as it moved; and large masses of the swamp-slime rested in the concavities between its rhomboid scales. It seemed greatly excited; and whenever it heard the voice of the dog, exhibited fresh symptoms of rage. It would erect itself upon its muscular arms, raise its head aloft—as if to get a view of the prey—lash its plaited tail into the air, and swell its body almost to double its natural dimensions. At the same time, it emitted loud noises from its throat and nostrils, that resembled the rumbling of distant thunder, and its musky smell filled the air with a sickening effluvium. A more monstrous creature it would be impossible to conceive. Even the fabled dragon could not have been more horrible to behold.

Without stopping, it dragged its long body through the gate, still following the direction of the noise. The leaves of the evergreens intervened, and hid the hideous reptile from my sight.

I turned my face in the opposite direction—towards the house—to watch the further movements of the mulatto. From my position, I commanded a view of the tank, and could see nearly all around it. The inner side was especially under my view, as it lay opposite, and could only be approached through the orangery.

Between the grove and the edge of the great basin, was an open space. Here there was an artificial pond only a few yards in width, and with a little water at the bottom, which was supplied by means of a pump, from the main reservoir. This pond, or rather enclosure, was the 'turtle-crawl,' a place in which turtle were fed and kept, to be ready at all times for the table. My father still continued his habits of Virginian hospitality; and in Florida these aldermanic delicacies are easily obtained.

The embankment of this turtle-crawl formed the direct path to the water-basin; and as I turned, I saw Yellow Jake upon it, and just approaching the pond. He still carried the cur in his arms; I saw that he was causing it to utter a continuous howling.

On reaching the steps that led down, he paused a moment, and looked back. I noticed that he looked back in both ways—first towards the house, and then, with a satisfied air, in the direction whence he had come. No doubt he saw the alligator close at hand; for, without further hesitation, he flung the puppy far out into the water; and then, retreating along the embankment of the turtle-crawl, he entered among the orange-trees, and was out of sight.

The whelp thus suddenly plunged into the cool tank, kept up a constant howling, at the same time beating the water violently with its feet, in the endeavour to keep itself afloat.

Its struggles were of short duration. The alligator, now guided by the well-known noise of moving water, as well as the cries of the dog, advanced rapidly to the edge; and without hesitating a moment, sprang forward into the pond. With the rapidity of an arrow, it darted out to the centre; and, seizing the victim between its bony jaws, dived instantaneously under the surface!

I could for some time trace its monstrous form far down in the diaphanous water; but, guided by instinct, it soon entered one of the deep wells, amidst the darkness of which it sank out of sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KING VULTURES.

'So, then, my yellow friend, that is the intention!—a bit of revenge after all. I'll make you pay for it,

you spiteful ruffian! You little thought you were observed. Ha! you shall rue this cunning devilry before night.'

Some such soliloquy escaped my lips, as soon as I comprehended the design of the mulatto's manoeuvre—for I now understood it—at least I thought so. The tank was full of beautiful fish. There were gold fish and silver fish, hyodons, and red trout. They were my sister's especial pets. She was very fond of them. It was her custom to visit them daily, give them food, and watch their gambols. Many an aquatic *cotillon* had she superintended. They knew her person, would follow her around the tank, and take food out of her fingers. She delighted in thus serving them.

The revenge lay in this. The mulatto well knew that the alligator lives upon fish—they are his natural food; and that those in the tank, pent up as they were, would soon become his prey. So strong a tyrant would soon ravage the preserve, killing the helpless creatures by scores—of course to the chagrin and grief of their fond mistress, and the joy of Yellow Jake.

I knew that the fellow disliked my little sister. The spirited part she had played, in having him punished for the affair with Viola, had kindled his resentment against her; but since then, there had been other little incidents to increase it. She had favoured the suit of his rival with the quadroom, and had forbidden the woodman to approach Viola in her presence. These circumstances had certainly rendered the fellow hostile to her; and although there was no outward show of this feeling—there dared not be—I was nevertheless aware of the fact. His killing the fawn had proved it, and the present was a fresh instance of the implacable spirit of the man.

He calculated upon the alligator soon making havoc among the fish. Of course he knew it would in time be discovered and killed; but likely not before many of the finest should be destroyed.

No one would ever dream that the creature had been brought there—for on more than one occasion, alligators had found their way into the tank—having strayed from the river, or the neighbouring lagoons—or rather having been guided thither by an unexplained instinct, which enables these creatures to travel straight in the direction of water.

Such, thought I, were the designs and conjectures of Yellow Jake.

It proved afterwards that I had fathomed but half his plan. I was too young, too innocent of wickedness, even to guess at the intense malice of which the human heart is capable.

My first impulse was to follow the mulatto to the house—make known what he had done—have him punished; and then return with a party to destroy the alligator, before it could do any damage among the fish.

At this crisis, the deer claimed my attention. The herd—an antlered buck with several does—had browsed close up to the hommock. They were within two hundred yards of where I stood. The sight was too tempting. I remembered the promise to my mother; it must be kept; the venison must be obtained at all hazards!

But there was no hazard. The alligator had already eaten his breakfast. With a whole dog in his maw, it was not likely he would disturb the finny denizens of the tank for some hours to come; and as for Yellow Jake, I saw he had proceeded on to the house; he could be found at any moment; his chastisement could stand over till my return.

With these reflections passing through my mind, I abandoned my first design, and turned my attention exclusively to the game.

They were too distant for the range of my rifle; and I waited a while in the hope that they would move nearer.

But I waited in vain. The deer is shy of the

hommock. It regards the evergreen islet as dangerous ground, and habitually keeps aloof from it. Natural enough, since there the creature is oft saluted by the twang of the Indian bow, or the whip-like crack of the hunter's rifle. Thence often reaches it the deadly missile.

Perceiving that the game was getting no nearer, but the contrary, I resolved to course them; and, gliding down from the rock, I descended through the copse-wood to the edge of the plain.

On reaching the open ground, I rushed forward—at the same time unleashing the dogs, and crying the 'view hilloo.'

It was a splendid chase—led on by the old buck—the dogs following tail-on-end. I thought I never saw deer run so fleetly; it appeared as if scarcely a score of seconds had transpired while they were crossing the savanna—more than a mile in width. I had a full and perfect view of the whole; there was no obstruction either to the run of the animals or the eye of the observer; the grass had been browsed short by the cattle, and not a bush grew upon the green plain; so that it was a trial of pure speed between dogs and deer. So swiftly ran the deer, I began to feel apprehensive about the venison.

My apprehensions were speedily at an end. Just on the farther edge of the savanna, the chase ended—so far at least as the dogs were concerned, and one of the deer. I saw that they had flung a doe, and were standing over her, one of them holding her by the throat.

I hurried forward. Ten minutes brought me to the spot; and, after a short struggle, the quarry was killed, and bled.

I was satisfied with my dogs, with the sport, with my own exploits. I was happy at the prospect of being able to redeem my promise; and with the carcass across my shoulders, I turned triumphantly homeward.

As I faced round, I saw the shadow of wings moving over the sunlit savanna. I looked upward. Two large birds were above me in the air; they were at no great height, nor were they endeavouring to mount higher. On the contrary, they were wheeling in spiral rings, that seemed to incline downward at each successive circuit they made around me.

At first glance, the sun's beams were in my eyes, and I could not tell what birds were flapping above me. On facing round, I had the sun in my favour; and his rays, glancing full upon the soft cream-coloured plumage, enabled me to recognise the species—they were *king vultures*—the most beautiful birds of their tribe, I am almost tempted to say the most beautiful birds in creation: certainly they take rank among those most distinguished in the world of ornithology.

These birds are natives of the flowery land, but stray no further north. Their haunt is on the green 'everglades' and wide savannas of Florida, on the llanos of the Orinoco, and the plains of the Apure. In Florida they are rare, though not in all parts of it; but their appearance in the neighbourhood of the plantations excites an interest similar to that which is occasioned by the flight of an eagle. Not so with the other vultures—*Cathartes aura* and *atratus*—both of which are common as crows.

In proof that the king vultures are rare, I may state that my sister had never seen one—except at a great distance; yet this young lady was twelve years of age, and a native of the land. True, she had not gone much abroad—seldom beyond the bounds of the plantation. I remember her expressing an ardent desire to view more closely one of these beautiful birds. I remembered it that moment; and at once formed the design of gratifying her wish.

The birds were near enough—so near that I could distinguish the deep yellow colour of their throats, the coral red upon their crowns, and the orange lappets

What cylinders!—what boilers! Oh to see her paddles working! (I hinted I had heard them, and they made a tolerable noise.) 'Of course, they did. What a sight she must have been coming up the river! I wish I had run down to the landing-stage—thousands did: it was crammed with people, watching her. She has been expected ever since spring; and this is her first voyage. You are sure you saw her?'

Yes; and I began to plume myself on the fact accordingly.

'She hasn't beat us yet, though; she was a day or two overdue—perhaps her engines were too new to work. She and the *Persia* will have a nice race for it back again, for they both sail for New York next week. Won't the captains clap on steam and go-ahead, rather! I wonder which will beat!'

Here the British mind became excited and enthusiastic. It certainly was exciting to think of, this racing on a grand scale, with iron steeds of from 2000 to 3000 horse-power, and the race-course the wide Atlantic. As for the stakes—a few hundred lives, more or less, to say nothing of money and property—these seemed supernumerary trifles.

'I should like to go aboard of her, and get a look at her engines,' was the prevailing sentiment of the next day or two, till it came at last—triumphant possibility!—to, 'Should you like to go aboard of her?'

Could a British woman resist such an invitation, following that of the Yankee captain to an enlightened British public?—which an enlightened British public had taken advantage of, and, in the most amiable manner, had gone by thousands, in river-steamers and row-boats, and all sorts of crafts, to examine our beautiful enemy, as she lay off Rock Ferry, alongside her rival the *Persia*, during two December days.

You would not have thought it was December, though, as we paced up and down the landing-stages, that curious trying-place, whence, as has been proved from accurate data, 40,000 people cross the Mersey every day, and the whole population of Liverpool cross in the course of a week. The new landing-stage, especially, forms an admirable promenade of a thousand yards long, with one trifling objection—the bridges which connect it with the quay are so short, that at low-water they slope in an angle of 45 degrees, down which an adventurous truck sometimes darts, to everybody's imminent danger. Once a commercial traveller's gig performed that feat with such an impetus, that it dashed right across the landing-stage, and popped into the river; whence it had to be fished out again, some wit recommending the owner 'to bait with a horse.'

To-day, being nearly high-water, no such accident diverted the incessantly changing swarm of all sorts of people which makes a Liverpool crowd a perpetual study—landsmen and seamen, big country farmers, men on 'Change, thin wiry Yankees, semi-gentlemanly bearded Jews, foreign sailors and sea-captains, with olive faces and gold ear-rings; women, too, of all sorts—from the handsome, overdressed 'Lancashire witches,' to the grimy old Irishwoman, a pipe in her mouth, and a load of herrings on her head, perfuming her whole route as she passes. A selection from these filled the Rock-Ferry boat, as we slowly steamed away up the river to the immortal tune of—may our transatlantic brethren appreciate the compliment!—*Bobbing around—around.*

It was an exquisite afternoon—full of that quiet all-permeating sunshine which, when you do get it, makes a December day the pleasantest of any for sight-seeing. The air was so clear, you could have counted every window in the houses along either shore; and the vessels, as we passed them by, seemed to stand up spar by spar, and rope by rope, cut out sharply against the cloudless sky. They seemed to me all alike; but some of our party talked learnedly

of 'schooner-rigged,' 'brig-rigged,' 'clipper,' &c.; seemed to have a personal acquaintance with every ship on the river: fought energetically over the sailing merits of the *James Baines* and the *Maggie*—something or other—and what had been the very shortest passage ever made between here and Australia. They pointed out, a short distance astern, a vessel—small enough she seemed—with her decks crowded, and lines of cabbages hanging to her lower rigging, being towed out by one of those sturdy little steam-tugs.

'She's an emigrant-ship, bound for Australia.'

'They'll be singing *Cheer, Boys, Cheer*,' said one, who knew all about it—at least for the first hour or two. Poor fellows! they'll need to sing it pretty often between Liverpool and Melbourne.'

And just then the echo of a faint dreary 'Hurrah!' came over the water, as if the poor fellows were trying hard to bid anybody and everybody a jolly good-bye, and start with a good grace for the 'new and happy land.'

Of course, the earth must be covered and civilised; and those who find Europe too full to hold them, are right to go forth into a new land, to replenish and subdue it; but to any with strong home-instincts, who feel that if native land held not a tie, they should still cling to the mere sod, to these—an emigrant-ship is one of the very saddest sights in the whole world: sadder far than one which met us shortly—a boat, pulled by ten boys in regulation nautical costume.

'Ah, that's the *Akbar's* boat, and there she is lying just off the quarantine station. Look at those lads now; how cheerily they pull, and what nice faces they have! You would never think they were all criminals.'

No. Certainly not. Round, rosy, honest, happy faces as ever I beheld! And yet these were, every one of them, belonging to what is called 'the criminal class,' vagabonds, if not thieves, who, coming under the lash of the law, had been sent, not to prison, where reformation would have been hopeless, but to this marine reformatory, where they are kept in safe custody, educated, taught a trade, or made sailors of. I do not know enough of this reformatory to write about it; but I know the sight of these ten apple-faced lads, pulling away merrily through the salt water, instead of skulking in a jail-yard—of the *Akbar*, rocking lazily, with long indefinite lines of boys' shirts flapping over her clean decks and ornamenting her useless rigging, instead of the stern stone-walls of your model prison or penitentiary—is a remembrance hopeful and pleasant to any one who thinks at all of that great question, to which no legislation has yet found an answer: 'What shall we do with our criminal classes?'

And now we came in sight of 'Jonathan's Pet'—that is, we had been in sight for ever so long, but my inexperienced eye had never detected her, or distinguished her from half-a-dozen other 'big ships.'

'Don't you see her? just athwart that old-fashioned, clumsy-built trader—wonderful craft that! Would do actually sixteen knots in sixteen hours! ha!—and modern superiority laughed heartily at the respectable 'slow coach' that no doubt was thought an astonishing ship in her day. 'That's the *Persia* to leeward, and there's the *Adriatic*. How small she looks!'

This certainly was the first impression she gave. To hear afterwards of her real proportions—354 feet in length, 32 feet broad, and 50 feet in depth, seemed perfectly ridiculous. No doubt it is her exquisite symmetry that takes from the sense of size, and makes her huge bulk look as graceful as a yacht. Seen foreshortened, sitting on the water as lightly, as airily as a swan on a stream, the slight clumsiness of build which struck me when I saw her longitudinally, steaming up the river, was not visible at all.

There are few things, of man's handiwork, more

beautiful than a ship afloat—even a steamer; and probably the *Adriatic* is one of the finest specimens of ship-building extant. The eye perfectly revels in her harmonious curves; not a line, from stem to stern, in which Hogarth's 'line of beauty and grace' does not soothe and fascinate one's organ of form. She is said to have been built after quite a new model, of which the only other specimen is the United States steam-frigate *Niagara*—her shape being studiously adapted to the course of the water when cleft by the ship's prow. Her chief peculiarity is the exceeding delicacy with which she tapers up to this prow, which, from her very small bowsprit, appears almost like a sharp point. As one of our party said: 'She looks as if after every voyage she would have to sharpen her nose upon a grindstone.'

As we neared her, and noticed how high she stood out of the water, how the boat-loads of people that kept crowding in seemed to be dispersed over her decks of no more account than a stray half-dozen or so, the impression of her size increased. As our boat lay to, waiting to come alongside, the learned of our company had opportunity fully to criticise the points of Jonathan's Pet, which they did with great gusto. I, unlearned and ignorant, could only gaze idly at a sociable party of sea-gulls, which swam from under her bows, apparently as tame and comfortable as a brood of ducks in a pond; and then at this gigantic floating palace, which had just made safely her first voyage. Her first voyage! As an ancient poet observes:

We cherish all our firsts throughout our lives—
Except first poems, and perhaps first wives.

And truly Captain James West—can that be he leaning over the side, and giving orders about the ship's ladder? that it may be made as easy as possible for the ascent of ladies who have not been accustomed to mount a fire-escape to a third-floor window—must feel truly thankful when he thinks of the *Adriatic's* first voyage successfully over. The first of how many? Heaven only knows.

We were on board at last. Most people, in those travelling days, are familiar with the interior of the magnificent ocean-steamers, where every luxury of furniture, living and sleeping accommodation, is provided for a fortunate passenger—subject only to the slight drawbacks of sea-sickness, drowning, burning, famishing, or blowing up. Those splendid cabins, all velvet and mirrors—where you might have every opportunity of becoming acquainted with your own personal appearance between here and America—those dainty, tiny, bed-chambers, so well-lighted and ventilated—those long dinner-tables—and the steward's pantry, where a most intelligent but thin Yankee stands, with an air half civil and half condescending—'You may walk in, ladies;' and watches with a grand indifference our admiration at the beautiful 'crockery' and glass, packed so ingeniously, that one imagines the fiercest hurricane of the Atlantic could not crack a single plate. Truly a voyage in the *Adriatic* would be exceedingly pleasant, if all things were warranted—weather included—to be always as they appear when she lies in the Mersey river.

But—her engines. The scientific mind evidently thought every minute lost that was not spent in the examination of her engines. So we hurriedly ran through the passenger domains, first and second class—the second-class berths and cabins being, by the way, uncommonly comfortable—brushed past the stewardess, who, immersed in a pile of haberdashery, we overheard giving a mild order for 'four hundred and sixty pair of blankets!'—paced rapidly from end to end of the upper or spar deck—peered down the hold, an awful cavern, fifty feet in depth—and finally made our way into the engine-gallery.

Perhaps, of all human handiwork, there is nothing grander than a fine piece of machinery—especially a steam-engine. I own to have been literally awed at sight of this one—this dumb monster of shiny brass and dark solid iron—with its enormous cylinders moulded as accurately as a silver flower-bell ornamenting a tea-pot, and as bright as the best housewife's best 'family-plate:' with its crank—after looking at which, as some one said, the adjective 'cranky' appeared an extraordinary misuse of words; and its piston-rod, which, moving up and down, must look as terrible, remorseless, and unswerving as the great arm of justice.

'Oh, to see it working!' was the sigh of enthusiastic professional appreciation: 'with those eight boilers, and those forty-eight furnaces—and all that mass of machinery! Working—working night and day like a blind giant, who doesn't know what he is, or why he is, or where he is going, but just goes labouring on, till something or some one brings him to a dead stop. Really, I think we have a good many points in common with a big steam-engine.'

I hinted that we were not quite such irresponsible machinery; that we at least knew the Hand that built us and set us agoing. But contemplating this great mass of inert matter, which a few breaths of vapour would make all alive and instinct with power, for good or evil, set afloat on the wide ocean, where it became a mere atom of nothingness; yet had to hold on its way, labouring in darkness, but labouring ever—verily, the steam-engine did seem not very unlike us.

The 'Novelty Works, New York'—so said a brass inscription over its head—have need to be proud of this their magnificent monster, every inch of which is as daintily finished as the workmanship of a lady's watch. It is contrived, they say, with great saving of space and economy of fuel—the 1400 tons of coal which it has to devour in a single voyage, being considered quite a light provender. In return, the quantity of fresh water which it produces by condensation of its steam, supplies the ship abundantly. All that seemed wanting was, that it should manufacture its own gas; and various admirable schemes to that effect were started by our party, wanting only two qualities, practicability and safety. It did strike a non-professional auditor, whose two great terrors in life are gas and the stormy ocean, that to be exposed to the perils of both would a little detract from the pleasures of the trip; but that idea was scouted contemptuously by all the rest. No doubt those labyrinthine passages of cabins, so exactly similar, that No. 150 must find his or her berth, if found at all, by the merest accident, will ere long be illuminated like our streets and squares; and instead of 'Douse the glim,' the word will be: 'Turn off the meter.'

Strange to think of that huge floating castle—quite a little town—steaming on through the darkness, with all its sleeping freight, of which even the list of the crew reads as follows: '1 commander, 4 mates, 1 surgeon, 1 purser, 4 quarter-masters, 2 carpenters, 1 boatswain, 36 seamen, 1 engineer, 3 assistants, 6 superintendents of fires and boilers, 4 oilers (!), 2 engineers' storekeepers, 24 firemen, 36 coal-passers, 1 steward, 8 assistants, 36 waiters, 3 stewardesses, 2 storekeepers, 1 bar-keeper, 1 barber, 1 chief-cook, 1 assistant-cook, 1 baker, 2 pastry-cooks, 2 engineers' mess-men, 2 keepers of lamps and oil, 1 hose-keeper.'

And the safety of all, with indefinite passengers besides, dependent, humanly speaking, on that one head of the 'one commander.' It had need be a sound head and a steady one, and deserves a comfortable berth to rest in; which it evidently has, judging by the elegant appearance of the captain's state-rooms, into which we peered. Then we wandered up and down desultorily, wondering where on earth all this crew of 188, and all the hundreds of visitors that we

knew were on board, had vanished to. The great ship had swallowed them up, and they only appeared as stray groups here and there, or solitary sailors leaning over the side. No bustle, no confusion, and yet she was to sail to-morrow. There could not be a greater proof of the huge size and admirable arrangements of Brother Jonathan's Pet.

'Any one going back by the next boat?' Yes; about 300 or so, who, appearing out of inconceivable nooks, descended the ship's side, and crowded the river-boat on every square foot which two other feet could take possession of. In five minutes we had dropped astern, and saw the great hull of the *Adriatic* gradually lessening to that slender shape into which she dwindles at a very slight distance. As she lay with her stars and stripes streaming against the still clear sky, and the red winter sunset throwing its glow upon her great motionless paddle-wheels, we heartily wished her good-speed. Ay, even though our own *Persia* lay, a short space off, pluming her feathers for the flight, for she was to sail two days after, and as we repeated: 'Wouldn't her captain clap on steam, and run her, literally, to within an inch of her life, rather than be beaten by the Yankee!'

Happy, harmless rivalry! As we watched the two steamers lying so peacefully alongside, with the fair evening light upon them both—the sun going down towards the other continent as grandly as he had risen with us this morning, 'making no step-bairns' between east and west—one could not help trusting that the Governor of all the kingdoms of the earth would keep both the good ships safe, and that fast-sailing might be the only rivalry, the only war between ourselves and Brother Jonathan.

INDICTMENTS.

Our forefathers had a good many methods of ascertaining the guilt or innocence of an accused person, all of them considered equally infallible. The most ancient, probably, was the trial by ordeal, distinguished by the appellation of *judicium Dei*, and divided into two kinds—the fire ordeal for persons of high rank, and the water ordeal for those of lesser estate. Both these might be, and often were performed by deputy, the accused himself answering for the success of the trial, and there still lingers in our common speech the expression of 'going through fire and water' to serve a friend; and friendship, as well as a large reward, was in former times not unfrequently sufficient to stimulate one person to undertake this supposed purgation for another.

The ordeal by fire consisted either in holding unhurt for some minutes a piece of red-hot iron of one, two, or three pounds' weight, or else by walking bare-foot and blindfold over nine red-hot ploughshares, laid across the path at varying distances. Queen Emma, the mother of the Confessor, underwent, it is said, this trial at the west end of Winchester Cathedral, when an accusation was preferred against her of improper familiarity with Alwyn, bishop of that city; and this story, although received with some discredit, was strongly confirmed some fifty years back by the discovery, far below the surface, of a large quantity of half-decayed, and very ancient, ploughshares.

As of the fire, so of the water ordeal, there were two kinds—one being effected by plunging the bared arm to the elbow in boiling water, and escaping uninjured; the other in being thrown into a pond or river, when, if the unfortunate sank, he was adjudged innocent, while if he floated without any apparent effort to retain himself on the surface of the water, he was considered guilty; the idea being, that having, by his persevering denial of his guilt, renounced the benefits of his baptism, the element of water would not receive him.

The practice of trial by ordeal was put an end to in

our own land by act of parliament in the reign of Henry III., but retained in other countries until a much later date; and in many continental churches there yet remain representations of persons undergoing the ordeal—votive offerings made by those who were fortunate enough to escape uninjured. A very fine instance occurs in the cathedral church of Abbeville, where a lady of high rank, dressed in rich attire, is seen plunging her arm in a caldron of boiling water, and a multitude of beholders with most expressive countenances are standing around, awaiting the result.

Then there was the *coroned*, or morsel of execration—a piece of unleavened bread, or of cheese made of ewe's milk in the month of May, and weighing about an ounce—which after being consecrated by a prayer pronounced over it, that the Almighty would cause the eater to undergo pain and convulsions, if guilty, but impart to him health and nourishment, if innocent, was taken by the suspected person, together with the holy sacrament. Everybody knows the story of Godwin, Earl of Kent, attempting to exculpate himself from the death of the king's brother, and how the *coroned* stuck in his throat and killed him. The *coroned* has, ages ago, been abandoned by us, but it yet lingers in various forms in certain uncivilised parts of the world, and is there resorted to as a favourite way of settling dark and intricate accusations. The most amusing relic of it is in Monomotapa, in South Africa, where the accuser chews the bark of a tree remarkable for its emetic properties, and spits it out into certain water, which the accused is obliged to drink. If the water is rejected, he is condemned; while if it remains on his stomach, he is absolved, unless the accuser will drink some of the same water, and if it produces no effect on him either, neither the guilt nor the innocence of the accused is determined.

Another amusing method of trial, common throughout Christian countries in early times, was called *judicium crucis*. Each party, or his champion, stretched out his arms before a crucifix, and the one soonest wearied, dropped his arms and lost the day. This method of trial was principally confined to disputes about property, and the most celebrated instance of its being resorted to occurred in France during the reign of Pepin, when the Archbishop of Paris and the Abbot of St Denis disputing about the patronage of a monastery, the king ordered that their respective champions should resort to this method of deciding the question. Both appeared in the chapel attached to the monastery, and held out for an almost incredible time; the spectators, we are told, *betting* as to their respective abilities. The bishop's champion first gave in, and the Archbishop of Paris consequently gained the day.

Besides these three modes of trial, there was the 'wager of battle,' in which the suspected party threw down his glove, and declared he would defend the same with his body, and where the prosecutor took up the gauntlet, and announced his determination of doing battle, body for body.

This last mode of appealing to Heaven to assert the truth or falsehood of a charge, although long fallen into disuse, did not cease to be supported by the authority of the law till so late as 1819.

From these fallacious, and often no doubt fraudulent proceedings, our ancestors gradually turned to the most perfect, and, so far as the liberty of the subject is concerned, to the most important mode of trial ever invented—the trial 'by the country'—or in ordinary language, the 'trial by jury.'

The excellence of this mode of trial consists, as its name imports, in the fact that by it a man is tried by his peers or fellows. The sovereign, upon complaint of an injured party, lays before the head men of a county—assembled together under the name of the grand jury, and solemnly sworn not to act unjustly to any person out of 'hatred or malice, or through fear,

favour, affection, gain, reward, or the hope or promise thereof—an accusation drawn out upon parchment, of some particular person, charging him with a crime. When the grand jury have carefully considered the evidence to be brought forward in support of such accusation, they either say—or, in legal phraseology, 'present'—that such accusation is true, or else that they are ignorant whether it be true or false; the latter being in effect a dismissal by them of the charge.

This preliminary inquiry, however carped at at the present day, is without doubt one of the most important measures relating to the liberty of the subject. From their high and independent position, the members of the grand jury are unlikely to be influenced in their doings by any party-feeling; by law, they can in no case be called upon to account for any of their proceedings; and by their oath, and the practice pursued in relation to those proceedings, all their deliberations are kept profoundly secret. We imagine that no better plan could possibly be devised of placing a barrier between the power of the crown and a defenceless subject, and we hope that the day is yet very distant when this ancient institution will be abolished.

The written accusation to which we have alluded, when laid before the grand jury, is called a 'bill;' when presented by them, it is termed an 'indictment.'

We have elsewhere alluded to the manner in which a prisoner is put upon his trial on such indictment, and how the petty jury take the matter in hand, and ultimately declare upon his innocence or guilt; and therefore, in the present article, we propose to deal only with a few matters relating to these written accusations themselves.

One of the most universal maxims of the criminal law, and perhaps one of the most important, is that learnedly expressed by Lord Coke in the fourth book of his *Reports*: '*Nemo debet bis puniri pro uno delicto*,' well known to everybody in this country in its English dress of 'No one can be punished twice for the same offence.' As the mere *trial* of a person for a presumed crime is, if not a direct punishment, at all events a vexation, this maxim has very long ago been extended in its terms, and now pretty universally runs: '*Nemo debet bis vexari pro uno delicto*.'—'No one may be twice vexed (or tried) for the same cause.'

Our forefathers, in order to convey to alleged culprits the full benefits suggested by these old maxims, established the practice to which we have just alluded, of drawing out in exact and formal language the specific charge alleged against the accused person, and of binding themselves to prove upon the trial that exact charge, and that only—tacitly agreeing, that if they failed in establishing the perpetration of the offence in the very manner as stated in the indictment, the prisoner should be entitled to his acquittal.

By this proceeding, two great advantages were opened to an accused person: the one, that he could not have a vague indefinite charge brought against him at the time of his trial, to be shifted and altered as the evidence itself varied; the other, that he knew beforehand what was to be alleged against him, and therefore had better opportunity of preparing himself with an answer—two advantages which, if we consider the summary and often unfair manner in which legal inquiries were in former times conducted, were of no small importance.

But though, as we before said, our ancestors were anxious to allege a *specific* charge against an offender, their idea of a specific charge was somewhat peculiar. We in modern times, for instance, consider that to accuse a man of committing a murder of a particular person on a certain day, is pretty specific; but in times bygone, such a charge would have been considered very general in its character. The year of the sovereign's reign, the weapon of offence, with its value,

the position of the wound, with its length and depth, the various places to which the sufferer removed before he died, and a multitude of other minute circumstances, had all to be set forth, and the most trifling error in any one of them would have proved fatal to the instrument.

But in addition to this, for some reason altogether undiscoverable to us at the present day, the indictment was universally drawn out in abbreviated Latin, a misspelling in which, however unimportant in other respects, was deemed sufficient to destroy the instrument.

It was indeed a rule with lawyers of that day, that no word which *could* be expressed in Latin should in an indictment be written in English; and we continually find such documents being set aside for breaches of this regulation. In one case, the term 'witchcraft' rendered the instrument void, 'incantatio' being deemed the correct word; and in another, 'de la Fabre' was declared inadmissible in any other garb than a Latin one. So with misspelling: a man was indicted in Elizabeth's reign for murder; some unfortunate clerk spelt the word 'destructionem' 'destructionem,' and the error being discovered, the prisoner was immediately acquitted. More recently, 'duodecim' occurring for 'duodecem,' invalidated the instrument; and 'presentant' for 'presentatum' had a similar effect.

The great danger which was thus continually encountered, on the one hand, of placing in indictments English words which might be expressed by Latin ones; and on the other, of introducing Latin words not of sufficiently general acceptance to be used in an instrument, the meaning of which was to be patent to every one, led to the custom of using an *Anglicè* where any doubtful Latin word occurred. Thus, in one old indictment, we read of a man stealing certain *ollas æarias*—*Anglicè*, 'brass pots.'

The frequent acquittals which took place, owing to this severe way of construing indictments, soon led to a serious outcry on the part of the profession, and of the public generally, and so early as 1650, we find even the great Sir Matthew, who was in no way favourable to changes in the law, solemnly declaring his opinion on the subject in the following terms:

'In favour of life, great strictness has at all times been required in point of indictments, and the truth is that it has grown to be a blemish and inconvenience in the law and the administration thereof that more offenders escape by the over-easy ear given to exceptions in indictments than by their own innocence.'

After such an expostulation as this from so high a quarter, it appears remarkable that nearly one hundred years should be suffered to elapse before the legislature took any decided step to simplify and amend these proceedings. Day by day, indictments were quashed by wholesale—the non-crossing of a *t*, or non-dotting of an *i*, was almost sufficient, under the stringent practice of olden times, to avoid the instrument. So great *certainly*, as it was called, was required, that calling an 'accessory' a 'confederate' was fatal; and particular *words of art* were considered so essential in certain crimes, that without them the indictment was useless. Thus, if a man was accused of treason, it must be alleged that he committed that offence 'treasonably and against his allegiance,' and any alteration, however small, in this form made the indictment void. So in murder, the accused must 'feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, kill and murder;' in stealing, he must be stated to have feloniously 'taken and carried away.' In murder, the depth of the wound must be set forth, that it might appear to the court to be sufficient to cause death; 'though,' says an old writer, 'if it be stated to have gone *through* the body, a statement of the depth is immaterial, for it will then

of itself appear sufficient to have caused death.' The charge that A. did 'steal, take, and carry away,' omitting 'feloniously,' has several times occurred, and has always been held fatal; and so in bigamy, the accusation that B. feloniously married one C., his former wife D. being then alive, was held altogether insufficient, the proper form being, that B., 'with force and arms, feloniously married one C., his former wife being still alive,' &c.

But above all, the value of the thing stolen in larceny, and of the instrument which caused the death in homicide, were always required to be stated. In larceny, because if the value amounted to twelve pence, the crime was *grand larceny*; if under that sum, *petty larceny*—two crimes which, in olden times, were very differently punished, the former incurring the punishment of death; the latter, of whipping and imprisonment only. In homicide, the value was required in consequence of the existence, until a few years back, of the laws relating to *deodands*, about which very curious subject we must say a few words.

According to ancient custom, whatever chattel was the immediate occasion of the death of any reasonable creature, became forfeited to holy church, and was applied, before the Reformation, towards obtaining masses for the deceased's soul, just as was the apparel of every stranger found dead, and subsequently was distributed in alms by the king's high almoner.

These forfeited articles were called *deodands*, from *Deo-dandum* (to be given to God); and Britton tells us, in his *Pleas of the Crown*, that the intention of the forfeiture was, that nothing which was the immediate cause of so awful an event as the death of a reasonable creature, should seem to go unpunished; but this assertion of the early lawyer has been much disputed, for the law allowed no *deodand* upon the death of an infant under years of discretion; thus favouring the idea that the intention of these forfeitures was simply to procure the means of conducting a religious ceremony after the death, and for the benefit of the soul of the deceased; for no mass or other purgation was necessary upon the death of an infant.

The rules relating to *deodands* are not by any means free from obscurity, either as to their origin or intention. If anything *without motion* was the cause of death, only that part of it immediately connected with the death was forfeited; but if the body was actually moving, the whole of it became a *deodand*.

Thus, when a man climbing into a cart at rest, fell off the wheel and was killed, the wheel only was the king's property; but when in another case the cart was moving at the time of the accident, the whole of it, with its load, was forfeited. So, again, where a man fell from the side of a ship going down a river, and was killed, strictly speaking, the whole ship, whatever its size or value, was a *deodand*; but if while on the deck a bale of goods fell upon and killed him, the bale only was a forfeiture, for he was himself moving in the ship, and so far as his death was concerned, the whole ship might be considered to be at rest.

The golden rule about these forfeitures was, 'whatever moves to the death is a *deodand*;' and in the quaint old book called *Termes de la Ley*, it is thus expressed:

Whatever moved to kill the dead,
Is *deodand*, and forfeited.

The most curious illustration of this rule is to be found in an ancient case, where a man fell from a mill-wheel into the stream, and was drowned, every part of the machinery *actually in motion* at the time was declared to be a *deodand*—that at rest, not.

This forfeiture of valuable articles, often without any blame at all being attachable to their owners, was found to be so oppressive, that, in modern times, a practice was adopted by juries, of finding as a *deodand* the money value of the thing, instead of the thing

itself; this money value being in many cases merely nominal.

It was not until the year 1699 that any improvement whatever began to be effected in the matter of indictments. An act then passed which made it compulsory on the clerk of the crown, when any indictment was found defective in form, to draw a fresh instrument without any fee, or, in default, to forfeit L.5 and costs. This, although it imposed a salutary check upon the carelessness of officials employed in the drawing up of such documents, did nothing at all towards providing for their amendment of defects discovered in them. In 1731, an important act was passed, which entirely abolished the use of Latin in law proceedings, and provided that all such, indictments included, should for the future be in English. In 1827, a further and a grand improvement was made by the legislature enacting, that merely formal errors in indictments should not invalidate them, but upon exceptions being taken, such should be amendable by the judge on the trial. Still, however, all the long legal phraseology was retained, and regarded with as much jealousy as ever; and it was not until her present majesty had been fourteen years upon the throne, that the *coup de grace* was given to these fearfully long-winded and complex instruments.

It would be wearying to writer as well as to reader to attempt to set forth, in any regular order, the vast improvements which the last statute introduced into these documents; we cannot better inform the reader's mind upon the subject, and at the same time illustrate how useless forms and unnecessary phraseology may be got rid of, when any one is bold enough to set heartily at work upon the subject of their reformation, than by setting forth the two forms of indictment respectively used before and after the passing of such statute.

We will suppose that a certain John Smith, being angry with a woman, Frances Bolt, throws a candlestick at, and kills her.

Now, the old form of indictment against John Smith would, in its very shortest form, be thus worded:

Middlesex to wit.—The jurors for our lord the king, upon their oaths present, that John Smith, late of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, labourer, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, on the first day of May, in the fourth year of the reign of our sovereign lord George the Third, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, and so forth, with force and arms at Westminster aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, in and upon one Frances, the wife of one William Bolt, late of Westminster aforesaid, carpenter, in the peace of God and our said lord the king, then and there being, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did make an assault; and that he, the said John Smith, a certain brass candlestick of the value of one shilling, which he in his right hand then and there had, and held, did then and there, at and against the said Frances, cast and throw; and with such candlestick aforesaid, so cast and thrown by him, the said John Smith as aforesaid, in and upon the head of her, the said Frances, on the right side thereof, near to the temporal muscle, then and there feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did strike and bruise her, the said Frances, giving to her, the said Frances, then and there with the candlestick aforesaid, and by the stroke aforesaid, in manner aforesaid, in and upon the head of her, the said Frances, on the right side thereof, near to the temporal muscle, one mortal wound of the length of two inches, and of the depth of half an inch, of which said mortal wound, she, the said Frances, as well at Westminster aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, at divers other places in the said county, from the said first day of May in the year

aforesaid, until the second day of May in the same year, did languish, and languishing did live, on which second day of May at Westminster aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, she, the said Frances, of the mortal wound aforesaid, did die. And so the jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, do say that the said John Smith, her, the said Frances, in manner and form aforesaid, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did kill and murder, against the peace of our lord the king, his crown, and dignity.

At the present day, the above lengthy document would be thus curtailed:

Middlesex to wit.—The jurors for our lady the Queen, upon their oaths present, that John Smith, late of Westminster, labourer, on the first day of May, in the year of our Lord 1852, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did kill and murder Frances, the wife of William Bolt, against the peace of our lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity.

By the former of these two instruments, it would be incumbent upon the prosecution to prove the murder of Frances Bolt in the very manner stated, and if it turned out that by some other violence of the prisoner she met with her death, he would be acquitted on the indictment; by the latter, proof that the prisoner murdered the deceased in *any* way, would be sufficient to convict him.

It is not improbable that, after perusing the two documents, the reader may ask how it is that other long legal instruments connected with the common law, and especially with conveyancing, cannot also be shortened and simplified? For an answer to this question, we must refer him to those far wiser than ourselves in the theory and practice of the law.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IX.—THE BATH.

‘YELLOW JAKE! the alligator!’

They were all the words I could utter. My mother entreated an explanation; I could not stay to give it. Frantic with apprehension, I tore myself away, leaving her in a state of terror that rivalled my own.

I run towards the hommock—the bath. I wait not to follow the devious route of the walk, but keep straight on, leaping over such obstacles as present themselves. I spring across the paling, and rush through the orangery, causing the branches to crackle and the fruit to fall. My ears are keenly bent to catch every sound.

Behind are sounds enough: I hear my mother's voice uttered in accents of terror. Already have her cries alarmed the house, and are echoed and answered by the domestics, both females and men. Dogs, startled by the sudden excitement, are baying within the enclosure, and fowls and caged birds screech in concert.

From behind come all these noises. It is not for them my ears are bent; I am listening *before* me.

In this direction I now hear sounds. The plashing of water is in my ears, and mingling with it the tones of a clear silvery voice—it is the voice of my sister! ‘Ha, ha, ha!’ The ring of laughter! Thank Heaven, she is safe!

I stay my step under the influence of a delicate thought; I call aloud:

‘Virgine! Virgine!’

Impatiently I await the reply. None reaches me; the noise of the water has drowned my voice?

I call again, and louder. ‘Virgine! sister! Virgine!’ I am heard, and hear:

‘Who calls? You, Georgy?’

‘Yes; it is I, Virgine.’

‘And pray, what want you, brother?’

‘O sister! come out of the bath.’

‘For what reason should I? Our friends come? They are early: let them wait, my Georgy. Go you and entertain them. I mean to enjoy myself this most beautiful of mornings; the water's just right—delightful! Isn't it, Viola? Ho! I shall have a swim round the pond: here goes!’

And then there was a fresh plashing in the water, mingled with a cheerful abandon of laughter in the voices of my sister and her maid.

I shouted at the top of my voice:

‘Hear me, Virgine! dear sister! For Heaven's sake, come out! come!’

There was a sudden cessation of the merry tones; then came a short sharp ejaculation, followed almost instantaneously by a wild scream. I perceived that neither was a reply to my appeal. I had called out in a tone of entreaty sufficient to have raised apprehension; but the voices that now reached me were uttered in accents of terror. In my sister's voice I heard the words:

‘See, Viola! O mercy—the monster! Ha! he is coming this way! O mercy! Help, George, help! Save—save me!’

Well knew I the meaning of the summons; too well could I comprehend the half-coherent words, and the continued screaming that succeeded them.

‘Sister, I come, I come!’

Quick as thought, I dashed forward, breaking through the boughs that still intercepted my view.

‘Oh, perhaps I shall be too late? She screams in agony; she is already in the grasp of the alligator!’

A dozen bounds carried me clear of the grove; and, gliding along the embankment of the turtle crawl, I stood by the edge of the tank. A fearful tableau was before me.

My sister was near the centre of the basin, swimming towards the edge. There stood the quadron—knee-deep—screeching and flinging her arms frantically in the air. Beyond, appeared the gigantic lizard; his whole body, arms, hands, and claws clearly traceable in the pellucid water, above the surface of which rose the scaly serrature of his back and shoulders. His snout and tail projected still higher; and with the latter he was lashing the water into white froth, that already mottled the surface of the pond. He was not ten feet from his intended victim. His gaunt jaws almost touched the green baize skirt that floated train-like behind her. At any moment, he might have darted forward and seized her.

My sister was swimming with all her might. She was a capital swimmer; but what could it avail? Her bathing-dress was impeding her; but what mattered that? The alligator might have seized her at any moment; with a single effort, could have caught her, and yet he had not made it.

I wondered why he had not; I wondered that he still held back. I wonder to this hour, for it is not yet explained. I can account for it only on one supposition: that he felt that his victim was perfectly within his power; and as the cat cajoles with the mouse, so was he indulging in the plenitude of his tyrant strength.

These observations were made in a single second of time—while I was cocking my rifle.

I aimed, and fired. There were but two places where the shot could have proved fatal—the eye or behind the forearm. I aimed for the eye. I hit the shoulder; but from that hard corrugated skin, my bullet glinted as from a granite rock. Among the rhomboid protuberances it made a whitish score, and that was all.

The play of the monster was brought to a termination. The shot appeared to have given him pain. At all events, it roused him to more earnest action, and perhaps impelled him to the final spring. He made it the instant after.

Lashing the water with his broad tail—as if to gain impetus—he darted forward; his huge jaw hinged vertically upward, till the red throat shewed wide agape; and the next moment the floating skirt—and oh! the limbs of my sister were in his horrid gripe!

I plunged in, and swam towards them. The gun I still carried in my grasp. It hindered me. I dropped it to the bottom, and swam on.

I caught Virgine in my arms. I was just in time, for the alligator was dragging her below.

With all my strength, I held her up: it needed all to keep us above the surface. I had no weapon; and if I had been armed, I could not have spared a hand to strike.

I shouted with all my voice, in the hope of intimidating the assailant, and causing him to let go his hold. It was to no purpose: he still held on.

O Heavens! we shall both be dragged under—drowned—devoured—

A plunge, as of one leaping from a high elevation into the pond—a quick, bold swimmer from the shore—a dark-skinned face, with long black hair that floats behind it on the water—a breast gleaming with bright spangles—a body clad in bead-embroidered garments—a man? a boy!

Who is this strange youth that rushes to our rescue?

He is already by our side—by the side of our terrible antagonist. With all the earnest energy of his look, he utters not a word. He rests one hand upon the shoulder of the huge lizard, and with a sudden spring places himself on its back. A rider could not have leaped more adroitly to the saddle.

A knife gleams in his uplifted hand. It descends—its blade is buried in the eye of the alligator!

The roar of the saurian betokens its pain. The earth vibrates with the sound; the froth flies up under the lashings of its tail, and a cloud of spray is flung over us. But the monster has now relaxed its gripe, and I am swimming with my sister to the shore.

A glance backward reveals to me a strange sight—I see the alligator diving to the bottom with the bold rider still upon its back! He is lost—he is lost!

With painful thoughts, I swim on. I climb out, and place my fainting sister upon the bank. I again look back.

Joy, joy! the strange youth is once more above the surface, and swimming freely to the shore. Upon the further side of the pond, the hideous form is also above water, struggling by the edge—frantic and furious with the agony of its wounds.

Joy, joy! my sister is unharmed. The floating skirt has saved her: scarcely a scratch shews upon her delicate limbs; and now in tender arms, amidst sweet words and looks of kind sympathy, she is borne away from the scene of her peril.

CHAPTER X.

THE 'HALF-BLOOD.'

The alligator was soon clubbed to death, and dragged to the shore—a work of delight to the blacks of the plantation.

No one suspected how the reptile had got to the pond—for I had not said a word to any one. The belief was that it had wandered there from the river, or the lagoons—as others had done before; and Yellow Jake, the most active of all in its destruction, was heard several times repeating this hypothesis! Little did the villain suspect that his secret was known. I thought that besides himself I was the only one privy to it; in this, however, I was mistaken.

The domestics had gone back to the house, 'toating' the huge carcass with ropes, and uttering shouts of triumph. I was alone with our gallant preserver. I stayed behind purposely to thank him.

Mother, father, all had given expression to their gratitude; all had signified their admiration of his gallant conduct: even my sister, who had recovered consciousness before being carried away, had thanked him with kind words.

He made no reply, further than to acknowledge the compliments paid him; and this he did either by a smile or a simple inclination of the head. With the years of a boy, he seemed to possess the gravity of a man.

He appeared about my own age and size. His figure was perfectly proportioned, and his face handsome. The complexion was not that of a pure Indian, though the style of his dress was so. His skin was nearer brunette than bronze: he was evidently a 'half-blood.'

His nose was slightly aquiline, which gave him that fine eagle-look peculiar to some of the North American tribes; and his eye, though mild in common mood, was easily lighted up. Under excitement, as I had just witnessed, it shone with the brilliancy of fire.

The admixture of Caucasian blood had tamed down the prominence of Indian features to a perfect regularity, without robbing them of their heroic grandeur of expression; and the black hair was finer than that of the pure native, though equally shining and luxuriant. In short, the *tout ensemble* of this strange youth was that of a noble and handsome boy, that another brace of summers would develop into a splendid-looking man. Even as a boy, there was an individuality about him, that, when once seen, was not to be forgotten.

I have said that his costume was Indian. So was it—purely Indian—not made up altogether of the spoils of the chase, for the buckskin has long ceased to be the wear of the aborigines of Florida. His moccasins alone were of dressed deer's hide; his leggings were of scarlet cloth; and his tunic of figured cotton stuff—all three elaborately beaded and embroidered. With these he wore a wampum belt, and a fillet encircled his head, above which rose erect three plumes from the tail of the king vulture—which among Indians is an eagle. Around his neck were strings of party-coloured beads, and upon his breast three demi-lunes of silver, suspended one above the other.

Thus was the youth attired; and, despite the soaking which his garments had received, he presented an aspect at once noble and picturesque.

'You are sure you have received no injury?' I inquired for the second time.

'Quite sure—not the slightest injury.'

'But you are wet through and through; let me offer you a change of clothes: mine, I think, would about fit you.'

'Thank you. I should not know how to wear them. The sun is strong: my own will soon be dry again.'

'You will come up to the house, and eat something?'

'I have eaten but a short while ago. I thank you. I am not in need.'

'Some wine?'

'Again I thank you—water is my only drink.'

I scarcely knew what to say to my new acquaintance. He refused all my offers of hospitality, and yet he remained by me. He would not accompany me to the house; and still he shewed no signs of taking his departure.

Was he expecting something else? A reward for his services? Something more substantial than complimentary phrases?

The thought was not unnatural. Handsome as was the youth, he was but an Indian. Of compliments he had had enough. Indians care little for idle words. It might be that he waited for something more: it was but natural for one in his condition to do so, and equally natural for one in mine to think so.

In an instant my purse was out; in the next, it was in his hands—and in the next it was at the bottom of the pond!

'I did not ask you for money,' said he, as he flung the dollars indignantly into the water.

I felt pique and shame; the latter predominated. I plunged into the pond, and dived under the surface. It was not after my purse, but my rifle, which I saw lying upon the rocks at the bottom. I gained the piece, and, carrying it ashore, handed it to him.

The peculiar smile with which he received it, told me that I had well corrected my error, and subdued his capricious pride.

'It is my turn to make reparation,' said he. 'Permit me to restore you your purse, and to ask pardon for my rudeness.'

Before I could interpose, he sprang into the water, and dived below the surface. He soon recovered the shining object, and returning to the bank, placed it in my hands.

'This is a splendid gift,' he said, handling the rifle, and examining it—'a splendid gift; and I must return home before I can offer you ought in return. We Indians have not much that the white man values—only our lands, I have been told'—he uttered this phrase with peculiar emphasis. 'Our rude manufactures,' continued he, are worthless things when put in comparison with those of your people—they are but curiosities to you at best. But stay—you are a hunter? Will you accept a pair of moccasins and a bullet-pouch? Maïmee makes them well'—

'Maïmee?'

'My sister. You will find the moccasin better for hunting than those heavy shoes you wear: the tread is more silent.'

'Above all things, I should like to have a pair of your moccasins.'

'I am rejoiced that it will gratify you. Maïmee shall make them, and the pouch too.'

'Maïmee!' I mentally echoed. 'Strange, sweet name! Can it be she?'

I was thinking of a bright being that had crossed my path—a dream—a heavenly vision—for it seemed too lovely to be of the earth.

While wandering in the woods, amid perfumed groves, had this vision appeared to me—in the form of an Indian maiden. In a flowery glade, I saw her—one of those spots in the southern forest which nature adorns so profusely. She appeared to form part of the picture.

One glance had I, and she was gone. I pursued, but to no purpose. Like a spirit she glided through the dædalian aisles of the grove, and I saw her no more. But though gone from my sight, she passed not out of my memory; ever since had I been dreaming of that lovely apparition. Was it Maïmee?

'Your name?' I inquired, as I saw the youth was about to depart.

'I am called Powell by the whites: my father's name—he was white—he is dead. My mother still lives; I need not say she is an Indian.'

'I must be gone, sir,' continued he after a pause. 'Before I leave you, permit me to ask a question. It may appear impertinent, but I have good reason for asking it. Have you among your slaves one who is very bad, one who is hostile to your family?'

'There is such a one. I have reason to believe it.'

'Would you know his tracks?'

'I should.'

'Then follow me!'

'It is not necessary. I can guess where you would lead me. I know all: he lured the alligator hither to destroy my sister.'

'Ugh!' exclaimed the young Indian, in some surprise. 'How learned you this, sir?'

'From yonder rock, I was a witness of the whole transaction. But how did you come to know of it?'

I asked in turn.

'Only by following the trail—the man—the dog—

the alligator. I was hunting by the swamp. I saw the tracks. I suspected something, and crossed the fields. I had reached the thicket when I heard cries. I was just in time. Ugh!'

'You were in good time, else the villain would have succeeded in his intent. Fear not, friend! he shall be punished.'

'Good—he should be punished. I hope you and I may meet again.'

A few words more were exchanged between us, and then we shook hands, and parted.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHASE.

About the guilt of the mulatto, I had no longer any doubt. The mere destruction of the fish could not have been his design; he would never have taken such pains to accomplish so trifling a purpose. No; his intent was far more horrid; it comprehended a deeper scheme of cruelty and vengeance; its aim was my sister's life!—Viola's!—perhaps both?

Awful as was such a belief, there was no room left to doubt it; every circumstance confirmed it. Even the young Indian had formed the opinion that such was the design. At this season, my sister was in the habit of bathing almost every day; and that this was her custom was known to all upon the plantation. I had not thought of it when I went in pursuit of the deer, else I should in all probability have acted in a different manner. But who could have suspected such dire villainy?

The cunning of the act quite equalled its malice. By the merest accident, there were witnesses; but had there been none, it is probable the event would have answered the intention, and my sister's life been sacrificed.

Who could have told the author of the crime? The reptile would have been alone responsible. Even suspicion would not have rested upon the mulatto—how could it? The yellow villain had shewn a fiendish craft in his calculation.

I was burning with indignation. My poor innocent sister! Little did she know the foul means that had been made use of to put her in such peril. She was aware that the mulatto liked her not, but never dreamed she that she was the object of such a demoniac spite as this.

The very thoughts of it fired me, as I dwelt upon them. I could restrain myself no longer. The criminal must be brought to punishment, and at once. Some severe castigation must be inflicted upon him—something that would place it beyond his power to repeat such dangerous attempts.

How he would be dealt with, I could not tell—that must be left to my elders to determine. The lash had proved of no avail; perhaps the chain-gang would cure him—at all events, he must be banished the plantation.

In my own mind, I had not doomed him to death, though truly he deserved it. Indignant as I felt, I did not contemplate this ultimate punishment of crime; used to my father's mild rule, I did not. The lash—the county prison—the chain-gang at St Marks or San Augustine: some of these would likely be his reward.

I knew it would not be left to the lenient disposition of my father to decide. The whole community of planters was interested in a matter of this kind. An improvised jury would soon assemble. No doubt harsher judges than his own master would deal with the guilty man.

I stayed no longer to reflect; I was determined his trial should be immediate. I ran towards the house with the intention of declaring his guilt.

In my haste, as before, I did not follow the usual path, which was somewhat circumambient; I made direct through the grove.

I had advanced only a few paces, when I heard a rustling of the leaves near me. I could see no one, but felt sure that the noise was caused by some person skulking among the trees. Perhaps some of the field-hands, taking advantage of the confusion of the hour, and helping himself to a few oranges?

Compared with my purpose, such slight dereliction was a matter of no importance, and I did not think worth while to stay and hinder it. I only shouted out; but no one made answer, and I kept on.

On arriving at the rear of the house, I found my father in the enclosure by the grand shed—the overseer too. Old Hickman, the alligator-hunter, was there, and one or two other white men, who had casually come upon business.

In the presence of all, I made the disclosure; and, with as much minuteness as the time would permit, described the strange transaction I had witnessed in the morning.

All were thunderstruck. Hickman at once declared the probability of such a manoeuvre, though no one doubted my words. The only doubt was as to the mulatto's intent. Could it have been human lives he designed to sacrifice? It seemed too great a wickedness to be believed. It was too horrible even to be imagined!

At that moment all doubts were set at rest. Another testimony was added to mine, which supplied the link of proof that was wanting. Black Jake had a tale to tell, and told it.

That morning—but half an hour before—he had seen Yellow Jake climb up into a live oak that stood in one corner of the enclosure. The top of this commanded a view of the pond. It was just at the time that 'white missa' and Viola went to the bath. He was quite sure that about that time they must have been going into the water, and that Yellow Jake *must have seen them*.

Indignant at his indecorous conduct, the black had shouted to the mulatto to come down from the tree, and threatened to complain upon him. The latter made answer that he was only gathering acorns—the acorns of the live oak are sweet food, and much sought after by the plantation-people. Black Jake, however, was positive that this could not be Yellow Jake's purpose; for the former still continuing to threaten, the latter at length came down, and Black Jake saw no acorns—not one!

'Twan't acorn he war arter, Massa Randoff: daat yaller loafer want arter no good—daat he want sure sartin.'

So concluded the testimony of the groom.

The tale produced conviction in the minds of all. It was no longer possible to doubt of the mulatto's intention, horrible as it was. He had ascended the tree to be witness of the foul deed; he had seen them enter the basin; he knew the danger that was lurking in its waters; and yet he had made no movement to give the alarm. On the contrary, he was among the last who had hastened towards the pond, when the screaming of the girls was summoning all the household to their assistance. This was shewn by the evidence of others. The case was clear against him.

The tale produced a wild excitement. White men and black men, masters and slaves, were equally indignant at the horrid crime; and the cry went round the yard for 'Yellow Jake!'

Some ran one way, some another, in search of him—black, white, and yellow ran together—all eager in the pursuit—all desirous that such a monster should be brought to punishment.

Where was he? His name was called aloud, over

and over again, with commands, with threats; but no answer came back. Where was he?

The stables were searched, the shed, the kitchen, the cabins—even the corn-crib was ransacked—but to no purpose. Where had he gone?

He had been observed but the moment before—he had assisted in dragging the alligator. The men had brought it into the enclosure, and thrown it to the hogs to be devoured. Yellow Jake had been with them, active as any at the work. It was but the moment before he had gone away; but where? No one could tell!

At this moment, I remembered the rustling among the orange-trees. It might have been he? If so, he may have overheard the conversation between the young Indian and myself—or the last part of it—and if so, he would now be far away.

I led the pursuit through the orangery: its recesses were searched; he was not there.

The hommock thickets were next entered, and beaten from one end to the other; still no signs of the missing mulatto.

It occurred to me to climb up to the rock, my former place of observation. I ascended at once to its summit, and was rewarded for my trouble. At the first glance over the fields, I saw the fugitive. He was down between the rows of the indigo plants, crawling upon hands and knees, evidently making for the maize.

I did not stay to observe farther, but springing back to the ground, I ran after him. My father, Hickman, and others followed me.

The chase was not conducted in silence—no stratagem was used, and by our shouts the mulatto soon learned that he was seen and pursued. Concealment was no longer possible; and rising to his feet, he ran forward with all his speed. He soon entered the maize-field, with the hue and cry close upon his heels.

Though still but a boy, I was the fastest runner of the party. I knew that I could run faster than Yellow Jake, and if I could only keep him in sight, I should soon overtake him. His hopes were to get into the swamp, under cover of the palmetto thickets; once there, he might easily escape by hiding—at all events, he might get off for the time.

To prevent this, I ran at my utmost speed, and with success; for just upon the edge of the woods, I came up with the runaway and caught hold of the loose flap of his jacket.

It was altogether a foolish attempt upon my part. I had not reflected upon anything beyond getting up with him. I had never thought of resistance, though I might have expected it from a desperate man. Accustomed to be obeyed, I was under the hallucination that, as soon as I should come up, the fellow would yield to me; but I was mistaken.

He at once jerked himself free of my hold, and easily enough. My breath was gone, my strength exhausted—I could not have held a cat.

I expected him to run on as before; but instead of doing so, he stopped in his tracks, turned fiercely upon me, and drawing his knife, plunged it through my arm. It was my heart he had aimed at; but by suddenly throwing up my arm, I had warded off the fatal thrust.

A second time his knife was upraised—and I should have had a second stab from it—but, just then, another face shewed itself in the fray; and before the dangerous blade could descend, the strong arms of Black Jake were around my antagonist.

The fiend struggled fiercely to free himself; but the muscular grasp of his old rival never became relaxed until Hickman and others arrived upon the ground; and then a fast binding of thongs rendered him at once harmless and secure.

CHAPTER XII.

A SEVERE SENTENCE.

Such a series of violent incidents of course created excitement beyond our own boundaries. There was a group of plantations upon the river lying side by side, and all having a frontage upon the water; they formed the 'settlement.' Through these ran the report, spreading like wildfire; and within the hour, white men could be seen coming from every direction. Some were on foot—poor hunters who dwelt on the skirts of the large plantations; others—the planters themselves, or their overseers—on horseback. All carried weapons—rifles and pistols. A stranger might have supposed it the rendezvous of a militia 'muster,' but the serious looks of those who assembled gave it a different aspect: it more resembled the gathering of the frontier upon the report of some Indian invasion.

In one hour, more than fifty white men were upon the ground—nearly all who belonged to the settlement.

A jury was quickly formed, and Yellow Jake put upon his trial. There was no law in the proceedings, though legal formality was followed in a certain rude way. These jurors were themselves sovereign—they were the lords of the land, and, in cases like this, could easily improvise a judge. They soon found one in planter Ringgold, our adjoining neighbour. My father declined to take part in the proceedings.

The trial was rapidly gone through with. The facts were fresh and clear; I was before their eyes with my arm in a sling, badly cut. The other circumstances which led to this result were all detailed. The chain of guilt was complete. The mulatto had attempted the lives of white people. Of course, death was the decree.

What mode of death? Some voted for hanging; but by most of these men, hanging was deemed too mild. *Burning* met the approbation of the majority. The judge himself cast his vote for the severer sentence.

My father pled mercy—at least so far as to spare the torture—but the stern jurors would not listen to him. They had all lost slaves of late—many runaways had been reported—the proximity of the Indians gave encouragement to defection. They charged my father with too much leniency—the settlement needed an example—they would make one of Yellow Jake, that would deter all who were disposed to imitate him. His sentence was, that he should be *burnt alive*!

Thus did they reason, and thus did they pronounce.

It is a grand error to suppose that the Indians of North America have been peculiar in the habit of torturing their captive foes. In most well-authenticated cases, where cruelty has been practised by them, there has been a provocative deed of anterior date—some grievous wrong—and the torture was but a retaliation. Human nature has yielded to the temptings of revenge in all ages—and ferocity can be charged with as much justice against white skin as against red skin. Had the Indians written the story of border warfare, the world might have modified its belief in their so-called cruelty.

It is doubtful if, in all their history, instances of ferocity can be found that will parallel those often perpetrated by white men upon blacks—many of whom have suffered mutilation—torture—death—for the mere offence of a word! certainly often for a blow, since such is a written law!

Where the Indians have practised cruelty, it has almost always been in retaliation; but civilised tyrants have put men to the torture without even the palliating apology of vengeance. If there was revenge, it was not of that natural kind to which the human heart gives way, when it conceives deep wrong has been done; but rather a mean spite, such as is often

exhibited by the dastard despot towards some weak individual within his power.

No doubt, Yellow Jake deserved death. His crimes were capital ones; but to *torture* him was the will of his judges.

My father opposed it, and a few others. They were outvoted and overruled. The awful sentence was passed; and they who had decreed it at once set about carrying it into execution.

It was not a fit scene to be enacted upon a gentleman's premises; and a spot was selected at some distance from the house, further down the lake-edge. To this place the criminal was conducted—the crowd of course following.

Some two hundred yards from the bank, a tree was chosen as the place of execution. To this tree the condemned was to be bound, and a log-fire kindled around him.

My father would not witness the execution; I alone of our family followed to the scene. The mulatto saw me, and accosted me with words of rage. He even taunted me about the wound he had given, glorying in the deed. He was no doubt under the belief that I was one of his greatest foes. I had certainly been the innocent witness of his crime, and chiefly through my testimony he had been condemned; but I was not revengeful. I would have spared him the terrible fate he was about to undergo—at least its tortures.

We arrived upon the ground. Men were already before us, collecting the logs, and piling them up around the trunk of the tree; others were striking a fire. Some joked and laughed; a few were heard giving utterance to expressions of hate for the whole coloured race.

Young Ringgold was especially active. This was a wild youth—on the eve of manhood, of somewhat fierce, harsh temper—a family characteristic.

I knew that the young fellow affected my sister Virginia; I had often noticed his partiality for her; and he could scarcely conceal his jealousy of others who came near her. His father was the richest planter in the settlement; and the son, proud of this superiority, believed himself welcome everywhere. I did not think he was very welcome with Virgine, though I could not tell. It was too delicate a point upon which to question her, for the little dame already esteemed herself a woman.

Ringgold was neither handsome nor graceful. He was sufficiently intelligent, but overbearing to those beneath him in station—not an uncommon fault among the sons of rich men. He had already gained the character of being resentful. In addition to all, he was dissipated—too often found with low company in the forest cock-pit.

For my part, I did not like him. I never cared to be with him as a companion; he was older than myself, but it was not that—I did not like his disposition. Not so my father and mother. By both was he encouraged to frequent our house. Both probably desired him for a future son-in-law. They saw no faults in him. The glitter of gold has a blinding influence upon the moral eye.

This young man, then, was one of the most eager for the punishment of the mulatto, and active in the preparations. His activity arose partly from a natural disposition to be cruel. Both he and his father were noted as hard task-masters, and to be 'sold to Mass' Ringgold was a fate dreaded by every slave in the settlement.

But young Ringgold had another motive for his conspicuous behaviour: he fancied he was playing the knight-errant, by this show of friendship for our family—for Virginia. He was mistaken. Such unnecessary cruelty to the criminal met the approbation of none of us. It was not likely to purchase a smile from my good sister.

The young half-blood, Powell, was also present. On hearing the hue and cry, he had returned, and now stood in the crowd looking on, but taking no part in the proceedings.

Just then the eye of Ringgold rested upon the Indian boy, and I could perceive that it was instantly lit up by a strange expression. He was already in possession of all the details. He saw in the dark-skinned youth the gallant preserver of Virginia's life, but it was not with gratitude that he viewed him. Another feeling was working in his breast, as could plainly be perceived by the scornful curl that played upon his lips.

More plainly still by the rude speech that followed: 'Hillo! redskin!' he cried out, addressing himself to the young Indian, 'you're sure you had no hand in this business? eh, redskin?'

'Redskin!' exclaimed the half-blood in a tone of indignation, at the same time fronting proudly to his insulter—'Redskin you call me? My skin is of better colour than yours, you white-livered lout!'

Ringgold was rather of a sallow complexion. The blow hit home. Not quicker is the flash of powder than was its effect; but his astonishment at being thus accosted by an Indian, combined with his rage, hindered him for some moments from making reply.

Others were before him, and cried out:

'O Lordy! such talk from an Injun!'

'Say that again!' cried Ringgold, as soon as he had recovered himself.

'Again if you wish—white-livered lout!' cried the half-blood, giving full emphasis to the phrase.

The words were scarcely out before Ringgold's pistol cracked; but the bullet missed its aim; and next moment the two clinched, seizing each other by the throats.

Both came to the ground, but the half-blood had the advantage. He was uppermost, and no doubt would quickly have despatched his white antagonist—for the ready blade was gleaming in his grasp—but the knife was struck out of his hand; and a crowd of men, rushing to the spot, pulled the combatants apart.

Some were loud against the Indian lad, and called for his life; but there were others with finer ideas of fair-play, who had witnessed the provocation, and, despite the power of the Ringolds, would not suffer him to be sacrificed. I had resolved to protect him as far as I was able.

What would have been the result, it is difficult to guess; but, at that crisis a sudden diversion was produced by the cry—that *Yellow Jake had escaped!*

A CHRISTMAS BARREL OF OYSTERS.

DID you ever hear that the London commissariat alone demands every year five hundred million oysters; and that Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, and other places take all they can get, and never get half enough? Are you further aware that there are numerous companies who cultivate, or grow, or nurse oysters for the market; who procure them in the seed, who place them in watery pits, and tend them with anxious care, for three long years, till they are ready to enter 'oyster street,' and make their debut at the court of Billingsgate? And are you further aware that poets have sung about oysters, that legislators have legislated about oysters, that naturalists have investigated their manners and habits; and that, after all, nothing is known about them? If you know all this, you will perhaps listen with some interest to our talk about oysters.

Nobody can tell how oysters reproduce themselves. All we know is, that, according to an anonymous authority, in spring-time and summer they sicken and spawn their gelatinous green-hued splashies, which the fishermen have baptised *spat*. The spawn looks like drops of tallow or greenish-coloured soup, and it

adheres to loose oyster-shells and stones. When examined with a magnifying-glass, there are seen in the spat numerous little eggs of a brilliant whiteness; which gradually become compressed, and approach more and more the shape of an oyster. Little hairs appear as the egg-cluster breaks up, and the thousands of the brother and sister *ostrea* swim off to seek their fortunes. When the steady age comes—rather say the steady hour—the settling-down epoch, the hairs give place to layers of rough shell, and a *native* of experience takes care to set up house where he can eat with least risk of being eaten. Microscopists reckon the eggs in one of these splashies of spat by hundreds of thousands. Leuwenhoek counted several hundred thousand eggs in the fecundating folds of the mantle of an oyster-spawner; and it has been said, but on whose authority we do not know, that when an oyster attains the fourth month of its age, it can reproduce its species. This remarkable fecundity is necessary to enable the species to survive the ravages which the spawn sustain from their numerous enemies. The spat is a tidbit for fish, crustacea, and worms. The feelers or tentacles of numberless cannibals are cast forth continually, to lay hold of the young and innocent natives. When their shells are sufficiently grown to protect them from such enemies, star-fishes and crabs watch continually to take them by surprise, and whip the soft and succulent bodies of the *ostrea* from their valves. Many a five-fingered star-fish loses a member in the attempt when the oyster is wide awake, and closes his valves upon it with a sudden and powerful snap. M. Corte informs us that a single shell contains from one to two millions of young oysters. In reference to the growth of this much-prized mollusk: 'Stakes fixed thirty months before in the Lake of Fusaro, when removed, were loaded with oysters; and, in spite of the numerous varieties of shape, they were found to be the produce of three distinct seasons. Those which were of the first year's spawning were ready for sale; those of the second year were quite small; and the third batch were only about the size of a lentil.'

Some of the London fish-salesmen do business in nothing but oysters, while others confine themselves entirely to the trade in lobsters. To meet the enormous demand for natives, and to fill the wonderful quantity of Christmas barrels which are travelling all over our southern railways during the month of December, cultivation and protection on a large scale is resorted to; and the more seaward parts of the Thames, on both the Kentish and Essex coasts, may be said to have been long ago converted into a series of oyster-farms or beds, of various sizes. In all these beds, we are informed by Sir Francis Head, 'there is a certain space devoted to natives. At Burnham, Essex, the spat, or fecundated sperm, is stored in large pits, and sold as native brood, which is afterwards "laid" in that portion of the different beds appropriated to privileged oysters. Here the young natives remain for three years, when they are generally brought to market. So far, their education is left, in a certain degree, to nature; but once in the possession of the fish-shopkeepers, art steps in to perfect their condition. They are now stored in large shallow vats, being carefully laid with their proper sides uppermost, and supplied daily with oat-méal—a process which is calculated rather to fatten than to flavour; and there are many who think that, like show-cattle, they are none the better for over-feeding.' Such is a brief outline of the organisation constantly at work to supply our markets with this one delicacy; and the tavern roysterer little thinks of the care and anxiety endured, or the multiplicity of operations which are performed before his dozen of natives reach the brilliantly lighted restaurant where he is enjoying at ease his pale ale or punch.

In these matters, we have been copying the ancient

Romans, who knew all the secrets of gastronomy, and who had fishponds and oyster-stews upon which vast sums of money were annually expended. The luxurious Romans preferred those oysters which were brought from the greatest distances, and gave the palm to those from Britain. They had them transplanted from the seas and rivers communicating with the Atlantic. Spawn or spat from our own shores was also carried—in damp sand, it is supposed—to the Roman oyster-stews by the slaves of the more wealthy, and there nursed and coddled till it became individualised into fine, plump, well-flavoured specimens of the province mollusca. Even now, we have relics left of these achievements in Roman pisciculture; among which are the artificial oyster-banks on the Lake of Fusaro, near Naples, already referred to. These were organised by Sergius Orata, a wealthy Roman, who inhabited a splendid villa near the place. He erected artificial rocks, and had also stakes driven into the water, to which the oyster-fry adhered in countless quantities; in fact, some holding-on place must be erected in the beds, otherwise the progeny would be washed away by the tide. In the green oysters of Marennes, we have another instance of shell-fish cultivation. We are indebted to a communication from M. Corte, of the College of France, for the following notes on the oyster-beds of the river Gironde: 'The reservoirs in which the fishermen of Marennes deposit the oysters, in order to make them turn green, are called *claires*. These differ from ponds and ordinary parks, inasmuch as they are not submerged by every tide, but only during the spring-tides, when the waves flow further inland than at other seasons. At the end of two or three months, the soil, which has been deposited by the inundations in the *claires*, becomes so firm as to prevent the oysters from sinking into it. In the month of September, when the spawning-season is over, the fishing commences. The whole population of Marennes are engaged in collecting the oysters, which they deposit in the ponds, where they increase in size before they are sold. They can be sent to any distance, but from time to time must be immersed in water. Five millions of oysters are annually furnished from the beds of Marennes. Their price varies from one to six francs per hundred—the average cost per hundred being equal to 2s. 6d. of British money.' These famed oysters are transported to all countries. From Bordeaux they are forwarded to Marseille, and from thence to all parts of the south of Italy, and also to Algiers. They have even been found on this side of the Channel. Long, long ago, when 'the monks of old' flourished in our monasteries, there were countless bushels of these fine foreign oysters devoured. Some years ago, when poking about the ruins of an old abbey, far enough from the sea, we came upon layers of shells, which vouched the fact. They testified to oysters of no common breed, for we recognised in them the outward features of the varieties used in the *cuisine* of Paris. They must have had dainty appetites, and have been well versed in the art of good living, these old monks, who sent so far for their oysters.

Since the introduction of aquariums, the art of dredging has become too well known to require us to say much about it. It is by means of the dredge we fish up our oysters. There are usually three machines of the kind attached to each boat; and at some famed bank, free to all comers—such as the mid-channel bed, which is forty miles long—there may be seen during the oyster-season—if we can be said to have a season, now that oysters can be had even in the r-less months—a fleet of perhaps 200 boats, all busily engaged in the pursuit of this one article of commerce. These open sea-beds are not thought to produce oysters so fine as those cultivated in the farms at the mouth of the Thames. The river may possibly bring down

finer kinds of food than the inhabitants of the large sea-beds can obtain; but, in our opinion, the real salt-water natives are the best, although some people, who pretend to judgment in such matters, give the preference to the cultivated kinds. But to return to the dredging. Of course, on the common ground, there are no particular laws to be observed as to the filling the boats. The plan is, to get what you can as fast as you can, and carry them as quickly as possible to the nearest railway-station for immediate conveyance to the great metropolis. The steam-horse is preferred to the old fishing-smack, because it saves the oyster metage chargeable on all supplies landed from the river at Billingsgate. The regulations on the artificial beds of oysters belonging to private individuals or companies are stringently carried out, and the various properties are marked off by long poles firmly fixed in the different parts of the bed. When the dredges are hauled into the luggers, the contents are thrown into a heap, which is afterwards picked or assorted into 'roughs,' 'commons,' and 'natives,' and those that are under the natural size are again deposited in the particular part of the bed to which they properly belong. Amateurs in sea-ware and in natural history may obtain much enjoyment by taking a spell at oyster-dredging. By doing so, they are certain to become more familiar with the riches of the sea and the common objects of the shore. 'What hauls for naturalists, what collections for aquaria,' says a recent newspaper sketch, 'are brought up at every cast! Long stems of sponges, odoriferous bunches of weeds, old shells frosted with barnacles, and peppered with their broad, flower-headed tubularia, horny fronds of sertulariæ and other bryozoa, the jelly-like spawn of the doria, the twisted cords of the eolia, and occasionally some of the nudibranchiates themselves; "dog-whelks," "whelk tangles," "borers" and "burrs," "five fingers" and "twelve fingers," and dead and living things enough to give a zoologist years of work, if he would only make up his mind to know all about them.'

BABOOISM.

In Great Britain, the term respectability has been explained as something attaching to anybody who drives a gig. In British India, babooism may truly be said to signify any condition not involving manual labour. Baboo is, in fact, equivalent to our 'gentleman,' in the popular sense of the word. Whilst, however, the coolie or ryot applies the term 'baboo' to the Hindoo clerk upon eight rupees a month, the Mussuhman trader would use it only for the overseers and heads of departments with whom he has dealings; the European, again, would apply the term to none below the capitalists or wealthy brokers who conduct the chief business of the principal commercial firms in the presidency towns of India. The signification of the word widens just in proportion as it descends in use, until its recipients may be said to be 'legion.' If, then, we treat this term 'babooism' in the wide sense to which it may be applied, we have before us by far the larger portion of the money-making native community of India, at any rate, so far as merchandise is concerned; the *zemindars*, or landholders, and the *shroffs*, or money-dealers, are distinct classes of money-makers, and must in no way be confounded with the baboos.

Within the limits of Calcutta, Bombay, Patna, Dacca, Cawnpore, Agra, and dozens of other cities of India, there are, or were before the rebellion, hundreds, nay, thousands of this class of men in all their varieties of occupation and degrees of money-making. It may be said with indisputable truth, not only that the class thrive and fatten upon European commerce, but that they owe their origin

nd existence to European merchants. The baboos re perfectly well aware of this fact, and accordingly re well disposed to our rule; besides which, being Hindoos, they hate Mohammedanism, and have no sympathy whatever with the rebellious sepoys. They re quite satisfied that, in the event of Mussulman upremacy in India, the rich Hindoos would be the first victims offered up on the altar of Mohammedan apacity. It is quite true that many of the revolted egiments contain a number of Hindoos; but they re nearly all Brahmins, or high-caste men, who dislike the European contempt for and disregard of caste. We have abolished *suttee*, we have legalised the e-marriage of widows, we have put down infanticide, above all, we are enlightening the people, and so apping the foundations of caste; therefore does the Brahmin hate us with his whole heart, as thoroughly as the Mussulman despises us as 'dogs of Christians.' During the whole of the present rebellion, we may afely say, that wherever the populace of towns have oined the sepoys, it has been only the Mussulmans and Brahmins who have shewn real sympathy with them. Our fugitive countrymen have always been well ared for and protected in low-caste villages; whilst illage Mussulmans and Brahmins have welcomed the unfortunates with the tulwar and the matchlock, the ope or the river.

The monster, Nana Sahib, has been called a baboo n some of our Indian journals. It is altogether an rror: he is or was a zemindar—a landholder and ensioner of our government. The baboo is not a man f war: he hates fighting; and if he does sometimes etain about him a small regiment of armed men, it s only for ostentation, or at most as watchmen at ight. The strife he is fitted for is not in the field, ut in the office, the factory, the warehouse: there has e won many a subtle victory; there has he gathered ll his golden laurels; there, and there only, he finds himself an overmatch for the European.

The wide ranks of babooism are open to all the world; it is a fair field, an open competition. Not he meanest hanger-on of a humble shipping-broker, ot the poorest, well-kicked coolie of a sixth-rate anian, but may aspire, in all confidence, to the wealth nd dignity of the highest of the class. Men have one this in years gone by, are doing it to-day, and ill accomplish it to-morrow.

Baboo Futteyseer Bhangyloil, now one of our most nfluential men of business, a large speculator in up-country produce, and a helper of many a British firm rom their difficulties, commenced life as a bottle-lealer, and purchaser of odds and ends from ships' stewards. If he did not begin his transactions afloat very early in life, he must have made most rapid progress in his varied and shifting career, for he is still by no means an old man, and it is many years since he first began to be looked upon as a man of solid substance. Whatever his age may have been when he commenced his daily and hourly cruises to the shipping in the Hoogly, it is quite certain that the sole crew of his miserable little canoe consisted of himself and a diminutive boy, whose duty it was to steer the craft by means of a broken oar. He himself was at once oarsman, broker, and cashier; and by the aid of a very little indifferent English, he managed to get up 'a trade' with nearly every ship's steward to be found afloat on the Calcutta waters.

Bhangyloil was not long content with purchasing only; he soon tried his hand at a little barter, and in exchange for bottles, clothes, tin cases, &c., &c., gave cheroots, straw-hats, toys, monkeys, birds, fruit—it is hard to say what he did not carry in the capacious, gaudily painted *dinghee*, which now bore his colours and his fortune across the bosom of the muddy Hoogly. A brace of oarsmen now officiated, leaving our enterprising caterer to the undisturbed discharge of the

more complicated and honourable function of marine-dealer. Whether it was that the bottles he carried over the ship's side, in place of being empty, contained some costly liquor; whether the cast-off clothes he purchased were, in reality, but too often the last new lot for which the captain or chief-mate had been measured; whether the cheroots he vended were closely allied to the cabbage-garden, but sold as 'real manillas;' or whether any other astounding and ingenious metamorphosis ever occurred in connection with the many articles he dealt in, it is impossible to know. Certain it is that Bhangyloil's trade thrived with all the ample luxuriance of tropical vegetation; and whatever ugly rumours envious men may scatter abroad in these days of his worldly greatness, it concerns not our purpose to tell.* Let us be content to trace his prosperous career from the patched canoe to the state-barge—from the squalid mud-hut on the confines of the Burra Bazaar, to the princely mansion at Entally.

Our friend became a favourite with all the crews in the river: he had a joke or a queer tale told in queerer English, for every one. He was the essence of good temper, and, sorely as he was sometimes tried, he never lost command of himself. The captains took a liking to him, he was so obliging in so many ways—got them out of so many little difficulties, helped them round so many ugly corners, and was so unwearied in serving them in any way, that they swore by Bhangyloil, and voted him A1 for ninety-nine years at Lloyd's.

After such a careful and kindly preparation of the soil, after such a generous broadcast scattering of the seed, it cannot be matter for wonder that our friend reaped an abundant harvest. From the day when he drove down to the *ghât*, or landing-place, in a carriage drawn by a brace of ponies, and pushed off to the ships in a dinghee propelled by four boatmen, and mounted the ships' sides by the state-ladder, with white gilt-edged turban on his head, and flowing folds of muslin about him, when the captains shook him by the hand, and called him 'baboo,' then his subtle Hindoo heart swelled within him, and he felt that his fortune was as good as made. He became a ship-broker and supplier of stores in a large way. A huge anchor and chain-cable threatened the unwary shins of passers-by at the door of his ample warehouse. If he dealt in bottles, and bartered 'real manillas' for left-off wardrobes, it was by deputy. His daily visits on shipboard were continued, but on more important matters than empty casks and canaries. In no other sense was he changed; he was still the same supple-minded, easy-tempered man—as pleasant with steward, cabin-boy, and cook, as when he pulled himself alongside in his frail canoe in days still well remembered. Did a sailor want a loan of ten rupees, or the skipper one of ten thousand, no one could have been more obliging in the matter than our baboo. How he obtained such a command of ready cash, for all occasions, is to this day a matter of deepest mystery. Whether he raised a succession of mortgages on the huge anchor and cable at his door; whether he drew bills at long dates on Vishnu and Brahma, and discounted them at the nearest temple; or whether he possessed a substantial sleeping-partner, who was able to stand so many pulls upon his purse, who can say? Money, however, as the saying has it, makes money, and with Bhangyloil it fructified amazingly; so much so, that in due time he took a country-house, drove a pair of horses, gave up provisioning together with the big anchor and the cable, in favour of a nephew, had an imposing-looking office and *godowns*, or warehouses, with a cotton *screw*, and went headlong into the produce-trade of the country. How many British and American ships he loads annually, I know not, but they must be counted by dozens. How many writers, sircars, cashiers, brokers,

agents, assistants, he may maintain, I doubt whether he knows himself. Not a soul of all that motley throng touched one single piece of salary from the baboo: some were there as volunteers, learners of the mysterious art of Indian trade, while others, well versed in the sinuities of Calcutta commerce and banking, made large monthly sums by fees, or commissions, or profits upon their master's transactions. The income of all was derived, in an indirect manner, from the baboo's customers and friends, not from himself, or rarely so: a practice which has existed for a century, and is a recognised form of payment for services. It is in vain any reformer attempts to break through the system; the *amiah*, as the establishment is called, is able to break down any opposition to its will and pleasure. Woo beside the unfortunate merchant who would dare make such an experiment! He would find his imported goods unsaleable; they would be landed damaged: he would be able to buy no produce without great sacrifices, and then only of the lowest quality: his chartered ships would be detained long after their appointed time, and to his great loss, with the addition of a vast quantity of the goods shipped getting damaged in a most unaccountable way. Such is a taste of the power of the baboo's *amiah*. Keep on good terms with them; don't look too scrutinisingly into their accounts; let them pocket the accustomed ruyees without question, and you'll find your business, multifarious as it may be, transacted rapidly, pleasantly, and, above all, profitably.

It is now some years since Baboo Bhangyell became one of the leading men of the native community of Calcutta, and since he bought the pleasure-grounds at Eotally, and built upon them the magnificent dwelling within whose brilliant walls he entertains the elite of European society. It would be difficult to desire anything to gratify and please that may not be found in the baboo's palace. It would not be easy to match his carriage and pair in Bengal. Very few even in that sumptuous land excel his public manifestations; perhaps still fewer of any standing fare, in private, more humbly than himself. Amidst all his prosperity, he has lost none of his good temper and humour: he is as unctuous as of yore amongst the Jacks about, and none leave his presence without feeling the genial warmth of his disposition. Exactness to the last fraction in all his business transactions, he is never selfish; and many are the deeds of generous kindness springing secretly from him, unknown to the world at large. One especial case came under my own knowledge: it was that of a young and deserving English merchant, who had become involved in ruinous difficulties from the defalcations of others, and who was contemplating bankruptcy; when the baboo quietly, unasked, and unknown to the merchant, paid to his credit at his banker's a lac of ruyees, with a desire that the bank might afford accommodation to double that amount in addition. This timely, generous assistance extricated the young man from embarrassment, and enabled him to regain his lost position; but to the present day, I believe he remains in perfect ignorance of his benefactor's name.

Possessed of far more wealth, though scarcely of more influence, we find the Mussulman banker, Ram Chunder Sing of Cosittollah, Calcutta, and Chitpore Road. The huge fortunes that have been amassed by many of the natives of Bengal might well astound most of my European readers. The fact, however, goes far to shew that the celebrated 'Pagoda Tree,' from whose rich branches so many of our countrymen, in days gone by, gathered their *crores* untold, still flourishes in the land, though, doubtless, not quite so easily approached as half a century since. To the native of the soil, however, it is my firm belief, the generous tree is still familiar as of yore. Time, which works so many wondrous changes in this shifting

world of ours, has left the Hindoo what he ever was. As subtle, as yielding to circumstances, as true to his ultimate object, he knows no change in nature. What he is physically in the body, he remains essentially in intellect—inferior in force and vigour to the European, but superior, how much superior, to him in ductility, in pliability, in adaptability! What he was when Clive conquered at Plassey, and laid the foundation-stone of British supremacy in the east, before the light of western intelligence dawned with its first faint streaks upon Indian myriads, such is he to-day, when the British standard and British influence reach to the most remote corner of the great Indian continent.

Scarcely less remarkable than the instance already related, is the career of this Bengalee Mussulman banker. From beginnings almost as obscure and quite as humble, Ram Chunder Sing has, within the memory of many of the present residents in Calcutta, managed to amass such a princely fortune as might well raise the envy of a Baring or a Laftie. He commenced public life when quite young, as a hanger-on at the salt *colahs*, performing any miscellaneous work that might be required, and by his activity, willingness, and intelligence, he rapidly ingratiated himself into the good-will of those who might best serve his interests. Promoted to a post of five ruyees a month, he worked at it as though in the receipt of fifty. Perhaps, indeed, the actual incomings of his office may not have amounted to much less than that sum; for it is remarkable how many substantial civilities are shewn to any one concerned in the measuring and delivery of salt from the government *colahs* or stores. But Ram Chunder was slightly ambitious: his occupation was not sufficiently stirring and expansive for his enlarged views, and he left no description of stone unturned in order to obtain promotion to the sale-office of the salt department. It was by no means an easy task: an extensive amount of 'palm-oil' had to be applied in the right quarter before the attempt succeeded; when it did, Ram Chunder's friends considered his fortune as good as made, and congratulated him accordingly. To a western mind, it will probably appear somewhat inexplicable that the appointment to a subordinate office in any government department in Bengal should be of such vast benefit as is made to appear in this paper; but those who have enjoyed the advantages of actual experience in Indian official life, especially of life in the salt department, know full well how full of significance are the congratulations of a newly appointed official's friends.

Now, then, O reader in the west, that within the limits of the Company's rule, no sale, or barter, or business of any kind takes place but leaves a handsome profit to all the native underlings who help the work along. In no department of the state is this more manifest than in the salt branch of the revenue. Vast quantities are offered by the government at monthly intervals for 'sale by public competition'—so runs the official notice, and such, doubtless, was the original intention of the executive. But Bengal officials have devised a far more convenient process than an ordinary public auction, which would be noisy, and hot, and disagreeable, though the government opium is so disposed of; but then salt is not opium. Accordingly, this necessary of life is allowed to be tendered for in certain quantities at a certain figure, the application to go in on stamped papers on the day of sale. Now, as there are large profits made on the re-sale of this salt, the anxiety to obtain an allotment of it—say for a hundred thousand maunds—is not trifling, and the underlings of the department turn the excitement to the best account. As it is pretty well known that the highest offers are not generally accepted, and as there are strange rumours afloat in

Calcutta as to the precise motives which guide the allotting of the salt, of course all use their best endeavours to propitiate those who are suspected of possessing any influence in the matter. It was a favourite dodge of Ram Chunder Sing to waylay the chief superintendent of the department on his way into the office, and, trotting along by his side, hold some trivial conversation with him with an air of intense importance. This was not lost upon the crowd in the court-yard waiting to make their contracts, who one and all set him down as deep in the confidence of his superior. It is scarcely necessary to say how Ram Chunder turned this to account.

It was not long before he turned salt-speculator himself in conjunction with friends, who from that time became the most successful bidders at the monthly sales. No one could say how it happened—whether it was the colour of the paper, the boldness of the writing, the respectability of the names, or merely their good-fortune that caused such huge quantities of salt to pass through their hands, and leave such auriferous deposits behind. Ram left the salt department and the salt trade to carry on financial schemes of a larger character. He lived in great style as a rich banker, lent money at unheard-of rates, and was a most obliging friend to Bengal civilians. He had a strange relish for this description of game: he delighted to see their names in his books; so much so, that he would not think of troubling them for the trifles they owed—he was only too proud to be of any service to them. Now, it was a curious circumstance, and one which was duly noticed, that in the many suits instituted or defended by Ram Chunder in the courts of the Company, he invariably gained his point. Was there a contract to be tendered for to supply the Company's commissariat with anchors or scrubbing-brushes, with rum or salt-beef, Ram Chunder proved the successful man.

A volume, and a goodly one too, might be filled with the monetary exploits of the wealthy shroff. There was scarcely a public office he did not manage to obtain a place in for some one of his many creatures. Judges, secretaries, collectors, magistrates, all courted the friendship of the powerful baboo, who could serve them in such a persuasive and pleasant manner. His society, too, was sought for. He entertained, and was entertained in return. Europeans were his especial boon-companions, for whom he could not do too much. When the recent rebellion broke out, Ram Chunder denounced the traitors in emphatic language, and placed himself and all his means at the disposal of government. He loved our rule, our laws, our customs, our society far too much to desire any change. He was all but an Englishman—a most loyal man. It is true he had large sums invested in Company's paper, larger still in house-property about Calcutta, and large contracts in hand for our commissariat, with others in prospective. Still he was a loyal man. This points to the distinction of baboos, even when all these good things are as yet in *nubibus*. This points to the connection between babooism and respectability.

'CHURCH AFFAIRS AT BALLYGARRIFFE.'

The article that appeared with this title in No. 203, we printed merely as an amusing fiction; but it now appears that there is really a village, though with another name, answering to the description of Ballygarraffe, and that the writer, in order, no doubt, to give piquancy to the joke, intermingled personal allusions with the fictitious details, under excitement and without due consideration. We need not say how much we regret having been made the medium of hurting the feelings of respectable persons; but we may point to the character of our Journal, maintained uniformly from the commencement, as evidence that it was so without the slightest consciousness on our part.

LAST THOUGHTS.

HAVE they told thee I am dying?
Careless world, careless world—
Have thy proud lips scarce replying
The dirge-notes backward hurled,
Saying, with a scornful smile:
'She was fair a little while—
Courtied! but she had her day;
There's no need that she should stay.
I have nought for her to do,
Amid all my glittering crew:
'Tis well that she is dying!'

Have they told ye I am dying?
Summer friends, summer friends,
Have ye made pretence at sighing
O'er the weary life that ends;
Have ye said with feigned sorrow:
'May she have a brighter morrow.
She has not joined us long
In mirth, or dance, or song.
Her bloom is on the wane;
Her eyes are dimmed with pain:
'Tis well that she is dying!'

Have they told thee I am dying?
Gentle friend, gentle friend,
Will thy sweet spirit sighing
One tender message send;
Dost say with tearful eye
Raised to the quiet sky:
'God slake the fever-thirst
Her earthly dreams have nursed,
And bathe that aching brow
Where living waters flow:
God help her!—she is dying.'

Have they told thee I am dying?
Heart estranged, heart estranged!
And dost thou turn in sighing
To old times long since changed;
Dost say with flushing cheek:
'She was young, and very weak.
Though it wrung my heart to leave her—
Though she wronged me, I forgive her.
Many deathless memories
Paint her with such gentle eyes,
My lost love who is dying.'

Have they told thee I am dying?
Mother blest, mother blest!
Have they told thee I am dying?
With weary heart and breast,
Dost say to angels round:
'The child I lost is found.
I've left her, ah! too long,
'Mid earthly harm and wrong.
There is no place for her
'Mid all life's busy stir;
We'll give her welcome here,
So far from grief and fear:
'Tis well that she is dying!'

M. L. P.

STAGE BURLESQUES.

Burlesques, of which it is the formal purpose to convert into laughter what was meant to exalt and purify the soul, are offences against the public taste and morals equally; and that such offences, instead of being promptly silenced, should be applauded and caressed, and that Shakspeare should be especially selected as the butt of these barren wittlings, appears to us one of the most decisive symptoms that the drama, in our generation, is really on the decline.—*Donne's Essays on the Drama.*

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THE CREDIT-SYSTEM.

IN relation to one of the monster bankruptcies of the last few months—that of a house [*'castle of cards'* were a better term] engaged in the production of a class of female finery, and which leaves the world some hundreds of thousands of pounds *minus*—it is notorious that the house, during its existence, was an utter pest to all other people engaged in the same business, by reason of its practice of underselling. The case is an apt illustration of the beauties of the credit-system. The trade was conducted mainly on the credit and at the risk of a set of innocent, unthinking people, constituting what was called the Western Bank—spread desolation around among its compeers, who traded on their own risk—and now the bank shareholders have to make good, in solid cash, to their own impoverishment, the ideal capital which enabled a company of rash men to speculate for a small chance in their own favour against a certainty of loss to others. There is nothing in the case beyond the most familiar facts in human life. When a man works upon money of his own, he proceeds with caution, and the best exercise of judgment that is in his power. Give him other people's money to do as he likes with, and he makes it spin. It is not therefore surprising that three or four hundred thousand pounds of a bank's money, intrusted to an adventurer, should, in the first place, do a good deal of harm in the spending, and finally be lost.

The case leads to a view of the whole credit-system, which it were well to daguerreotype on the public mind. Carried to such extremes as we have seen lately, it promotes wasteful, mischievous, and unsuccessful business, and suffers a fearful penalty in itself. There is, however, another view of it.

There is such a thing as a tolerably good business conducted mainly on the basis of credit, though likewise with injurious results. We can state a case by way of illustration. An ingenious and accomplished man was in business as a publisher. He planned and superintended the preparation of many excellent books. But his speculations were too great for his means. He had consequently to buy paper from wholesale stationers at perhaps twenty per cent. above ready-money prices. He had to give large percentages to bill-discounters. He had to take in partners, who, for the sake of small advances, drew a large share of profits. All the natural and proper fruits of many years of laborious industry were thus absorbed, and large losses incurred besides, and this really able and ingenious man ended as poor as he began. It is strictly a normal case. Where banks

or other capitalists advance money expressly to carry on a business, they are not without a view to their own interests. They see to get good advantages from their loans, and usually succeed in licking up the cream of any concern they are connected with. It is only when they inflate the wind-bag too much, that they suffer as the Western Bank shareholders now do. 'Twas a riskful trade, giving large returns so far as successful, but involving great risks also—so, when the business was carried to excess, *nine per cent. on shares* was suddenly exchanged for *loss of whole capital and a third more*.

The credit-system involves, then, an usurious element besides. We have come of late years to give legal sanction to what in former times was regarded as a kind of robbery. It now appears right that men should be allowed to take as much interest for their money as lenders are willing to give, it being assumed that a lender will only give what it is for his own good to give. Yet there is a natural sentiment against usury—it always looks like oppression. And, surely if any one makes a richly gainful trade to himself by holding out temptations to the illusory hopes of poor men, thriving upon the very necessities into which his fellow-creatures have fallen, ultimately in most cases making his mickle more at the expense of the little which poverty possesses—the natural sentiment, the sentiment on which former laws against usury were based, is justified. We may at least be entitled to say: It is a bad business for poor Lazarus, and it were to be wished that he would not thus put himself in Dives's power. It is, at the utmost, one of those things which the law finds it convenient to leave alone, but which are nevertheless condemned by the natural sense of what is just between man and man.

It appears, then, that business on the credit-system is, in the most favourable circumstances, injurious to the borrowing party, and, in the less favourable circumstances, ruinous to the lending party or the extender of credit. In the measure of the extent to which it is carried, business will become a hollow, deceptive, unsatisfactory affair; artificial difficulties will be found obstructing the industrious man working on realised means; agonising competitions, leading to adulterations and all other kinds of safe tricks and cheats, will arise; only a few, unusually dexterous or fortunate, or who are in possession of special advantages for conducting a lucrative business, will find themselves thriving. In short, the unavoidable result of such a system will be exactly that condition of things which we see in the commercial world—so full of disappointment and vexation to all well-meaning and pure-hearted men—and we may therefore well

believe that to the credit-system, in a great degree, this very condition of things is owing.

We are able to present the case of a firm which for many years acted, in a kindred business, on the opposite principle to that pursued by the publisher above alluded to. It from the beginning proceeded on the ready-money principle. The results of one adventure were made the basis on which another was built. No adventure was entered upon without a previous ascertainment of there being ample means of carrying it out, whether it should be a success or a failure. The principal materials employed were settled for in cash every month. Not a single bill was ever accepted by the firm, and it scarcely ever discounted any that were receivable. There consequently was no anxiety about the conducting of the business. Extra time and energy, which other men of business spend in *financiering*—a kind of occupation wholly unprofitable—were devoted by the members of this firm to the studies and accomplishments calculated to raise men in the esteem of their fellow-creatures. The business moved slowly on at first, but it never misgave or relapsed, notwithstanding both troubles and losses from consignees who unhappily acted on a different principle; and after a considerable series of years it attained great magnitude, while yet resting on perfectly solid foundations. Here, in short, was an example of a rational career in commerce—no straining, no making of needless difficulties, no waste of time on work leading to nothing, rewards reaped by the workers, instead of being abstracted by horse-leech sleeping-partners and bill-discounters, a rationally enjoyable and even dignified life attained, instead of one of incessant degrading care and worry ending in disappointment—and all through one simple principle—that of *working on one's own, instead of another's capital*. What a contrast! When we duly consider such a case as an example of what commercial life may be made when right principles are followed, what can we do but wonder at once at the simplicity of the right course, and the perseverance of so large a portion of the community in the wrong one?

To realise such a course as this, however, there must be—as there was in the firm in question—patience with the slender means and the narrow profits at first. The besetting sin of commercial men is over-eagerness—excessive haste to be rich. It is indeed a striking feature of the commercial mind, both in this country and in America, that, instead of a just and honest pride in business as the worthy occupation of a life, there appears a restless desire to be quit of it. Men are seen striving to effect a competency by one lucky stroke, or by a few years of brilliant practice—anything to *escape* from business, as if it were either a thing ordinarily calling for an intolerable self-sacrifice or a path of perils in which there could be no peace. Now there are some who are impelled in these demonstrations by ambition for fine living or the éclat of wealth; but we as often see great gambling speculators living very plainly, and evidently incapable of filling a station of wealth and dignity, or of enjoying it. The more prevalent cause of the over-eagerness is an uneasy sense of the risks, harassments, and disappointments attending a commercial career—the evils, in fact, which spring from this very credit-system. The merchant pines under the terrors of his distant ventures, from which the returns may be nil; the shopkeeper, finding himself pinched by the foolish competition raised around him through credit, longs to be in any safe haven and at rest. These are the true general causes of the over-eagerness for great successes, as contrasted with moderate returns from sober diligence and application. It comes all back to this wicked credit-system—this sluice of continual drainage from the good labour going on in the world. If men would enter upon business in calmness and patience, keeping clear

of credit, realising to themselves that work is the only real source of wealth, and that the saved products of one piece of work are the only true foundation for another and another; if, while so acting, they would be content to live frugally till the easy overplus of realised means enables them to take those indulgences which are their proper and fitting reward; one half of the proverbial cares of the world would be spared, merchandise would be entered on as a path of pleasantness, and the merchant would, generally speaking, be a far more honour-worthy being than he is.

Let us hope to see, for the future, a great restriction put upon the credit-system. There has just been a palpable loss to the British community of fifty millions by the bankruptcies of one crisis, the proper close of a course in which trade has been degraded to a gambling speculation, and infinite troubles and difficulties have been spread throughout the industrial world. We must see to arrange that no such thing can happen again to the same extent. As individuals, let us try to clear our minds of monetary fallacies, such as that of enlarged and unrestricted issues of paper-money, the equal importance of having credit as having money, the wastefulness of keeping gold in the coffers of the Bank of England, and so forth. And let us each try to keep our own transactions reasonably near the limit of our realised capital. Let us resist the Siren Credit when she holds out her allurements. Neither let us be too easily led by sympathy for young and rising traders, to help them to a degree of 'accommodation' likely to prove their bane.

There must—for the restoration of a right system of things—be a change in the popular conceptions, and the constitutional arrangements, as to banks. The legitimate business of these establishments is to act as a medium in payments, and give a merely temporary accommodation of credit on the basis of actual goods and real transactions. Money-lending for trading speculations, while it may be a profitable iniquity to individual bill-discounters who know their ground, can never be safely practised by a large joint-stock company under the charge of a manager and directors. Everything of the kind is to be utterly condemned.

A TREMENDOUS ASCENT.

My name is Robinson; and I think I must be somehow connected with that well-known traveller who, in conjunction with his two friends, Brown and Jones, made the celebrated foreign tour which Mr Doyle so kindly illustrated for them. I think so, because, besides the coincidence of name, I have the like passionate love of adventure, tempered with the same peculiar appreciation of comfort, as he; and although circumstances, over which I have no control, and about which it would be an impertinence in the public to inquire, have restricted my rambles to my native country, my experiences, like his, may not be altogether uninteresting.

If there is something attractive in the mere appearance of a person who has been up Mont Blanc—disappointing as it is, we must confess, not to find him taller than other people—there must be an interest, although perhaps in a lesser degree, attaching to one who has scaled Helvellyn. If, upon the topmost peak of Cotopaxi, it astonished the philosophic traveller to discover 'butterflies and other insects, which must,' he supposes, 'have been conveyed there by unusual currents of air;' and if the whole scientific world were similarly wonder-struck to hear it, it must surely awaken some surprise when the statement is made public that I too have observed the same phenomenon on the summit of Skiddaw, although I may not have attributed it to so abstruse a cause. These things, it may be urged, however, are solely matters of

comparison; and for the sake of argument, suppose this to be admitted. Let Humboldt upon his pinnacle, let Smith upon his glacier, be by all means duly honoured; but refuse not to Robinson, upon his British mountain-top, a humbler meed of approbation too. But, indeed, this is but a low view to take on such a matter after all. When the mathematician, with his reading-party in North Wales, apologised for not climbing Snowdon, upon the ground that there was a hill behind his residence quite high enough for all practical purposes, he enunciated a mighty truth. I am not, indeed, a mathematician, but I appreciate his remark in all its depth and fullness. Helvellyn and Skiddaw are quite sufficient for all my humble needs; Mont Blanc and Cotopaxi would be very considerably too high. Is it pretended that the sensations of a poor fellow, climbing a steep place in Westmoreland, are different from those of another poor fellow going through the same sort of thing in Switzerland? Did Mr Albert Smith, think you, approaching the *Grands Mulets*, perspire more freely than I did in my ascent of Griesdale Pass, before I met the donkey? I was fourteen stone when I began that expedition from Gramere, and I was twelve stone and a half when I was brought down thither, that same evening, upon the back of that friendly animal. Such a fact as this needs no comment. Was the Alpine excursionist blistered with much walking? I also can procure the testimony—in writing, if it be necessary—of my two sons, as to the awful condition of their father's feet. Was he drowsy, and did he, towards the conclusion of his labours, tumble upon this side and upon that, like a drunken man? Ask my guide, Gawain Mackareth of Town End, if he did not, upon the occasion to which I refer, pick me up four distinct times; besides pouring upon me a continual fire of 'Now then, sirs,' and 'Hold up, sirs,' for the last two miles! No human being, not excepting Mr Smith, could possibly have endured more or worse things in his experience than I in mine. I claim, therefore, to be heard. Again, can it in any way increase the risk to a person of my habit of body, or indeed to any person, if, in case of a false step, he has to fall a sheer seven thousand feet perpendicular, instead of seven hundred? And as to the magnificence of the prospect at a great elevation, am I to be told that the power of vision is always proportionably extended to suit it? I saw all I was able to see from the height I am about to refer to; and there was still a great deal more beyond, could I have availed myself of nature's superabundant offer. Had there been twenty times that extra prospect extended for my gaze, what benefit would that have been to me? I suffered all I could, I saw all I could, and I got to the very top of my mountain. What conditions of ascent then, I demand to know, have remained unfulfilled? Relying, therefore, upon the great success at Egyptian Hall, I appeal to the everlasting principles of justice, and to that love of fair-play which is said to actuate the British heart, in requesting of the general public a wide circulation and a considerable popularity for the following particulars of my tremendous ascent—of Fairfield.

It is not my intention to emulate the majority of my predecessors who have published memorials of this sort, in giving a detailed history of my birth and education, and especially of the social position of the Robinson family in bygone times, but I will begin at once with the circumstances of the adventure itself. A few summers since, I was staying with three friends, whose modesty demands their still remaining unknown characters as X, Y, Z, at Ambleside in the heart of the lake-country. We four had come from Manchester to 'do' the mountain district, and had done it thoroughly. X had killed a pony (which very nearly killed him first) upon Scafell; Y had been almost drowned in Windermere through attempting to swim

with corks on, and letting go the corks; Z, who was a naturalist, but did not know much about mountaineering, had been benighted on Wausfell from the unforeseen circumstance of the sun leaving the hill-top before it left the sides. He had found, early in his ramble, a very rare and curious beetle, which he had wrapped up carefully in his waistcoat-pocket; but while roaming about in the darkness, hunger had overpowered love of science; and after much hesitation, he had devoured the specimen. Having got down to Ambleside at last, however, he declared this to have been the sublimest adventure possible, and proposed our spending a night together upon the summit of some other steep, a suggestion which we unanimously applauded; only I insisted that the thing should be done comfortably. 'None of your rare and curious beetles for supper for me,' said I; 'none of your rocky pillows, and slumbers under the canopy of heaven: Joseph Robinson goes up like a gentleman,' I gave them distinctly to understand, 'or he doesn't go up at all.' It was therefore arranged that I should have the sole charge of the commissariat. As for the mountain, we determined at once that that should be Fairfield. It is about 3000 feet above the level of the sea; and we proposed to sleep upon the summit of its huge green back. The news spread like wild-fire through the little village; offers of service poured in from every quarter—guides, lanterns (even a boat from one person, who thought it would be a very snug affair turned upside down), ponies, mules—camels would, I doubt not, have been forthcoming, had we desired them—everything we wanted, and many things of which we had no need, were pressed upon us eagerly. We had already an alpenstock apiece (which, for my own part, since it is for ever getting between my legs and tripping me up, I do not consider an assistance), and a railway rug; and the landlord of our hotel provided the provisions. These were the chief of the necessities which my sagacity procured for our night-bivouac and tremendous ascent: fourteen bottles of bitter beer, two bottles of gin, two bottles of sherry, one gallon of water, four loaves of bread, one leg of lamb, one leg of mutton, two fowls, one tongue, half-pound of cigars, four carriage-lamps, and two packs of playing-cards. We had also a large tent, which was carried upon the back of a horse. Three men were necessary to pitch this tabernacle and to carry the provisions. About five o'clock in the afternoon we started for the mountain with a large train of admirers, forming the largest cavalcade that had ever left Ambleside before. But most of our camp-followers quitted us at the foot of Naps Scar, at Rydal, where the tremendous ascent was to begin.

For the first quarter of an hour our way lay amongst trees and green fields, but after that, vegetation began to grow scanty, and soon even the hardy fir-trees disappeared; however, it was very well to have dispensed with the stone-walls, which have a habit in this region of leaning over upon the side which you wish to climb, and of falling bodily upon you as soon as you cling hold of their topmost layer. It is easier to squeeze through the holes made beneath them for the sheep; and very good fun, after one is safe, to watch an elongated body, such as Y, come creeping behind, half in one field and half in another, and casting a not uninterested eye above him, to see whether the wall is about to cut him in two or not. A few sheep are still sprinkled about our path, but the cows are left far beneath. A rook or two from Rydal woods flaps by us, but these will soon cease, to be exchanged for the sliding buzzard, with his huge brown wings, whose plaintive cry is even now piercing our ears from the upper heights.

Otherwise, there is no sound, except the laborious puffing of your humble servant and his three companions, and that abominable 'tramp, tramp' of the

porters, which never tires, and which leaves us so hopelessly behind. At every step, some novel beauty opens upon us, if we had but time to look at it; but as soon as X or Y calls our attention to the same, and our backs are turned, they make use of that infamous advantage to get on forty yards in advance; so Z and I only look straight before us, and wait patiently for the panorama which we know we shall get at the top. Presently, we spy a fresh green mound of the softest turf, and X cannot resist the temptation to rest his tired limbs. No sooner has he seated himself, when up go his legs and arms into the air, and down goes that portion of his person which gravity attracts into the treacherous bog. He is doubled up into the form of a V, and presents a ridiculous appearance; and when he is taken out and straightened, wet through, and brown and green, he is a not less laughable spectacle. If we had been bound together with ropes, as persons ought always to be, it seems, on these tremendous excursions, this accident could not have occurred.

The tourist who has only climbed such hills as Loughrigg and Helm Crag can have no conception of the terrors of the heights at which we had now arrived. The frightful rock-rent chasms on all sides of us; the scarcely less dangerous grassy slopes, upon which, had I set my foot, I am morally convinced I should have rolled over and over like a football to the very bottom of the valley; the hideous shapes of the crags themselves, and the awful barren tracts that lay before us still to be crossed, whose northern sides were sheer tremendous precipices. We felt, however, the greatest confidence in our attendants, who—such is the power of habit in familiarising men to the most perilous situations—were whistling popular melodies throughout the journey; and perceiving the horse in particular to take the matter with great coolness and philosophy, X, Y, Z, and myself were not slow, in the more difficult places, to adopt his fashion of proceeding upon all fours. At last we reached the topmost of the humps or *aiguilles* of Fairfield, a little beyond which we had determined to fix our tent. Here we caught the sound of a fowling-piece fired off at Ambleside, no doubt in exultation at our success; and X acknowledged the compliment by tying his pocket-handkerchief on to his umbrella, and waving it three times.

While the guides were employed in arrangements for our comfort and refreshment, we walked to the very topmost plane of the mountain, and gave ourselves up unrestrainedly to the enjoyment of the poetry of our position. One of the porters, a very trusty man of the name of White, had been up twice before, and averred he had never seen such weather as we were now favoured with—a circumstance which occurs, however, rather often in tremendous ascents. Far, far away beneath us lay the yet sparkling sea, and the rounded outline of the Isle of Man to westward. We could see the broad yellow fringe of Morecambe Bay, and, as Z declared, even a band of travellers crossing the sands of Lancaster; but I confess there was to me a somewhat filmy and indistinct appearance about these pilgrims. In the nearer circle lay fair Windermere, studded with many a glistening sail, and Conistone with its fine old guardian hill standing out grandly—a couch for the setting sun: Grasmere, too, and Easedale Tarn lying peacefully in its lone and lofty bed; and all these amidst a meshwork of gigantic mountains, of which Scafell—the highest in England—Bowfell, and Skiddaw, were the chief. Close beside us, to northward, was Helvellyn, with its looking-glass, Grisedale Tarn; and to the east of them lay Ullawater and the great Kirkstone range; while wood-besprinkled, peaceful Rydal filled up the foreground at our feet. Presently, their bright hues faded away from the lakes and lower fells, and the purple tints upon the western mountain-tops began to herald evening. The wind, too, was rising, and soon

swept over the lofty and exposed ridge on which we stood with the chill of night, before we turned towards our shelter.

How beautiful our tent looked through the gloom, shining as it did—for the four carriage-lamps were lit within it—over the whole sleeping world like some fair star! The wind, however, had not permitted it to be expanded to its full dimensions; and though one of the porters had gone down with our animal home, there were still six persons to be accommodated under canvas, and there was little room to spare. Even in that bleak position, and with a north-easter rising, we were a great deal too hot inside, and we had to keep a fold open as a ventilator. We ate our supper with such appetites as only mountain-air engenders; and afterwards, having kindled a fire outside, we got some warm water to mix with our gin, lit our cigars, and made ourselves comfortable: I am afraid, also, that we indulged, in that mountain solitude, in a few rubbers at whist. It was pleasant, Z had just discovered, to be thus enjoying all the advantages of civilisation in such a spot, while the wind was howling so vainly around our snug dwelling. We had all agreed to this observation; I had dealt, and was about turning up the trumps, which, I grieve to say—since we did not play the game out—was an ace, when a frightful occurrence happened. In an instant, something hurled me from my kneeling posture prostrate upon the ground, and some monster at the same moment seemed to leap upon me with inconceivable force. The whole of the party experienced a sensation precisely similar. The last storm-puff had carried our tent clean off its pegs.

For some minutes we were inextricably involved amidst guides, bottles, friends, cards, carriage-lamps, and cold meats, besides finding a great difficulty in breathing. I struggled as violently as any, I do not doubt, and was the first to find myself about ankle-deep in the coldest water. The whole concern had rolled somehow into a morass, and it was matter of great good-fortune that it did so, instead of rolling into the fire which had been kindled immediately below it. When I had extricated myself, the other five were still struggling like eels in a net, and quarrelling among themselves for kicking one another. I rescued a lamp which was still burning, and then drew out poor Y by his left leg; he had fallen unluckily upon one of the other lamps, and had been a long time, poor fellow, putting it out with the small of his back. X had fallen face downwards into the morass, and was now got to be the same colour all over with which he had partially bedaubed himself in the moss-bog. Z, who thought we had been struck with a thunderbolt, was speechless with terror; even the guides were very doubtful whether tent and all had really rolled down the precipice or not.

It was about one o'clock in the morning; there was no moon; and oh, how bitterly blew that mountain wind! What did Z mean, we demanded, by bringing us up into such a place as that, to suffer such things as these? If it had not been for him, we should have been all of us snug asleep in our civilised beds by this time. Hark at that abominable canvas, cracking and straining, while the porters strive to set Humpty Dumpty up again! We never were more miserable in all our lives; but I am thankful to say Z was the most miserable. When, after an hour or so, things had been restored to their proper places, he dared not venture into the tent again, but patrolled it like a sentry for the remainder of the night, not daring to leave it, or to descend, for fear of losing his way upon the fell. Then, in the cold gray morning, a mist came over Fairfield, which presently began to drizzle, and then to rain. Instead of that fine panorama which we had so counted upon, we could not see above five yards in any direction; a slight inflammation in the eastern

sky was all that betokened sunrise. More limp, discreditable-looking persons than X, Y, Z, and myself, when we came down from Fairfield, can scarcely be imagined. We did not thoroughly appreciate our miserable condition until somebody at Rydal offered to lend us umbrellas! He might as well have offered Macintoshes to a family of otters!

Most of this I take from my notes written immediately after this celebrated feat, so that they are strictly reliable; but I have often heard my three friends, and have even caught myself, representing this our night on Fairfield as the most glorious in all our lives, 'passed in close communion,' as it was, 'with nature in her grandest aspect, and with no trace of the living world in sight to mar the solemn emotions of the soul;' the moonlight 'lying cold and silvery on the mountain-tops;' the march of the red sunrise 'driving before it the clouds of night along the eastern hills.' So different, to even the most accurate of men, are the realities of a tremendous ascent from its reminiscences.

SHAKSPEARE'S BEAUTIES.

ANOTHER illustrated Shakespeare?

A certain Leadenhall Street clerk, who appreciated our elder dramatists, and did not despise roast-pig, in one of his delightful letters exclaims: 'What injury did not Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery do me with Shakespeare? To have Opie's Shakespeare, Northcote's Shakespeare, light-headed Fuseli's Shakespeare, heavy-headed Romney's Shakespeare, wooden-headed West's Shakespeare, deaf-headed Reynolds's Shakespeare, instead of my and everybody's Shakespeare! to be tied down to an authentic face of Juliet! to have Imogen's portrait! to confine the illimitable!'

We must endorse Elia's indignant remonstrance, treason though it be considered now, when every week brings forth some old familiar friend, so bedizened in the dandyism of tinted leaves, elegant engravings, and crimson and gold covers, that we are afraid to touch him lest we soil his finery. We cannot relish our favourite authors turned into 'pretty books.'

What true reader of Shakespeare would exchange his own ideal Rosalinds and Beatrices, Titanias and Ariels, for those of the best artist that ever wielded brush or burin? Some paintings once seen are never forgotten; they impress themselves as indelibly on the memory as reality itself. Can any of us thus recollect a Shakspearian picture? Why, a conclave of all who write, and all who hope to write R.A. after their names, would fail to do justice to the prince of dramatists, and yet more than one artist has had the hardihood to attempt to illustrate the whole of his plays; the presumption to suppose he could throw off in a couple of years or so, some hundred or more designs worthy to be printed with Shakespeare's text! Give us Shakespeare undefiled, free from irritating initials interrupting his dialogue, free from nonsensical notes obscuring his meaning, and, above all, free from presumptuous engravings, marring his men, and libelling his women. It is a sacrilege to have the latter dragged down to a level with the simpering advertisements of our Books of Beauty.

In sweet Will's sweet world, our fancy must be the only limner: he himself has so willed it. While our modern rhymers delight in giving us minute portraits of each fair lady of their song—from head to foot, from top to toe, we have the catalogue of her condition—we shall find Shakespeare very chary of such details.

His lovers are too enraptured to be able to check off each particular excellence of their mistresses with clerkly precision; and we can gather little from other sources respecting the features, form, or complexion of Shakespeare's heroines, to enable us to see them in our mind's eye, as he saw them in his.

Prince Ferdinand extols frank-spoken Miranda as being

Created
Of every creature's best.

The faint-hearted Claudio tells Lucio how Isabella hath

Prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Hamlet calls his misused mistress 'the fair Ophelia.' Sebastian declares his sister Viola 'was of many accounted beautiful.' Othello vouches for Desdemona's abilities as a musician and housewife. Perdita is complimented as

The prettiest low-born lass that e'er
Ran on the green-sward.

And all we learn of fair and faithful Juliet is:

On Lammas eve at night shall she be fourteen—

a forward chick indeed!

Lord Byron somewhat curtly declares: 'I hate a dumpy woman!' Shakespeare's taste was more universal. It was Bertram's scorned wife, the physician's daughter, 'Little' Helen, whose

Beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorned to serve
Humbly called mistress.

Our poet was fond of contrasting ladies of high with ladies of low stature, the latter being invariably brunettes. Thus, when Lysander, bewitched by perverse Puck, shakes off the wonder-stricken Hermia with the rude ungallant words:

Out, tawny Tartar!—out!

the poor lady, unable otherwise to account for his fickleness, accuses her unwitting rival, Helena, of having

Made compare
Between our statures, she hath urged her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height forsooth! she hath prevailed with him!

Our favourite masquerading heroine, Rosalind, is 'fair, and more than common tall,' thereby suggesting the adoption of doublet and hose by the banished duke's fair daughter, and that of a brother by her 'pretty little coz,' Celia, who is 'low and browner.' The slandered Hero, 'Leonato's short daughter,' is summarily appraised by Benedick as 'too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise. Only this commendation can I afford her, that were she other than as she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other than as she is, I do not like her.' Short and dark are evidently not to Benedick's taste; and as he declares that 'her cousin, were she not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December,' we may reasonably infer that dear Lady Disdain, merry-hearted, quick-witted Beatrice resembled Rosalind, and was tall and fair, although her prototype Rosaline, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, was

A witty wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes.

Kate the curst, another bitter-tongued damsel, was also dark-skinned :

Straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts.

Romeo's first love, the hard-hearted wench with the high forehead, was black-eyed. To rare Imogen, and her only, has Shakspeare given eyes of

White and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.

Unless we allow, as we suspect we must, that with him blue and gray eyes are synonymous, as in *Venus* and *Adonis* he makes the goddess say :

My eyes are gray and bright ;

and immediately afterwards designates them as 'her blue windows.' Malvolio's mistress, the Lady Olivia, enumerates among her facial possessions : 'Item, two gray eyes with lids to them ;' and both Silvia and Julia own orbs of that hue. The latter, says :

Her eyes are gray as glass, and so are mine.

Mr Collier's annotator, we are aware, makes this 'green as glass,' a reading that, with all due deference to the illustrious unknown, we unhesitatingly reject : first, because the comparison of eyes with glass is of frequent occurrence in Shakspeare ; secondly, because ladies with eyes of that jealous tint are not common enough to render it at all likely that both the Gentlemen of Verona should be smitten with cat-eyed maidens ; and, lastly, because we are sure most men agree with the song, that

Her eyes may be e'en any colour but green.

Of the many good gifts necessary to make up that earthly divinity, a perfect woman, none is more indispensable than a pleasant voice, like Cordelia's,

Ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.

Sweet Anne Page

Has brown hair, and speaks small ;

and Marc Antony's second wife, Octavia, according to the poet, was 'low-voiced.' However, in the opinion of the lovely serpent of Old Nile, this was a defect rather than a merit ; on hearing it, Cleopatra exclaims : 'He cannot like her long !' Her rival, moreover, is dwarfish, round-faced, with a low forehead and brown hair ; an inventory of charms that leaves 'the lass unparalleled' undismayed. 'This creature's no such thing,' is the verdict of the famous gipsy whose hand

Kings
Have lipped, and trembled kissing.

Shakspeare's own mysterious mistress, whose treachery he so beautifully bewails in the Sonnets, was apparently a dark lady :

If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

And he seems astonished and half-ashamed of his taste, writing as if in wonderment :

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name.

Indeed, jetty, and even brown locks were out of favour with the poets then ; they all agree in paying measured tribute to ladies

Golden tressed
Like Apollo.

Merry Lady Rosaline, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, twits her pock-marked companion, Katharine, as

My golden letter :
O that your face were not so full of O's ;

whilst her lover, Dumain, vows

Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

False Cressid, on parting from Troilus, threatens to 'tear her bright hair,' of which her officious uncle says : 'An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, there were no comparison between the women ;' proving the lighter the hair, the higher its estimation. Chaste Lucrece's tresses,

Like golden threads, played with her breath ;
and we are told of Portia, the wise young judge, whose maiden assize was such a success, that her

Sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,

forming a

Golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Easier than gnats in cobwebs.

Tasso's witch-beauty, Armida, had amber locks, that behind her veil shewed like

The golden sun behind a silver cloud ;
and amazonian Clorinda, unhelmed by Tancred, on her shoulders displayed

Her golden locks,
Like sunny beams on alabaster rocks.

Milton, too, swells the throng of gold-worshippers ; he sings of Mother Eve, who,

As a veil, down to her slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils.

The golden-haired age seems to have passed away ; we rarely see any now. We judge beauty by a more mercenary metallic standard than that of tresses of angel-gold. Lucrezia Borgia had such locks ; we believe the Vatican still counts one of them among its treasures. The beautiful ill-fated Beatrice Cenci is also described as having hair 'like threads of gold, which, when she let it flow loosely, the wavy splendour of it was astonishing.' Some assert that what our gallant forefathers complimented as golden, we, their more matter-of-fact sons, admire as auburn, or abominate as red. Auburn, we take to be a reddish brown, and we cannot believe that the fiery hue itself could ever have called forth such panegyrics ; besides, Shakspeare's Julia, comparing her hair with that of Silvia, says :

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.

So we must allow that golden-haired lasses existed to charm our ancestors, if none are left to witch ourselves.

Having some reason to upbraid womankind, it is to the credit of Shakspeare and the ladies of his time, that in all his plays we find but three inconstant dames—the false Greek Cressida, and Lear's cruel daughters. The dramatist's fair creations were undoubtedly founded on his own countrywomen, and do them honour ; but we wonder if they were as ready to take the initiative as his heroines, of whom no less than seven—Miranda, Juliet, Olivia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and Desdemona—use the privilege popularly conceded in leap-year only. But then how sweetly they do it ! He were more or less than man

to refuse affection so daintily proffered. If the maiden subjects of good Queen Bess resembled them in this particular, bachelors must have had a hard time of it.

THE DINNER COMMISSARIAT.

A THOROUGH account of the gastronomic tastes of the principal nations of the world would almost comprise a physical description of the globe, so much does the food of each nation depend upon its soil, its climate, and its inland or maritime position. The humble inhabitant of Yarmouth or Schevening has a variety of crustaceous delicacies at a moderate cost, which would make the mouths of the inhabitants of the Alps water. On the other hand, the truffles and ortolans of Central France, the chamois of the Styrian mountains, and the pheasants of Bohemia, which are considered the greatest delicacies of the wealthy in the other parts of Europe, may be seen at the tables of the peasant in these countries; and are altogether inaccessible, and almost unknown, to the daintiest fish-taverns of the coasts of Holland and England. Game is usually considered the greatest delicacy of the European table. But in those mountainous countries where it abounds, sea-fish and colonial luxuries scarcely penetrate. And, on the other hand, the poorer and middling classes of maritime districts have, in addition to great varieties of fish, those numerous luxuries which commerce transports from the productive tropics to the colder regions of Europe.

In Britain, the domestic *cuisine* is poor in all that relates to art; but this is made up for by the humidity of the climate producing pastures of unsurpassed richness, and, consequently, animal food of the best quality, which does not require so much art in preparation. The great business of assimilation is carried on not in pots and pans, but in the digestive organs of the sheep and cattle. We are very far from having acquired the French art of combining varieties of fragrant vegetables with animal food; for in that lies the undoubted superiority of French cookery to our own. But our large colonial trade enables us to present a great multitude of accessories, which may be had at a moderate price, and are seen habitually on the tables of our middle classes. Our fish is also so excellent, that fastidious foreigners, who apply the word *gargote* to certain popular French restaurants of London, generally pronounce themselves satisfied with Greenwich fish-dinners. Still, notwithstanding the freshness and excellence of our fish, there can be no doubt of certain French preparations being superior to our own; such, for instance, as a *matelote* of eels, and certain other fish combined in frying with fine herbs, or in sauce with choice tubercules.

Great Britain does not produce wines; our consumption is therefore much less than on the continent; but the average quality is better, as an inferior article would not pay the expense of importation. A great change, however, has taken place in our customs respecting wine, which, two centuries ago, was the habitual drink, not only of the middle, but even of the lower classes. In Edinburgh, there was, up to a very recent period, a large consumption of French wine by the middle classes; and in the last century, previous to the French revolutionary war, every tavern in the High Street had its hogsheads of claret. We have heard, in our younger days, the late venerable Alexander Naysmith say, that when a publican broached a particularly good hogshead, his house was full until it was emptied. But our ales and beers are justly renowned all over the world; although, to our taste, nothing of the kind, not even India Pale Ale, is equal in flavour to good Bavarian beer.

The meat of Germany is not by any means so good as that of Britain; but the cookery is good, when one gets used to it—in fact, all things considered, better

than our own. (We do not speak of the cookery of the wealthy classes, who, in all countries of Europe, have an eclectic system, of which the French school is the basis.) Mature beef was, until lately, rarely roasted in Germany, being reserved for the eternal bouilli; veal was usually committed to the spit. Vegetables are much better prepared in Germany than in England; and the variety called *sauer kraut* has now been naturalised in the cookery of France. We may say the same of the sausage, which now figures frequently on the tables of the best restaurants on the Boulevard or the Palais Royal.

There are, however, considerable differences in the cookery of the various parts of Germany. In Westphalia, Hanover, and Lower Germany, generally, it is greasy. In Berlin and Old Prussia, the meat and game are poor, in consequence of the extensive tracts of sandy and fir-grown country. Travellers have often been surprised at the great superiority of the food of Berlin now, as compared with what it was twenty years ago. The soil and climate have in nowise altered; but the fact is, the railways which now stretch into the richest parts of Silesia, and other productive countries, have brought about this gastronomic revolution, which has caused an extraordinary rise of prices in those rural districts.

On the Upper Rhine, in Württemberg and Bavaria, the *cuisine* is closely assimilated to that of France. In fact, Alsace produces one of the most fatal delicacies of the French table—the *pâté de foie gras* of *Strasbourg*, the excellence of which was the great pride of the dinners of Cambacérès. It is well known that the liver of the goose is unnaturally swelled and fattened; but, however great a delicacy the *pâté* may be considered, there can be no doubt of its being most indigestible, if taken in any but infinitesimal doses. The recipe of a French reprobate for killing off a rich uncle, was to give him (a gourmand, it may be presumed) a dish of *pâté de foie gras* of extraordinary richness, and to announce during the process of laborious digestion the failure of his banker.

The cookery of Vienna is excellent, and is a combination of that of France, introduced by the imported cooks of the wealthy noblesse, and the native school. Game is prominent in it, as every one knows, who considers the natural facilities of the country, and who has seen the Wildpret Markt in Vienna, for there is a market exclusively for game. The Bohemian pheasants are considered the best in Europe; and of quadruped game, undoubtedly the most succulent, without producing satiety, is the chamois, when fat, well grown, and of the right age. In Hungary, there are two national dishes—the *paprika* fowl; that is to say, the ordinary fowl dressed with a sauce in which the fative red pepper of Hungary figures. In colour, this resembles cayenne, but has nothing of the pungent strength of the South American plant. The other national dish is the *gulas*; but any one familiar with oriental cookery, at once recognises its origin. It is, in fact, the stew or *yahni* of the Arabs and Turks. In the south of Hungary, where there is a large growth of maize, it is extensively used, both in savoury and sweet preparations. When kneaded in small lumps or balls, it is excellent in soup, and it is equally delicious in puddings; so that we have always felt surprised that so cheap, nutritious, and agreeable farina should not be more extensively used in this country. The game in Hungary is abundant and excellent; the quails are fat, as they find in this region abundant food during their migration. The wild boar of the Carpathians is not to be omitted in our list of the gastronomic delicacies of Hungary. Certain wines are also good, and are largely consumed in Galicia and other parts of Poland; but unquestionably they do not by any means please the British palate so well as the wines of France, Spain, Portugal, and the

Rhine. We must except Tokay, however, which is a very sweet wine, like a liqueur; being less dry than Cyprus, and not so sweet as Malaga. The other wines celebrated in books of geography have rather a medicinal taste to a British or French palate. Meneser is, however, dark and sweet, and has a much nearer resemblance to Malaga than any wine we know. The Rhine grape has been lately introduced into Hungary with great success, as we have the Rhine flavour with perhaps less acidity. The peasantry consume much bacon and brandy, and never taste tea from one end of the year to another.

In Italy, we find the gastronomy determined in a great measure by the climate. The plains of the Po produce large quantities of rice, which figure both in the mid-day and evening meal. Maize or Indian corn, called *polenta*, is also a staple food, to which we may also add various preparations of paste called macaroni, vermicelli, and tagliarini, so that the consumption of animal food is moderate; and, owing to the abundance of grain, poultry is cheap and good. The rich pastures of the Lombard territory are used not so much for cattle intended for the shambles, as for milch cows. Hence the rich cheeses known as Gorgonzola and Parmesan, which latter is produced principally in the neighbourhood of Lodi. Of all cheeses used for culinary purposes, Parmesan is preferred. Most cheeses that grate easily are poor; Parmesan grates easily, and is rich. It is therefore extensively used, not only to powder all the native pastes, but no soup is ever presented in Italy without a plate of grated Parmesan; and the custom has been gradually extended to the well-appointed tables of London. There is another characteristic of the geographical distribution of culinary art worthy of mention. The low banks of the Po and the Adige near their mouths, and all the territory of Ravenna, furnish excellent food for the domestic hog in the roots found on the banks of the rivers; hence the pork is much more cleanly fed than in the neighbourhood of large towns, where porcine food is often corrupt animal matter. From this is made the famed Bologna sausages, exported to all parts of Europe. The chief delicacy of the locality is the fresh-pork chops served up on a basis of Indian corn resembling our Yorkshire pudding.

The fish of the Italian coasts is not, in our opinion, equal to that of the northern seas; for what reason, we cannot divine. The tunny and sturgeon, although satisfying, are not delicate fish; but the barbone or red mullet is remembered by all travellers. Oysters are generally diminutive.

We have not had the advantage of travelling in Spain, nor have we heard very favourable accounts of the cuisine of that country; but it were superfluous to praise her fruits and wines, which are so highly esteemed, and so extensively used in this country. Her large juicy olives, her Valencia almonds, her Malaga raisins, her Seville oranges, and her Cadiz wines, are seen on every table. But an extensive use of garlic has not yet been made, even by those in this country who admire the continental schools of recondite cookery.

The cookery of the Turks is excellent, and chiefly consists of rice, fowls, mutton, and vegetables. Beef is unknown, except in a campaign, and is classed with horseflesh, and considered penitential fare; in fact, many Turks prefer horseflesh sausages to the best roast-beef. We need not say that the flesh of the hog is most rigorously forbidden. We are of opinion that in hot countries, the prohibition of the food of this animal may be supported on good sanitary grounds. It is unquestionably an impure feeding animal; and many piggeries in such countries as Egypt and Syria, would unquestionably promote plague, which is simply a virulent fever, having its cause in accumulations of

animal corruption. We have more than once seen ham on a table when a true Mussulman was present, and the feeling he manifested was not simply religious aversion, but positive loathing, such as the flesh of a rat might excite in us.

The Turkish preparation of rice, called *pilaff*, has become celebrated; the principle of which is, that every grain should be separate. The *yauri* or curdled milk is also celebrated, and when taken with a little sugar, is most refreshing. *Caimak* or clotted cream is another delicious lactic preparation, which all travellers relish. The Ottoman Empire being very large, and having a great variety of climates and populations, and the Ottomans being, except in Asia Minor, not a nation, but a dominant military caste, almost each province, or at least division of the empire, has its own culinary customs. In Albania, for instance, milk and the juices of animal food are mingled together, contrary to custom in other parts of Europe. In Servia and Bulgaria, soups are slightly acidulated with vinegar; and in the latter country, cabbage is eaten in a state of putrefaction; yet so abundant is grain in this province, that roast turkey is the traveller's daily fare. In all Turkish countries, lamb and mutton are roasted with great delicacy, sometimes with chopped vine-twigs below them, which gives a slight but delicious vinous flavour to the meat. Another excellent method of roasting lamb or mutton, is to place rice below it, so as to absorb all the gravy. The choice dishes of a good Turkish kitchen are not few: one of the most succulent is a preparation of the feet of sheep with herbs and white sauce, not unlike the French *pied de veau à la poulette*; but, as we think, superior.

The great characteristic of the food of the Egyptians is the universal use of the date and of onions. With this fruit and vegetable, and a little rice, the Egyptian peasant is satisfied with very little animal food, although it is very cheap, or at least was so some years ago. Fowls are largely used in Egypt, but being produced by artificial incubation, they are poor in flavour, lean and small. This artificial process brings forward the fowl *ab ovo*; but it would appear that, independently of mere warmth and covering, there are occult currents of animal fluid for which no ingenuity can provide a substitute.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CHASE.

I LOOKED around. Sure enough, the mulatto was making off.

The rencontre between Ringgold and the Indian monopolised attention, and the criminal was for the moment forgotten. The knife knocked out of Powell's hands had fallen at the feet of Yellow Jake. Unobserved in the confusion, he had snatched it up, cut the fastenings from his limbs, and glided off before any one could intercept him. Several clutched at him as he passed through the straggled groups; but, being naked, he was able to glide out of their grasp, and in a dozen bounds he had cleared the crowd, and was running towards the shore of the lake.

It seemed a mad attempt—he would be shot down or overtaken. Even so; it was not madness to fly from certain death—and such a death.

Shots were ringing; at first they were the reports of pistols. The guns had been laid aside, and were leaning against trees and the adjacent fence.

Their owners now ran to seize them. One after another was levelled; and then followed a sharp rapid cracking, like file-firing from a corps of riflemen.

There may have been good marksmen among the party—there were some of the best—but a man running for his life, and bounding from side to side, to avoid the stumps and bushes, offers but a very uncertain aim; and the best shot may miss.

So it appeared on this occasion. After the last rifle rang, the runaway was still seen keeping his onward course, apparently unscathed.

The moment after, he plunged into the water, and swam boldly out from the shore.

Some set to reloading their guns; others, despairing of the time, fling them away; and hastily pulling off hats, coats, and boots, rushed down to the lake, and plunged in after the fugitive.

In less than three minutes from the time that the mulatto started off, a new tableau was formed. The spot that was to have been the scene of execution was completely deserted. One half the crowd was down by the shore, shouting and gesticulating; the other half—full twenty in all—had taken to the water, and were swimming in perfect silence—their heads alone shewing above the surface. Away beyond—full fifty paces in advance of the foremost—appeared that solitary swimmer—the object of pursuit; his head of black tangled curls conspicuous above the water, and now and then the yellow neck and shoulders, as he forged forward in the desperate struggle for life.

A strange tableau it was; and bore strong resemblance to a deer-hunt—when the stag, close pressed, takes to the water; and the hounds, in full cry, plunge boldly after—but in this chase were the elements of a still grander excitement: both the quarry and the pack were human.

Not all human—there were dogs as well—hounds and mastiffs mingled among the men, side by side with their masters in the eager purpose of pursuit. A strange tableau indeed!

Stray shots were still fired from the shore. Rifles had been reloaded by those who remained; and now and then the plash of the tiny pellet could be seen, where it struck the water far short of the distant swimmer. He needed no longer have a dread of danger from that source; he was beyond the range of the rifles.

The whole scene had the semblance of a dream. So sudden had been the change of events, I could scarcely give credit to my senses, and believe it a reality. But the moment before, the criminal lay bound and helpless, beside him the pile upon which he was to be burnt—now was he swimming far and free, his executioners a hopeless distance behind him. Rapid had been the transformation—it hardly appeared real. Nevertheless, it was real—it was before the eyes.

A long time, too, before our eyes. A chase in the water is a very different affair from a pursuit on dry land; and, notwithstanding there was life and death on the issue, slow was the progress both of pursuers and pursued. For nearly half an hour we who remained upon the shore continued spectators of this singular contest.

The frenzy of the first moments had passed away; but there was sufficient interest to sustain a strong excitement to the last; and some continued to shout and gesticulate, though neither their cries nor actions could in anywise influence the result. No words of encouragement could have increased the speed of the pursuers; no threats were needed to urge forward the fugitive.

We who remained inactive had time enough to reflect; and upon reflection, it became apparent why the runaway had taken to the water. Had he attempted to escape by the fields, he would have been pulled down by the dogs, or else overtaken by swift runners, for there were many swifter than he. There were few better swimmers, however, and he knew it. For this reason, then, had he preferred the water to the

woods, and certainly his chances of escape seemed better.

After all, he could *not* escape. The island for which he was making was about half a mile from the shore; but beyond was a stretch of clear water of more than a mile in width. He would arrive at the island before any of his pursuers; but what then? Did he purpose to remain there, in hopes of concealing himself among the bushes? Its surface of several acres was covered with a thick growth of large trees. Some stood close by the shore, their branches draped with silvery tillandsia, overhanging the water. But what of this? There might have been cover enough to have given shelter to a bear or a hunted wolf, but not to a hunted man—not to a slave who had drawn the knife upon his master. No, no. Every inch of the thicket would be searched: to escape by concealing himself he might not.

Perhaps he only meant to use the island as a resting-place; and, after breathing himself, take once more to the water, and swim on for the opposite shore. It was possible for a strong swimmer to reach it; but it would not be possible for *him*. There were skiffs and pirogues upon the river, both up and down. Men had already gone after them; and, long before he could work his way across that wide reach, half-a-dozen keels would be cutting after him. No, no—he could not escape: either upon the island, or in the water beyond, he would be captured.

Thus reasoned the spectators, as they stood watching the pursuit.

The excitement rose higher as the swimmers neared the island. It is always so at the approach of a crisis; and a crisis was near, though not such a one as the spectators anticipated. They looked to see the runaway reach the island, mount up the bank, and disappear among the trees. They looked to see his pursuers climb out close upon his heels, and perhaps hear of his capture before he could cross through the timber, and take to the water on the other side.

Some such crisis were they expecting; and it could not be distant, for the mulatto was now close into the edge of the island; a few strokes would bring him to the shore: he was swimming under the black shadows of the trees—it seemed as if the branches were over his head—as if he might have thrown up his hands and clutched them.

The main body of his pursuers was still fifty yards in his rear; but some, who had forged ahead of the rest, were within half that distance. From where we viewed them, they seemed far nearer; in fact, it was easy to fancy that they were swimming alongside, and could have laid hands on him at any moment.

The crisis was approaching, but not that which was looked for. The pursuit was destined to a far different ending from that anticipated either by spectators or pursuers. The pursued himself little dreamed of the doom that was so near—a doom awfully appropriate.

The swimmer was cleaving his way across the belt of black shadow; we expected next moment to see him enter among the trees, when all at once he was seen to turn side towards us, and direct his course along the edge of the island!

We observed this manœuvre with some astonishment—we could not account for it; it was clearly to the advantage of his pursuers, who now swam in a diagonal line to intercept him.

What could be his motive? Had he failed to find a landing-place? Even so, he might have clutched the branches, and by that means drawn himself ashore?

Ha! our conjectures are answered; yonder is the answer; yonder brown log that floats on the black water is *not* the trunk of a dead tree. It is not dead; it has life and motion. See! it assumes a form—the form of the great saurian, the hideous alligator!

Its gaunt jaws are thrown up, its scoloped tail is erect, its breast alone rests upon the water. On this as a pivot it spins round and round, brandishing its tail in the air, and at intervals lashing the spray aloft. Its bellowing is echoed back from the distant shores; the lake vibrates under the hoarse barytone, the wood-birds flutter and cry, and the white crane mounts screaming into the air.

The spectators stand aghast; the pursuers have poised themselves in the water, and advance no further. One solitary swimmer is seen struggling on; it is he who swims for his life.

It is upon him the eyes of the alligator are fixed. Why upon him more than the others? They are all equally near. Is it the hand of God who takes vengeance?

Another revolution, another sweep of its strong tail, and the huge reptile rushes upon its victim.

I have forgotten his crimes—I almost sympathise with him. Is there no hope of his escape?

See! he has grasped the branch of a live-oak; he is endeavouring to lift himself up—above the water—above the danger. Heaven strengthen his arms!

Ah, he will be too late; already the jaws— That crash? The branch has broken!

He sinks back to the surface—below it. He is out of sight—he has gone to the bottom! and after him, open-mouthed and eager, darts the gigantic lizard. Both have disappeared from our view.

The froth floats like a blanket upon the waves, clouting the leaves on the broken branch.

We watch with eager eyes. Not a ripple escapes unnoted; but no new movement stirs the surface, no motion is observed, no form comes up; and the waves soon flatten over the spot.

Beyond a doubt, the reptile has finished its work.

Whose work? Was it the hand of God who took vengeance?

So they are saying around me.

The pursuers have faced back, and are swimming towards us. None cares to trust himself under the black shadows of these island oaks. They will have a long swim before they can reach the shore, and some of them will scarcely accomplish it. They are in danger; but no, yonder come the skiffs and pirogues, that will soon pick them up.

They have seen the boats, and swim slowly, or float upon the water, waiting their approach.

They are taken in, one after another; and all—both dogs and men—are now carried to the island.

They go to continue the search—for there is still some doubt as to the fate of the runaway.

They land—the dogs are sent through the bushes, while the men glide round the edge to the scene of the struggle. They find no track or trace upon the shore.

But there is one upon the water. Some froth still floats—there is a tinge of carmine upon it—beyond a doubt it is the blood of the mulatto.

'All right, boys!' cries a rough fellow; 'that's 'blueskin's blood, I'll sartify. He's gone under an' no mistake. Durn the varmint! it's clean spoilt our sport.'

The jest is received with shouts of boisterous laughter.

In such a spirit talked the man-hunters, as they returned from the chase.

CHAPTER XIV.

RINGGOLD'S REVENGE.

Only the ruder spirits indulged in this ill-timed levity; others of more refined nature regarded the incident with due solemnity—some even with a feeling of awe.

Certainly it seemed as if the hand of God had interposed, so appropriate had been the punishment—

almost as if the criminal had perished by his own contrivance.

It was an awful death, but far less hard to endure than that which had been decreed by man. The Almighty had been more merciful; and in thus mitigating the punishment of the guilty wretch, had rebuked his human judges.

I looked around for the young Indian: I was gratified to find he was no longer among the crowd. His quarrel with Ringgold had been broken off abruptly. I had fears that it was not yet ended. His words had irritated some of the white men, and it was through his being there, the criminal had found the opportunity to get off. No doubt, had the latter finally escaped, there would have been more of it; and even as matters stood, I was not without apprehensions about the safety of the bold half-blood. He was not upon his own ground—the other side of the river was the Indian territory; and therefore he might be deemed an intruder. True, we were at peace with the Indians; but for all that, there was enough of hostile feeling between the two races. Old wounds received in the war of 1818 still rankled.

I knew Ringgold's resentful character—he had been humiliated in the eyes of his companions; for, during the short scuffle, the half-blood had had the best of it. Ringgold would not be content to let it drop—he would seek revenge.

I was glad, therefore, on perceiving that the Indian had gone away from the ground. Perhaps he had himself become apprehensive of danger, and recrossed the river. There he would be safe from pursuit. Even Ringgold dared not follow him to the other side, for the treaty laws could not have been outraged with impunity. The most reckless of the squatters knew this. An Indian war would have been provoked, and the supreme government, though not over-scrupulous, had other views at the time.

I was turning to proceed homeward, when it occurred to me that I would accost Ringgold, and signify to him my disapproval of his conduct. I was indignant at the manner in which he had acted—just angry enough to speak my mind. Ringgold was older than myself, and bigger; but I was not afraid of him. On the contrary, I knew that he rather feared me. The insult he had offered to one who, but the hour before, had risked life for us, had sufficiently roused my blood, and I was determined to reproach him for it. With this intention, I turned back to the crowd to look for him. He was not there.

'Have you seen Arens Ringgold?' I inquired of old Hickman.

'Yes—jest gone,' was the reply.

'In what direction?'

'Up river. See 'im gallop off wi' Bill Williams an' Ned Spence—desprit keen upon somethin' they 'peered.'

A painful suspicion flashed across my mind.

'Hickman,' I asked, 'will you lend me your horse for an hour?'

'My old critter? Sartint sure will I: a day, if you wants him. But Geordy, boy, you can't ride wi' your arm that away?'

'O yes; only help me into the saddle.'

The old hunter did as desired; and after exchanging another word or two, I rode off in the up-river direction.

Up the river was a ferry; and at its landing it was most likely the young Indian had left his canoe. In that direction, therefore, he should go to get back to his home, and in that direction Ringgold should not go to return to him, for the path to the Ringgold plantation led in a course altogether opposite. Hence the suspicion that occurred to me on hearing that the latter had gone up the river. At such a time it did

not look well, and in such company, still worse; for I recognised in the names that Hickman had mentioned, two of the most worthless boys in the settlement. I knew them to be associates, or rather creatures, of Ringgold.

My suspicion was that they had gone after the Indian, and of course with an ill intent. It was hardly a conjecture; I was almost sure of it; and as I advanced along the river-road, I became confirmed in the belief. I saw the tracks of their horses along the path that led to the ferry, and now and again I could make out the print of the Indian moccasin where it left its wet mark in the dust. I knew that his dress had not yet dried upon him, and the moccasins would still be saturated with water.

I put the old horse to his speed. As I approached the landing, I could see no one, for there were trees all around it; but the conflict of angry voices proved that I had conjectured aright.

I did not stop to listen; but, urging my horse afresh, I rode on. At a bend of the road, I saw three horses tied to the trees. I knew they were those of Ringgold and his companions, but I could not tell why they had left them.

I stayed not to speculate, but galloped forward upon the ground. Just as I had anticipated, the three were there—the half-blood was in their hands!

They had crept upon him unawares—that was why their horses had been left behind—and caught him just as he was about stepping into his canoe. He was unarmed—for the rifle I had given him was still wet, and the mulatto had made away with his knife—he could offer no resistance, and was therefore secured at once.

They had been quick about it, for they had already stripped off his hunting-shirt, and tied him to a tree. They were just about to vent their spite upon him—by flogging him on the bare back with cowhides which they carried in their hands. No doubt they would have laid them on heavily, had I not arrived in time.

'Shame, Arens Ringgold! shame!' I cried as I rode up. 'This is cowardly, and I shall report it to the whole settlement.'

Ringgold stammered out some excuse, but was evidently staggered at my sudden appearance.

'The durned Injun deserves it,' growled Williams.

'For what, Master Williams?' I inquired.

'For waggin' his jaw so impudent to white men.'

'He's got no business over here,' chimed in Spence; 'he has no right to come this side the river.'

'And you have no right to flog him, whether on this side or the other—no more than you have to flog me.'

'Ho, ho! That might be done too,' said Spence in a sneering tone, that set my blood in a boil.

'Not so easily,' I cried, leaping from the old horse, and running forward upon the ground.

My right arm was still sound. Apprehensive of an awkward affair, I had borrowed old Hickman's pistol, and I held it in my hand.

'Now, gentlemen,' said I, taking my stand beside the captive, 'go on with the flogging; but take my word for it, I shall send a bullet through the first who strikes!'

Though they were but boys, all three were armed with knife and pistol, as was the custom of the time. Of the three, Spence seemed most inclined to carry out his threat; but he and Williams saw that Ringgold, their leader, had already backed out, for the latter had something to lose, which his companions had not. Besides, he had other thoughts, as well as fears for his personal safety.

The result was that all three, after remonstrating with me for my uncalled-for interference in a quarrel that did not concern me, made an angry and somewhat awkward exit from the scene.

The young Indian was soon released from his

unpleasant situation. He uttered few words, but his looks amply expressed his gratitude. As he pressed my hand at parting, he said:

'Come to the other side to hunt whenever you please—no Indian will harm you—in the land of the red men you will be welcome.'

CHAPTER XV.

MAÏMEE.

An acquaintance thus acquired could not be lightly dropped. Should it end otherwise than in friendship? This half-blood was a noble youth, the germ of a gentleman. I resolved to accept his invitation, and visit him in his forest home.

His mother's cabin, he said, was on the other side of the lake, not far off. I should find it on the bank of a little stream that emptied into the main river, above where the latter expands itself.

I felt a secret gratification as I listened to these directions. I knew the stream of which he was speaking; lately I had sailed up it in my skiff. It was upon its banks I had seen that fair vision—the wood-nymph whose beauty haunted my imagination. Was it Maïmee?

I longed to be satisfied. I waited only for the healing of my wound—till my arm should be strong enough for the oar. I chafed at the delay; but time passed, and I was well.

I chose a beautiful morning for the promised visit, and was prepared to start forth. I had no companion—only my dogs and gun.

I had reached the skiff, and was about stepping in, when a voice accosted me; on turning, I beheld my sister.

Poor little Virgine! she had lost somewhat of her habitual gaiety, and appeared much changed of late. She was not yet over the terrible fright—its consequences were apparent in her more thoughtful demeanour.

'Whither goest thou, Georgy?' she inquired as she came near.

'Must I tell, Virgine?'

'Either that or take me with you.'

'What! to the woods?'

'And why not? I long for a ramble in the woods. Wicked brother! you never indulge me.'

'Why, sister, you never asked me before?'

'Even so, you might know that I desired it. Who would not wish to go wandering in the woods? Oh! I wish I were a wild bird, or a butterfly, or some other creature with wings; I should wander all over those beautiful woods, without asking you to guide me, selfish brother.'

'Any other day, Virgine, but, to-day'—

'Why but? Why not this very day? Surely it is fine?—it is lovely!'

'The truth, then, sister—I am not exactly bound for the woods to-day.'

'And whither bound? whither bound, Georgy?—that's what they say in ships.'

'I am going to visit young Powell at his mother's cabin. I promised him I should.'

'Ha!' exclaimed my sister, suddenly changing colour, and remaining for a moment in a reflective attitude.

The name had recalled that horrid scene. I was sorry I had mentioned it.

'Now, brother,' continued she after a pause, 'there is nothing I more desire to see than an Indian cabin—you know I have never seen one. Good Georgy! good Georgy! pray take me along with you!'

There was an earnestness in the appeal I could not resist, though I would rather have gone alone. I had a secret that I would not have trusted even to my fond sister. I had an indefinite feeling, besides, that

I ought not to take her with me, so far from home, into a part of the country with which I was so little acquainted.

She appealed a second time.

'If mother will give her consent'—

'Nonsense, Georgy—mamma will not be angry. Why return to the house? You see I am prepared; I have my sun-bonnet. We can be back before we are missed—you've told me it was not far.'

'Step in, siss! Sit down in the stern. There—yo-ho! we are off!'

There was not much strength in the current, and half an hour's rowing brought the skiff to the mouth of the creek. We entered it, and continued upward. It was a narrow stream, but sufficiently deep to float either skiff or canoe. The sun was hot, but his beams could not reach us; they were intercepted by the tupelo-trees that grew upon the banks—their leafy branches almost meeting across the water.

Half a mile from the mouth of the creek, we approached a clearing. We saw fields under cultivation. We noticed crops of maize, and sweet potatoes, with capsicums, melons, and calabashes. There was a dwelling-house of considerable size near the bank, surrounded by an enclosure, with smaller houses in the rear. It was a log structure—somewhat antique in its appearance, with a portico, the pillars of which exhibited a rude carving. There were slaves at work in the field—that is, there were black men, and some red men too—Indians!

It could not be the plantation of a white man—there were none on that side the river. Some wealthy Indian, we conjectured, who is the owner of land and slaves. We were not surprised at this—we knew there were many such.

But where was the cabin of our friend? He had told me it stood upon the bank of the stream not more than half a mile from its mouth. Had we passed without seeing it, or was it still higher up?

'Shall we stop, and inquire, Virgine?'

'Who is it standing in the porch?'

'Ha! your eyes are better than mine, siss—it is the young Indian himself. Surely he does not live *there*? That is not a cabin. Perhaps he is on a visit? But see! he is coming this way.'

As I spoke, the Indian stepped out from the house, and walked rapidly towards us. In a few seconds, he stood upon the bank, and beckoned us to a landing. As when seen before, he was gaily dressed, with plumed 'toque' upon his head, and garments richly embroidered. As he stood upon the bank above us, his fine form outlined against the sky, he presented the appearance of a miniature warrior. Though but a boy, he looked splendid and picturesque. I almost envied him his wild attire.

My sister seemed to look on him with admiration, though I thought I could trace some terror in her glance. From the manner in which her colour came and went, I fancied that his presence recalled that scene, and again I regretted that she had accompanied me.

He appeared unembarrassed by our arrival. I have known it otherwise among whites; and those too making pretensions to *haut ton*. This young Indian was as cool and collected as though he had been expecting us, which he was not. He could not have expected both.

There was no show of coldness in our reception. As soon as we approached near enough, he caught the stem of the skiff, drew her close up to the landing, and with the politeness of an accomplished gentleman, assisted us to debark.

'You are welcome,' said he—'welcome!' and then turning to Virginia with an inquiring look, he added:

'I hope the health of the señorita is quite restored. As for yours, sir, I need not inquire: that you have

rowed your skiff so far against the current, is a proof you have got over your mishap.'

The word 'señorita' betrayed a trace of the Spaniards—a remnant of those relations that had erewhile existed between the Seminole Indians and the Iberian race. Even in the costume of our new acquaintance could be observed objects of Andalusian origin—the silver cross hanging from his neck, the sash of scarlet-silk around his waist, and the long triangular blade that was sheathed behind it. The scene, too, had Spanish touches. There were exotic plants, the china orange, the splendid papaya, the capsicums (chilés) and love-apples (tomatoes); almost characteristics of the home of the Spanish colonist. The house itself exhibited traces of Castilian workmanship. The carving was not Indian.

'Is this your home?' I inquired with a little embarrassment.

He had bid us welcome, but I saw no cabin; I might be wrong.

His answer set me at rest. It was his home—his mother's house—his father was long since dead—there were but the three—his mother, his sister, himself.

'And these?' I inquired, pointing to the labourers.

'Our slaves,' he replied with a smile. 'You perceive we Indians are getting into the customs of civilisation.'

'But these are not all negroes? There are red men; are they slaves?'

'Slaves like the others. I see you are astonished. They are not of our tribe: they are *Yamassees*. Our people conquered them long ago; and many of them still remain slaves.'

We had arrived at the house. His mother met us by the door—a woman of pure Indian race—who had evidently once possessed beauty. She was still agreeable to look upon—well dressed, though in Indian costume—maternal—intelligent.

We entered—furniture—trophies of the chase—horse-accoutrements in the Spanish style—a guitar—ha! books!

My sister and I were not a little surprised to find, under an Indian roof, these symbols of civilisation.

'Ah!' cried the youth, as if suddenly recollecting himself, 'I am glad you are come. Your moccasins are finished. Where are they, mother? Where is she? Where is Matimee?'

He had given words to my thoughts—their very echo.

'Who is Matimee?' whispered Virgine.

'An Indian girl—his sister, I believe.'

'Yonder—she comes!'

A foot scarce a span in length; an ankle that, from the broidered flap of the moccasin, exhibits two lines widely diverging upward; a waist of that pleasing flexure that sweeps abruptly inward and out again; a bosom whose prominence could be detected under the coarsest draping; a face of rich golden brown; skin diaphanous; cheeks coral red; lips of like hue; dark eyes and brows; long crescent lashes; hair of deepest black, in wantonness of profusion!

Fancy such a form—fancy it robed in all the picturesque finery that Indian ingenuity can devise—fancy it approaching you with a step that rivals the steed of Arabia, and you may fancy—no, you may not fancy Matimee.

My poor heart—it was she, my wood-nymph!

I could have tarried long under the roof of that hospitable home; but my sister seemed ill at ease—as if there came always recurring to her the memory of that unhappy adventure.

We stayed but an hour; it seemed not half so long—but short as was the time, it transformed me into a man. As I rowed back home, I felt that my boy's heart had been left behind me.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ISLAND.

I longed to revisit the Indian home; and was not slow to gratify my wish. There was no restraint upon my actions. Neither father nor mother interfered with my daily wanderings: I came and went at will; and was rarely questioned as to the direction I had taken. Hunting was supposed to be the purpose of my absence. My dogs and gun, which I always took with me, and the game I usually brought back, answered all curiosity.

My hunting excursions were always in one direction—I need hardly have said so—always across the river. Again and again did the keel of my skiff cleave the waters of the creek—again and again, till I knew every tree upon its banks.

My acquaintance with young Powell soon ripened into a firm friendship. Almost daily were we together—either upon the lake or in the woods, companions in the chase; and many a deer and wild turkey did we slaughter in concert. The Indian boy was already a skilled hunter; and I learned many a secret of wood-craft in his company.

I remember well that hunting less delighted me than before. I preferred that hour when the chase was over, and I halted at the Indian house on my way home—when I drank the honey-sweetened *conté* out of the carved calabash—far sweeter from the hands out of which I received the cup—far sweeter from the smiles of her who gave it—Maïmee.

For weeks—short weeks they seemed—I revelled in this young dream of love. Ah! it is true there is no joy in after-life that equals this. Glory and power are but gratifications—love alone is bliss—purest and sweetest in its virgin bloom.

Often was Virginia my companion in these wild wood excursions. She had grown fond of the forest—she said so—and willingly went along. There were times when I should have preferred going alone; but I could not gainsay her. She had become attached to Maïmee. I did not wonder.

Maïmee, too, liked my sister—not from any resemblance in character between them. Physically, they were unlike as two young girls could well be. Virginia was all blonde and gold; Maïmee, damask and dark. Intellectually, they approached no nearer. The former was timid as the dove; the latter possessed a spirit bold as the falcon. Perhaps the contrast drew closer the ties of friendship that had sprung up between them. It is not an anomaly.

Far more like an anomaly was my feeling in relation to the two—I loved my sister for the very softness of her nature. I loved Maïmee for the opposite; but, true, these loves were very distinct in kind—unlike as the objects that called them forth.

While young Powell and I hunted, our sisters stayed at home. They strolled about the fields, the groves, the garden. They played and sang and read, for Maïmee—despite her costume—was no savage. She had books, a guitar, or rather a bandolin—a Spanish relic—and had been instructed in both. So far as mental cultivation went, she was fit society even for the daughter of a proud Randolph. Young Powell, too, was as well, or better educated than myself. Their father had not neglected his duty.

Neither Virginia nor I ever dreamed of an inequality. The association was by us desired and sought. We were both too young to know aught of *caste*. In our friendships we followed only the prompting of innocent nature; and it never occurred to us that we were going astray.

The girls frequently accompanied us into the forest; and to this we, the hunters, made no objection. We did not always go in quest of the wide-ranging

stag. Squirrels and other small game were oftener the objects of our pursuit; and in following these we needed not to stray far from our delicate companions.

As for Maïmee, she was a huntress—a bold equestrian, and could have ridden in the 'drive.' As yet, my sister had scarcely been on horseback.

I grew to like the squirrel-shooting best; my dogs were often left behind; and it became a rare thing for me to bring home venison.

Our excursions were not confined to the woods. The water-fowl upon the lake, the ibises, egrets, and white cranes, were often the victims of our hunting ardour.

In the lake, there was a beautiful island—not that which had been the scene of the tragedy, but one higher up—near the widening of the river. Its surface was of large extent, and rose to a summit in the centre. For the most part, it was clad with timber, nearly all evergreen—as the live-oak, magnolia, illicium, and wild orange—indigenous to Florida. There were *zanthoxylon* trees, with their conspicuous yellow blossoms; the perfumed flowering dogwood, and many sweet-scented plants and shrubs—the princely palm towering high over all, and forming, with its wide-spread umbels, a double canopy of verdure.

The timber, though standing thickly, did not form a thicket. Here and there, the path was tangled with epiphytes or parasites—with enormous gnarled vines of the fox-grape—with *bignonias*—with china and sarsaparilla briers—with bromelias and sweet-scented orchids; but the larger trees stood well apart; and at intervals there were openings—pretty glades, carpeted with grass, and enamelled with flowers.

The fair island lay about half-way between the two homes; and often young Powell and I met upon it, and made it the scene of our sport. There were squirrels among the trees, and turkeys—sometimes deer were found in the glades—and from its covered shores we could do execution among the water-fowl that sported upon the lake.

Several times had we met on this neutral ground, and always accompanied by our sisters. Both delighted in the lovely spot. They used to ascend the slope, and seat themselves under the shade of some tall palms that grew on the summit; while we, the hunters, remained in the game-frequented ground below, causing the woods to ring with the reports of our rifles. Then it was our custom, when satiated with the sport, also to ascend the hill, and deliver up our spoils, particularly when we had been fortunate enough to procure some rare and richly plumed bird—an object of curiosity or admiration.

For my part, whether successful or not, I always left off sooner than my companion. I was not so keen a hunter as he; I far more delighted to recline along the grass where the two maidens were seated: far sweeter than the sound of the rifle was it to listen to the tones of Maïmee's voice; far fairer than the sight of game was it to gaze into the eyes of Maïmee.

And beyond this, beyond listening and looking, my love had never gone. No love-words had ever passed between us; I even knew not whether I was beloved.

My hours were not all blissful; the sky was not always of rose-colour. The doubts that my youthful passion was returned were its clouds; and these often arose to trouble me.

About this time, I became unhappy from another cause. I perceived, or fancied that Virginia took a deep interest in the brother of Maïmee, and that this was reciprocated. The thought gave me surprise and pain. Yet why I should have experienced either, I could not tell. I have said that my sister and I were too young to know ought of the prejudices of rank or caste; but this was not strictly true. I must have had some instinct, that in this free association

with our dark-skinned neighbours we were doing wrong, else how could it have made me unhappy? I fancied that Virginia shared this feeling with me. We were both ill at ease, and yet we were not confidants of each other. I dreaded to make known my thoughts even to my sister, and she no doubt felt a like reluctance to the disclosing of her secret.

What would be the result of these young loves if left to themselves? Would they in due time die out? Would there arrive an hour of satiety and change? or, without interruption, would they become perpetual? Who knows what might be their fate, if permitted to advance to perfect development. But it is never so—they are always interrupted.

So were ours—the crisis came—and the sweet companionship in which we had been indulging was brought to a sudden close. We had never disclosed it to our father or mother, though we had used no craft to conceal it. We had not been questioned, else should we certainly have avowed it; for we had been taught strictly to regard truth. But no questions had been asked—no surprise had been expressed at our frequent absences. Mine, as a hunter, were but natural; the only wonderment was that Virginia had grown so fond of the forest, and so often borne me company; but this slight surprise on the part of my mother soon wore off, and we went freely forth, and as freely returned, without challenge of our motives.

I have said that we used no art to conceal who were our associates in these wild wanderings. That again is not strictly true. Our very silence was craft. We must both have had some secret perception that we were acting wrongly—that our conduct would not meet the approval of our parents—else why should we have cared for concealment?

It was destined that this repose should not be of long continuance. It ended abruptly—somewhat harshly.

One day we were upon the island, all four as usual. The hunt was over, and Powell and I had rejoined our sisters upon the hill. We had stretched ourselves under the shade, and were indulging in trivial conversation, but I far more in the mute language of love. My eyes rested upon the object of my thoughts, too happy that my glances were returned. I saw little besides: I did not notice that there was a similar exchange of ardent looks between the young Indian and my sister. At that moment I cared not; I was indifferent to everything but the smiles of Matimee.

There were those who did observe this exchange of glances, who saw all that was passing. Anxious eyes were bent upon the tableau formed by the four of us, and our words, looks, and gestures were noted.

The dogs rose with a growl, and ran outward among the trees. The rustling of branches, and garments shining through the foliage, warned us that there were people there. The dogs had ceased to give tongue, and were wagging their tails. They were friends, then, who were near.

The leaves sheltered them no longer from our view: behold my father—my mother!

Virginia and I were startled by their appearance. We felt some apprehension of evil—arising, no doubt, from our own convictions that we had not been acting aright. We observed that the brows of both were clouded. They appeared vexed and angry.

My mother approached first. There was scorn upon her lips. She was proud of her ancestry, even more than the descendant of the Randolphs.

'What!' exclaimed she—'what, my children? these your companions? Indians?'

Young Powell rose to his feet, but said nothing in reply. His looks betrayed what he felt; and that he perfectly understood the slight.

With a haughty glance towards my father and

mother, he beckoned to his sister to follow him, and walked proudly away.

Virginia and I were alarmed and speechless. We dared not say adieu.

We were hurried from the spot; and homeward Virginia went with my father and mother. There were others in the boat that had brought them to the island. There were blacks who rowed; but I saw white men too. The Ringolds—both father and son—were of the party.

I returned alone in the skiff. While crossing the lake, I looked up. The canoe was just entering the creek. I could see that the faces of the half-blood and his sister were turned towards us. I was watched, and dared not wave an adieu, although there was a sad feeling upon my heart—a presentiment that we were parting for long—perhaps for ever!

Alas! the presentiment proved a just one. In three days from that time I was on my way to the far north, where I was entered as a cadet in the military academy of West Point. My sister, too, was sent to one of those seminaries, in which the cities of the Puritan people abound. It was long, long before either of us again set eyes upon the flowery land.

THE SUPER-MARINE TELEGRAPH.

PEOPLE on shore have been so much taken up with their newly acquired faculty of flashing their thoughts from one to another over land and under sea, that few of them have been thinking how it is in respect to communication between floating communities on the sea's surface. But those who watch over our shipping interests have not lost sight of this important matter; and although no such grand step has been made as when the electric telegraph superseded the old semaphore by land, yet such an improvement has been introduced within the last few years into the system of super-marine telegraphing, if we may be allowed to coin a word, as almost amounts to a revolution.

Sea-signals, as everybody is aware, are made by flags of various shapes and colours. They are comparatively of modern date, and nothing like a general code of signals was in use even in the royal navy until about the close of the last century. Sir Home Popham, in the year 1803, introduced into the navy a form of telegraph, which has been the foundation of all subsequent ones.

It was founded on the *numeral* principle, having a distinct flag to represent each of the ten figures 0, 1, 2...9; so that by combinations of these flags, any number up to 9999 could be expressed. The letters of the alphabet, together with the words and sentences most in use in naval communications, were then arranged alphabetically in a signal-book, and each letter, word, and sentence had a special number appropriated to it. It was by this telegraph that Nelson addressed to his fleet at Trafalgar the well-known words:

258 269 863 261 471 958 220 370 4 21 19 24
England expects that every man will do his duty

The inconvenience and limited scope of the numerical method led to its abandonment in the British navy in 1839, and the substitution of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. Those of our readers unacquainted with what mathematicians call 'the doctrine of permutations,' will hardly be prepared for the statement, that with twenty-six flags representing the letters of the alphabet, it is possible to make upwards of 16,000 distinct signals without displaying more than three flags at one hoist.

The merchant service, beyond an established signal

for need of a pilot and one or two other points, had no system of signals till 1817, when Captain Marryat, R.N., published the code still known by his name. This system came into extensive use in Britain, and, with modifications, was adopted in France, the United States, and other countries. It differs little from the code of Sir Home Popham, operating by means of flags representing figures; and the perplexities and difficulties attending its use increased with increasing commerce, and were more and more felt as other means of communication advanced towards perfection. Accordingly, in 1855, the Board of Trade appointed a committee of officers and gentlemen connected with the royal and mercantile marine 'to inquire into and report upon the subject of a code of signals to be used at sea.'

One essential step had already been taken, without which no radical reform would have been possible. Perhaps the most frequent subject of communication at sea is the name of the vessel. Now we all know how little it does in individualising a man to tell us that his name is John Smith; and the case is much the same with ships. Thus there are endless *Marys* in the marine of Great Britain, and sometimes several belonging to the same port. 'In order to identify a ship, so as to distinguish her from others of the same name, it was therefore necessary, to make known not only her name, but her port of registry, and number, and year of registry. Again, it often happened that ships, when sold, changed their port of registry, obtained a new number, and even a new name, in their new port, and so their characters were altogether changed.' Thus to individualise a vessel required repeated hoists of a variety of signals; and the operation, being tedious and troublesome, was often omitted when the communication would have been desirable. This evil was effectually remedied by the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854, which provides that every registered British vessel shall have a distinct number, in addition to her local number in a particular port. This 'official number' is permanently marked on the vessel's mainbeam, and remains invariable through all changes of port or ownership; and in the *Mercantile Navy List*, now published by authority annually, and with monthly supplements, the official numbers are placed in order against the vessels to which they belong. If such an official number, then, is signalled by symbols agreed upon, whoever has a copy of the shipping list can know, without a risk of mistake, what ship is meant.

This preliminary matter being settled, the committee above named resolved to reject the numeral system of signals, and have recourse to letters. In the code of signals contrived by them, eighteen flags are used, all readily distinguishable from one another by means of shape and colour, and each flag is made to represent one of the eighteen consonants of the English alphabet. The letters, be it remembered, are not used as letters to represent sounds, but as *signs*, to which arbitrary meanings are affixed. Let us see now how many distinct signals can be made with these eighteen flags. To begin with signals of two flags, single signs not being reckoned. The pair of flags, B and C, will form two signals, meaning one thing when B is uppermost, and another when C is uppermost; the same is the case with the pair B and D; and thus by ringing the changes on all the possible pairs, any one that will take the pains to try will find that no fewer than 306 permutations or distinct signals can be formed. In like manner, by hoisting three flags at a time, we get 4896 different permutations; and with hoists of four flags at a time, the permutations amount to 73,440. If it were convenient to use five flags at once, as many as 1,028,160 would be got; but as it is practically found essential that a signal be made at one hoist, with the flags all in a row, one above another, the employment

of more than four flags for one signal is liable to serious objections, and the necessity of this in the numeral systems was one of their chief faults. Confining the grouping of the flags or the letters they symbolise, then, to hoists of two, three, and four, the total number of distinct signals afforded is 78,642.

A large proportion of these signals requires to be appropriated to telegraphing the official numbers of the ships composing the mercantile navy of Great Britain. The present number of registered vessels is about 35,000, and to provide for increase, and for the numbers vacant between their lapse, owing to the loss or condemnation of the ship, and their appropriation to new vessels, a range of 50,000 numbers must be provided, each with its own signal. These signals for numbers are all composed of four signs; and they have a distinctive character given them by being so contrived that the uppermost symbol in the hoist is always a square flag. In the *Mercantile Navy List*, containing the name and official number of every registered ship, there is joined with the official number its appropriated signal of four letters, corresponding with four flags, the numbers being arranged successively, and the single letters alphabetically, so that either the number or the letters signifying it are readily found. In this way, 'if the whole mercantile navy of Great Britain were at anchor together, and every vessel making her number at the same time, each one might be individualised by the four distinguishing flags composing her special signal.'

After providing for signaling the numbers of vessels, the system leaves upwards of 20,000 distinct signals for general subjects. In the 'Commercial Code of Signals for the Use of All Nations,' drawn up by the committee already spoken of, and published by authority of the Board of Trade, these subjects are classified, and each word or sentence has its appropriate symbol or group of letters prefixed. The ingenious arrangements by which simplicity in the act of signaling and ease of reference and interpretation are secured, could not be made intelligible unless the reader had the book in his hand. But one feature of the system deserves special notice—namely, that it is calculated to be *international*. The letters corresponding to the flags, not being used to spell words, but to signify things, their meaning is the same whether displayed from an English or from a French ship; in the French signal-book, the meaning of the symbols would of course be expressed in French. This is a real step towards a universal language; and it is earnestly to be hoped that before long the system will be in general use all over the world. The commercial code has been strongly recommended by the committee of Lloyd's, and by the ship-owners' associations of London and Liverpool; and active means are being taken to provide vessels with the necessary signals and books, and to secure its speedy and general adoption. It appears that the flags used in Marryat's code can, with the addition of four new ones, be applied to the commercial code, and that in the present state, captains of ships may, without much difficulty, avail themselves of either, as necessity requires.* It ought also to be mentioned, that a book of tables has been published, called the *Companion to the Commercial Code of Signals*, and henceforth to form part of the library of every ship-captain; by means of which, one ship may communicate to another, in one signal of three flags, the latitude or longitude, a matter often of vital moment. Who will say now that mariners have not their telegraph, as well as landmen?

* See *Sea-signals Assimilated* (Charles Wilson, London): a tract, price 1s., containing a full account of the whole subject. It is drawn up, we presume, under the auspices of Mr J. H. Brown, Registrar-general of Seamen, who has been a prime mover in this and other recent measures for the improvement of our mercantile marine.

VICTORIA BRIDGE AT MONTREAL.

IMAGINE a bridge seven times and a half longer than Waterloo Bridge, or not a great deal less (176 feet) than two miles; imagine the span between the central piers to be 330 feet wide, and the other spans—twenty-four of them—242 feet; imagine this bridge to be a tube, like the one over the Menai Strait; and you will have a general idea of a work now actually in progress—the Victoria Bridge at Montreal. But the idea will be a very vague one; and to bring it more into shape, you must imagine that the river spanned by the monster tube runs frequently at the rate of ten miles an hour, and that it brings down the ice of 2000 miles of lakes and upper rivers with numerous tributaries, and piles it at Montreal to the height of thirty—forty—fifty feet. You will now obtain a notion of the necessary thickness and solidity of the work, and be able to suppose piers or supports, containing some 6000, and some 8000 tons of masonry. The whole weight of masonry in the bridge, when completed, will be about 220,000 tons, and the bulk three million cubic feet. The faces of the piers looking towards the current, terminate in a sharp-pointed edge, while the sides present to the avalanches of ice only smooth, bevelled-off surfaces. The stone is a dense blue limestone; 'scarcely a block of which,' says the *Canadian News*, from which we obtain these particulars, 'is less than seven tons weight, and many of those exposed to the force of the breaking-up ice weigh fully ten tons. The blocks are bound together, not only by the use of the best water-cement, but each stone is clamped to its neighbours in several places by massive iron rivets, bored several inches into each block, and the interstices between the rivet and the block are made one solid mass by means of molten lead.' The tubes will be from nineteen feet high to twenty-two and a half feet in the centre, and their uniform width will be sixteen feet, the rail-track being five feet six inches, the national railway-gauge of Canada. The total weight of iron in the tube will be 10,400 tons. The bridge, it is calculated, will cost altogether about £1,250,000. Mr Robert Stephenson and Mr M. A. Ross are the architects of this great work, and Messrs Peto, Brassey, and Betts the contractors. 'There can be no doubt,' says the *Canadian News*, 'that without the Victoria Bridge, the large and comprehensive traffic-system involved in the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway could only be partially, and, by comparison, ineffectually carried out at a very great cost. Montreal is the terminal point of the ocean-navigation, and is connected with the Lower St Lawrence and the ocean on one side, and with the great Canadian and American lakes—extending 2000 miles into the heart of the continent—on the other. It is also the centre from which lines of railway now radiate to Portland, Boston, and New York, and to which lines will converge from the Ottawa and the other rich, though as yet only partially developed districts of Canada.'

A RICHMOND DINNER THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

We find, in the Lansdowne manuscripts, that about Christmas 1509, certain officials of the court of King Henry VIII. dined together at the village of Shene, now called Richmond; and that at the end of the entertainment, my host of the Star and Garter, with many salutations, handed to them the following bill: For brede, 12d.; ale, 3s. 4d.; wyne, 10d.; two leyenes moton, 8d.; maribones, 6d.; powdered beef, 6d.; two capons, 2s.; two geese, 14d.; five conyes, 15d.; one legge moton, 5 lb. weight, 4d.; six plovers, 18d.; six pegions, 5d.; two dozen larkes, 12d.; salt and sauce, 6d.; butter and eggs, 10d.; wardens and quynces, 12d.; herbes, 1d.; spices, 2s. 4d.; floure, 4d.; whight cuppes and cruses, 6d.: which, summed up, gives exactly £1.1 sterling as the total expenses of this aldermanic feast. Many a party, gentle and simple, has since that time dined at the Star and Garter, but none ever got so many substantial things for their twenty shillings as the subjects of young King Henry VIII.—*The Statesman*.

A LAY OF LUCKNOW.

ASLEEP!—amid the awful thunder
That speaks of coming doom,
While swarming hosts of fiendish foes
Round Lucknow's fortress loom.
Worn out by toil and suffering—
Death closing darkly round—
The daughters of the island-race
Lay on the hard, cold ground.

The Englishwoman's troubled rest
Is broken fitfully;
But hushed in motionless repose,
The head upon her knee,
A Scottish woman pillowed there,
Dreams of the far-off home,
Where her old father from the plough
At eventide will come.

What sudden sound 'mid that wild roar
The charmed vision breaks,
As springing from her kindly couch,
The Highland woman wakes?
The Scottish ear—the Scottish heart
'Mid that stern din of war,
Hears the shrill Highland bagpipe speak—
The slogan sound afar!

'We're saved! I hear Macgregor's peal,
Aye foremost in the fray—
Oh, Highland hearts and hands are true;
'We're saved this blessed day!
She stands amid the hero band
Who wage the hopeless strife,
The harbinger of coming aid,
Of rescued love and life.

They listen!—But that distant sound
Reaches no Saxon ear;
For them no Highland pibroch tells
That Scotland's aid is near,
Again the voice of war sends forth
Defiance stern and high;
Despairing, though undaunted still,
Are England's chivalry.

Once more that cry: 'The Campbells come!
'We're saved!'—They pause again.
O blessed Heaven! she speaketh sooth!
They hear the bagpipe's strain.
High 'mid the roar of deadly strife
The Highland music swells;
And of the God-sent aid, at hand,
The mountain slogan tells.

Down—as one man the leaguered force
Fall lowly on their knees,
And tears, and prayers, and bursting sighs
Float on the eastern breeze.
Full—fuller—swells the changing strain,
Borne through the rending line
Of conquered foes—They hear it now!
The sound of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

Oh! blessed be His holy name
Who, in our direst need,
Can thus, through swarthy myriads,
Our faithful comrades lead.
Yet even with the memory
Of mercy all divine,
Will come a ling'ring echo, too,
Of Scotland's 'Auld Lang Syne.'

L. V.

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THE ZEMINDAR.

At the present time, the landed aristocracy of India are invested with a more than common interest, and deserve something more than a mere passing notice. They hold in their hands the power of good and evil to an extent scarcely dreamed of in Europe, and for the reason, that in Asia all real power is highly despotic, especially in the provinces. If the petty trader, the writer, the agent, the broker, with a score of others of various grades and occupations, are constantly in the habit of tyrannising over those beneath them, how much more must we expect oppression from the all-powerful zemindar—the dispenser of life and property—the owner of not only all the broad acres within his zemindary, but of all the men, women, and children existing thereon.

In the northwest, it was long popularly supposed that civilisation had made great strides, that European ideas were fast triumphing over Asiatic prejudices and eastern habits, and that, in fact, the people were comparatively free, enlightened, and happy. Never was error more complete. Doubtless, more had been done by the government of the northwest towards preparing the people for better things, but in reality as little had been accomplished there as elsewhere. None but those who have laboured in an eastern climate know what it is to bear the heat of the day; none but those who have striven against the darkness and corruption of the Asiatic mind know how sadly slow the work progresses. Even the men for whom you are striving, the poor ryot, the oppressed trader, the poverty-stricken villager, all are dead against you. So strange are they to any generous sentiment, so shut out from sympathy with the rest of the world, that they cannot, they will not, place belief in the labours of the European in their behalf. They spurn the proffered aid; they turn away from protection, convinced in the dark recesses of their own diseased minds, that behind all the fair language and pleasant promises of the white man, there lurks some secret plot for their more complete bondage and destruction.

In reality, then, the tyrannical zemindar possesses fully as much power in the northwest as in Upper or Lower Bengal. We have said that he holds the power of life and property. This is not a mere figure of speech, but a stern, everyday matter of fact. The British authority is supposed to reign paramount over every other power within the limits of the Honourable Company's territories. Outwardly, this is indeed the case; but in reality it is a mere fiction. When the collector or the magistrate of the district passes through with a small army of retainers and native

officials on revenue or judicial tours of inspection, all is deep deference to the English name, and for the time it is highly convenient to allow the fiction to pass current; but, once out of sight, all idea of British supremacy vanishes, and the reign of the native recommences—the zemindar is again all-powerful for good or for evil. Alas, how seldom for the former!

The zemindar owns the land on which tens of thousands of his fellow-men have their being, dwell, toil, and die; but not only does he claim the soil by which they live—he insists on his right to everything it produces over and above their most pressing wants for the support of life; nay, he even sets up a claim to their liberty and their life. All are his, according to the popular reading of the Indian Rights of Man. Wo to the Bengalee who dares to think otherwise! Sad and certain, indeed, would be his fate.

Of course, all of this class are not precisely similar in their characters, dispositions, and mode of managing their zemindaries. There are well-defined varieties of the species. I have known men of rather enlarged views upon general matters, who have had an English education, mixed much with European society, were *au fait* at European politics, and whom one might have expected to have governed their ryots not only with a lenient, generous rule, but in an enlightened manner: these men would have scorned any personal acts of oppression, yet they could never be brought to recognise the ryot's claim to anything beyond a mere animal existence, and often, by their indifference to their affairs, permitted the grossest acts of extortion and tyranny.

Short-sighted as their policy undoubtedly is, inasmuch as the ryot labours no more than he can possibly avoid under this exacting system, they cannot be brought to believe in the possibility of liberality inducing greater exertion, or in the European theory of a prosperous tenantry making a fat landlord. The screw is placed on wherever it is deemed expedient; and unfortunately for both landlord and tenant, it is generally thought to be expedient. When we speak of the 'screw,' we do so in no figurative language, but as having reference to the actual thing done and performed; not always, though frequently, by the zemindar personally, or of his own knowledge, but by the subordinates and middle-men of the estate, whose name is closely resembling that of 'legion.' The zemindar is feared rather than loved.

Sreenath Deb Chunder Roy, a zemindar of large possessions in Lower Bengal, and personally known to me, may be very fairly taken as a sample of the general run of these landed aristocrats of British India. Of commanding figure, noble features, and graceful easy manners, he is undoubtedly far above the majority

of his fellow-zemindars, in personal appearance. In activity and mental energy, he is perhaps superior to many of the class; but in the daily routine of his zemindary, and in the treatment of his ryots, he is the true type of the Bengal landlord.

Chunder Roy's zemindary lies in the rich valley of the Ganges: his own family resting-place is on the banks of that sacred stream. His castle stands amidst lofty trees and spacious meadows, commanding a view far up and down the stream. Within a short ride of the district town of Luckypore, his mansion is well placed both for purposes of his own zemindary and for general business; for Luckypore is an important town, to which vast numbers of baboos resort for trading, and where the zemindar can turn the various produce of his land and his ryots to the best account: where he can dispose of the sweat of their brows at the highest price per *factory maund*, and obtain the utmost marketable value for every seer, maund, and beegah of their bones and sinews squeezed out in the shape of jute, hemp, linseed, cotton, indigo, and sugar, to say nothing of saltpetre and a few common dye-stuffs.

Viewed at some little distance, the castle and grounds of the zemindar wear a most imposing appearance. The building does not perhaps strike one as belonging to any particular order of house architecture, either eastern or western; but then it is extensive; there are large porticos, and no end of windows. The lofty trees, dotted about the grounds, give a park-like appearance to the place, while its general exterior is improved by the stately landing-place from the river-bank to the grounds, and the round white building, whatever it may chance to be, which abuts upon the river from one side of the ghât, with a flagstaff peering high above its walls, like a willow-wand against the deep azure of the sky.

The zemindar's grounds and house were planned by a first-rate English architect, and, if report speaks true, the work cost several lacs of rupees. Native-like, however, Chunder Roy could not persuade himself to abide by the Englishman's plans, and accordingly clipped the verandahs of their fair proportions, stuck in loopholes instead of windows, allowed the gravel-walks and terraces to become overgrown and ruinous, so that what wears a very magnificent exterior at a mile distant, becomes a sort of deserted palatial prison at a closer inspection.

In the round white house by the ghât with the flagstaff, our zemindar holds daily court, to hear complaints, to decide petty disputes between his ryots, and, above all, to arraign defaulting cultivators for their shortcomings. This is a terribly busy place at certain seasons of the year; many an aching desperate heart enters the narrow portal in the rear, some to return only after dreadful sufferings, some never, alive. In the dark, damp chambers beneath that terrible audience-room, more horrors are enacted than are dreamed of in Merrie England. Slaves of the soil, creatures of the zemindar, who from sickness or accident, or bad weather, or a dozen other causes, have disappointed his *lomashtia*, or bailiff, of the expected quantity of grain or other produce, are incarcerated within those loathsome walls, until, rendered desperate, they obtain liberty under some promise of impossible returns, which ends in imprisonment to death, or perhaps flight, or starvation, or suicide.

But amidst all this, the zemindar is a happy, prosperous man. He dresses in the most approved fashion, drives horses of the best breed, feeds on the dainties of the land, and is housed, if not in courtly style and comfort, according to western ideas, at any rate in eastern palatial splendour. His suites of rooms are most extensive, though they are rather dimly lit by poor wooden casements, and entered by low doorways; his furniture and fittings were once of the most costly description; now they are faded, tattered,

and patched with old tawdry relics of bygone splendour. One might well imagine his state-apartments to be the property-rooms of a third-rate London theatre. His own private rooms are small and filthy enough for any back-slums of old Edinburgh or ancient London, where the fresh air and the glorious light of day enter but through wooden traps and accidental slits in the wall, diluted with all kinds of effluvia and dimnesses. O the intolerable heat of that inner sanctuary of Chunder Roy! How tantalising the mimic punkabs, how aggravating the sight of the waving branches of huge green trees outside, bending gracefully to the noonday breeze!

As for his zenana, the rooms of the female portion of his family are never approached by man, unless he be a younger brother. What they are like, I once had an opportunity of judging during a very brief period when they were cleared out for some repairs. Rooms an Englishman would scarcely call them: cribs or dens for tame beasts would approach more nearly to their description. Furniture they have none. A few dowdy mats, some *resayas* or padded cotton quilts, a hookah or two, and a miserable, dimly burning lamp—these constitute the essentials of a Hindoo lady's apartment. I could not wonder the fever had compelled the zemindar to remove his family, and make some changes in the economy of his private rooms. The only marvel to my mind was that any member of the family had escaped the pestilence cooped up in those vile dungeons.

To behold our friend the zemindar cast off the daily dingy rag which scantily encircles his waist, don the ample flowing robes of white, the rich silken vest, the gay, many-folded head-dress, and sailly forth from the inmost recesses of his dusty, reeking crib, and spring into his carriage, surrounded by armed and many vested retainers—to behold this would appear almost as marvellous as Cinderella's transformation. Certainly Chunder Roy leaves behind him fully as much dirt as the young lady of the fairy tale.

The life of a zemindar in the mid districts of Bengal may fairly be set down as one of almost daily excitement. With as many cases to decide as any ordinary justice of the peace—with as many clients to see and converse with as a solicitor of fair reputation—with as many broils, lawsuits, and actual downright fights as an Irish tenant or an English blackleg, the Hindoo zemindar must necessarily lead a pretty active life, if he wishes to hold his own, to say nothing of holding his neighbour's, which, unfortunately, a considerable number of them have a national weakness for aiming at.

One day's work will suffice for a sample of most of the three hundred and odd days which—knocking off half of the Indian festivals—make up his year of business. A few disputes amongst his ryots about a brass totah, or somebody's wife, or a bullock, are soon disposed of; then come some land and tithe questions—terrible affairs in themselves, and still more so in their consequences, as the ryots find to their cost; then some question in which the government is mixed up has to be discussed, and the result is that 'Honourable John' is done, as completely as though he were a ryot.

It is rare, indeed, that a day passes without some plotting or scheming about land. This, indeed, is the great source of material wealth in India; and it is consequently the origin of half the lawsuits, and three-fourths of the assaults, affrays, and murders in Upper and Lower Bengal. A neighbouring indigo-planter, one of the Company's European 'interlopers,' has perhaps made advances to some villagers to cultivate indigo for him on their lands, bringing him the plant when ripe, to be manufactured into indigo, which is the most common method followed throughout India. The zemindar fancies or believes that these ryots and their

land own him as their lord and master, consequently that they must not toil for the planter though he should pay them double or treble the price obtainable from the zemindar. Here, then, is one most fertile source of deliberation and schemes. The growth of the enemy's plant has to be watched and reported upon; and as the time for culling and carrying it approaches, the zemindar has to prepare his *lattials* or fighting-men, to protect the party who are to remove this produce of the European foe.

The planter gets intelligence of what is going on, and he too musters his *lattials* in full force, armed not merely with sticks and clubs, but with spears, swords, and firearms. The mustering is not a mere matter of form: never were any men so desperately bent on mischief as the instigators of these *lattials*; never was life so ruthlessly flung away in acts of open daring as on these occasions. Neither the planter nor the zemindar appears in person, though on the day of strife they will be sure to be within sight of the skirmishing-ground. Perhaps the magistrate of the district hears of the intended breach of the peace, and despatches a strong party of armed *Burkemdazes* to repress the riot. But wo betide the police officials should they dare to shew their faces on the ground! The contending parties, forgetting their strife for the moment, unite in a common attack upon the general foe, who of course are quickly defeated, and leave the contending parties to fight it out. It is not easy to say why, but it is quite certain that on these occasions nine encounters out of ten end in favour of the European party, though perhaps inferior in numbers, and in no ways of a better class of *lattials*.

But the fight does not end with the field of indigo which occasioned it: the defeated party seeks revenge either by destroying other crops of his adversary, or by burning a village or two on his land. It matters not who suffers, provided it can in any way reach the enemy; and herein is the greatest evil of these affrays.

The Indian zemindar passes a considerable portion of his life in open or secret warfare with his species, like any other untamed beast of prey. With the government, with planters, with traders, with ryots, he is ever at strife. During the recent mutiny and rebellion, he has had ample scope for his belligerent qualities; and in many instances has not failed to avail himself of them. Where he has not done so, it has arisen from no inherent love of peace, order, or justice, but simply from the conviction which, in the breast of the Hindoo, is ever present, that 'discretion is the better part of valour.' Where numbers triumphed for the time, he has proved that, despite the press, the steam-engine, and the telegraph, India has not felt much internal social change. We have clipped the tiger's claws, but not washed out his spots.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE NIGHT.

'My dear Harry,' exclaimed my mother, as one winter's evening we all sat together in the library at Uplands—'My dear Harry, if you must positively yawn in that outrageous manner, I think your own room is the proper place to do it in.'

'Was I yawning?' said Harry, starting up from his nook near the fireplace. 'I beg everybody's pardon; but we had a long day after the cocks, as you know, Kenneth; and besides, the wind made such a noise in the trees near my window last night, that I positively did not close my eyes.'

Harry looked apologetically at our guest, Mr Brunton, a shrewd, sensible-looking man of about fifty years old, who glanced at him with a quaintly amused air as he spoke.

'Harry leaves to others the dignity of suffering in

silence, like Sancho Panza,' said my father. 'If you really are such a victim to want of rest, you had better take yourself off, and make up for lost time.'

'Harry was using the words in their conventional sense,' said Mr Brunton. 'If you had really ever known what it was to pass a night utterly without sleep, you would not think much of being kept awake or disturbed by a noise. The nearest approach to what the French call *une nuit blanche* that I ever passed, is marked by anything rather than a white stone in my memory.'

'What was it?' 'Where were you?' 'Do tell us about it?' we all said; headed by Harry, whom this attack on his fit of drowsiness had roused into full animation.

Before I let Mr Brunton tell his story, I had better explain who he is, and how it happens that we are all glad to listen when he speaks.

Mr Brunton is an old college-friend of my father's; and frequently visits us, partly in that capacity, and partly that my father, who farms his own estate of Uplands on an extensive scale, may profit by his valuable advice in many matters connected with modern scientific husbandry. Mr Brunton is an eminent agricultural chemist, and his services in this capacity are sought by many landed proprietors and large farmers throughout Great Britain. His skill is great in offering to nature the necessary compensation, in the shape of chemical compounds, strange to the eye and repulsive to the nose, for the drain upon her constitution which is required to produce the abundant grain and root crops expected by 'high farmers' as the reward of their expenditure of skill and capital; and in this useful branch of modern science, Mr Brunton has few, if any rivals.

But his active and enlightened mind is not satisfied to work only in this, its legitimate field of action; he has considerable skill in many kindred sciences, and has dabbled in most of the 'ologies'; and, above all, he possesses from nature the valuable gift of making his mental resources available in an easy and pleasant manner, for the amusement and instruction of others. It would be difficult to find a more agreeable companion; and accordingly, whenever he makes his appearance at Uplands, the entrance of the gentlemen into the library after dinner is the signal for us all to take up our station near the lamp, beside the fire, or in the shady nooks between the chimney-piece and the book-cases on each side of it, and prepare for a long pleasant evening of amusing conversation.

It was this, the family custom of some years' standing, which drew so much attention to Harry's unbecoming state of drowsiness; and caused a general flutter in the party, when Mr Brunton, in reply to our inquiries, promised to give us an account of the most uncomfortable night he ever had passed.

The fire was stirred, the moderator-lamp wound up; my mother's spectacles were rescued from impending destruction, and dexterously fished from under the table by little Marion, and we all declared ourselves ready to listen. Mr Brunton began thus:

It is about ten years, since I was proceeding from London to Glasgow, to attend a meeting there of the Highland Agricultural Society; and by some stupid oversight of my own, or mistake of the railway authorities, found myself sent off the main line, and rapidly approaching Liverpool, before I discovered the error. It was late and dark, and I have a particular objection to any unnecessary degree of discomfort; therefore, as there would still be time enough

for me to reach Glasgow before the opening of the meeting, if I took a forenoon train the next day from Liverpool, I resolved to profit by the accident, to visit an old acquaintance of mine who resided in one of the suburbs of the city, and from whom I had frequently received, and as often been obliged to decline, a warmly hospitable invitation.

I knew his house was not large, and his establishment I presumed to be on a strictly bachelor scale; but having lived a good deal about the world for many years, I can accommodate myself with ease to any circumstances into which I find myself thrown; and I own that I thought more of the pleasure of seeing and conversing with my old friend, than of the slight disturbance which my unexpected arrival might cause in his household. On arriving at the station, therefore, I engaged a fly, and set out at once for Dr Blackburn's house. 'The way was long, and dark, and dreary'—if Miss Rosie will forgive me a parody on her favourite poet—we rattled through innumerable streets, and wandered along a devious course in a wilderness of 'semi-detached dwellings' and 'suburban villas,' which seemed to have no end. At length we reached a small, but substantial house, standing somewhat back from the high road in a garden, which was surrounded by a high brick-wall; and on sending in my card, Dr Blackburn at once appeared at the entrance-door, with a hearty greeting, and a warm invitation to me to enter. The first few minutes were occupied by my explanation of the circumstances which led to my unexpected intrusion; and it was not till my portmanteau was deposited in the hall, and the flyman had driven away, that Dr Blackburn's old servant was able, after sundry mysterious winks and nudges, to attract his master's attention, and draw him to one side.

After a few words spoken in a low tone, Blackburn turned to me with a laugh, in which, however, there was a shade of embarrassment. 'Why, Brunton,' he said, 'here is Stevens reminding me, with a face of horror, that there is positively not a vacant corner in the house. There is a trial for poisoning, of great professional interest, going on at the assizes, and A—and G—, whom you must remember, are staying with me to attend it, and they occupy the only two spare rooms which the house contains'—I interrupted him by saying that it was of no consequence, I would spend the evening with him, and return to the railway hotel for the night. 'Impossible,' he exclaimed. 'You are fully two miles from the station; and how could you convey your *impedimenta*? We are far beyond the region of perpetual cabs here. No, no; we shall manage a shake-down for you; though I shall not be able to make you as comfortable as I should like to see a friend whom I have so long wished to have under my roof.'

A few instructions in a stage-aside to Stevens—in which I heard the words 'camp-bed,' 'a large tub,' and 'laboratory'—and Blackburn turned, and ushered me into the large, low, but comfortable and well-lighted dining-room, where his two guests were still sitting at the table. A portion of the well-cooked dinner was soon heated and set before me, and we sat conversing on many subjects of interest to us all, till a late hour. When we rose to separate for the night, Blackburn recommenced a series of apologies for the rough lodging he was obliged to give me, which I with difficulty cut short by assuring him of my indifference on the subject. He then took a lantern from the servant, and opening a side-door, led the way across a paved yard surrounded by outhouses, and through a small shrubbery beyond, to a detached building; which, from having been an apple-room or some dependency of the garden, he had converted into a laboratory and museum. He unlocked the door with a key which he carried in his hand, and we entered a

good-sized room, the walls of which were hung all round with curtains of green stuff, concealing shelves loaded with various chemical preparations and studies in anatomy and natural history.

Blackburn was a retired physician of considerable local celebrity; but being in independent circumstances, he had for some time relinquished the duties of his profession, and devoted himself to the sciences that are more immediately in connection with it. Chemistry and anatomy had led him on to mineralogy and geology; and entering warmly into the controversy excited in the scientific world about that time by the appearance of a very remarkable work on the last-named science, he had been devoting his leisure for some months before the time I am now speaking of, to the composition of a pamphlet, to be entitled *Comparative Anatomy in the Paleozoic Ages*, which was to give the world some ideas of his own on the subject. It was thus he accounted to me for various uncouth forms, models in miniature of the gigantic plesiosauri and pterodactyles of geology, which dangled from the ceiling, and cast grotesque shadows on the white-washed upper part of the walls. A large table had been hastily cleared to receive my dressing apparatus; and Blackburn handled with something of regretful tenderness a number of human skulls, collected to furnish evidence in support of some theory regarding the origin of the varieties in the human race, which had been disrespectfully cast by Stevens, in the course of his hospitable preparations for my comfort, into a corner of the room, where they lay grinning upon a heap of other bones, both fossil and recent, which were awaiting the collector's leisure to be classified and arranged in order on the shelves. We fell into conversation on the subjects suggested by these evidences of my friend's favourite studies, and some time elapsed before he left me for the night, promising to send his servant to call me at an early hour in the morning.

I locked the door as soon as my friend retired, and then made a fresh examination of the somewhat singular apartment which had been hastily prepared for my reception: and in order to make what I am going to relate more intelligible, I will describe the room as it then appeared to me. It was nearly square, and, as I have said before, of considerable size. One of the sides was formed by the high brick-wall of which I have spoken as surrounding my friend's house; and from this wall, which may have been about fifteen feet high, the roof sloped gradually, till, at the opposite side of the apartment, the space between the roof and the floor was not more than nine feet. The room was not ceiled, but the rafters and beams were whitewashed, as well as the space left at each end between the green curtains which covered the walls all round, and came close to the roof, where it was lowest, and the gradually increasing height of the walls. The door was in the centre of one end of the room; opposite to it was a large open chimney, with a raised slab of stone supporting dogs for burning wood, on which was now heaped a brightly glowing pile. At one side of this cheerful fireplace stood a large tin-bath full of water; and on the other, a small camp-bed was spread with the freshest and whitest of linen. My portmanteau, and the table spread with my dressing-apparatus, occupied a third corner; and the fourth contained the heap of bones and skulls already mentioned. A large leather-covered arm-chair, and an old-fashioned spider-legged table before the fire, completed the furniture. After making my preparations for the night, the fire looked so temptingly cheerful, that, my mind being occupied with the subjects we had discussed during the evening, I could not resist seating myself in the arm-chair, and indulging in a little half-drowsy meditation. By and bye, however, the atmosphere of the room became rather oppressive; the fire, heaped up by hospitable hands, gradually drew from the bones and

other animal products in the surrounding shelves, odours which were neither pleasant nor healthful; and remembering that I had not seen a window in my first survey of the room, I rose to look for it. Under the green curtains, on the side opposite to my bed, I discovered two square windows, such as are often seen in stables, opening outwardly from the top, and kept from slipping by a curved bar of iron cut into notches. I opened one of these to its utmost stretch, and, after looking for a few minutes at the brilliant sky of a frosty autumn night, closed the curtain again, and betook myself to the camp-bed.

I lay for some time watching the wildly grotesque forms assumed by the shadows of the antediluvian monsters I mentioned as dangling from the rafters, while the embers flashed and grew dull, and again brightened into a transient blaze; and sleep was gradually stealing over me, when I was startled by a slight sound, as though something had fallen from one of the shelves. I raised my head and looked round, but could see nothing; and my eyes were closing again, when suddenly it appeared to me as though a hideous face were painted on the very spot at which I was looking. It was visible but for a moment, and then vanished. I rubbed my eyes and shook my head, and even felt my pulse to try and detect some symptom of incipient fever; but except that I plead guilty to one bounding throb, there was no sign of any abnormal state of the circulation; and I was trying to fancy that I had been gazing at the skulls in the corner, and transferred the image of one of them to the next object on which I fixed my eyes, when the appearance returned in the same spot.

This time there could be no mistake: I clearly saw the flashing eyes, the glittering teeth, the frightful grin of a demoniac countenance. A bright blaze shot from the expiring embers, and in a second the vision disappeared. I own that now a cold sweat burst out from every pore. Either I was seized with sudden insanity, or I was the victim of some supernatural delusion. I lay for a few minutes a prey to the horrible sensations of one struggling with the nightmare. I would have given the world to have risen, and endeavoured to discover some natural cause for the frightful appearance; but my good-fortune, or, let me say more reverently, the watchful mercy of a kind Providence, kept me still.

I could almost hear the beating of my heart in the profound silence. Gradually the light faded, the embers crackled more faintly, the shadows flickered and disappeared in the general gloom; but still I lay motionless, my eyes riveted on the spot so full of mystery. I should think that at least a quarter of an hour passed in this manner.

Then the curtains waved, parted; a bright beam of moonlight fell on the floor, and, directly intercepting its rays, stood a frightful figure—the satyr of heathen mythology, the origin of our Christian superstitious portraiture of the arch-enemy, a huge living specimen of that strongest and fiercest of the ape tribe, the *Simia satyrus*, or wild man of the woods. This, then, explained the mystery. The creature must have escaped from some menagerie, and found its way in by the open window, and, with the cunning of its race, had concealed itself till the growing darkness gave it increased boldness.

I knew enough of the animal's wicked and malignant nature to feel convinced that my only chance of safety lay in eluding its observation; while, therefore, it stood at the further end of the room, still grasping the curtain, and surveying its new quarters with a horribly grotesque curiosity, I endeavoured to draw the sheet quietly before my face; but my slight movement at once arrested the creature's suspicious glance, and, with a single bound, it squatted itself, grinning and gnashing its teeth, on the foot of my bed.

I now gave myself up for lost, and endeavoured to prepare for a horrible death by summoning to my aid all the support of religion. While I strove to fix my thoughts on the subjects which should occupy the mind of man in his last extremity, I fixed my eyes with the fascination of terror on my fearful companion; and to my inexpressible relief and thankfulness, I found that he grew restless and uneasy under my steady gaze, and turned his head in another direction. All at once flashed into my mind the stories I had read, and only half believed, of the power of the human eye over the brute creation, and I redoubled the intensity of my stare, looking fixedly into the creature's eyes. It grinned and jabbered, and moved its arms about restlessly; and, mindful of my only remaining chance, in the event of its springing towards me, I got my hands quietly under the bed-clothes, resolved to make an effort to throw them over its head before it could seize me in a gripe which, I well knew, would not relax till it left me a mangled corpse.

Gradually, however, the creature drooped its hideous head on its breast, and was on the point of falling asleep, when a brand from the nearly extinct fire fell with a slight noise, and roused it again to full activity. The flame which suddenly leaped up, for a moment diverted the attention of my jailer; and the uncouth creature rose from its squatting position on my bed, and approached the fire, holding out its mis-shapen hands, and covering over the warmth with a horrible resemblance to human action.

I now resolved to slip, if possible, unseen from my bed, and either gain the door, or, if I could do no more, conceal myself between the bed and the wall, and trust to the brute's forgetting my presence. When I attempted to move, however, I found my right foot, which had been under the creature as it sat on the bed, was so completely numbed or twisted as to be altogether useless; and the attempt to move only served to draw on me the wrathful notice of my enemy. Uttering a kind of hissing sound between its teeth, it darted to the further corner of the room, and seizing a large bone from the heap that lay there, again took up its quarters on the bed, and threatened to strike me with the bone in a manner evidently copied from that to which it was accustomed from its keeper.

Thus situated, I had no alternative but to trust again to the power of the eye. The fire had now died completely out, and one white ray of moonlight fell, through an opening in the curtain, right upon the creature's hideous face. I fixed my gaze upon it till I began to feel a strange effect produced upon myself: first the grotesque mask seemed to approach nearer and nearer, till it appeared as if it were about to touch me; and then, while everything grew dark around it, it seemed to shine with a pale ghastly light, as if seen far off, at the end of an immeasurable cave. I felt all the sensations which I have heard described by persons who have been mesmerised, and I have no doubt that my nerves, highly wrought upon and excited as they were by the circumstances in which I was placed, were peculiarly sensitive to the subtle influence. As the thought crossed my mind, together with the dread of becoming insensible, and thus being completely at the creature's mercy, I made an involuntary movement, as if to free myself from the spell.

The fierce brute aimed a sudden and violent blow at me with the bone which it still held in its grasp. Mechanically, I moved my head to elude the stroke, the full force of which was thus spent on the pillow, or I should probably then and there have ended my earthly career. As it was, the bone glanced off the corner of my temple. I felt an acute pain, a gush of warm blood down my cheek and throat, and for a few moments I became insensible.

The instinct of self-preservation restored me to

life. I seemed almost by force to recall my scattered senses; and the room being now perfectly dark, I succeeded by slow degrees in gliding from the bed to the floor, while my tormentor, apparently satisfied with the revenge it had taken, curled itself up in the very place I had just quitted, and slept—at least so I conjectured from the cessation of its restless movements, and now and then a heavy grunt, or snort, which bore a humiliating likeness to a human snore.

The hours which followed were among the longest I ever remember to have passed. In slipping from my bed, I had so entangled myself with the sheet, that I found it would be impossible to move without disturbing my horrible neighbour: the wound in my temple smarted, and my head ached severely, and I could not repress an occasional shudder, half of cold, and half of nervous excitement, which ran through me like a convulsion. Every time this occurred, I expected my enemy to wake; but the long, dark, weary hours dragged on, and he still appeared wrapped in slumber.

At length, with joy and thankfulness which I will not attempt to describe, I perceived a faint light, like a gray mist, steal over the black darkness around me. It was near the end of October, and I remembered that the sun did not rise much before seven o'clock—consequently, that it was probably now not far from six, and I might reasonably expect before long to be released from a situation which was all but intolerable.

I was summoning my best energies to my aid, and considering what means I could adopt to get the door open before I should be overpowered by the creature, which I felt sure would spring at me as soon as I moved, when I heard voices in the garden, and in another moment some one loudly knocked at the door, and implored me to open, for God's sake, if I was alive.

The creature started up at the sound, made one furious rush at the opening of the curtain, which now let in a streak of decided daylight; and at the same moment the crash of broken glass, and a succession of wild piercing cries announced that it had missed its leap, and fallen into the hands of its captors. I confess that at this moment of release from the horrible fate which had been impending over me for so many hours, I felt my strength of mind and body at once give way, and became completely insensible.

When I revived, I found myself stretched on the bed, the chill morning air blowing in from the open doorway—the door having been wrenched from its hinges—and poor Blackburn, with a face of the deepest anxiety, bending over me with some powerful stimulant. 'Oh, thank God, thank God!' he exclaimed, as I endeavoured to rise and speak to him. 'Keep quiet, my dear fellow; do not move or speak; only look at me, if you are in your senses.' In a few minutes, I could not only look, but speak, and assure him that I was practically but little the worse for the unpleasant night I had passed; but he would scarcely listen to me, and kept on repeating: 'The satyrus! the wild man of the woods! the most fierce and relentless of animals!—how can you have escaped with life?'

'I thank God that it is so,' I replied earnestly; 'for truly it has been only the hand of His protection that has guarded me. But where did the creature come from, and how did you discover that it had paid me a visit?'

'Oh, that is the worst of all,' said poor Blackburn. 'It was through my abominable carelessness that the accident occurred: and if anything had befallen you, I never could have forgiven myself. It is bad enough as it is.'

'But has the beast escaped from a menagerie, or how did it come here?'

'It is mine,' said Blackburn ruefully. 'The captain of a merchant-ship, knowing my turn for natural

history, and that I have a small collection in the garden here, gave me the brute a few days ago. I had him chained in an empty stable; and last night, after shewing him to A—and G—, I must have missed the lock of the door, and turned the key without shutting it. The man who feeds and attends to my animals came as usual about six o'clock this morning; and finding the stable empty, at once gave the alarm. We traced his footsteps across the mould of the garden, to the window of this room, which to our consternation we found open. You may fancy to what a pitch my fears increased, when on knocking at the door the fierce brute flew out of the window, and, catching its foot on the iron stanchion, fell to the ground. It was overpowered, not without some ugly bites and scratches; and we then forced open the door of this room, fully prepared to find your mangled body. Nothing was to be seen but the empty bed, and a large stain of blood on the pillow; but we soon found you, insensible, and as I at first thought dead; though a little examination sufficed to shew that you had received no mortal injury. I cannot express my thankfulness. But your escape is a perfect marvel to me; and as soon as you are rested and refreshed, you must give me an account of what happened.'

Before long, I was seated at a cheerful breakfast-table, and making up as best I could for the wear and tear of my constitution during the last few hours. By the time I reached Glasgow, there remained little outward trace of my night's adventure, except a very disreputable black eye, which, for my character's sake, I was forced to cover with a patch; but I will own that many nights elapsed before my sleep ceased to be disturbed with frightful visions, or I could get rid of the sight of a grinning, fiendish face, which always started out of the darkness when I closed my eyes. Indeed, to this day I do not think I ever hear mention made of Liverpool without remembering the very uncomfortable night I passed, in my first and last visit there, more than ten years ago.

PROGRESS OF CO-OPERATION.

THEORETICALLY, the mode in which we are supplied with food and other articles of necessity and comfort is faultless. Private individuals, without any view to the convenience of the public, but actuated solely by interested motives, undertake the supply of the articles in constant demand; merely adding to the cost-price the remuneration they demand for their trouble, and a fair proportion of the expense they are at, in shops, assistants, &c., in conducting their business. These individuals being numerous, act as a check upon each other; for their competition must necessarily be in excellence of quality, in moderation of price, in all things that can make services of the kind acceptable; and so the public are supplied with the best of everything at the lowest price, and with no more trouble than that of selecting their tradesmen.

This is the theoretical view of the subject: the practical one is a little different. We find in practice that the competition is not in regard to realities but appearances; and when this is the case, of course the palm is achieved by those who can deceive best. The gracious public must be made to imagine that they obtain a good article at a low price; and as these two things are incompatible, the article must be so skillfully adulterated as to seem good while it can be profitably sold cheap. Whether this is the fault of the dealers or the public is of no consequence: the fact stands all the same, and it throws discredit upon the whole competitive system.

Another system, our readers are aware, has been tried by various bodies of the working-classes—a system in which the motive-power is co-operation instead of competition; and there is now before us a paper which was partially read before the Social Science meeting at Birmingham, giving the results of the experiments of two of these co-operative bodies.*

One of these, the People's Co-operative Flour-mill, we described at large on a former occasion.† We mentioned that the proximate cause of its establishment at Leeds in 1847 was the high price of flour and its excessive adulteration; the millers combining to keep up the price of their manufacture without regard to the rises and falls of grain in the market. Under these circumstances, the working-classes of the locality determined, at a public meeting, to purchase and manufacture for themselves, and thus to obtain 'pure flour at as near prime cost as possible.' It is interesting to observe the course of the experiment since then, which in fact has been so uniformly and triumphantly successful as to go a great way of itself in demonstrating the soundness of the principle. The shares were at first a guinea each, but were afterwards raised to nearly fifty shillings. The flour was sold at first at cost-price, but a profit is now added; the advantages were at first confined to the members, but the public is now admitted to share; the business for the first five years never exceeded L.27,000 in the year, and has since then increased to L.72,000.

The existing trade could not stand unmoved before this new competitor. The price of flour was reduced, and adulteration, before excessive, became unknown in Leeds. In order to judge of the price of so fluctuating an article, this rule will suffice: that when grain is sold at so many shillings per quarter, flour will remunerate at the same number of half-pence per stone of fourteen pounds. Thus, when corn is 60s. per quarter, flour can be sold with a profit at sixty half-pence, or half-a-crown per stone. When the Society's flour was sold at about cost-price, it was still 1½d. below the reduced market-price, and saved the purchasers L.2000 a year. Even now, when it is sold at a remunerating price, governed by the markets, it is never above the half-penny per stone to the shilling per quarter, but often below that rate.

The following are the general results of this interesting experiment as given in the pamphlet in an address to the members:

'1st. Flour was abominably adulterated in Leeds before we began, and you know we have been supplied with a perfectly pure article from our mill, no adulteration being ever permitted.

'2d. You know that the price of flour often bore no natural ratio to the price of corn, but that dealers advanced the price of flour at their pleasure; and you know that since our operations we have steadied the markets, and reduced the scale-charge for flour at least 1½d. to 2d. per stone below the millers' previous charges.

'3d. You know that the original members never paid more than 21s. each, so that 3270 members' subscriptions would come to L.3433, 10s.; and you know that you have withdrawn bonuses to the amount of L.5987, 11s. 8d., or L.2508, 10s. 8d. more than was ever paid in; and your directors now hereby declare to you, that by valuation of mill, fixtures, and stock,

up to July 1, 1857, your capital amounts to the sum of L.9083, 6s. 8d. above the said bonuses.'

The other experiment of the kind has been tried at Rochdale, and with a result quite as satisfactory. It commenced in 1844, from the same causes, and with the same object, as the one at Leeds; but here it began with groceries, and extended *seriatim* to butcher's meat, flour, coal and potatoes, clothing, drapery, shoes, clogs, hats, &c. 'Wages being generally paid at Rochdale on Friday and Saturday evenings about seven o'clock, it is a perfect wonder to see the numbers of well-dressed working-men and their wives walking quietly into the grocers' shops, where, beginning at the left-hand counter in No. 1 department, they are supplied with goods, pay, get their tickets representing the money, and then move on to No. 2, and so on to the eighth or ninth shopman; then into the butcher's shop, the flour, the potato, and the clothing rooms. On Friday, the 27th September, at half-past seven in the evening, I stood and counted sixty-five people in the grocery store, twelve in the meat and flour, and five or six in the clothing shops; and I was informed they have sometimes more than one hundred people purchasing at one time, who take their turns in the order of attendance. The purchases average fifteen to sixteen shillings per week per member, clothing being about one to twelve in amount, as compared to food.'

From the net profits of this Society—called the Rochdale Pioneers' Co-operative Store—2½ per cent. is set aside for the means of intellectual improvement. They have a library of 1600 or 1700 volumes, free to the members, and a news-room partially free. They have purchased a considerable part of the property they occupy. They make no display in their shop-windows, spend nothing in advertising, buy and sell for ready money, and instead of being in want of funds, have more than they know what to do with.

In 1844, the amount of the society's funds was L.28; in 1856, it had increased to L.13,000. In 1845, the business done was L.710; in 1856, it was L.68,197. In 1845, the profit was L.38; and in 1856, it was L.3922, or 35 per cent. on the capital.

The advantages of the co-operative system are numerous. It gives its members better goods for their money, because, instead of having any inducement to adulterate, or manufacture superficially, its interest is quite the other way. Its customers being ready, waiting for supply, there is no risk of overstocking; it has no need, therefore, of publishing that it will get rid of its winter goods at any sacrifice to make room for its spring stock; and being under no necessity of laying baits for patrons, it spends nothing in plate glass, gilding, chandeliers, or puffing advertisements. Dealing for ready money, it has no bad debts, and no law expenses. 'All who know intimately,' says the pamphlet, 'the habits of the working-classes, know what a fearful evil the practice is of purchasing their food and clothing on credit. Once tied fast to the shopkeeper, then follows, as a rule, high prices for bad articles; the food is adulterated, and the clothing inferior; poverty is thus made poorer, and to debt is often added law, and pauperism naturally follows, a canker and a curse. What, then, must be the benefits of a complete change of the habit of credit? known well by the poor to be so great an evil, and yet felt to be so hard to get rid of when once formed. And yet this change has been effected by these societies. The transactions of the managers of the Leeds and Rochdale societies are all, both buying and selling, on ready-money principles. As a consequence, those who were never out of debt, who crouched to the shopkeeper, and dreaded the bailiff, are now fearless and clear of all incumbrance: they are consequently independent, and feel morally as well as socially elevated. Able to lay out their money to the best advantage, their houses become better furnished, and cleaner; their food is

* *The Economic and Moral Advantages of Co-operation in the Provision of Food, instanced in the People's Flour-mill Society at Leeds, and in the Rochdale Co-operative Pioneers' Store.* Leeds: Green.

† See *Journal*, No. 51, for December 1854.

more plentiful, and more wholesome; education for the children, and all other moral benefits follow: to visit the Green Board becomes now almost impossible; and not a few have a deposit at the bank, their own savings, upon which they may fall back in case of need. To enter the Society induces saving, and the savings thus accumulated, by the very condition of mind leading thereto, prevents their being wasted away in either drink or dissipation—those sad, sore evils which swallow up so much of the hard earnings of the operative.

What is to prevent the working-classes throughout the kingdom from following the example of these two societies? Ignorance. Even at Leeds, with the advantage of the flour-mill before their eyes, and its handsome dividends in their pockets, a grocery store commenced with their own consent is on the point of failure from sheer want of custom! In our former paper we gave the complaint of the managers touching the supineness of their fellow-workmen in refusing to sanction the establishment of grocery and meat stores, instead of pocketing the bonus of the flour-mill—insignificant, of course, to each. It appears, however, that their sanction was at length obtained; that a grocery store was actually commenced, and that it does not pay, in consequence of its proprietors, the working-classes, with comparatively few exceptions, refusing to deal at their own store, and thus obtain better and cheaper goods, and a money-profit besides. The pamphlet is silent as to the cause of what might seem, without explanation, a very extraordinary mental blindness; but the probability is, that it merely offers one more illustration of the misery of the credit system—that the people are tied to the grocers, and cannot readily get away. Whether this is the fact or not, the Rochdale men would seem at first sight to be greatly in advance of those of Leeds in point of intelligence, either in keeping out of debt, and so securing to themselves the power to act as they please, or in choosing, from two courses before them, the one that obviously leads to advantage. It is difficult, however, to reason on the case without better information than we possess on the circumstances of the two towns.

Upon the whole, the experiments we have thus glanced over prove, in the first place, that contrary to the commonly expressed opinion, it is perfectly possible for men of the working-classes to conduct their own business, even when of a complicated nature, to a successful issue; but, in the second place, that the body is not generally so far advanced as this in intelligence. Their own best friends take the unfavourable view of their character, and without always giving them the credit of the *per contra*.

'I have worked with the working-classes,' said Mr Charles Bray at Birmingham, 'at all measures for improving their condition for a quarter of a century, but have never yet found them capable of conducting their own affairs. If their affairs were of a trading kind, they were jealous and niggardly of the pay of those who were principally instrumental in making them succeed, and what was ordered by a committee one week or month, was too frequently undone the next. There was no permanency or persistency. If their affairs were of other kinds, they fell out among themselves, and could not long be kept together. The worst feature of ignorance is intolerance, and the worst of the working-classes is that they cannot agree to differ.' This is from a note to the pamphlet, and in the text the same thing is repeated. 'Many object to work out their own social elevation, preferring poverty to independence; and thousands act so as to be a dead log upon the more thoughtful and prudent. Others who wish to get out of the trammels of poverty, ignorant of the natural relations of things, hope for the impossible, and not getting their wishes, become discontented with real benefits, and quarrel therewith.' The two

societies we have described, however, shew what *can* be done, and with such examples before us, it would be folly to despair.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

NEXT, we believe, to *Captain Toot's Voyages*—for thus our infant tongue pronounced the name of that great navigator—not very much below the illustrated edition of *Tiger-hunting in India in the Eighteenth Century*, and at no immeasurable distance from *Robinson Crusoe* himself, we were wont, in our early boyhood, to hold in favour the *Elegant Extracts*. They consisted of four enormous volumes, one of which was denominated 'Epistles,' one 'Prose,' one 'Verse,' and one 'Poetry;' but these two last were absolutely identical, duplicates, and, like some twins who are only distinguishable by the variation of a strawberry-mark between their shoulders, differed in nothing save in the name at the back of their bindings.

We are at this time residing for a little time among the scenes of that far-back, thoughtless epoch of youth, which has long since become sacred and solemn enough to us, and we have found the same old volumes as interesting—though we ourselves have suffered such change—as ever. Much of this interest, indeed, arises from the comparison—involuntary, and yet the most odious of all comparisons—of our two selves—between Philip drunk with youth, and Philip sobered with all the cares of a *Paterfamilias*; but the books have got much intrinsic treasure of their own, which no time can rust. We confess to never having had any great fondness for the volume of *Epistles*, although we always identified ourselves so fully with the young gentleman in knee-breeches and a ruffled shirt, whose attention is being directed, in the frontispiece, by the muse of epistolary correspondence, to the effigy of Lord Bacon: she cannot, at least, be the muse of history, or she would not be setting him up for a model. Much of our dislike may be, we fancy, attributed to our having been made to retranslate Mr Melmoth's letters to *Papirius Pætus* into Latin, such as M. T. Cicero would have been astonished to have found his own.

This volume is divided into five books, the last of which is appropriated to 'Recent Letters,' which begin with those of William Shenstone, Esq., and end with those of Mr Edward Gibbon—by this time, alas! seeming hardly to be more 'recent' than those in the first book by Mr Pliny the Consul to several of his friends. 'The Prose,' as a deceased wit, who was scarcely born when these volumes were first published, has observed, 'was even worse.' Moral and Religious, Classical and Historical Prose, Orations, Sermons, and (especially) Characters of Departed Sovereigns. Character of Charles I., by Macaulay, Character of James II., *ibid*. How strange these titles read to us, and yet how familiar! The female historian only lives in *Elegant Extracts* such as these, and another Macaulay reigneth in her stead, who has drawn for us the same characters with a far more skilful touch, though with not less violent colouring. Among the slightly verbose accounts treating of 'The affected strangeness of some men of quality,' or of 'A citizen's family setting out for Brighthelmston,' there are a number of pieces which were wont to give us the most unmixed delight. How fond we grew of the little Nurse Glumdalclitch, who was but forty feet high; and of the mighty king who was, by the breadth of a finger-nail, taller than the tallest of his court! But then were *Broddingnag* and *Lilliput* but pleasant fairy tales, which have now become wicked satires; whereas, upon the other hand, that pious and exemplary 'Explanation of the Fifth Commandment,' by Corporal Trim, used somewhat to shock the well-regulated mind of our young days as being slightly blasphemous. What a charming woodcut heralded this volume also! A bee-

hive amongst hollyhocks, with a young man in pursuit of a butterfly; which by some allegorical means, untranslatable by us now as then, conveyed a high moral lesson.

But by far the favourite with us of these great books, was that one which was devoted to the muse: 'The useful and entertaining pieces of poetry selected for the improvement of young persons.' Some of these, indeed, culled from the flowery gardens of Dean Swift and others, would in these days be considered by no means elevating for youth. It is more than half a century ago since the *Elegant Extracts* were published; not a single one of our now living writers was famous enough at that period to gain admittance into these pages. The Nestor Rogers, who has so lately succumbed, after that unprecedented combat of his with devouring Time, is quoted as an accomplished and promising young poet; but of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, of Shelley, and Keats, and Tennyson, there is nothing chronicled. How strange it seems! What revolutions, improvements, reverses, has literature undergone 'since this old book was new!' What glorious poetic fire has touched our souls, which was lying then unkindled and undreamed of in infant breasts! What wit! what wisdom! Here is a Pastoral Ballad, by one Byron, it is true; but even that is a misprint for Byrom. How very much we should like to see a pastoral ballad from the pen of him who wrote the *Giaour* and *Don Juan*! Here, however, is a song by Moore:

How blessed has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse mine own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play,
How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complance and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam;
To hold it for life you must find it at home!

This, of course, cannot be our unmoralising Irish Thomas, and yet there is something in the ring of the metre which resembles him; and still less, although the sentiments above expressed are worthy of her, can it be Mrs Hannah More of sacred fame. Who was then Moore, the elder? Who, again, was this Rev. Mr Maurice, whose poem of 'The Schoolboy,' written at a very early age,* we are here favoured with? Not, surely, the rejected of King's College, the ardent and able theological writer of our day. Who was 'the great essayist, Thornton?' Who was Jago (*sic*) who writes this very clever 'Imitation of Hamlet's Soliloquy'?

To print or not to print—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And, by disclosing, end them?

To print, to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound;
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—ay, there's the rub—
There's the respect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.

For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,

But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill
(That undiscovered country, with whose bays
Few travellers return) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known and damned?

Who was Mrs Smith, who publishes these heavy sonnets 'To Night' and 'To Tranquillity,' with many others addressed to similar unsubstantial objects? Tranquilly enough, she has herself sunk into the night of forgetfulness, and Mrs Smith on Mrs Smith, like wave on wave, has overwhelmed her memory.* Who was the once celebrated Mr Thomas Knox, who, in the immediate neighbourhood of Churchill and Campbell, we find with his blank verses, 'Spoken at the Annual Visitation of Tunbridge School?' They begin with, 'Sweet is thy month, O Maia,' and extend over some three hundred lines, with an invocation to 'the Pious Judd,' about midway. Who was the pious Judd? By no means, we daresay, an individual to be sneezed or laughed at; and yet we cannot help smiling at his unknown but doubtless venerable name. Our youthful mind was wont to associate Mr Thomas Knox with the eminent Scotch Reformer of that name; but the keener intellect of our maturity tracks him to the preface, whereby we discover him to be the editor himself of these *Elegant Extracts*, where, by taking advantage of his position, he has cunningly preserved himself in amber along with the best of them.

How good, though somewhat coarse, were the old satirical verses which we look in vain for now! Some, by Mr Soame Jenyns, upon 'the modern fine gentleman' of exactly a hundred years ago, have the following finish:

He wagers on his own and others' lives,
Till Death at length, indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the bets he loses by't, he dies.

What a comfortable reflection it is to think that there is no speculation of this sort now-a-days! How thankful, in these virtuous times, ought waning rectors and annuitants with loving relatives, to feel!

In the poems 'Sentimental, Lyrical, and Ludicrous,' which was wont to be our favourite portion of this volume, it is remarkable how very long most of the headings are; the verses themselves do not occupy a larger space than the arguments; and the arguments are often, one would imagine, as much unsuited as possible to the muse.

'Ode on the Death of Matzel, a Favourite Bullfinch, addressed to Philip Stanhope, Esq. (natural son to the Earl of Chesterfield), to whom the Author had given the Reversion of it when he left Dresden.'

Again: 'Presented, together with a Knife, by the Rev. Samuel Bishop, Head-master of Merchant Taylor's School, to his Wife on her Wedding-day, which happened to be her Birthday and New-year's Day.'

And, 'Written on the Occasion of a Ball, in which the Ladies agreed to dress in Silks, for the Sake of encouraging the Spitalfields Manufacturers.'

The sight of 'the Lady Elizabeth Thynne cutting trees on paper,' seems to have been too much for the poet Waller to view, and be dumb; while Grainger recommends his 'Bryan and Pereene, a West Indian ballad,' upon the ground—and perhaps he knew that there was no more intrinsic attraction in it—of

* It is, no doubt, the multitudinous name that puzzles our friend: Charlotte Smith is well known to this day among a very numerous and respectable class.—Ed.

its being 'founded on a real fact that happened in the island of St Christopher.'

To judge by the number of poems with no other title than 'Written in a blank leaf of' this or that volume, it would seem that a white page in any book was too great a temptation for these ancient bards to fight against, even although they had not anything particular to set down upon it. We are inclined to think that the expense and scarcity of paper in their time must be accountable for this, for we observe that Mr Browning and Mr Tennyson do not resort in these days for a place of record for their ideas to the fly-leaves of the books their friends lend them.

Amongst the 'Epigrams, Epitaphs, and other Little Pieces,' the immense proportion which the titles bear to the productions themselves is still more remarkable. We moderns would never surely put to a poor couplet such a water-in-the-brain-affected heading as this which follows:

On a very Rich Gentleman drinking the Waters of Tunbridge Wells, who had refused to contribute to the Relief of a Distressed Family.

For deepest woes old Harpax scorns to feel,
Think ye his bowels stand in need of steel?

The principal point is always italicised, for fear the reader should chance not to see the joke. The parsons suffer terribly, and one epigram out of three, at least, of these old wits has got a divine for its butt; and we are sorry to add also, that among many of these *jeux d'esprit* there is more than a fair sprinkling of imprecation.

A Case of Conscience submitted to a Late Dignitary of the Church on his Narcotic Exposition of the following text: 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into Temptation.'

By our pastor perplexed, how shall we determine?
'Watch and pray,' says the text; 'Go to sleep,' says the sermon.

Whenever, it seems, any person of the last century had a good thing to say, instead of issuing it at once fresh from his mental mint, he took it away into some private room, and cut it into metre, mixing it up in the proportion of three-fourths alloy to one-fourth—which was the last line—genuine gold, and so brought it back again to his company in the form of verse. A clergyman, not being 'capped' by his parishioner, thus reproves him:

The gownsmen stopped, and turning, sternly said:
'I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than fed.'
'Why, ay,' quoth Tom, still jogging on, 'that's true;
Thank God, he feeds me, but I'm taught by you.'

And there are four more stupid lines, which we have not quoted, introductory to the bon-mot. Silence and attention was gained by the recital of these beforehand, and they were probably made duller than they need have been, for the sake of contrast with the witticism when it should be at last let out. These lines 'Upon a Lady who squinted,' are unusually compact:

If ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes;
Sure, greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two.

Here is an epigram upon Moore, our unknown poet, who, it seems, had the reputation of being a borrower:

Moore always smiles whenever he recites,
He smiles, you think, approving what he writes;
But yet in this no vanity is shewn:
A modest man may like *what's not his own*.

Next to the clergy, the married state is the most popular subject for railery, there being scores of 'elegant extracts' expressive of delight at the death of a wife, and comfort in her being safely 'grassed in:'

Cries Ned to his neighbours, as onward they pressed,
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest:
'Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,
For why should we thus make a toil of a pleasure?'

Third in the list of favourite subjects for pasquinade are, we regret to see, the Scotch—a fact which points pretty clearly to the political period at which most of these were written. Here is one by Cleveland, who has had the impudence even to set his name to it:

Had Cain been a Scot, God had altered his doom,
Not forced him to wander, but kept him at home.

We forget the name of the author to whom Johnson attributes that line popularly believed to have occurred in the theme of an Eton boy upon the marriage in Cana, but it is here introduced, much spoiled, and in company with three wretched companions, as Aaron Hill's:

When Christ at Cana's feast, by power divine,
Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,
'See,' cried they, while in reddening tide it gushed,
'The bashful stream hath seen its God, and blushed.'

Bob and Ned, Jack and Roger, Tom and Dick, are the male *dramatis personæ* of these epigrams, and Chloe and Stella the female:

A FAIR GROUND FOR PRIDE.

Jack his own merit sees; this gives him pride,
For he sees more than all the world beside.

Most of this sort are dull, or else well known; but we will conclude with one that is new, at least to our ears, and pregnant with wisdom; it is, we believe, by the poet Prior:

To John I owed great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE new year opens as promisingly for science as the old year ended. Astronomers and geologists, chemists, naturalists, and natural philosophers, and many others, are busy with important researches. Catastrophes in the money-market, or in India or China, divert them not; neither does a royal marriage make them pause in their endeavours to rifle nature of her secrets. Some few there are—to whom the name philosophers may be justly applied—so earnest in their work, so convinced of the value of time, that they never by any chance accept an invitation to dinner or to an evening-party. To them science owes her proudest achievements.

Mr Faraday is to make known in a lecture some of the results of his late researches. When that takes place, there will not be a spare seat in the theatre of the Royal Institution, for hundreds who don't understand, and don't much care about science, go to hear the learned professor because it is fashionable to do so. Dr Tyndall, pursuing his inquiry into the phenomena of glaciers, will repeat the description of certain properties of ice, which he has already read before the Royal Society. In some of his experiments on the melting of ice, he finds a singularly beautiful phenomenon; that the water which first appears on the surface of the frozen mass has always the form of an elegant flower with expanded petals. While in this there may be a suggestive fact for the crystallographer, the geologist will find additional explanations as to the cause of the motion of glaciers. Those who are interested in this question will find it treated of among other phenomena in an able paper by Professor Hitchcock in the last volume of the *Smithsonian*

Contributions to Knowledge, published at Washington. It reviews the whole subject of *Surface Geology*, tracing effects to their causes in the drift-period—the period of beaches and moraines, with notices of *Ancient Seamounts*—the period of terraces, and, lastly, the historic. It is a valuable contribution to a portion of geological science which has not been sufficiently treated of.—Mr Sorby, on the other hand, has been diving deep down into the bowels of volcanoes, and shews that crystals of quartz and granite are not simply igneous crystals, but aque-igneous, formed under tremendous pressure. He has been led to this conclusion by observing that quartz and granite, when examined under the microscope, are found to contain millions on millions of minute cells or cavities, in which water is enclosed. The water has been drawn off in sufficient quantity to be experimented on; so there is no doubt of its presence. It is only right to mention that the fact was first discovered by Mr Bryson of Edinburgh; but he did nothing towards working it out to its consequences as Mr Sorby has done. The discovery is a surprising one for geologists, as it opens a new view of the structure of volcanic rocks, and leads to the inference that water intensely heated and forcibly hindered from vaporising, has played a highly important part in the crystalline formation. Mr Sorby has exhibited his specimens at meetings of the Royal and Geological Societies, and is now engaged in further investigations.

Not less interesting is a discovery announced at a meeting of the Vaudois Society of Natural Sciences at Lausanne, and not less a surprise for geologists. It appears that the draining of a lake near Moosseedorf, canton of Berne, brought to light a bed of peat, through which numerous stakes were driven. On the surface of this peat, nearly a thousand specimens of pottery, stone-chisels, flint arrow-heads, and bears' teeth, perforated so as to be strung for bracelets and collars, were met with. There were no signs of metal; but bones of wild and domestic animals—some still undetermined—were numerous; and among these were picked up an atlas and jaw of the *Cervus euryceros*, or Great Irish Elk. The capital fact consists in the discovery of the last mentioned, for no remains of the great elk had ever yet been found along with human remains, or with any relics shewing that the animal had lived on the earth at the same time with man.

Mr Robert Mallet's catalogue of earthquakes, drawn up for the British Association, will contain startling facts for the next meeting, collected from the calamitous earthquakes last month in Italy. Some geologists have gone to the spot to make notes of the effects produced. Sir Charles Lyell was there recently, and wished to make special observations on Vesuvius; but the most tedious of Circumlocution Offices is at Naples, and he could not waste time in waiting for the official permit.

Unger shews that vegetable growths produce limestone: such as certain species of algae so constituted that they secrete and deposit carbonate of lime from sea-water. He has subjected the plants to experiment, in which the calcareous matter being all dissolved out, the vegetable texture remained clearly demonstrable.

In a conversation that took place a short time since at a meeting of the Entomological Society, concerning the changes in the species and habits of animals produced by climate, Professor Milne Edwards said that the existing species of ibis is identical with that found preserved in Egyptian mummies.—In a communication to the same Society on a New Genera and Species of Coleoptera, Mr Pascoe raises a question for philologists. 'Why not get rid,' he argues, 'of the word beetle, which is not confined, in common parlance, to the Coleoptera, and is almost universally applied to the cockroach only, by the vulgar? We have mammal and mollusk naturalised among us recently; why not

coleop?'—The Longmans have promised to include the word *telegram* in their forthcoming dictionary: will they be able to get Dr Latham's sanction for the new entomological word?—While on this subject, we may mention that Southern Italy—the scene of the late terrible earthquakes—chiefly a district of some miles around Volterra, had previously suffered from a plague of spiders. The Ragno rosso, as the peasants call it, had multiplied to such a prodigious extent, as to have become a very terror; and the more so, as its bite is more painful than that of the European scorpion. Each female lays from one hundred to two hundred eggs, and the increase would be greater than it is but for an ichneumon that devours all the egg-cocoons it meets with.

Astronomers are busy sounding the note of preparation for the eclipse of the sun, which will take place in March next; and different observatories are arranging to take special observations of the phenomenon. One will note the rose-coloured protuberances, another the effects of the darkness, another the appearance and peculiarities of the rays of light around the edge of the eclipsing body, and so forth. There are many important astronomical questions yet remaining to be solved, which admit of elucidation through the occurrence of eclipses: hence the scientific interest created by them. Indeed, as regards the sun, we may believe that its physical phenomena will henceforth be an especial object of study. The volume of *Smithsonian Contributions* above mentioned contains an elaborate paper 'On the Relative Intensity of the Heat and Light of the Sun upon different Latitudes of the Earth,' from which we quote a passage where the author—Mr Meech—attributes some geological changes of the earth to the motion of the whole solar system through space—a motion, he it remembered, of 400,000 miles an hour. 'In this,' says the author, 'continued for countless ages, the earth may have traversed the vicinity of some one of the fixed stars, which are suns whose radiance would tend to efface the vicissitudes of summer and winter, if not of day and night, with a more warm and equable climate. This may have produced those luxuriant forests, of which the present coal-fields are the remains; and thus the existence of coal-mines in Disco and other arctic islands may be accounted for. If no similar traces exist in the antarctic zone, the presumption will be strengthened that the north pole was presented more directly to the rays of such illuminating sun or star.' There is scope for the imagination here, whatever may be the scientific value of the notion—the world gradually becoming aware that a second sun was shining in the firmament, brighter and hotter for many years, till the luxuriance of the tropics streamed up to the polar zones; and then the gradual decline of light and heat, the strange sun diminishing to a speck, and disappearing at last from human eyes. It is a theme that might inspire a poet.

Mr Broun, who left Sir T. M. Brisbane's observatory near Kelso, to take charge of the Rajah of Travancore's observatory at Trevandrum, has just sent over a printed Report, from which we learn that meteorology and magnetism occupy his attention as well as astronomy. Aided by the rajah's liberality, he has built an observatory on the Agastier Peak—a summit in the Western Ghats, 6200 feet above the sea—for the purpose of carrying on a series of hourly observations of thermometer, barometer, actinometer, and magnets, simultaneously with similar series in the observatory at Trevandrum. By this means, the effect of elevation will be discovered, and the data thence derivable are much in request at present by the chiefs of magnetic and meteorological science, to aid in the discussion of observations. Notwithstanding the draughts of natives placed at his service, Mr Broun had more trouble in erecting his observatory than Professor Piazzi Smyth

had in his exploit on Teneriffe (of which, by the way, he has published a highly graphic narrative). But there is something to repay him (Mr Broun) in the magnificent prospect; and while he is discovering the relations between the higher and lower regions of the atmosphere, he can overlook the whole south of the peninsula as far as Cape Comorin, and, but for an intervening height, would get a view of Adam's Peak in Ceylon.

In connection with meteorology, it is desirable to remember that regular daily observations are made at many places in England and on the continent of Europe, of the rise and fall of the barometer and changes of the wind, the rainfall, &c.: from all of which there will in time appear a large mass of materials and facts for comparison, and as our knowledge of atmospheric waves and the allied phenomena increases, we may hope to get to some positive acquaintance with the laws of the weather.—The Austrian government has 'the hand at the bellows,' to use a sailor's term, in a way that deserves notice. Having deepened the port of Venice so as to admit large vessels, they wish to render the navigation of the Adriatic safer, by diminishing the force of the *bora*—that mighty wind. Now, it happens that Mount Nanas, near Adelsberg, is the father of the *bora*; so on all the hills and heights between Nanas and the sea, trees are to be planted, which—sheltered by walls while young—will, it is believed, grow up and break the force of the wind before it reaches the gulf.

Father Caselli of Florence has invented and perfected an electric telegraph by which written messages may be transmitted and received, some three or four at the same time, and at the rate of five hundred letters or signs in a minute. An autographic communication from the reverend inventor was read at the meeting of the Vandois Society above referred to. At another meeting, M. Bischoff demonstrated to the members that an alkaline solution of silver reduced with sugar, could be advantageously used for the silvering of glass, especially for concave mirrors and reflectors required of unusual brightness.—Professor Helmholtz has invented an instrument to which he gives the name of *telescope*, which is to be used in looking at natural landscapes. In few words, it may be described as a box fitted with mirrors at certain angles, and with feebly concave lenses for eye-pieces. According to the professor, its special merit is, that it enables the spectator to judge of the proportions and distances of a landscape, particularly mountain scenery, much more accurately than with the unassisted eye.—An instrument for indicating sounds has just been exhibited by M. Léon Scott, a corrector of the press at Paris. It comprises a receiver terminated by a membrane; the membrane when disturbed operates on a pencil, and the pencil marks the effect on a moving band of paper. According to the intensity of the sound affecting the membrane, so is the mark; and what is remarkable, it is found that the marks vary according as the sound is harmonious or discordant; though the intensity may be the same. The one leaves regular traces, the other irregular. Hence it is thought the instrument may be useful in the study of vibratory phenomena in the air. This is not the first time that sound has been made visible, so to speak: Professor Wheatstone invented an instrument some years ago, which exhibited the effects of different sounds on a tympanum, all explicable on definite philosophical principles.—Another invention by a young French midshipman will, if it bear the test of further experiment, prove highly useful in the oceanic surveys. It is an instrument which, dropped overboard from a ship, indicates the strength and direction of the under-currents by which the depths of the sea are so numerous and so astonishingly traversed. The construction of the instrument is ingenious, and

hitherto it gives more satisfactory indications than any other.

The demand for fibrous material for commercial purposes has led to the utilisation of a product of which huge bonfires have been and are still made every autumn in Herefordshire, Kent, and Surrey. We mean the hopbine. Excellent wrapping-paper is now manufactured of that climber; and hop-growers may comfort themselves for a bad season by the sale of what they have heretofore wasted. And besides this, experiments have been tried with success to make millboards out of the spent hops, of which the great breweries yield so abundant a supply. It is one of the characteristics of the present time to convert refuse to useful purposes, and these are note-worthy examples.

The Royal Agricultural Society offer a prize of £50 for the best report 'on the results of microscopic observation applied to the vegetable physiology of agriculture.' There is the question; and we doubt not that competent men are ready to give the answer. The Rev. E. F. Manby has communicated to the Society's *Journal* an account of an improved method of potato-culture, whereby he gets two crops a year with little or no disease. The Morecambe potato is the kind he recommends—a kind much in request in the large towns of Lancashire and the West Riding. 'They form,' he says, 'a dish fit for an epicure—light and floury, the delicate skin cracked and bursting.' The land is to be dug by hand-labour, and then the secret for getting potatoes ripe in August that will keep all the winter is—'to set them well sprouted. There is no occasion to put them in early: the last week in April or first week in May will do.' To this he adds: 'The month of August is the critical time for the winter potato. But by sprouting the tuber before setting, you obtain nearly a month's advantage, so that when the disease does come, the plant is in a stronger state than it would otherwise be, and is thereby enabled to repel the attack.'

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XVII.—WEST POINT.

THE military college of West Point is the finest school in the world. Princes and priests have there no power; true knowledge is taught, and must be learned, under penalty of banishment from the place. The graduate comes forth a scholar, not, as from Oxford and Cambridge, the pert parrot of a dead language, smooth prosodian, mechanic rhymster of Idyllic verse; but a linguist of living tongues—one who has studied science, and not neglected art—a botanist, draughtsman, geologist, astronomer, engineer, soldier—all; in short, a man fitted for the higher duties of social life—capable of supervision and command—equally so of obedience and execution.

Had I been ever so much disinclined to books, in this institution I could not have indulged in idleness. There is no 'dunce' in West Point. There is no favour to family and fortune: the son of the President would be ejected, if not able to dress up with the rank; and under the dread of disgrace, I became, perforce, a diligent student—in time, a creditable scholar.

The details of a cadet's experience possess but little interest—a routine of monotonous duties—only at West Point a little harder than elsewhere—at times but slightly differing from the slave-life of a common soldier. I bore them bravely—not that I was inspired by any great military ambition, but simply from a feeling of rivalry: I scorned to be the laggard of my class.

There were times, however, when I felt weariness from so much restraint. It contrasted unfavourably

with the free life I had been accustomed to; and often did I feel a longing for home—for the forest and the savanna—and far more for the associates I had left behind.

Long lingered in my heart the love of Maïmee—long time unaffected by absence. I thought the void caused by that sad parting would never be filled up. No other object could replace in my mind, or banish from my memory the sweet souvenirs of my youthful love. Morning, noon, and night, was that image of picturesque beauty outlined upon the retina of my mental eye—by day in thoughts, by night in dreams.

Thus was it for a long while—I thought it would never be otherwise! No other could ever interest me, as she had done. No new joy could win me to wander—no Lethe could bring oblivion. Had I been told so by an angel, I would not, I could not, have believed it.

Ah! it was a misconception of human nature. I was but sharing it in common with others—for most mortals have, at some period of life, laboured under a similar mistake. Alas! it is too true—love is affected by time and absence. It will not live upon memory alone. The capricious soul, however delighting in the ideal, prefers the real and positive. Though there are but few lovely women in the world, there is no one lovelier than all the rest—no man handsomer than all his fellows. Of two pictures equally beautiful, that is the more beautiful upon which the eye is gazing. It is not without reason that lovers dread the parting hour.

Was it books that spoke of lines and angles, of bastions and embrasures—was it drill, drill, by day, or the hard couch and harder guard *tour* by night—was it any or all of these that began to infringe upon the exclusivism of that one idea, and at intervals drive it from my thoughts? Or was it the pretty faces that now and then made their appearance at the 'Point'—the excursionary belles from Saratoga and Ballston, who came to visit us—or the blonde daughters of the patroons, our nearer neighbours, who came more frequently, and who saw in each coarse-clad cadet the chrysalis of a hero—the embryo of a general?

Which of all these was driving Maïmee out of my mind?

It imports little what cause—such was the effect. The impression of my young love became less vivid on the page of memory. Each day it grew fainter and fainter, until it was attenuated to a slim retrospect.

Ah! Maïmee! in truth it was long before this came to pass. Those bright smiling faces danced long before my eyes ere thine became eclipsed. Long while withstood I the flattery of those siren tongues; but my nature was human, and my heart yielded too easily to the seduction of sweet blandishments.

It would not be true to say that my first love was altogether gone: it was cold, but not dead. Despite the fashionable flirtations of the hour, it had its seasons of remembrance and return. Oft upon the still night's guard, home-scenes came flitting before me; and then the brightest object in the vision-picture was Maïmee. My love for her was cold, not dead. Her presence would have rekindled it—I am sure it would. Even to have heard from her—of her—would have produced a certain effect. To have heard that she had forgotten me, and given her heart to another, would have restored my boyish passion in its full vigour and entirety; I am sure it would.

I could not have been indifferent then? I must still have been in love with Maïmee?

One key pushes out the other; but the fair daughters of the north had not yet obliterated from my heart this dark-skinned damsel of the south.

During all my cadetship, I never saw her—never

even heard of her. For five years I was an exile from home—and so was my sister. At intervals during that time we were visited by our father and mother, who made an annual trip to the fashionable resorts of the north—Ballston Spa, Saratoga, and Newport. There, during our holidays, we joined them; and though I longed to spend a vacation at home—I believe so did Virginia—the 'mother was steel and the father was stone,' and our desires were not gratified.

I suspected the cause of this stern denial. Our proud parents dreaded the danger of a *mésalliance*. They had not forgotten the tableau on the island.

The Ringolds met us at the watering-places; and Arens was still assiduous in his attentions to Virginia. He had become a fashionable exquisite, and spent his gold freely—not to be outdone by the *ci-devant* tailors and stock-brokers, who constitute the 'upper ten' of New York. I liked him no better than ever, though my mother was still his backer.

How he sped with Virginia, I could not tell. My sister was now quite a woman—a fashionable dame, a belle—and had learnt much of the world—among other things, how to conceal her emotions—one of the distinguished accomplishments of the day. She was at times merry to an extreme degree; though her mirth appeared to me a little artificial, and often ended abruptly. Sometimes she was thoughtful—not unfrequently cold and disdainful. I fancied that in gaining so many graces, she had lost much of what was in my eyes more valuable than all, her gentleness of heart. Perhaps I was wronging her.

There were many questions I would have asked her, but our childish confidence was at an end, and delicacy forbade me to probe her heart. Of the past we never spoke: I mean of *that* past—those wild wanderings in the woods, the sailings over the lake, the scenes in the palm-shaded island.

I often wondered whether she had cause to remember them, whether her souvenirs bore any resemblance to mine!

On these points, I had never felt a definite conviction. Though suspicious—at one time even apprehensive—I had been but a blind watcher, a too careless guardian.

Surely my conjectures had been just, else why was she now silent upon themes and scenes that had so delighted us both? Was her tongue tied by the after-knowledge that we had been doing wrong—only known to us by the disapproval of our parents? Or, was it that in her present sphere of fashion, she disdained to remember the humble associates of earlier days?

Often did I conjecture whether there had ever existed such a sentiment in her bosom; and, if so, whether it still lingered there? These were points about which I might never be satisfied. The time for such confidences had gone past.

'It is not likely,' reasoned I; 'or if there ever was a feeling of tender regard for the young Indian, it is now forgotten—obliterated from her heart, perhaps from her memory. It is not likely it should survive in the midst of her present associations—in the midst of that *entourage* of perfumed beaux who are hourly pouring into her ears the incense of flattery. Far less probable *she* should remember than I; and have not I forgotten?'

Strange, that of the four hearts I knew only my own. Whether young Powell had ever looked upon my sister with admiring eyes, or she on him, I was still ignorant, or rather unconvinced. All I knew was by mere conjecture—suspicion—apprehension. What may appear stranger, I never knew the sentiment of that other heart, the one which interested me more than all. It is true, I had chosen to fancy it in my favour. Trusting to glances, to gestures, to slight actions, never to words, I had fondly hoped; but often,

too, had I been the victim of doubt. Perhaps, after all, Maimee had never loved me!

Many a sore heart had I suffered from this reflection. I could now bear it with more complacency; and yet, singular to say, it was this very reflection that often awakened the memory of Maimee; and, whenever I dwelt upon it, produced the strongest revulsions of my now spasmodic love!

Wounded vanity! powerful as passion itself! thy throes are strong as love. Under their influence, the chandeliers grow dim, and the fair forms flitting beneath lose half their brilliant beauty. My thoughts go back to the flowery land—to the lake—to the island—to Maimee.

Five years soon flitted past, and the period of my cadetship was fulfilled. With some credit, I went through the ordeal of the final examination. A high number rewarded my application, and gave me the choice of whatever arm of the service was most to my liking. I had a penchant for the rifles, though I might have pitched higher, into the artillery, the cavalry, or engineers. I chose the first, however, and was gazetted brevet-lieutenant, and appointed to a rifle regiment, with leave of absence to revisit my native home.

At this time, my sister had also 'graduated' at the Ladies' Academy, and carried off her 'diploma' with credit; and together we journeyed home.

There was no father to greet us on our return: a weeping and widowed mother alone spoke the melancholy welcome.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEMINOLES.

On my return to Florida, I found that the cloud of war was gathering over my native land. It would soon burst, and my first essay in military life would be made in the defence of hearth and home. I was not unprepared for the news. War is always the theme of interest within the walls of a military college; and in no place are its probabilities and prospects so fully discussed or with so much earnestness.

For a period of ten years had the United States been at peace with all the world. The iron hand of 'Old Hickory' had awed the savage foe of the frontiers. For more than ten years had the latter desisted from his chronic system of retaliation, and remained silent and still. But the pacific *status quo* came to an end. Once more the red man rose to assert his rights, and in a quarter most unexpected. Not on the frontier of the 'far west,' but in the heart of the flowery land. Yes, Florida was to be the theatre of operations—the stage on which this new war-drama was to be enacted.

A word historical of Florida, for this writing is in truth a history.

In 1821, the Spanish flag disappeared from the ramparts of San Augustine and St Marks, and Spain yielded up possession of this fair province—one of her last footholds upon the continent of America. Literally, it was but a foothold that the Spaniards held in Florida—a mere nominal possession. Long before the cession, the Indians had driven them from the field into the fortress. Their haciendas lay in ruins—their horses and cattle ran wild upon the savannas; and rank weeds usurped the site of their once prosperous plantations. During a century of dominion, they had made many a fair settlement, and the ruins of buildings—far more massive than aught yet attempted by their Saxon successors—attest the former glory and power of the Spanish nation.

It was not destined that the Indians should long hold the country they had thus reconquered. Another race of white men—their equals in courage and

strength—were moving down from the north; and it was easy prophecy to say that the red conquerors must in turn yield possession.

Once already had they met in conflict with the pale-faced usurpers, led on by that stern soldier who now sat in the chair of the president. They were defeated, and forced further south, into the heart of the land—the centre of the peninsula. There, however, they were secured by treaty. A covenant solemnly made, and solemnly sworn to, guaranteed their right to the soil, and the Seminole was satisfied.

Alas! the covenants between the strong and the weak are things of convenience, to be broken whenever the former wills it—in this case, shamefully broken.

White adventurers settled along the Indian border; they wandered over Indian ground—not wandered, but went; they looked upon the land; they saw that it was good—it would grow rice and cotton, and cane and indigo, the olive and orange; they desired to possess it, more than desired—they resolved it should be theirs.

There was a treaty, but what cared they for treaties? Adventurers—starved-out planters from Georgia and the Carolinas, 'nigger-traders' from all parts of the south; what were covenants in their eyes, especially when made with red-skins? The treaty must be got rid of.

The 'Great Father,' scarcely more scrupulous than they, approved their plan.

'Yes,' said he, 'it is good—the Seminoles must be dispossessed; they must remove to another land; we shall find them a home in the west, on the great plains; there they will have wide hunting-grounds, their own for ever.'

'No,' responded the Seminoles; 'we do not wish to move; we are contented here: we love our native land; we do not wish to leave it; we shall stay.'

'Then you will not go willingly? Be it so. We are strong, you are weak; we shall force you.'

Though not the letter, this is the very spirit of the reply which Jackson made to the Seminoles!

The world has an eye, and that eye requires to be satisfied. Even tyrants dislike the open breach of treaties. In this case, political party was more thought of than the world, and a show of justice became necessary.

The Indians remained obstinate—they liked their own land—they were reluctant to leave it—no wonder.

Some pretext must be found to dispossess them. The old excuse, that they were mere idle hunters, and made no profitable use of the soil, would scarcely avail. It was not true. The Seminole was not exclusively a hunter; he was a husbandman as well, and tilled the land—rudely, it may be, but was this a reason for dispossessing him?

Without this, others were easily found. That cunning commissioner which their 'Great Father' sent them could soon invent pretexts. He was one who well knew the art of muddying the stream upwards, and well did he practise it.

The country was soon filled with rumours of Indian outrages—of horses and cattle stolen, of plantations plundered, of white travellers robbed and murdered—all the work of those savage Seminoles.

A vile frontier press, ever ready to give tongue to the popular furor, did not fail in its duty of exaggeration.

But who was to gazette the provocations, the retaliations, the wrongs and cruelties inflicted by the other side? All these were carefully concealed.

A sentiment was soon created throughout the country—a sentiment of bitter hostility towards the Seminole.

'Kill the savage! Hunt him down! Drive him out! Away with him to the west!' Thus was the sentiment expressed. These became the popular cries.

When the people of the United States has a wish, it is likely soon to seek gratification, particularly when that wish coincides with the views of its government; in this case, it did so—the government itself having created it.

It would be easy, all supposed, to accomplish the popular will, to dispossess the savage, hunt him, drive him out. Still there was a treaty. The world had an eye, and there was a thinking minority not to be despised who opposed this clamorous desire. The treaty could not be broken under the light of day; how, then, was this obstructive covenant to be got rid of?

Call the head men together, cajole them out of it; the chiefs are human, they are poor, some of them drunkards—bribes will go far, fire-water still further; make a new treaty, with a double construction—the ignorant savages will not understand it; obtain their signatures—the thing is done!

Crafty commissioner! yours is the very plan, and you the man to execute it.

It was done. On the 9th of May 1832, on the banks of the Oclawaha, the chiefs of the Seminole nation in full council assembled bartered away the land of their fathers!

Such was the report given to the world.

It was not true.

It was not a full council of chiefs; it was an assembly of traitors bribed and suborned, of weak men flattered and intimidated. No wonder the nation refused to accede to this surreptitious covenant; no wonder they heeded not its terms; but had to be summoned to still another council, for a freer and fuller signification of their consent.

It soon became evident that the great body of the Seminole nation repudiated the treaty. Many of the chiefs denied having signed it. The head chief, Onopa, denied it. Some confessed the act, but declared they had been drawn into it by the influence and advice of others. It was only the more powerful leaders of clans—as the brothers Omatia, Black Clay, and Big Warrior—who openly acknowledged the signing.

These last became objects of jealousy throughout the tribes; they were regarded as traitors, and justly so. Their lives were in danger; even their own retainers disapproved of what they had done.

To understand the position, it is necessary to say a word of the political status of the Seminoles. Their government was purely republican—a thorough democracy. Perhaps in no other community in the world did there exist so perfect a condition of freedom: I might add happiness, for the latter is but the natural offspring of the former. Their state has been compared with that of the clans of Highland Scotland. The parallel is true only in one respect. Like the Gael, the Seminoles were without any common organisation. They lived in 'tribes' far apart, each politically independent of the other; and although in friendly relationship, there was no power of coercion between them. There was a 'head-chief'—king he could not be called—for 'Mico,' his Indian title, has not that signification. The proud spirit of the Seminole had never sold itself to so absurd a condition; they had not yet surrendered up the natural rights of man. It is only after the state of nature has been perverted and abused, that the 'kingly' element becomes strong among a people.

The head 'mico' of the Seminoles was only a head in name. His authority was purely personal: he had no power over life or property. Though occasionally the wealthiest, he was often one of the poorest of his people. He was more open than any of the others to the calls of philanthropy, and ever ready to disburse with free hand, what was, in reality, not his people's, but his own. Hence he rarely grew rich.

He was surrounded by no retinue, girt in by no

barbarian pomp or splendour, flattered by no spongy courtiers, like the rajahs of the east, or, on a still more costly scale, the crowned monarchs of the west. On the contrary, his dress was scarcely conspicuous, often meaner than those around him. Many a common warrior was far more *gaillard* than he.

As with the head-chief, so with the chieftains of tribes; they possessed no power over life or property; they could not decree punishment. A jury alone could do this; and I make bold to affirm, that the punishments among these people were in juster proportion to the crimes than those decreed in the highest courts of civilisation.

It was a system of the purest republican freedom, without one idea of the levelling principle; for merit produced distinction and authority. Property was not in common, though labour was partially so; but this community of toil was a mutual arrangement, agreeable to all. The ties of family were as sacred and strong as ever existed upon the earth.

And these were *savages* forsooth—red savages, to be dispossessed of their rights—to be driven from hearth and home—to be banished from their beautiful land to a desert wild, to be shot down and hunted like beasts of the field! The last in its most literal sense, for dogs were to be employed in the pursuit!

CHAPTER XIX.

AN INDIAN HERO.

There were several reasons why the treaty of the Oclawaha could not be considered binding on the Seminole nation. First, it was not signed by a majority of the chiefs. Sixteen chiefs and sub-chiefs appended their names to it. There were five times this number in the nation.

Second, it was, after all, no treaty, but a mere conditional contract—the conditions being that a deputation of Seminoles should first proceed to the lands allotted in the west (upon White River), examine these lands, and bring back a report to their people. The very nature of this condition proves that no contract for removal could have been completed, until the exploration had been first accomplished.

The examination was made. Seven chiefs, accompanied by an agent, journeyed to the far west, and made a survey of the lands.

Now, mark the craft of the commissioner! These seven chiefs are nearly all taken from those friendly to the removal. We find among them both the Omatias, and Black Clay. True, there is Hoitle-mattee (jumper), a patriot, but this brave warrior is stricken with the Indian curse—he loves the fire-water; and his propensity is well known to Phagan, the agent, who accompanies them.

A *ruse* is contemplated, and is put in practice. The deputation is hospitably entertained at Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas. Hoitle-mattee is made merry—the contract for removal is spread before the seven chiefs—they all sign it: the juggle is complete.

But even this was no fulfilment of the terms of the Oclawaha covenant. The deputation was to return with their report, and ask the will of the nation. That was yet to be given; and, in order to obtain it, a new council of all the chiefs and warriors must be summoned.

It was to be a mere formality. It was well known that the nation as a body disapproved of the facile conduct of the seven chiefs, and would not endorse it. They were not going to 'move.'

This was the more evident, since other conditions of the treaty were daily broken. One of these was the restoration of runaway slaves, which the signers of the Oclawaha treaty had promised to send back to their owners. No blacks were sent back; on the contrary,

they now found refuge among the Indians more secure than ever.

The commissioner knew all this. He was calling the new council out of mere formality. Perhaps he might persuade them to sign—if not, he intended to awe them into the measure, or force them at the point of the bayonet. He had said as much. Troops were concentrating at the agency—Fort King—and others were daily arriving in Tampa Bay. The government had taken its measures; and coercion was resolved upon.

I was not ignorant of what was going on, nor of all that had happened during my long years of absence. My comrades, the cadets, were well versed in Indian affairs, and took a lively interest in them—especially those who expected soon to escape from the college walls. 'Black Hawk's war,' just terminated in the west, had already given some a chance of service and distinction, and young ambition was now bending its eyes upon Florida.

The idea, however, of obtaining glory in such a war was ridiculed by all. 'It would be too easy a war—the foe was not worth considering. A mere handful of savages,' asserted they; 'scarcely enough of them to stand before a single company. They would be either killed or captured in the first skirmish, one and all of them—there was not the slightest chance of their making any protracted resistance—*unfortunately*, there was not.'

Such was the belief of my college-companions; and, indeed, the common belief of the whole country, at that time. The army, too, shared it. One officer was heard to boast that he could march through the whole Indian territory with only a corporal's guard at his back; and another, with like bravado, wished that the government would give him a charter of the war, on his own account. He would finish it for 10,000 dollars!

These only expressed the sentiments of the day. No one believed that the Indians would or could sustain a conflict with us for any length of time; indeed, there were few who could be brought to think that they would resist at all: they were only holding out for better terms, and would yield before coming to blows.

For my part, I thought otherwise. I knew the Seminoles better than most of those who talked—I knew their country better; and, notwithstanding the odds against them—the apparent hopelessness of the struggle—I had my belief that they would neither yield to disgraceful terms, nor yet be so easily conquered. Still, it was but a conjecture; and I might be wrong. I might be deserving the ridicule which my opposition to the belief of my comrades often brought upon me.

The newspapers made us acquainted with every circumstance. Letters, too, were constantly received at the 'Point' from old graduates now serving in Florida. Every detail reached us, and we had become acquainted with the names of many of the Indian chieftains, as well as the internal *politique* of the tribe. It appeared they were not united. There was a party in favour of yielding to the demands of our government, headed by one *Omatla*. This was the traitor party, and a minority. The patriots were more numerous, including the head 'mico' himself, and the powerful chiefs Holata, Coa-hajo, and the negro Abram.

Among the patriots there was one name that, upon the wings of rumour, began to take precedence of all others. It appeared frequently in the daily prints, and in the letters of our friends. It was that of a young warrior—or sub-chief, as he was styled—who by some means or other had gained a remarkable ascendancy in the tribe. He was one of the most violent opponents of the 'removal'; in fact, the leading spirit that opposed it; and chiefs much older and more powerful were swayed by his counsel.

We cadets much admired this young man. He was described as possessing all the attributes of a hero—of noble aspect, bold, handsome, intelligent. Both his physical and intellectual qualities were spoken of in terms of praise—almost approaching to hyperbole. His form was that of an Apollo, his features those of Adonis or Endymion. He was first in everything—the best shot in his nation, the most expert swimmer and rider—the swiftest runner, and most successful hunter—alike eminent in peace or war—in short, a Cyrus.

There were Xenophons enough to record his fame. The people of the United States had been long at peace with the red men. The romantic savage was far away from their borders. It was rare to see an Indian within the settlements, or hear aught of them. There had been no late deputations from the tribes to gratify the eyes of gazing citizens; and a real curiosity had grown up in regard to these children of the forest. An Indian hero was wanted, and this young chief appeared to be the man.

His name was OCEOLA.

MAMMA'S PET.

WOMEN and children!—what a sight
Was there when, gathered to her breast
After their bloody breathless flight,
Calcutta bade the victims rest!
Strong men, with voices weak and low,
Stood by to ask their names, their woe.

Some answered but with choking sighs
And wringing hands; and some stood there
Heedless, with their unconscious eyes
Fixed in a blank and ghostlike stare;
Some told their tale in screams, and some
Covered their faces and were dumb.

One of the throng, a little child,
A fair-haired girl, was all alone;
No mother on her darling smiled,
No brother spoke in cheering tone:
All, all alone, with eyes serene,
She gazed upon that strange sad scene.

They came to her, these pitying men,
And one beside her knelt, and took
The orphan to his breast, and then,
With gentle voice, and gentler look,
'Dear child, what is your name?' he cried:
'I'm mamma's pet,' the child replied.

The wild moustache, the rough black beard
Quivered: upon her golden head
He laid his broad brown hand, and cleared
His husky throat: 'Poor child,' he said,
'You are called something more—say yet
Your name.'—'I'm just mamma's sweet pet.'

O mother in your dismal grave,
O murdered father, hear us vow
Our homage to the fond and brave
To lavish on that baby brow,
To pay in love our sacred debt—
For yours shall be the Nation's pet!

L. R.

EDINBURGH.

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PORTLAND AND THE BREAKWATER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverbial gloom of November, the sun shone as brightly as though nature did not believe the almanac, when, a few days since, we found ourselves on board a Weymouth steamer, bound for Portland. The voyage, it is true, was expected to occupy only half an hour; still, it was a very pleasant thing to have fair weather.

The Bay of Weymouth looked extremely picturesque on that occasion. The long line of white cliffs, with their broken headlands, seemed almost to landlock the bay. It chanced, fortunately, that the incident of light and colouring was peculiarly beautiful and varied. The sky was, in truth, heavenly azure, diversified with soft white clouds, changing every moment under the influence of the plastic wind, which dallied with the sky drapery till its fashion was all beautiful. The blue sea was covered with a tracery of dancing gold spangles, and the white-crested waves rode cheerily into the shore, giving life and animation to the whole scene.

As we receded from the shore, the different objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Weymouth were pointed out to us. The moors, treeless, but green and undulating, have here and there oases of luxuriant verdure; and under shelter of the hillside, villages nestle themselves, as at Preston and Osmington, with a picturesque church for warden of the happy valley. It was very interesting to watch the cloud-shadows, chasing each other over the wide expanse of down; now throwing the cliffs into dark and bold relief against the bright sky, and now revealing in intensest sunlight every detail of broken rock and shelving shore, every hue of colour, every change of sand and shingle, and far-stretching sunken ledges. It was more like a good water-colour drawing than almost anything English we had ever looked upon.

Ringstead and Lullworth, we were told, are places of interest. St Albans Head was the extreme point discernible. We soon rounded that part of the mainland which unfortunately shuts out the view of Portland from the town of Weymouth, and now we found ourselves in sight of the island, which rises rather grandly from the water. Many persons have compared it to Gibraltar; and as it appeared on this occasion, its height was exaggerated by a lingering mist which veiled its summit.

The island has naturally a very warlike look; and now a substantial fort, in course of erection, is cresting the near extremity—a commanding position, and one of great importance in guarding the roadstead.

One of the most remarkable features connected with

Portland is the 'Chesil Bank,' which in reality unites it with the mainland; so that the *isle* of Portland is in fact a peninsula. Still, we cannot help holding by its common designation. The bank we have just mentioned is a mound of shingle, about two hundred yards in width, and more than ten miles in length; nearly, but not quite touching the nearest point of the opposite shore, and then 'running up in the form of a narrow isthmus along the western seaboard of Dorsetshire.' This singular formation, which is about forty feet above highwater-mark, acts as a natural breakwater to the anchorage of Portland Roads, sheltering the east bay against westerly gales.

'The shingle of the Chesil Bank,' says Mr Coode, in his admirable paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers in May 1853, 'is composed chiefly of chalk-flints, with a small proportion of pebbles from the red sandstone. . . . A peculiar kind of jasper with flesh-coloured red predominating, is not very uncommon. . . . There are also occasionally pebbles which are decidedly porphyritic. . . . As a proof of the solidity of the mass, it may here be noticed that the water never percolates from the west bay into the east bay, except in the heaviest gales from the south-west—notwithstanding that ordinary tides in moderate weather rise to two or three inches higher, and fall out two feet nine inches lower on the west side than the east.'

The questions which arise respecting this formation are highly interesting, and are closely followed out in the paper from which we quote. When we come to examine the materials which compose the accumulated mass, we are led by geologists to trace back their origin to strata which would naturally afford this débris; and, according to the shewing of Mr Coode, such strata are not to be found save on the *west* coast, as far down as Lyme-Regis. Accepting this fact, we are led to reason on the movements and deposition of shingle, and to balance probabilities between the effect of tidal currents or wind-waves upon these travelling masses.

The theory that the *wind-waves* are the primary cause of the transit of débris from distant strata, is ably supported by Mr Coode. He multiplies instances of shingle borne by the heaviest seas in opposition to the prevailing current of the tide. The form of the bank varies considerably under the influence of severe gales of wind; the concussion of the receding meeting the on-coming wave is sometimes so great, 'that an enormous body of broken water and spray will sometimes rise perpendicularly into the air to a height of sixty or seventy feet.'

There is a curious anecdote connected with the force of winds and waves, which may not be known to all

our readers. On the 28d of November 1824, a ship of 100 tons burden, having on board stores and heavy guns, 'being unable to weather Portland, as a last resource, was run directly on to the Cheil Bank under canvas. She happened to come in on the top of a sea, and by her momentum was carried on to the crest of the bank, where she remained for some time, and was ultimately launched into the eastern bay.'

We found an hour had already flown in listening to local traditions, and in examining this curious shingle-beach, which so happily forms a natural breakwater just in the right place. We could not, however, leave the place without noticing the local boats, called 'lerrets,' which are used by the fishermen of this district. They are quite peculiar, and 'are propelled by the rowers on one side pulling stroke alternately with those on the other, thus giving the boat a tortuous motion through the water.' The fishermen consider this method economises power. Certain it is, they are a hardy race, and manage their barks most skillfully.

Till lately, the Portlanders have been an isolated people, preserving many old-world customs, and never marrying out of the island; but their primitive habits and manners have been invaded by the march of physical science and the mechanical arts, which sometimes drive in civilisation with a sledge-hammer, where the soil will not take kindly to the seed.

Apropos of engineering triumphs, we now bend our steps to the breakwater, which is being constructed at Portland, and is the great object of attraction. Leaving the Cheil Bank to the right, the visitor proceeds along the shore for some quarter of a mile, through a 'Pelion upon Ossa' of stone, iron, and miscellaneous materials, when arriving at the lodge, his name is required, and he is then free to see the works.

At present, the whole place is encumbered by a vast wooden staging, over which railway lines intersect each other; together with the tools and appliances required by engineers, masons, smiths, carpenters, divers, and others. Horses tramp along the wooden causeway, steam-engines hiss and roar, iron chains clank, and wheels revolve with ceaseless noise.

At first, it is difficult to realise what all this is about, but curiosity soon leads you onward where the tide of business seems tending.

Here it may be well to say a few words about the history of the breakwater. About 1794 it occurred to Mr Hervey of Weymouth, who was evidently a very intelligent and far-sighted individual, that it would be highly desirable to have a breakwater for the purpose of sheltering the Portland Roads. It was a fixed idea in his mind, and he appears to have pursued the subject with an earnestness worthy of the cause. He memorialised and petitioned all to no use, and died, leaving his suggestion a legacy to parliament, who very wisely came to the conclusion, some ten years ago, that this coast required a harbour, and that the tremendous works of a similar kind at Cherbourg were a significant hint. The breakwater was accordingly commenced in 1847; but the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone did not take place till the 25th of July 1849, when that duty was performed by the prince-consort.

The breakwater is designed to be 2500 yards in length, and will shelter 2107 acres of Portland Bay—1760 acres of which will have from two to ten fathoms at low-water spring-tides, having excellent anchorage in a strong blue clay, with other advantages of good water, and an almost inexhaustible supply of ballast.

It appears that a great many vessels have been lost, and lives sacrificed on this coast, owing to the want of a harbour of refuge—for none such exists between Plymouth and Spithead, a distance of 140 miles.

There are peculiar facilities in the locality for the construction of this great work. The quarries of

Portland afford a ready supply of material. There were millions of tons of refuse stone already quarried, and available for the foundation of the breakwater, which, together with the blocks of stone required for the superstructure, might be easily conveyed to the works.

We should here remind our readers that government has a prison establishment at Portland, where some 1500 convicts are kept employed, principally in the quarries which supply the material for this great undertaking.

The stone is being worked at about 300 feet above the level of the sea, and is conveyed by convict and horse labour to a railway which has been constructed for its transit. This line consists of three inclines, which fall one foot in ten. 'The loaded trucks are let down by wire-rope attached to drums, and in their descent draw up the empty trucks on a parallel line of railway; the speed is regulated by very powerful screw-breaks.' A self-registering machine weighs each load. The official report of the year ending the 31st of March 1857, from which we quote our statistics of the breakwater, informs us that 2,667,907 tons of rough stone have been deposited since the commencement of the works—this will give us some idea of their magnitude. The proximity of these quarries has considerably lessened the expense in the construction of the breakwater. Cherbourg cost the French government upwards of two millions—five millions have been expended altogether on that *porte*. And our own Plymouth Breakwater, though only 1760 yards in length, cost nearly if not quite two millions; whereas the original estimate made in 1846 for the Portland Breakwater was between five and six hundred thousand pounds. (This, however, did not include any masonry except that in the 'heads.') It has since been deemed expedient to extend the structure, and also to make it applicable for coaling and watering establishments, suitable for the largest ships of the navy; these additions, together with other enlargements upon the original plan, have brought the net estimated expenditure to L.844,125.

The scaffolding, or, more properly, staging, reaches at present about two-thirds of the projected extent of the breakwater: on this we walked. About a quarter of a mile from shore it is intended there should be an opening large enough to admit vessels into the harbour. The pier-heads at this point are nearly finished, and present a most resistant appearance. They are, for the most part, built of a peculiar kind of stone found in Portland, and called 'Roach' by the quarrymen; the outside or face of the heads being of large masses of granite from Cornwall. These piers seem planted immutably firm in the restless element which leaps vainly against this rampart of mechanical skill.

The tide was down, so we had an opportunity of seeing the footing or foundation, which is composed of rude pieces of rock, intermixed with rubble. For some distance, this is already covered with sea-weed, so that it has much the appearance of a natural ledge of rock; but as you proceed, you soon discover the hand of man. You see that the pieces have been recently flung there, and there is evidence of form growing out of chaos. We remarked a singularly fine specimen of an ammonite amongst the debris, nearly the circumference of a cart-wheel, and beautifully perfect. We looked with longing eyes, and wished it in our provincial museum; and this, though the finest fossil we saw, was by no means solitary, for scraps of the ammonite family lay in various directions.

The timber-staging, we should observe, is about 130 feet in width. There are five lines of railway on it, and a railed way for workmen and visitors. This mass of timber-work is supported at intervals by enormous wooden piles, which, as we were told, are constructed in the following manner. The piles end

in a disc of metal, in a spiral form, which enters the ground on the principle of the screw, and when it has entered a clay or sandy bottom, resists alike upward or downward pressure.

We appeared to be about thirty or forty feet above the then level of the tide; the sea was intensely green. There is something singularly beautiful in that peculiar colour—rightly called 'sea-green:' as we looked down, it was like a mass of emerald quartz, so bright, clear, and crystalline. There is always a fascination in gazing upon the mysterious sea, and its restless motions and throbbing tide-pulses. It would be difficult to say what pantheistic dreams we might not have indulged in, in our human sympathy for the ocean, had we not been startled out of all sentimentality by the thundering approach of a train, which made the whole place tremble, and ourselves likewise, so near it seemed to be upon our heels. We had no intention of disrupting the order of precedence, so drew aside while the heavily laden trucks, and *lastly*, the engine, passed us by.

We saw other trains advancing in rapid succession, and we followed to the scene of action. We shortly arrived at the extreme point which the staging has yet attained, nearly a mile out to sea. The lines of railway are occupied with the passage of trains which arrive every few minutes; each engine propels five trucks, which are severally loaded with about ten tons of stone. The space is left open between the rails, so that when the truck has come to the right point, the man in charge has only to touch a lever at the bottom, and the whole load is immediately let fall into the water.

But the effect is not to be described in these few words of bald description, and simple statement of the mechanical arrangements. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten. Imagine yourself standing on what was apparently, though not really, a frail and slender framework, which shook violently beneath the heavy roll of the engines and their trains, as they came up to discharge each its cargo of fifty tons of stone, which falls with the roar and dash of an avalanche into the seething, surging flood beneath. The breaking crash of stones is soon lost in the sullen reverberating plunge, and in an instant the rocks are swallowed by the whelming waters, which fling back in triumph a cloud of feathered spray; then the boiling tide subsides into rippling quietude, till again lashed into fury by another cataract of stones. And so goes on this battle between art and nature; the capacity of the sea at first appears inexhaustible, but at length man is rewarded by seeing the ledge of rock growing beneath his patient assiduity.

The average breadth of this foundation is 260 feet; but the breadth of the breakwater at the top—ten feet above highwater-mark—will be 28 feet 6 inches. About 400 workmen are employed on the breakwater and on the works generally, besides 800 to 1000 convicts who are entirely occupied at the quarries.

If the same rate of progress continues to be observed, the breakwater will probably be completed in three or four years from the present time.

As we retraced our steps, we stopped frequently to admire the wonderful appliances which mechanical science has brought to bear upon all engineering difficulties. Thanks to the great politeness of Mr Coode, the head engineer, we were allowed to see the model of the breakwater, and also to examine a very interesting piece of apparatus, of his own construction, a self-registering tide-gauge, which indicates every wave that breaks upon the shore.

In the premises of the office is a remarkably fine specimen of a fossil tree, some thirty feet in length, the sight of which made us determine to lose no time in examining some of those interesting remains of a former world *in situ*; accordingly, we procured a carriage to take us to the top of the island.

We returned nearly to the spot where we first landed, then passing behind Portland Castle, we found ourselves in the town of Chesil. Never was there such a quaint old place; it looked the more venerable perhaps from the fact of its being built entirely of stone—in some cases, even the roofing was of stone: this tended to give it a gray and uniform appearance; added to which, there was not a tree or shrub to be seen. The town runs some way up the hill, on either side of a street as steep almost as a roof. At one angle of the road, you look down the chimneys of houses whose door-steps you had been level with a few minutes before. Climbing laboriously up the hill, the view opens before you; and now, for the first time, you see the whole long line of the Chesil beach; the western bay lies at your feet, stretching far towards Devonshire. The prospect at this point is highly picturesque—the precipitous road, with its continental-looking old town, and to the left, broken and rugged cliffs, ending abruptly in the sea.

On gaining the summit, the first thing that struck us was the stone-carts, which are rude and primitive, and the wheels of solid wood, enormously thick. We easily found a guide to the stone-quarries, which, it should be observed, are not those used by government, which are not shewn except by an order from the secretary of state.

We found the quarries in full work. It seems that the Portland stone was first brought into repute in the time of James I. It was employed in the erection of the banqueting-house at Whitehall; St Paul's Cathedral, Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, and the New Royal Exchange, are also built of this stone. 'The annual quantity now shipped is between 30,000 to 40,000 tons.'

Dr Buckland, Sir Henry de la Beche, and others, have made observations upon the geology of Portland. It appears that the 'dirt-bed,' as the workmen call it, is the depository of the fossilised trees. This stratum rests upon the ('good') Portland stone, which, again, has beneath it, according to Buckland, '*compact, chalky limestone with chert*,' and '*sandy limestone with chert*,' also '*rubbly beds with chert*.' The latter description, says Mr Coode, 'is the most exact;' and he adds: 'The character of this chert or flinty matter, which contains vast quantities of shells, and chiefly of the *Trigonia*, is entirely different from the chalk-flints.'

The dirt-bed, we were told, is about thirty feet in thickness, and in it are found the fossil trees of the *cycadeoides* in great numbers. 'They are partly sunk in black earth,' says Mr Webster, 'and partly covered by superjacent *calcareo-silicious slate*; from this slate, the silex to which the trees are now converted must have been derived.' Some observations of the late Andrew Cross are pertinent to this matter; he says, in a paper on *Change*: 'The island of Portland is full of fossil trees—trees whose body is converted into silica and chalcedony. This is the work of ages, and the probable cause electric transfer, by which the silica quits the soil, and is drawn up through the pores of wood.' Sir Roderick Murchison, in his *Silurian System*, thus describes the cycads as 'a beautiful class of plants between the palms and conifers, having a tall straight trunk, terminating in a magnificent crown of foliage.' And Mrs Somerville, in her *Physical Geography*, remarking on the great changes which the earth has undergone, observes of the oolitic series: 'Plants allied to the zamias and cycades of our tropical regions, many ferns and pines of the genus *araucaria*, characterised its vegetation; and the upright stems of a fossil tree at Portland shew that it had been covered with trees.' Covered with trees and plants, now exclusively the productions of tropical climes—we repeat these words with awe: what thoughts rush upon the mind as we contemplate this single fact! Now, on this sterile rock, a few stunted trees and shrubs

hardly find means of existence. In that mysterious past, waving and luxuriant foliage decked the scene with rare forms of beauty. In Sir H. de la Beche's *Geological Researches*, he traces the probable history of the portion of England of which this is a part. We have not time here to linger with the geologists in their descriptions of how, in the lapse of time, after its primal glory, the dirt-bed became an estuary of the sea, or brackish lake, where the mud, possibly, of some vast river deposited its remains of terrestrial and fresh-water creatures, and subsequent deeper depression of the area gave opportunity for the deposition of marine fossils. So go on these marvellous alternations of level; step by step, we may, and do learn to decipher more and more of the wonders of the pre-Adamite world. Such reflections read as a good moral to the plaudits of this self-glorifying age. When we build leviathan ships, throw chains which bind continents together, and pulsate with human thoughts; when we stay the ocean with a boundary, and turn the most subtle forces of nature to our bidding—let us not forget the unnumbered ages of change which this finite globe has seen; and beyond all, remember the metaphysical questions which regard time and space themselves but as conditional truth.

MY COUNTRY-HOUSE AND ITS TENANTS.

I AM the proprietor of Wythrop Place, Wythrop, Hampshire: the 'Place' being of course not any long row of ghastly plaster-of-Paris-pillared edifices built by three men and a boy in a fortnight, as one reads of in the rule of three, but a respectable mansion in the country; and I only point this out because I once received an answer to an advertisement addressed to me at 14 Wythrop Place, a mistake which I do not wish should occur again.

Living at the Place myself, for any length of time, is, however, out of the question, since I possess a brewery more than ten miles away from it, which requires my constant supervision, and my object, therefore, of course is, to get somebody else to live there. I find no great difficulty in the matter, so far as obtaining tenants; but where I fail is in convincing them that they ought to pay me rent for it. One would really imagine, to judge from their demands upon me, and their repudiation of my demand upon them, that the obligation lay upon the other side. There is a story afloat of a great theatrical manager—that is to say, of the manager of a great theatre—in connection with his treatment of dramatic authors, which strikes me as affording an excellent parallel to the case of myself and my tenants. The author arrives by appointment at the manager's place of business. His five-act tragedy has been accepted; his only doubt is whether he shall ask for it three hundred guineas, or four. 'Your piece, sir,' the great man admits, 'is fine; the situations are striking; the bad characters are sufficiently bloody, the good ones spotless as can be desired; and the general sentiments are in accordance with public opinion. Therefore, all I have to say to you is: *What will you give me to play it?*' Similarly, it would by no means surprise me should a person of easy manners and gentlemanly address call upon me any day, and, after allowing that Wythrop Place was elegantly furnished, commodiously arranged, and fit, in every respect, to accommodate himself and family, should finish his eulogium with: 'And now, sir, what will you give me to live in it?' I have had to do with numbers of candidates for my country-house who certainly entertained that view, if they did not express it, of the relation of landlord to tenant; people, who, having resided in fashionable furnished apartments in town during the season, languidly turn over the autumn leaves of the *Times* advertisement-sheet until

they find a house in the country to suit their tastes as to locality and convenience. Rent cannot be said to be a secondary object with these gentry—who are generally 'well connected,' and what the estate-agent calls 'desirable'—for it is not an object at all. They are the last persons to haggle, bless you, about a paltry thirty guineas, more or less, for the three months; the question as to whether the stable manure shall be regularly fetched as usual by Farmer Stubble, or not, is of no sort of consequence to them; they beg I will not apologise for the rather worn appearance of the druggot on the back staircase; as to the entrance-gate being indifferently hung, so that it sometimes has to be lifted before one can open it, they would not care three farthings should there be no entrance-gate at all. Why should I say three farthings, since money, much or little, seems never to enter into their thoughts. They are come down into the country to retrench, and all their modesty requires is a roomy furnished house in a pleasant neighbourhood, with a little park-land about it, and the use of a kitchen-garden—gratis.

It is very easy for the reader to say: 'This is nonsense; a man can't be expected to keep up a country-house for the gratuitous entertainment of strangers,' when he is expected to do it, as I am, year after year: or to ask me why I don't make them pay, when I can't make them. Goodness knows that I have been too shamefully treated by this class of persons, to have any delicacy about employing the very crudest means to exact my dues. May I have another country-house upon my hands, if I would not have used torture, had the constitution permitted it, upon more than one of these wretches; but there is no redress to be got anyhow. Often and often, I have set the machinery of the law in motion against them; and we all know how much it costs to start that ingenious contrivance, and how exceedingly difficult the fly-wheel of it is to stop; but nothing ever came of it, except an attorney's bill. My tenants have generally taken their departure to the continent about a week before their term is up; they write from the south of France or Northern Italy, to mention casually that their rent must 'stand over' (over what, I never could make out; certainly not over me) for a little; but to insist particularly upon some work-bag of Berlin wool, or carved wooden paper-cutter—which they have inadvertently left behind in the right-hand drawer of the table in the back drawing-room—being forwarded to them at once with the greatest precautions against its being lost. They are anxious enough about their own trumpery property, and speak of it in terms which would lead you to imagine that it was a hostage, if necessary, many degrees above the value of their debt. One very gentlemanly tenant of this kind wrote to me from a fashionable watering-place, where he intended to reside for the winter months, to say that he had been much pleased with Wythrop, and would make a point of recommending it to his friends. That individual I did manage to lay hold of. I would have spent my entire patrimony rather than that man should have been suffered to escape my vengeance. I would have violated any law, foreign or British, and had him kidnapped, wheresoever he had betaken himself, and securely handed over to other of my myrmidons as soon as he touched English soil, before he should have gone unpunished. After expending about twice the money that was owed me, I lodged this scoffing wretch, I say, in the county jail. Very likely you may have heard of it; the provincial radical newspaper had a critique upon the matter next week, headed: 'Wythrop Place and its Owner;' wherein it was first shewn that all aristocrats were blood-thirsty and heartless; and, secondly, that I was not an aristocrat by any means; concluding with some disparaging and excursive remarks upon my beer. Moreover, since I had sued

my enemy for rent for the weeks which he had passed in my house, and not for the quarter only, I subjected myself to an action for false imprisonment, and was glad to pay fifty pounds to be out of it.

As for putting in an execution or seizing for it, what is the use of that with such tenants as mine. I only cut my own throat; execute myself and seize upon my private property, with the exception of such prizes as the work-bags and the paper-cutters. All the wealth of this sort of tenant seems to consist in wearing-apparel, of which they have large quantities, but which it is not legal to make prey of; at all events, I seldom get anything. I never made more than one capture with even a tolerable success, and that one was upon the chattels of Tilly Ricketts, subsequently described in the Insolvent Court as being of no profession, and no certain dwelling-place. His baptismal name was Chantilly, but I called him Tilly for short, and because I got to be tolerably intimate with him. He was a bachelor and a sporting person, having, indeed, been unfortunately attracted to the Place by its convenience for hunting purposes; and made nothing of riding ten miles to dine with us at the brewery and returning in the evening. He would arrange in a playful manner, over the dessert, to have a cask or two of strong beer sent down to the Place, from our famous tap; and he would pay for it, he said—satirically, as I am now aware—when he paid the rent. He came upon every occasion on a new horse, and generally attended by a little pack of hounds. For Tom and Bob—two small but most ferocious terriers—he said he had refused five-and-thirty guineas. I thought he was a fool then, of course, but I have now quite a different opinion of Chantilly Ricketts. He possessed a pony, Leporello, which he affirmed to be by far the best pony then extant in this country or in the world at large—I never knew anybody with a pony, by the by, who was not prepared to affirm this—and he had been tempted, in vain it seemed, to part with this animal also for some astounding sum.

I rode over to Wythrop once during the latter portion of his residence there, and found the house turned into little better than a kennel. He was smoking a cigar, with his two favourite dogs, in the drawing-room—not that *they* were smoking just then, although they could do it, for I have seen them myself sitting up with pipes in their mouths, upon their hind-legs, like Christians—preparatory to a rat-hunt about to take place in the same apartment. He put a stop to my natural remonstrances on that occasion by saying good-humouredly: 'Well, my dear sir, I suppose a fifty-pound note will make it all right between us when I go away; and if it will not, I give you my word, you shall have a hundred; and my word is as good as my bond:' which indeed it was, exactly.

The butcher, or the grocer, or the baker, or a combination of these—for he owed everybody—put Tilly into jail without my assistance; but I, as landlord, had of course the first choice of his goods. Two horses—for seizing which I sustained actions from their legitimate owners, who had only lent them to Mr Ricketts upon trial—the celebrated pony, and the brace of wonderful dogs, fell to my share. I was shaking my fist at these latter animals, intending, however, the gesture to apply to their master rather than to themselves, when the more savage of the two, Thomas, flew at my thigh, and was disengaged from it not without great difficulty; while the pony ate his head off, or nearly so, for weeks in my stable, and was sold with his canine friends at last for fourteen pounds. All this time were Tilly's creditors appealing to me to see them righted, instigated thereto by the incarcerated Mr Ricketts himself. He told them that, with his priceless Leporello in my possession, I had absolutely become his debtor to an extent that would

cover all their bills; and he wrote me a letter to that effect, which had this very singular postscript: '*P. S.* I think it right to state, sir, that I look upon my present misfortunes as being in some sort a judgment upon me for demeaning myself by going to your house to dinner—to a brewery: none of my family, no Ricketts, from time immemorial, was ever before mixed up with anything connected with *trade*.' And this annoyed my dear wife not a little, who, I am sorry to say, is rather thin-skinned about our celebrated tap. The house at Wythrop is certainly unsuited to one of my calling; but it was left to me—and one generally takes what is left to one without apology—by my great-uncle, who never took to me kindly, and who, as I am now convinced, carried out his animosity to the very last; the unforgiving old gentleman, broken in health, moribund as indeed he was, actually extended his resentment beyond the grave, in leaving me his house in the country. He well knew, for he was a man of business, that it must needs be a hundred and fifty pounds a year out of my pocket at least, and his malice has been more than gratified.

There are respectable tenants to be got, of course; but these are in reality more expensive—they certainly take more money out of my pocket—than the people who don't pay. There is scarcely anything in the house that suits them; and where anything does, they are clamorous to have more of it. 'There are only two arm-chairs in the dining-room,' complained one of these importunates: 'where, I should like to know, is my mother-in-law to sit?' And 'more tables' was set down laconically by another among a number of items of things wanted, just as the nabob demanded his 'more curricles.' The pump is out of order, or the roof lets in the rain; the park-pallings want renewal, the drawing-room carpet is wearing into holes; the well runs dry, and requires to be dug twenty feet deeper in the summer-time; and the cistern bursts in the winter. Every new tenant has his new grievances, and every season its particular array of wants and repairs: nor does it by any means follow that I bring the Place to perfection after all, for the improvements that have been effected at a great expense to please one incomer, are the very things, perhaps, which induce his successor to demand a reduction in the rent. If tenant-right in Ireland means anything like what it has meant at Wythrop Place, it must be one of the most impertinent dictations which it ever entered into the brain of man to defend. About a twelvemonth ago, the greatest shock to my feelings as a landlord was administered, which they have as yet experienced. I had taken especial pains to insure myself against risk with this particular tenant—if I can call a man particular who stuck at nothing—not even at felony. I had carefully eschewed the aristocracy and the sporting circles, and had selected my man from among the honest and steady-going candidates of the middle class; he was a City man of the very highest respectability, who did not know a fox-hound from a harrier, which he pronounced without the 'h'; and he was, to conclude, a drysalter, and his name was Stubbs. The estate-agent referred me to this gentleman's own place of business in London, as a guarantee of his solvency; and, indeed, it was a magnificent establishment. Moreover, the good simple fellow had never put his nose in a country-house before, so that he would not have known what was wanting, even had not everything been as complete as it was. This model-tenant kept a most respectable cob, which was supplied with hay from my own rick at a very moderate cost, for I am not the man in these sort of cases to be left behindhand in liberality. If there had been a breath of suspicion—which there, of course, was not—regarding Mr Stubbs's honesty, one glance at that cob would have left its proprietor spotless and unsullied. It seemed, as Tilly Ricketts would

have said, to have been got by Respectability out of Decorum, and to answer in itself for the unimpeachable integrity of breeder, trainer, owner, and all that had had anything to do with it. Mr Stubbs was elected churchwarden before he had been my tenant five months, entirely upon the merits of that cob.

One afternoon, my eldest son, who is a sharp lad, and has been admitted as a partner into our concern, being up in the City about hops, thought he would just take a look at the establishment of Stubbs & Company, to see how matters were going on in that quarter. Imagine his horror when he saw the shutters up, and 'To Be Sold' in great, staring characters all over them. 'I thought, father,' said he, 'when I read these words, that they would have some application to us.' And so, in truth, they had. The very day preceding his London failure, Mr Stubbs and family left their country-house at Wythrop for I-wish-I-could-find-out-what-place. He previously committed the felonious act of selling my entire hayrick, and walked away with the proceeds; he rode away, that is, upon the respectable cob; and is now, I have little doubt, upon the strength of it, churchwarden somewhere else. All I know of him or his, is this: I had the pleasure of reading in the *Times* newspaper of September last, the following announcement, which is, I think, under the circumstances, unique and cool even for a tenant: 'On Friday last, at Pau in the Pyrenees, the Viscount Cavalcantissimo to Louisa, daughter of Joseph Stubbs, Esq., late of Wythrop House, Wythrop, Hants.'

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GROUSE?

'First of February, partridge and pheasant shooting ends.' This is the business-like announcement in the almanac, which informs those who are not addicted to *Bell's Life* or the *Field*, that the close of the sportsman's year has arrived—grouse, black-cock, and ptarmigan shooting having ended on the 10th of December. This, therefore, is the appropriate time to make a few remarks on the cry of the sportsmen as to the grouse and other game-birds: 'Where are they?' which was answered only by the iteration of the moorland echo—Where are they? Sportsmen look forward with dread to the extirpation of their favourite birds; and other interested classes, including landlords, game-dealers, &c., tremble for their profits; while the naturalist shrinks from an impending addition to the already numerous catalogue of extinct British birds. The alarm is not unreasonable: in another generation, the descendants of the industrious sportsmen who flourished in the reign of Queen Victoria, may perhaps be found sighing over a stuffed grouse, or examining with regretful eye the skeleton of a partridge or the portrait of a black-cock in the natural history department of the British Museum; where, at the same time, if we may rely upon the prophecies of Mr John Cleghorn, visitors will be shewn drawings of the *Clupea harengus*, the salmon, and many other extinct but recent species of our British fishes, accompanied, in all probability, with a sermon from the exhibitor, having for its moral that pithy old proverb which hints at the killing of the geese for the sake of its golden eggs. The decrease in our stock of grouse has been at intervals the cry for some years now; but the more decided failure of the shooting-season now past has reawakened public attention in earnest. In this season, our sportsmen have been unprecedentedly industrious in the pursuit of their destructive business. But their efforts, so far as grouse are concerned, have

been almost fruitless; no splendid bags have resulted; the Highland sheltie has had no great burden to carry home to the quarters in the glen. Mile after mile of wild mountain heath has the wearied sportsman trod in vain. Mountains have been skirted, bogs forded, or still more cleverly avoided, but the crack of his gun was unheard, and the health-giving breeze brought no scent of the bird. The silence remained unbroken by the whitter of the mountain partridge or the cry of the moorfowl; vast spaces of heather and gorse stretched before him into the far distance, and thousands of acres were wearily scanned with the glass, and as wearily measured by the foot, but scarcely a shot could be had; or perhaps—as at Dunmaglass and Aberchalder—a shooting-party of four gentlemen, practised sportsmen, might bring down—five and a half brace! The fact is avouched by the *Morning Post* early in August. 'Grouse killed on the Dunmaglass and Aberchalder Hills, Inverness-shire, August 12—Sir H. de Trafford, none; Captain F. Scott, one brace; Mr J. S. Entwistle, four brace; Mr A. de Trafford, one bird.' But even at a still later part of the season—that is, in November—grouse continue as scarce as before; and a paragraph in the *Inverness Courier*, relative to the sport in Lord Seafield's covers at Glen Urquhart, gives two grouse out of 906 head of other game which had fallen to eight guns in the course of four days. The paragraph is as follows: 'The total baggings in four days—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday—were as follow: 254 pheasants, 18 partridges, 40 wood-cocks, 8 black game, 2 grouse, 129 hares, 438 rabbits, and 22 roe-deer.' Our purpose in noticing the failure of the grouse-shooting in these pages is to hint that the decreasing supplies have been attributed to wrong causes—namely, disease and destruction of eggs.

The following paragraphs, culled from the *Field* and a variety of other sources, will put the reader in possession of the common ideas as to the causes of the disease. Sportsmen are not agreed on the matter. One division of the little army of disputants attributes the malady (principally tapeworm) to the excessive heather-burning which has now become annual on some of our moors; another blames the pasturage of sheep as the sole cause. A gentleman of the name of 'Grouse,' who holds a moor of 20,000 acres, says that no disease exists upon it, and that birds are very plentiful; that on 'the 12th' sixty brace might easily have been bagged; and he attributes this large stock of healthy birds mainly to the ground being clear of sheep, and that there is no heather-burning, in order to admit of the production of grass for the black-faces; while 'on an adjoining moor (only separated by a loch), which is 80,000 acres in extent, where burning is practised, and the ground overrun with sheep, grouse are so scarce that with hard fagging he can bag only fifteen brace in a day.' It would seem from a series of articles on the subject, that 'when sheep are in excess, which is very commonly the case now in Scotland on many moors, heather must be burned to a great extent to make room for them, and to produce fresh food, thus depriving grouse of shelter; and in the next place, as sheep are perpetually in motion, they constantly disturb the ground, and in the breeding-season unquestionably destroy nests; and in the autumn they are dressed with an ointment composed of butter, tar, and mercury. A question then arises—Whether this dressing so far affects the constitution of the sheep for the time, that the soil and herbage are influenced thereby so as to be prejudicial to grouse.' Another gentleman, who distinguishes himself as 'An Old Un,' and who seems to

have great experience in sporting matters, says: 'If the laird will favour his native tenant, and make sheep his primary object, and will not sympathise a little with his feathered friend, grouse will soon disappear off the ground, and, in my opinion, from the following causes: smearing with that abominable, poisonous, offensive-smelling grease and tar; and continually herding five or six thousand sheep, with a team of colley-dogs.' Further, the 'Old Un' says: 'Let Scotland return to its natural state, as I found it in 1832—feeding on its grouse-portsions the Highland black-faced sheep, in place of its foreign usurper the white-faced Cheviot. The black-faced requires less care, less burning of heather, less gathering and driving, less grease and tar; stains the ground less; travels less in large bodies; and with its quick eye and light and careful tread, respects the nest and eggs of his native companion.' Colonel Whyte, another authority, writes to the *Field* to say that the grouse of a district in Donegal, being afflicted with the tape-worm, is 'confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ' that he is right in supposing that in sheep-farming and its concomitants the disease originates—especially as a Scotch sheep-farmer has lately taken possession of the land!

In another letter, the colonel tells us that 'the place a grouse loves to feed on is knolly ground, with the young short heather sprouting up; and this is precisely the spot the sheep selects for his nightly resting-place. Can we wonder, then, at the livers of grouse being diseased, feeding as they do on heather besmeared with mercury? Now, these spots are rare, either on mountains wholly burned or on mountains never burned—and under one category or the other come three parts of the Scottish hills—and, being rare, are of course much frequented by both. . . . The present breed of grouse in Scotland I believe to be for the most part thoroughly broken down in constitution, and accordingly every wet winter brings on an access of the disease; and as weakly fathers beget weakly offspring, so year by year under the present system, they will become more and more delicate.'

A series of letters have also been appearing on heather-burning, in the *Inverness Courier*; we have room, however, for but one extract on the subject. 'Veritas' thus decides in favour of the burning: 'I have lived among the hills a great many years now, and, although neither sportsman nor farmer, have had many opportunities, not only of hearing the subject of grouse-disease discussed, but also of noticing the effects of heather-burning; and feel warranted in stating, without fear of much contradiction, that the strongest and healthiest birds are invariably to be found on moors which are regularly and systematically burned.'

We need say little about the destruction of the eggs. It is certain, however, that many are destroyed—some by accident, others by poachers, who supply the dealers with them. Grouse-eggs have been largely transported to England, for experiments in stocking English moors. The *Spectator* newspaper, in a recent article, indicates still another way of disposing of the eggs: 'The birds are failing, partly from a disease which is carrying off great numbers, but there are two other causes of their disappearance. The watchers of the deer-forests, thinking only of the antlered game, dislike the grouse because they attract poachers, and destroy the eggs wherever they find them, and thus abolish one form of sport to save another. But we suspect the worse disease under which the grouse suffer is the increase in the number of sportsmen.' This last suggestion, in our opinion, points to the true cause of the scarcity of the birds, although combined in some measure with the disease; and we have not arrived at this opinion without much personal inquiry, and after the perusal of a large amount of correspond-

ence on the subject. That overshooting is the real cause of the decrease of the grouse, is sufficiently obvious even from the fact, that the rent paid for liberty to shoot grouse and deer this season was somewhere about £200,000. But even this large sum will cease to be wondered at, when the reader learns that 100,000 brace of each of the principal game-birds—grouse, partridge, pheasant, snipe—are required in London alone, reaching the metropolis in the shape of consignments to wholesale and retail dealers, and as presents to friends. If we average these as yielding the sportsman half-a-crown per brace, it gives us a sum equivalent to about a fourth of the rental. This overshooting is caused to a large extent by persons renting shooting-grounds who are unable to afford so expensive a luxury, and who therefore 'shoot like mad,' as the Ettrick Shepherd expresses it, to make up the rent—caring not whether they leave a sufficient stock of birds to multiply and replenish the earth. It has been said that

A London brewer shoots the grouse,
And a lordling stalks the deer.

But while these parties can no doubt afford to pay for grouse-shooting or deer-stalking, without the annoyance of feeling that they must reproduce the money, there is another class who make a business of the sport, and who bestow a large amount of hard work on it, in order to turn it to commercial account.

As illustrating the system of shooting for profit, we may state that we happen to know two humble but industrious men who followed this plan with great shrewdness. These men were natives of one of our Highland glens, and followed the business of what is called in Edinburgh chairmen, although their title of street-porters will be more generally understood. Roderick and Duncan had a good connection, and were well employed as messengers during the winter season, when the various courts of law are in session; but as each returning summer arrived, the brothers found that it entailed upon them a forced idleness of four or five months consequent upon 'the long vacation,' and that however busy they might have been during the winter, their earnings were insufficient to carry them over the dull months of their vacation. Having once or twice attended gentlemen to the Highlands for a few weeks' shooting about the glorious 13th, it came to pass that eventually, having made careful and accurate arrangements, they rented a shooting on their own account, and set actively to work with their own two guns, and one or two hired attendants, determined to shoot the rent out of the place and a profit besides—which they did. This is only one instance out of many. Billiard-room keepers, livery-stable keepers, and others having strong ideas of combining pleasure and business, frequently rent a moor, and of course take care not to lose by the speculation. It is perfectly clear that such sportsmen as these have little care as to whether they leave a stock of breeding-birds or not; they rarely visit the same ground twice, to make sure of obtaining value for their money, this being the only side of the question they look at. No wonder that gentlemen following these parties think they have stumbled either upon 'Glendo' or 'Glen-diddle.'

Look, too, how times are changed—how steam-boats and railways flash across the country and up to town. Formerly, there were no such rapid modes of conveyance, and game having to be sent by the mail-coach at a considerable cost of carriage, smaller quantities were consumed. Then the population has increased so considerably as to produce a proportionate demand; every year the supply augments, because every little retailer's wife must now-a-days have her occasional dinner-party, and of course, if it is in season, she will have game on the table. All this

adds to the demand; and the demand must be supplied, say the dealers; and rent must be paid, say the shooters; and we too must live, say the poachers; and so the poor grouse, in the end, pays for all.

NIGHT-VIEW OF A NEGRO TOWN.

LAST April, an African traveller favoured us with a *Photograph of a Negro Town*. It was taken, as such pictures demand, in the daytime, and shewed the place in its quiet, dreamy state, winking in the sun. He has now sent us a companion-picture, yet of another kind. The town has roused itself up, for darkness has come down; and we view by firelight the employments and recreations of the inhabitants.

The sun had reached its half-way degree from the meridian towards the horizon by the time my cicerone had fulfilled his office and taken his leave; and feeling as if I had shared in the evolutions of a field-day, I was glad to find our quarters deserted, and to throw myself into the king's gay white net hammock, which seemed specially to commend itself to my notice, as a sort of sudatory strainer. I took to it instinctively; my head and shoulders gravitated down an inclined plane in one direction, my feet followed the example in the other, and the dorsal column thus formed a luxurious curve. There was a charm, too, in the cool mellow light of the piazza, in the blandness of the atmosphere, and the dead stillness of the hour; and I felt that I was 'at home,' and cared not a straw about its want of the social element.

The hammock has decided attractions for fatigue as well as indolence, and is as great a promoter of day-dreaming as of sleep. It will not do, it is true, for a long night's stage—for the turnings and twistings of the dyspeptic, plethoric, phlegmatic, or rheumatic sleeper; but as the passage from a serious prolepsis or the pages of a dull book into a dozy 'dog-sleep' or a wholesome nap, or for a parenthetical siesta before dinner, it is unquestionably a commendable contrivance, and worthy of a more civilised origin than is commonly ascribed to it. It claims, however, to be enjoyed *al fresco*; and in this respect, whether in a warm climate, or warm weather in any climate, the couch or easy-chair has no pretensions either to its pleasantness or its sanitary virtues.

But on this occasion, after a time, a restless sense of loneliness came over me. What had become of the king and the chiefs whom I had so recently left on the spot? Ah! yes—the fourth period of daily prayer—probably so; still, very odd, all so silent; no one to be seen; nothing moving; nothing—and yet stillness itself seems audible, like the breathing of silence; a whispering of some spirit in the air, or the 'running of the sand in the great hour-glass of Time;' while those long expansive shadows, stealthily creeping, creeping over the earth, are measuring off the remnant of the day. But somewhere hereabout my conceptions must have turned a corner, for I lost sight of them. I was now in the misty regions of Queen Mab, and doing a fair bit of business in the shadowy line myself. I at length, however, acquired some vague sense of sound, like the murmuring surges of the ocean; a sense of seeing also ensued, and gradually I recognised six or eight chiefs seated about the piazza, listening with a sedate complacency to a recital of my morning adventures from my voluble attendant. As soon as he saw that my eyes were open, bang went his 'English' at me in a moment.

'Ah! *kimmerforey*, ole man,' said he, 'you slip, you slip (sleep)—fine slip, fine slip, eh?—berry fine; fine walk, fine town, fine women—berry fine, eh? yes!'

The king, seated in the piazza of his house opposite, seemed engaged in a desultory conversation with his minister and two or three other chiefs. The last beams of the retiring sun were now to be seen only

in the roseate tints of the western sky; the cows, as usual, were returning of their own accord from their pasturage, and passing, unattended, in single file, into the further yard. This little specimen of African 'routine' was quite charming; and by the time I had effectually demonstrated the efficacy of the 'cold-water remedy' in overcoming drowsiness, an odour of stewed something, with indubitable boiled rice, was borne into the house by our two handmaidens, who whisked off again with an involuntary giggle, and the king and the chiefs were once more retiring from the yard on their way to the mosque.

As the evening advanced, both piazzas resumed for a while something more of the social aspect. It seemed, however, that courtesy, or mere ceremony, with possibly a spice of unsatiated curiosity, dictated the visits, rather than a desire for interchange of ideas among the visitors themselves; and after some occasional sententious remarks, a little snuff now and then, and a listless handling of the beads which some few wore round their necks, most of them retired, and we accompanied the minister across the yard for a chit-chat with the king. But it was one of those lovely nights when external nature seems to appeal to us so irresistibly for sympathy, and to inspire at once that dreamy complacency which disposes us rather to think than to talk, and which renders it irksome, or, at least, demands something like an effort to sustain even a desultory conversation. The blue vault of heaven was studded with glittering stars; the moon, now advancing to the zenith, was mingling her silvery beams with the light of the radiant host that surrounded her; and nothing disturbed the prevailing silence but our own voices, till suddenly the distant sound of the native drum, and the low murmuring cadences of the evening-song, came upon my ears. We soon took our leave of the king, and I taxed the courtesy of the minister for his company in a walk.

While leisurely pursuing the same direction I had taken in the morning, we now met with several individuals and small groups of loquacious young women, who, in passing, exchanged some short complimentary observation with the distinguished functionary who accompanied me. The close-fitting wrappers of the damsels, with cloths over their heads, after the fashion of the *mantilla*, were sufficient to betray their sex in the equivocal light of the hour, had their voices not proclaimed it. In the meantime, the wild sounds of the drums in different quarters of the town, the simple swelling strains from the leading voices, and the lower cadences of the responsive choros, subsiding into a murmur, gradually became more and more distinct. The patches of light, that gleamed here and there, flickered brighter and brighter against the lower region of the sky, and brought a large portion of the high funnel-shaped roofs, the interjacent trees, and especially the tall palms with their crested heads, into bold relief. The nearest fire was now close at hand. Its glowing light streamed through the open doorways of the *zadings* across the street as we approached, but here, neither sound of drum nor of voices was to be recognised. Voices, however, came upon my ears simultaneously with the sudden glare upon my sight as we entered the yard, and I beheld in the centre of it a dark group of figures surrounding the flames and transient bright sparks that waywardly flickered and glittered in the fantastic folds of the smoke that was spreading its gloomy canopy above their heads. They were all seated in close order upon the ground, forming a complete circle; but the monotonous jabbering of their voices, as well as the sedateness of their demeanour, gave no indication of hilarity. Possibly, it was some religious ceremony, some nocturnal freak of superstition to which their attention seemed riveted by the earnestness of their credulity—some propitiatory worship, perhaps, of the

element which awes while it cheers and fascinates. Such might have been the inference in the mind of a stranger, from the character of the scene on first entering the yard; the fire materially increasing in effect the proportions of the dark opaque group of figures around it, as well as of the towering conical roofs of the adjacent buildings; whilst the details of the enclosure below, thrown into obscurity by their lengthened shadows, conspired to create that mysterious solemnity which seemed to have settled upon the spot.

On approaching the circle, however, I found that it was composed of between twenty and thirty boys, varying in their ages from eight to sixteen, with one adult only—an elderly man of spare figure and attenuated limbs, with a long triangular-shaped visage, high cheek-bones, small deep-set eyes, peering from under the eaves of a high projecting forehead, and a bristling crop of white stubble covering his chin, and contrasting strangely with the other swarthy features. Our presence caused no interruption to the steadfastness of their purpose, whatever it might be. The old gentleman raised his head, and then rounded his shoulders a little more into a bend of courtesy; but the jabbering still went on among the youngsters. At length one of the boys suddenly raised his voice and pointed to another; a short pause ensued, and something that seemed a brief admonition having come from the old president, on they went again. A similar interruption occurred again and again, till at length the fire began to languish, and a youngster jumped up, hurried to a heap of dried sticks, tied in separate small bundles, and was again squatting and jabbering in his place as the fire began to feed on his donation. The young tyros, it appeared, were graduating in the mazes of that Mohammedan treasury of knowledge called the Koran, and rehearsing the task of the night. Whenever a boy made a slip in a word or pronunciation, he was checked by another boy, the old preceptor having a manuscript portion of the Book before him; and the boys seemed pretty eager in their watch upon one another. In short, the scene before us was a school. The sons of different neighbours were in class with the sons of the owner or occupier of the premises; and in this way the several *karamojahs*, or schoolmasters, within the town attend their classes—each boy always providing a bundle of wood to maintain the fire.

'But why,' I inquired of my companion, 'make night the period of tuition?'

'Oh, day made for work,' he replied. 'Some boys have school by fire in the morning too, before sunrise.'

How very little idea have we in England of anything like schooling or education going on among the negro tribes of Africa, saving that which is exclusively the work of our own missionaries! How remote from all our conceptions of their general character, habits, and aspirations, is the fact that 'learning' is held in high estimation, and forms a claim to distinction and respect; that Arabic is studied in public schools of wide repute in the heart of Nigritia, or the land of the negroes, within a few degrees of the equator; and that, among the swarthy natives, men are to be met with as well versed in Biblical history as the generality of laymen in England, and who are familiar also with two or three languages besides their own. It is true that their intellectual pursuits and acquirements are not very profound, and that elementary instruction is pretty much limited to reading and writing; but this is precisely the case with Mohammedan nations or tribes in general. The fact, however, appears to be little known, or little regarded, that the deism of Mecca is fast gaining ground upon the fetishism of the pagans, and exercising a powerful influence upon the social and moral condition of the negro tribes of these regions.

But our attention was not wholly directed to the

boys. We found several men of different ages now assembled in the piazzas of two or three of the houses within the yard; either seated or occupying a hammock, and interchanging their ideas on current or traditional events. Their great dependence upon tradition causes them to indulge habitually in retrospection, and in lauding the auspicious events of departed days. But our visit served to concentrate for a while their speculations on the passing present, with which I was specially identified, and more especially on the very odd notion of my coming among them only to 'see the country' and 'say how do?' This puzzled them; they could not make it out; they shook their heads, and pondered; and took snuff—the only form in which they use tobacco—to clear their perceptions. But distant sounds were inviting us in another direction; so, after shaking hands, and receiving their compliments, we left them with an interesting subject to dilate upon, and work out a solution at their leisure.

After passing out of the yard into the street, we were soon again within the range of light from the next fire. The sound of drums and voices broke upon our ears, and another interesting picture opened before us. Here, too, a living circle of some fifty or sixty individuals was formed in the middle of the yard, the fire being at one side. The circle was composed chiefly of young men and women standing intermingled, with the drummer seated on one side of the fire *tum-tum-a-rumming* with an air of great self-sufficiency, whilst two young fellows were flinging themselves into angular attitudes as they whirled round within the area; eliciting, as it seemed, in a long measured strain, the extempore criticisms of the drummer as the leader, and the chorus accompaniment of the surrounding company. But our arrival, as soon as it was observed, at once changed the burden of the strain; the drum-sticks announced the transition in a brief rattling flourish, and opened a gap for the running commentary that ensued on the welcome we were entitled to, and the attributes we were respectively presumed to possess—quite a burden in themselves. Comparatively few of the company composed the *corps de ballet*, although all were numbered among the vocal performers. The dancing was, indeed, rather of the impulsive or *ad libitum* order—as devoid of any fixed principles or rules as of what we would call grace—the turning the toes inward, for instance, was awful, and even impulse itself was now and then kept in check, or became ludicrously confounded with something like *mauvaise honte*, or sheer incapacity for its work. The commonest achievement was that of a young fellow jumping straight across the ring, and figuring for a moment or two before an opposite damsel, as an invitation or challenge to draw her out. In this he was generally unsuccessful, and he returned jumping disconsolately to his place. Two of the more accomplished and self-sufficient of the young men at length began to display their powers; and a damsel followed the example, although disdainfully, seeming to figure about with an air of independence, and eyeing the capering gallants askance, as if to say: 'Wha' you want? Gö löng—le'v me löne!' Inspiring applause was of course accorded to her by the audience, which had now somewhat increased, and those of the number who composed the front row had squatted upon the ground. The leader of the 'band' was here relieved by another, fresh and vigorous for the task; and this change was effected so quickly, that there was no palpable pause in the action of the drum-sticks. Another rattling flourish, and another leading voice, with some appropriate morsel of vocal sentiment, proclaimed the inauguration of the new conductor. To the responsive voices of the spectators was now added a general clapping of hands with one sharp simultaneous blow in unison with the time; the drum itself spoke out with a more impressive *staccato*

intonation, and the fire, responding cheerfully to a poke, illumined the scene with a brighter gleam; while the 'dancers,' sidling and wheeling, and wriggling and kicking, and sprawling, were of course the observed of all observers. This went on for some time—the dancing, the drumming, and the applause growing faster and more furious—till one of the damsel's competitors, springing with one bound clean over the fire, as the only point of egress, disappeared from the scene with the dexterity of a harlequin. The scene had now reached its climax. The drum-sticks suddenly relaxed into a staggering rattle, and the performance was at an end. We now, for the first time, became conscious that we had been working away sympathetically with our head and shoulders, and with something like that impulsiveness with which a rider in a prodigious hurry finds himself striving to get ahead of his horse. No wonder the sedate companion of my evening ramble had disappeared; and on looking round, I confronted instead my incorrigible eulogist who had attended me in the morning, his 'English' of course effervescing in a moment. 'Ah! *kummerforey*,' cried he, 'ole man, you dance, eh? Fine dance, fine dance—berry fine; fine gal, fine gal—berry fine, eh? yes!'

O C E O L A :

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XX.—FRONTIER JUSTICE.

I WAS not allowed long to enjoy the sweets of home. A few days after my arrival, I received an order to repair to Fort King, the Seminole agency, and headquarters of the army of Florida. General Clinch there commanded. I was summoned upon his staff.

Not without chagrin, I prepared to obey the order. It was hard to part so soon from those who dearly loved me, and from whom I had been so long separated. Both mother and sister were overwhelmed with grief at my going. Indeed, they urged me to resign my commission, and remain at home.

Not unwillingly did I listen to their counsel: I had no heart in the cause in which I was called forth; but at such a crisis I dared not follow their advice: I should have been branded as a traitor—a coward. My country had commissioned me to carry a sword. I must wield it, whether the cause be just or unjust—whether to my liking or not. This is called *patriotism*!

There was yet another reason for my reluctance to part from home. I need hardly declare it. Since my return, my eyes had often wandered over the lake—often rested on that fair island. Oh, I had not forgotten her!

I can scarcely analyse my feelings. They were mingled emotions. Young love triumphant over older passions—ready to burst forth from the ashes that had long shrouded it—young love penitent and remorseful—doubt, jealousy, apprehension. All these were active within me.

Since my arrival, I had not dared to go forth. I observed that my mother was still distrustful. I had not dared even to question those who might have satisfied me. I passed those few days in doubt, and at intervals under a painful presentiment that all was not well.

Did Maimee still live? Was she true? True! Had she reason? Had she ever loved me?

There were those near who could have answered the first question; but I feared to breathe her name, even to the most intimate.

Bidding adieu to my mother and sister, I took the route. These were not left alone: my maternal uncle—their guardian—resided upon the plantation. The parting moments were less bitter, from the belief that I should soon return. Even if the anticipated campaign should last for any considerable length of time, the scene of my duties would lie near, and I should find frequent opportunities of revisiting them.

My uncle scouted the idea of a campaign, as so did every one. 'The Indians,' he said, 'would yield to the demands of the commissioner. Fools, if they didn't!'

Fort King was not distant; it stood upon Indian ground—fourteen miles within the border, though further than that from our plantation. A day's journey would bring me to it; and in the company of my cheerful 'squire,' Black Jake, the road would not seem long. We bestrode a pair of the best steeds the stables afforded, and were both armed *cap-à-pié*.

We crossed the ferry at the upper landing, and rode within the 'reserve.*' The path—it was only a path—ran parallel to the creek, though not near its banks. It passed through the woods, some distance to the rear of Madame Powell's plantation.

When opposite to the clearing, my eyes fell upon the diverging track. I knew it well: I had oft trodden it with swelling heart.

I hesitated—halted. Strange thoughts careered through my bosom; resolves half-made, and suddenly abandoned. The rein grew slack, and then tightened. The spur threatened the ribs of my horse, but failed to strike.

'Shall I go? Once more behold her? Once more renew those sweet joys of tender love? Once more—Ha, perhaps it is too late! I might be no longer welcome—if my reception should be hostile? Perhaps!'

'Wha' you doin dar, Masser George? Daat's not tha road to tha fort.'

'I know that, Jake; I was thinking of making a call at Madame Powell's plantation.'

'Mar'm Pow'll plantayshun! Gollys! Masser George—daat all you knows 'bout it?'

'About what?' I inquired with anxious heart.

'Dar's no Mar'm Pow'll da no more; nor hain't a been, since better 'n two year—all gone clar 'way.'

'Gone away? Where?'

'Daat dis chile know nuffin 'bout. S'pose da gone some other lokayshun in da rezav; made new clarin somewha else.'

'And who lives here now?'

'Dar ain't neery one lib tha now: tha ole house am deserted.'

'But why did Madame Powell leave it?'

'Ah—daat am a quaw story. Gollys! you nebber hear um, Masser George?'

'No—never.'

'Den I tell um. But s'pose, masser, we ride on. 'T am a gettin' a leetle lateish, an' 'twont do nobow to be catch arter night in tha woods.'

I turned my horse's head, and advanced along the main road, Jake riding by my side. With aching heart, I listened to his narrative.

'You see, Masser George, 'twar all o' Masser Ringgol—tha ole boss† daat am—an' I b'lieve tha young 'un had 'im hand in dat pie, all same, like tha ole 'un. Waal, you see Mar'm Pow'll she loss some niggas dat war ha slaves. Dey war stole from ha, an' wuse dan stole. Dey war tuk, an' by white men, masser. Tha be folks who say dat Mass' Ringgol—he know'd more 'n anybody else 'bout tha whole bizness. But da rubb'ry war blamed on Ned Spence an' Bill William. Waal,

* That portion of Florida reserved for the Seminoles by the treaty of Camp Moutrie, made in 1823. It was a large tract, and occupied the central part of the peninsula.

† Master or proprietor; universally in use throughout the Southern States. From the Dutch 'baas.'

Mar'm Pow'll she go to da law w' dis yar Ned an' Bill; an' she 'poy Masser Grubb tha big lawyer dat lib down tha ribba. Now Masser Grubb, he great friend o' Masser Ringgol, an' folks do say dat boaf de two put tha heads together to cheat dat ar Indy-en 'ooman.'

'How?'

'Dis chile don't say for troof, Masser George; he hear um only from da brack folks; tha white folk say diff'rent. But I hear um from Mass' Ringgol's own nigga woodman—Pomp, you know, Masser George? an' he say dat them ar two bosses did put tha heads together to cheat dat poor Indy-en 'ooman.'

'In what way, Jake?' I asked impatiently.

'Waal, you see, Masser George, da lawya he want da Indy-en sign ha name to some paper—power ob 'turney, tha call um, I b'lieve. She sign; she no read tha writin. Whugh! daat paper war no power ob 'turney: it war what tha lawyas call a "bill ob sale."'

'Ha!'

'Yes, Masser George, dat's what um war; an' by dat same bill ob sale all Mar'm Pow'll's niggas an' all ha plantation-clarin war made ober to Masser Grubb.'

'Atrocious scoundrel!'

'Masser Grubb he swar he bought 'em all, an' paid for 'em in cash dollar. Mar'm Pow'll she swar de berry contry. Da judge he decide for Masser Grubb, 'kase great Masser Ringgol he witness; an' folks do say Masser Ringgol now got dat paper in um own safe keepin', an' war at tha bottom ob tha whole bizness.'

'Atrocious soundrels! oh, villains! But tell me, Jake, what became of Madame Powell?'

'Shortly arter, tha all gone 'way—nob'dy know wha. Da mar'm haself an' dat fine young fellur you know, an' da young Indy-en gal dat ebberybody say war so good-lookin'—yes, Masser George, tha all gone 'way.'

At that moment an opening in the woods enabled me to catch a glimpse of the old house. There it stood in all its gray grandeur, still embowered in the midst of beautiful groves of orange and olive. But the broken fence—the tall weeds standing up against the walls—the shingles here and there missing from the roof—all told the tale of ruin.

There was ruin in my heart, as I turned sorrowing away.

CHAPTER XXI.

INDIAN SLAVES.

It never occurred to me to question the genuineness of Jake's story. What the 'black folks' said was true; I had no doubt of it. The whole transaction was redolent of the Ringgolds and lawyer Grubbs—the latter a half-planter, half-legal practitioner of indifferent reputation.

Jake further informed me that Spence and Williams had disappeared during the progress of the trial. Both afterwards returned to the settlement, but no ulterior steps were taken against them, as there was no one to prosecute!

As for the stolen negroes, they were never seen again in that part of the country. The robbers had no doubt carried them to the slave-markets of Mobile or New Orleans, where a sufficient price would be obtained to remunerate Grubbs for his professional services, as also Williams and Spence for theirs. The land would become Ringgold's, as soon as the Indians could be got out of the country—and this was the object of the 'bill of sale.'

A transaction of like nature between white man and white man would have been regarded as a grave swindle, an atrocious crime. The whites affected not to believe it; but there were some who knew it to be true, and viewed it only in the light of a clever ruse!

That it was true, I could not doubt. Jake gave me

reasons that left no room for doubt; in fact, it was only in keeping with the general conduct of the border adventurers towards the unfortunate natives with whom they came in contact.

Border adventurers, did I say? Government agents, members of the Florida legislature, generals, planters, rich as Ringgold, all took part in similar speculations. I could give names. I am writing truth, and do not fear contradiction.

It was easy enough, therefore, to credit the tale. It was only one of twenty similar cases of which I had heard. The acts of Colonel Gad Humphreys, the Indian agent—of Major Phagan, another Indian agent—of Dexter, the notorious negro-stealer—of Floyd—of Douglass—of Robinson and Millburn, are all historic—all telling of outrages committed upon the suffering Seminole. A volume might be filled detailing such swindles as that of Grubbs and Ringgold. In the mutual relations between white man and red man, it requires no skilful advocate to shew on which side must lie the wrongs unrepaired and unavenged. Beyond all doubt, the Indian has ever been the victim.

It is needless to add that there were retaliations: how could it be otherwise?

One remarkable fact discloses itself in these episodes of Floridian life. It is well known that slaves thus stolen from the Indians *always returned to their owners whenever they could!* To secure them from finding their way back, the Dexters and Douglasses were under the necessity of taking them to some distant market, to the far 'coasts' of the Mississippi—to Natchez or New Orleans.

There is but one explanation of this social phenomenon; and that is, that the slaves of the Seminole were *not* slaves. In truth, they were treated with an indulgence to which the helot of other lands is a stranger. They were the agriculturists of the country, and their Indian master was content if they raised him a little corn—just sufficient for his need—with such other vegetable products as his simple *cuisine* required. They lived far apart from the dwellings of their owners. Their hours of labour were few, and scarcely compulsory. Surplus product was their own; and in most cases they became rich—far richer than their own masters, who were less skilled in economy. Emancipation was easily purchased, and the majority were actually free—though from such chains it was scarcely worth while to escape. If slavery it could be called, it was the mildest form ever known upon earth—far differing from the abject bondage of Ham under either Shem or Japheth.

It may be asked how the Seminoles became possessed of these black slaves? Were they 'runaways' from the States—from Georgia and the Carolinas, Alabama, and the plantations of Florida? Doubtless a few were from this source; but most of the runaways were not claimed as property; and, arriving among the Indians, became free. There was a time when by the stern conditions of the Camp Moultrie Covenant these 'absconding' slaves were given up to their white owners; but it is no discredit to the Seminoles, that they were always *remiss* in the observance of this disgraceful stipulation. In fact, it was not always possible to surrender back the fugitive negro. Black communities had concentrated themselves in different parts of the reserve, who under their own leaders were socially free, and strong enough for self-defence. It was with these that the runaway usually found refuge and welcome. Such a community was that of 'Harry' amidst the morasses of Pease Creek—of 'Abram' at Micosanky—of 'Charles' and the 'mulatto king.'

No; the negro slaves of the Seminoles were not runaways from the plantations; though the whites would wish to make it appear so. Very few were of this class. The greater number was the 'genuine

property' of their Indian owners, so far as a slave can be called *property*. At all events, they were *legally* obtained—some of them from the Spaniards, the original settlers, and some by fair purchase from the American planters themselves.

How purchased? you will ask. What could a tribe of savages give in exchange for such a costly commodity? The answer is easy. Horses and horned cattle. Of both of these the Seminoles possessed vast herds. On the evacuation by the Spaniards, the savannas swarmed with cattle, of Andalusian race—half-wild. The Indians caught and reclaimed them—became their owners.

This, then, was the *quid pro quo*—quadrupeds in exchange for bipeds!

The chief of the crimes charged against the Indians was the *stealing of cattle*—for the white men had their herds as well. The Seminoles did not deny that there were bad men among them—lawless fellows difficult to restrain. Where is the community without scamps?

One thing was very certain. The Indian chiefs, when fairly appealed to, have always evinced an earnest desire to make restoration: and exhibited an energy in the cause of justice, entirely unknown upon the opposite side of their border.

It differed little how they acted, so far as regarded their character among their white neighbours. These had made up their mind that the dog should be hanged; and it was necessary to give him a bad name. Every robbery, committed upon the frontier, was of course the act of an Indian. White burglars had but to give their faces a coat of Spanish brown, and justice could not see through the paint.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CIRCUITOUS TRANSACTION.

Such were my reflections as I journeyed on—suggested by the sad tale to which I had been listening.

As if to confirm their correctness, an incident at that moment occurred, exactly to the point.

We had not ridden far along the path, when we came upon the tracks of cattle. Some twenty head must have passed over the ground, going in the same direction as ourselves—towards the Indian 'reserve.'

The tracks were fresh—almost quite fresh. I was tracker enough to know that they must have passed within the hour. Though cloistered so long within college walls, I had not forgotten all the forest-craft taught me by young Powell.

The circumstance of thus coming upon a cattle-trail, fresh or old, would have made no impression upon me. There was nothing remarkable about it. Some Indian herdsmen had been driving home their flock; and that the drivers were Indians, I could perceive by the moccasin prints in the mud. It is true, some frontiers-men wear the moccasin; but these were not the footprints of white men. The turned-in toes,* the high instep, and other trifling signs which, from early training, I knew how to translate, proved that the tracks were Indian.

So were they, agreed my groom, and Jake was no 'slouch' in the ways of the woods. He had all his life been a keen 'coon-hunter—a trapper of the swamp-hare, the 'possum, and the 'gobbler.' Moreover, he had been my companion upon many a deer-hunt—many a chase after the gray fox, and the rufous 'cat.' During my absence he had added greatly to his experiences. He had succeeded his former rival in the post of woodman, which brought him daily in contact with the denizens of the forest, and constant observation of their habits had increased his skill.

* It is art, not nature, that causes this peculiarity; it is done in the cradle.

It is a mistake to suppose that the negro brain is incapable of that acute reasoning which constitutes a cunning hunter. I have known black men who could read 'sign' and lift a trail with as much intuitive quickness as either red or white. Black Jake could have done it.

I soon found that in this kind of knowledge he was now my master; and, almost on the instant, I had cause to be astonished at his acuteness.

I have said that the sight of the cattle-tracks created no surprise in either of us. At first it did not; but we had not ridden twenty paces further, when I saw my companion suddenly rein up, at the same instant giving utterance to one of those ejaculations peculiar to the negro thorax, and closely resembling the 'wugh' of a startled hog.

I looked in his face. I saw by its expression that he had some revelation to make.

'What is it, Jake?'

'Golly! Massr George, d' you see daat?'

'What?'

'Daat down dar.'

'I see a ruck of cow-tracks—nothing more.'

'Doant you see dat big 'un?'

'Yea—there is one larger than the rest.'

'By Gosh! it am de big ox Ballface—I know um track anywha—many's the load o' cyrress log dat ar ox hab toated for ole massr.'

'What? I remember Baldface. You think the cattle are ours?'

'No, Massr George—I 'spect tha be da lawya Grubb's cattle. Ole massr sell Ballface to Massr Grubb more'n a year 'go. Daat am Bally's track for sartin.'

'But why should Mr Grubb's cattle be here in Indian ground, and so far from his plantation?—and with Indian drivers, too?'

'Dat ere's jest what dis chile can't clary make out, Massr George.'

There was a singularity in the circumstance that induced reflection. The cattle could not have strayed so far of themselves. Their voluntary swimming of the river was against such a supposition. But they were not *straying*; they were evidently *conducted*—and by Indians. Was it a *raid*?—were the beeves being stolen?

It had the look of a bit of thievery, and yet it was not crafty enough. The animals had been driven along a frequented path certain to be taken by those in quest of them; and the robbers—if they were such—had used no precaution to conceal their tracks.

It looked like a theft, and it did not; and it was just this dubious aspect that stimulated the curiosity of my companion and myself—so much so, that we made up our minds to follow the trail, and if possible ascertain the truth.

For a mile or more, the trail coincided with our own route; and then turning abruptly to the left, it struck off towards a track of 'hommock' woods.

We were determined not to give up our intention lightly. The tracks were so fresh, that we knew the herd must have passed within the hour—within the quarter—they could not be distant. We could gallop back to the main road, through some thin pine-timber we saw stretching away to the right; and, with these reflections, we turned head along the cattle-trail.

Shortly after entering the dense forest, we heard voices of men in conversation, and at intervals the routing of oxen.

We alit, tied our horses to a tree, and moved forward afoot.

We walked stealthily and in silence, guiding ourselves by the sounds of the voices, that kept up an almost continual clatter. Beyond a doubt, the cattle whose bellowing we heard were those whose tracks we had been tracing; but equally certain was it, that the voices we now listened to were *not* the voices of those who had driven them!

It is easy to distinguish between the intonation of an Indian and a white man. The men whose conversation reached our ears were whites—their language was our own, with all its coarse embellishments. My companion's discernment went beyond this—he recognised the individuals.

'Golly! Massar George, it ar tha two dam ruffins—Spence and Bill William!'

Jake's conjecture proved correct. We drew closer to the spot. The evergreen trees concealed us perfectly. We got up to the edge of an opening; and there saw the herd of beeves, the two Indians who had driven them, and the brace of worthies already named.

We stood under cover watching and listening; and in a very short while, with the help of a few hints from my companion, I comprehended the whole affair.

Each of the Indians—worthless outcasts of their tribe—was presented with a bottle of whisky and a few trifling trinkets. This was in payment for their night's work—the plunder of lawyer Grubbs's pastures.

Their share of the business was now over; and they were just in the act of delivering up their charge as we arrived upon the ground. Their employers, whose droving bout was here to begin, had just handed over their rewards. The Indians might go home and get drunk: they were no longer needed. The cattle would be taken to some distant part of the country—where a market would be readily found—or, what was of equal probability, they would find their way back to lawyer Grubbs's own plantation, having been rescued by the gallant fellows Spence and Williams from a band of Indian rievors! This would be a fine tale for the plantation fireside—a rare chance for a representation to the police and the powers.

Oh, those savage Seminole robbers! they must be got rid of—they must be 'moved' out.

As the cattle chanced to belong to lawyer Grubbs, I did not choose to interfere. I could tell my tale elsewhere; and, without making our presence known, my companion and I turned silently upon our heels, regained our horses, and went our way reflecting.

I entertained no doubt about the justness of our surmise—no doubt that Williams and Spence had employed the drunken Indians—no more that lawyer Grubbs had employed Williams and Spence, in this circuitous transaction.

The stream must be muddled upward—the poor Indian must be driven to desperation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REFLECTIONS BY THE WAY.

At college, as elsewhere, I had been jeered for taking the Indian side of the question. Not unfrequently was I 'twitted' with the blood of poor old Powhatan, which, after two hundred years of 'whitening,' must have circulated very sparsely in my veins. It was said I was not *patriotic*, since I did not join in the vulgar clamour, so congenial to nations when they talk of an enemy.

Nations are like individuals. To please them, you must be as wicked as they—feel the same sentiment, or speak it—which will serve as well—affect like loves and hates; in short, yield up independence of thought, and cry 'crucify' with the majority.

This is the world's man—the patriot of the time.

He who draws his deductions from the fountain of truth, and would try to stem the senseless current of a people's prejudgments, will never be popular during life. Posthumously he may, but not this side the grave. Such need not seek the 'living fame' for which yearned the conqueror of Peru: he will not find it. If the true patriot desire the reward of glory, he must look for it only from posterity—long after his 'mouldering bones' have rattled in the tomb.

Haply there is another reward. The *mens conscia recti* is not an idle phrase. There are those who esteem it—who have experienced both sustenance and comfort from its sweet whisperings.

Though sadly pained at the conclusions to which I was compelled—not only by the incident I had witnessed, but by a host of others lately heard of—I congratulated myself on the course I had pursued. Neither by word nor act, had I thrown one feather into the scale of injustice. I had no cause for self-accusation. My conscience cleared me of all ill-will towards the unfortunate people, who were soon to stand before me in the attitude of enemies.

My thoughts dwelt not long on the general question—scarcely a moment. That was driven out of my mind by reflections of a more painful nature—by the sympathies of friendship, of love. I thought only of the ruined widow, of her children, of Maimee. It were but truth to confess that I thought only of the last; but this thought comprehended all that belonged to her. All of hers were endeared, though she was the centre of the endearment.

And for all I now felt sympathy, sorrow—ay, a far more poignant bitterness than grief—the ruin of sweet hopes. I scarcely hoped ever to see them again.

Where were they now? Whither had they gone? Conjectures, apprehensions, fears, floated upon my fancy. I could not avoid giving way to dark imaginings. The men who had committed that crime were capable of any other, even the highest known to the calendar of justice. What had become of these friends of my youth?

My companion could throw no light on their history after that day of wrong. He 'sposed that had move off to some oder clarin in da Indy-an rezav, for folks nebba heern o' um nebber no more arterward.'

Even this was only a conjecture. A little relief to the heaviness of my thoughts was imparted by the changing scene.

Hitherto we had been travelling through a pine-forest. About noon we passed from it into a large tract of hommock, that stretched right and left of our course. The road or path we followed ran directly across it.

The scene became suddenly changed as if by a magic transformation. The soil under our feet was different, as also the foliage over our heads. The pines were no longer around us. Our view was interrupted on all sides by a thick frondage of evergreen trees—some with broad shining coriaceous leaves, as the magnolia that here grew to its full stature. Alongside it stood the live-oak, the red mulberry, the Bourbon laurel, iron-wood, *Halesia* and *Callicarpa*, while towering above all rose the cabbage-palm, proudly waving its plumed crest in the breeze, as if saluting with supercilious nod its humbler companions beneath.

For a long while we travelled under deep shadow—not formed by the trees alone, but by their parasites as well—the large grape-vine loaded with leaves—the coiling creepers of *smilax* and *hedera*—the silvery tufts of *tillandsia* shrouded the sky from our sight. The path was winding and intricate. Prostrate trunks often carried it in a circuitous course, and often was it obstructed by the matted trellis of the muscadine, whose gnarled limbs stretched from tree to tree like the great stay-cables of a ship.

The scene was somewhat gloomy, yet grand and impressive. It chimed with my feelings at the moment; and soothed me even more than the airy open of the pine-woods.

Having crossed this belt of dark forest, near its opposite edge we came upon one of these singular ponds already described—a circular basin surrounded by hillocks and rocks of testaceous formation—an extinct water-volcano. In the barbarous jargon of

the Saxon settler, these are termed 'sinks,' though most inappropriately, for where they contain water, it is always of crystalline brightness and purity.

The one at which we had arrived was nearly full of the clear liquid. Our horses wanted drink—so did we. It was the hottest hour of the day. The woods beyond looked thinner and less shady. It was just the time and place to make halt; and, dismounting, we prepared to rest, and refresh ourselves.

Jake carried a capacious haversack, whose distended sides—with the necks of a couple of bottles protruding from the pouch—gave proof of the tender solicitude we had left behind us.

The ride had given me an appetite, the heat had caused thirst; but the contents of the haversack soon satisfied the one, and a cup of claret, mingled with water from the cool calcareous fountain, gave luxurious relief to the other.

A cigar was the natural finish to this *al fresco* repast; and, having lighted one, I lay down upon my back, canopied by the spreading branches of an umbrageous magnolia.

I watched the blue smoke as it curled upward among the shining leaves, causing the tiny insects to flutter away from their perch.

My emotions grew still—thought became lull within my bosom—the powerful odour from the coral cones and large wax-like blossoms added its narcotic influences; and I fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A STRANGE APPARITION.

I had been but a few minutes in this state of unconsciousness, when I was awakened by a plunge, as of some one leaping into the pond. I was not startled sufficiently to look around, or even to open my eyes.

'Jake is having a dip,' thought I; 'an excellent idea—I shall take one myself presently.'

It was a wrong conjecture. The black had not leaped into the water, but was still upon the bank near me, where he also had been asleep. Like myself, awakened by the noise, he had started to his feet; and I heard his voice, crying out:

'Lor, Masser George! looker dar!—ain't he a big un? Whugh!'

I raised my head and looked toward the pond. It was not Jake who was causing the commotion in the water—it was a large alligator.

It had approached close to the bank where we were lying; and, balanced upon its broad breast, with muscular arms and webbed feet spread to their full extent, it was resting upon the water, and eyeing us with evident curiosity. With head erect above the surface, and tail stiffly 'cocked' upward, it presented a comic, yet hideous aspect.

'Bring me my rifle, Jake!' I said, in a half-whisper. 'Tread gently, and don't alarm it!'

Jake stole off to fetch the gun; but the reptile appeared to comprehend our intentions—for, before I could lay hands upon the weapon, it revolved suddenly on the water, shot off with the velocity of an arrow, and dived into the dark recesses of the pool.

Rifle in hand, I waited for some time for its reappearance; but it did not again come to the surface. Likely enough, it had been shot at before, or otherwise attacked; and now recognised in the upright form a dangerous enemy. The proximity of the pond to a frequented road rendered probable the supposition.

Neither my companion nor I would have thought more about it, but for the similarity of the scene to one well known to us. In truth, the resemblance was remarkable—the pond, the rocks, the trees that grew around, all bore a likeness to those with which our eyes were familiar. Even the reptile we had just seen—in form, in size, in fierce ugly aspect—appeared the

exact counterpart to that one whose story was now a legend of the plantation.

The wild scenes of that day were recalled; the details starting fresh into our recollection, as if they had been things of yesterday—the luring of the amphibious monster—the perilous encounter in the tank—the chase—the capture—the trial and fiery sentence—the escape—the long lingering pursuit across the lake, and the abrupt awful ending—all were remembered at the moment with vivid distinctness. I could almost fancy I heard that cry of agony—that half-drowned ejaculation, uttered by the victim as he sank below the surface of the water. They were not pleasant memories either to my companion or myself, and we soon ceased to discourse of them.

As if to bring more agreeable reflections, the cheerful 'gobble' of a wild turkey at that moment sounded in our ears; and Jake asked my permission to go in search of the game. No objection being made, he took up the rifle, and left me.

I re-lit my 'havana'—stretched myself as before along the soft sward, watched the circling eddies of the purple smoke, inhaled the narcotic fragrance of the flowers, and once more fell asleep.

This time I dreamed, and my dreams appeared to be only the continuation of the thoughts that had been so recently in my mind. They were visions of that eventful day; and once more its events passed in review before me, just as they had occurred.

In one thing, however, my dream differed from the reality. I dreamt that I saw the mulatto rising back to the surface of the water, and climbing out upon the shore of the island. I dreamt that he had escaped unscathed, unhurt—that he had returned to revenge himself—that by some means he had got me in his power, and was about to kill me!

At this crisis in my dream, I was again suddenly awakened—this time not by the splashing of water, but by the sharp 'spang' of a rifle that had been fired near.

'Jake has found the turkeys,' thought I. 'I hope he has taken good aim. I should like to carry one to the fort. It might be welcome at the mess-table, since I hear that the larder is not overstocked. Jake is a good shot, and not likely to miss. If'—

My reflections were suddenly interrupted by a second report, which, from its sharp detonation, I knew to be also that of a rifle.

'My God! what can it mean? Jake has but one gun, and but one barrel—he cannot have reloaded since; he has not had time. Was the first only a fancy of my dream? Surely I heard a report? surely it was that which awoke me? There were two shots—I could not be mistaken.'

In surprise, I sprang to my feet. I was alarmed as well. I was alarmed for the safety of my companion. Certainly I had heard two reports. Two rifles must have been fired, and by two men. Jake may have been one, but who was the other? We were upon dangerous ground. Was it an enemy?

I shouted out, calling the black by name.

I was relieved on hearing his voice. I heard it at some distance off in the woods; but I drew fresh alarm from it as I listened. It was uttered, not in reply to my call, but in accents of terror.

Mystified, as well as alarmed, I seized my pistols, and ran forward to meet him. I could tell that he was coming towards me, and was near; but under the dark shadow of the trees his black body was not yet visible. He still continued to cry out, and I could now distinguish what he was saying.

'Gorramighty! Gorramighty!' he exclaimed in a tone of extreme terror. 'Lor! Masser George, are you hurt?'

'Hurt! what the deuce should hurt me?'

But for the two reports, I should have fancied that

he had fired the rifle, in my direction, and was under the impression he might have hit me.

'You are not shot? Gorramighty be thank you are not shot, Masser George.'

'Why, Jake, what does it all mean?'

At this moment, he emerged from the heavy timber, and in the open ground I had a clear view of him.

His aspect did not relieve me from the apprehension that something strange had occurred.

He was the very picture of terror, as exhibited in a negro. His eyes were rolling in their sockets—the whites oftener visible than either pupil or iris. His lips were white and bloodless; the black skin upon his face was blanched to an ashy paleness; and his teeth chattered as he spoke. His attitudes and gestures confirmed my belief that he was in a state of extreme terror.

As soon as he saw me, he ran hurriedly up, and grasped me by the arm—at the same time casting fearful glances in the direction whence he had come, as if some dread danger was behind him!

I knew that under ordinary circumstances Jake was no coward—quite the contrary. There must have been peril then—what was it?

I looked back; but in the dark depths of the forest shade, I could distinguish no other object than the brown trunks of the trees.

I again appealed to him for an explanation.

'O Lor! it wa—wa—war him; Ise sure it war him.'

'Him? who?'

'O Masser George; you—you—you shure you not hurt. He fire at you. I see him t—t—take aim; I fire at him—I fire after; I mi—mi—miss; he run away—way—way.'

'Who fired? who ran away?'

'O Gor! it wa—wa—war him; him or him go—go—ghost.'

'For heaven's sake, explain! what him? what ghost? Was it the devil you have seen?'

'Troof, Masser George; dat am de troof. It wa—wa—war de debbel I see: it war Yell' Jake.'

'Yellow Jake?'

CURIOSITIES OF STEAM-POWER.

So great are our obligations to this prime mover, and so important is its place in modern civilisation, that any information relating to it is interesting. Those who have studied the subject will receive with some little surprise the new facts to which we now propose to direct their attention, and which may be said to be of somewhat an anomalous character.

The first of these facts is, that, in the process of condensation, another circumstance than the mere presence of cold water is necessary, at least as regards condensation in tubes; and the second is, that the steam itself may be made to produce a vacuum, the use of which in working engines promises to be of very great importance. We shall endeavour to place both these matters briefly before our readers.

It is popularly known that, in the 'low-pressure' engines, such as are used in most sea-going ships, the 'used steam'—that is, the steam which has just driven the piston from one end of the cylinder to the other—is allowed to escape into a secondary vessel, called the 'condenser,' where it is met by a dash of cold salt water, which condenses it. It is evident, however, that the water formed by this condensation must be saline and impure, and is consequently unfit to return to the boiler with good effect. But a very great improvement on this system is in contemplation, which consists in the condensation being carried on in a tube passing through cold salt water, not in the cold salt water itself.

Here a most curious fact presents itself. Upon the

assurance of scientific men, we believe if steam be passed through a *dry* tube, passing through cold water, most of it will issue at the other end of the tube unchanged. If, on the other hand, a certain quantity of hot water, formed from former steam, remains in the tube, bent for the purpose of retaining it in the hollow, then all the steam will be condensed, and flow out in the state of water.

Thus the recovery of any quantity of used steam may be provided for without any necessity for admixture with salt water. It is only necessary to pass this used steam into a tube running a certain way through a body of cold water, and having a bend near the point of final escape containing a little hot water, and all the steam will reappear as hot water. The importance of this to marine steam-navigation is obviously incalculable: its advantages, in point of facility and simplicity, over other modes of accomplishing the same object, must be plain at the first glance to all who are in the least acquainted with the subject.

But it has to be considered that one advantage of the old mode of condensation is, that the used steam escapes into a vacuum, and consequently with much greater facility than it would even into a space filled with air, not to mention one filled with elastic steam.

The mode of producing this vacuum by the agency of the steam itself, and which we shall now attempt to describe, strikes us as being extremely interesting. Let us suppose a boiler generating and sending forth steam through a conducting tube into a cylinder. This steam will drive the piston along, until, finding a valve open, its own elasticity causes it to rush into the space left free to it beyond the valve. Here, in the old system, it was met, as before observed, by the cold-water 'dash,' and, as steam, destroyed; now, it will be allowed to escape into the bent tube above described, and will be propelled along this tube at the presumed rate of pressure—about thirty pounds to the inch. The effect of the cold water outside, and the hot water in the bend of the tube, will cause it to condense as we have said; but the vacuum into which the water may run has still to be provided.

To effect this object, the bent tube is connected with a closed vessel fitted with a valve at top opening outwards, and thus the first operation will be the filling the whole apparatus with steam at a certain pressure; but when the water condenses in the tube, for the reasons mentioned above, the supply of steam is cut off, the valve of the closed vessel will shut, and prevent the entrance of air, and thus a vacuum will be formed by the simplest and most natural means, and the flow of the condensed steam, in the form of water, into the vessel, will go on *in vacuo*. Thus, the same advantages will be secured in the new as under the old system, so far as the vacuum is concerned; but, in addition, the water thus recovered will be returned to the boiler, not only free from all impurity—as distilled fresh water, in fact—but also at a heat which will promote economy in fuel to a considerable extent.

It would be quite superfluous to insist upon advantages so obvious as these; and we have no doubt that the ascertained laws relating to them will allow of their being fully realised in the way proposed. The great desideratum, in the absence of any less complicated prime mover, is obviously some certain mode of preventing the waste of water—that is, of fresh water—in long sea-voyages. 'Hall's Condensers' had done much to meet the case; but a moment's reflection will enable the reader to see that, in the way now proposed, the object will be accomplished on the most advantageous and economical principle; and although the assertion may seem somewhat rash, in presence of ever-progressing improvements, it seems as if we had reached the point where nothing more can be desired, in this way the limit of perfection having been attained.

LOST IN THE MIST.

THE thin white snow-streaks pencilling
The mountain's shoulder gray,
While, in the west the pale-green sky
Smiled back the dawning day,
Till from the misty east, the sun
Was of a sudden born
Like a new soul in paradise—
How long it seems since morn !

One little hour, O round red sun,
And thou and I shall come
Unto the golden gate of rest,
The open door of home;
One little hour, O weary sun,
Delay the murky eve,
Till these tired feet that pleasant door
Enter, and never leave.

Ye rooks that wing in slender file
Into the thickening gloom,
Ye 'll scarce have reached your old gray tower
Ere I have reached my home :
Plover, that thrill'st this lonely moor
With such an eerie cry,
Seek you your nest ere night falls down,
As my heart's nest seek I.

O light, light heart, O heavy feet,
Beat time a little while;
Keep the warm love-light in these eyes,
And on these lips the smile.
Outspeed the mist, the gathering mist
That follows o'er the moor;
The darker grows the world without,
The brighter shines that door.

O door, so close, yet so far off;
Grim mist that nears and nears;
Coward ! to faint in sight of mine,
Blinded—but not with tears;
'Tis but the mist, the cruel mist,
That chills this heart of mine,
My eyes that cannot see the light,
Not that it ceased to shine.

A little further—further yet;
How the mist crawls and crawls !
It hems me round, it shuts me in
Its white sepulchral walls :
No earth, no sky, no path, no light;
Silence as of a tomb :
Dear heaven, it is too soon to die—
And I was going home !

A little further—further yet :
My limbs are young ; my heart—
O heart, it is not only life
That is so hard to part :
Poor lips, slow freezing into calm,
Numbed hands, that nerveless fall ;
And a mile off, warm lips, safe hands,
Waiting to welcome all !

I see the pictures in the room,
The light forms moving round,
The very flicker of the fire
Upon the patterned ground ;
O that I were the shepherd dog
That guards their happy door !
Or even the silly household cat
That basks upon the floor.

O that I lay one minute's space
Where I have lain so long :
O that I heard one little word
Sweeter than angel's song !
A pause—and then the table fills,
The mirth brims o'er and o'er ;
While I—oh, can it be God's will ?
I die, outside the door.

My body fails, my quickened soul
Fights, desperate, ere it go ;
'The blank air shrieks with voices wild,
But not the voice I know :
Dim shapes come beckoning through the dark ;
Ghost-touches thrill my hair ;
Faces, long strange, peer glimmering by,
But one face is not there.

Lost—lost ! and such a little way
From that dear sheltering door :
Lost, lost, out of the open arms
Left empty evermore :
His will be done. O gate of heaven,
Fairer than earthly door,
Receive me !—Everlasting Arms
Enfold me evermore !

And so, farewell. * * *

No mortal hand
This, on my darkening eyes ?
My name too—which I thought to hear
Next time in Paradise ?
Warm arms—close lips—oh, saved, saved, saved !
Across the deathly moor
Sought, found ! and yonder through the night
Shineth the blessed door.

THE WEATHER OF 1857.

We are informed by the *Meteorological Report* from Wellington Road, Birmingham, that last year was remarkable throughout, with the exception of the month of April, for its high mean temperature. The excess was greatest in summer and autumn ; while in December the temperature was seven degrees above the average. The reporter attempts to account for the warmth being retained during the later months of the year by the comparative paucity of clear nights : 'It appears to me to be pretty clear that the moist state of the atmosphere, accompanied by a high barometric pressure, has had an influence in retaining a portion of this high temperature during the latter part of the year. Whenever the surface has been cooled down by night radiation under a clear evening sky, fog, and subsequently cloud, has almost invariably been the result, and thus the earth has been shielded from the cooling process. Indeed, I cannot call to mind many nights during the fall of the year which have been clear from sunset to sunrise.' While such was the state of the temperature, the quantity of rain that fell during the year was about an average ; it was more evenly distributed throughout the months than usual ; but September shewed the largest collection, and December the smallest.

'MANY THOUGHTS ON MANY THINGS.'

The book recently published with this title is a marvellously substantial quarto of 'selections from the writings of the known great and the great unknown,' by Henry Southgate (Routledge). It serves the purpose of a dictionary of quotations ; and being analytically arranged, is a readable book besides ; giving the opinions and fancies, in prose and verse, of numerous authors, ancient and modern, on each subject referred to. The motto on the title-page, from Coleridge, may be cited as a specimen of the work itself, as well as an apology for its publication : 'Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in everybody's reach ; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every bookworm, when in any fragrant, scarce old tome he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it.'

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LOST.

LOOKING over the *Times*' advertisements, one's eye often catches such as the following:—'Lost, a Youth' (while ships and schools exist, not so very mysterious); 'Missing, an Elderly Gentleman' (who has apparently walked quietly off to his City-office one morning, and never been heard of more).—Or merely, 'Left his Home, John So-and-So,' who, after more or less entreaties to return thereto, may have the pleasure of seeing, by succeeding advertisements of 'Reward Offered,' whether he is valued by his disconsolate kindred at ten, fifteen, or fifty pounds. Other 'bits' there are, at which we feel it cruel to smile: one, for instance, which appeared for months on the first day of the month, saying: 'If you are not at home by' such a date, 'I shall have left England in search of you;' and proceeding to explain that he or she had left orders for that periodical advertisement; giving also addresses of banker, &c., in case of the other's coming home meantime; all with a curious business-like, and yet pathetic providence against all chances, which rarely springs from any source save one.

All newspaper readers must have noticed in mysterious accidents or murders, what numbers of people are sure to come forward in hopes of identifying the unknown 'body.' In a late case, when a young woman was found brutally shot in a wood, it was remarkable how many came from all parts of the country to view the corpse—persons who had missing relatives bearing the same initials as those on the victim's linen—parents with a daughter gone to service, and then entirely lost sight of—friends with a friend gone to meet her husband, and embark for Australia, but who had never embarked or been heard of again; and so on; all seeking some clue to a mournful mystery, which may remain such to this day, for the dead woman turned out to belong to none of them.

But these things suggest the grave reflection—what a number of people there must be in the world who are, not figuratively or poetically, but literally, 'lost;' who by some means or other, accident, intention, carelessness, misfortune, or crime, have slipped out of the home circle, or the wider round of friendship or acquaintanceship, and never reappeared more; whose place has gradually been filled up; whose very memory is almost forgotten, and against whose name and date of birth in the family Bible—if they ever had a family and a Bible—stands neither the brief momentous annotation 'Married,' &c., nor the still briefer, and often much safer and happier inscription, 'Died'—nothing

save the ominous, pathetic blank, which only the unveiled secrets of the Last Day will ever fill up.

In the present times, when everybody is running to and fro—when, instead of the rule, it is quite the exception to meet with any man who has not navigated at least half of the globe—when almost every large family has one or more of its members scattered in one or two quarters of the civilised or uncivilised world—cases such as these must occur often. Indeed, nearly every person's knowledge or experience could furnish some. What a list it would make!—worse, if possible, than the terrible 'List of Killed and Wounded' which dims and blinds many an uninterested eye; or the 'List of Passengers and Crew,' after an ocean-shipwreck, where common sense forebodes that 'missing' must necessarily imply death—how, God knows!—yet sure and speedy death. But in this unwritten list of 'lost,' death is a certainty never to be attained—not even when such certainty would be almost as blessed as life, or happy return—or more so.

For in these cases, the 'lost' are not alone to be considered. By that strange dispensation of Providence which often makes the most reckless the most lovable, and the most froward the most beloved, it rarely happens that the most Cain-like vagabond that wanders over the face of the earth, has not some human being who cares for him—in greater or less degree, yet still cares for him. Nor, abjuring this view of the subject, can we take the strictly practical side of it, without perceiving that it is next to impossible for any human being so completely to isolate himself from his species, that his life or death shall not affect any other human being in any possible way.

Doubtless, many persuade themselves of this fact, through bravado or misanthropy, or the thoughtless selfishness which a wandering life almost invariably induces. They maintain the doctrine which—when a man has been tossed up and down the world, in India, America, Australia, in all sorts of circumstances and among all sorts of people—he is naturally prone to believe the one great truth of life: 'Every man for himself, and God for us all.' But it is not a truth; it is a lie. Where every man lives only for himself, it is—not God—but the devil—for us all.

It is worth while, in thinking of those who are thus voluntarily 'lost,' to suggest this fact to the great tide of our emigrating youth, who go—and God speed them if they go honestly—to make in a new country the bread they cannot find here. In all the changes of work and scene, many are prone gradually to forget—some to believe themselves forgotten—home fades away in distance—letters get fewer and fewer. The wanderer begins to feel himself a waif and stray. Like

Dickens's poor Jo, he has got into a habit of being 'chivied and chivied,' and kept 'moving on;' till he has learned to feel no particular tie or interest in anybody or anything, and therefore concludes nobody can have any tie or interest in him. So he just writes home by rare accident, when he happens to remember it—or never writes at all—vanishes slowly from everybody's reach, or drops suddenly out of the world; nobody knows how, or when, or where; nor ever can know, till the earth and sea give up their dead—

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home,
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

Alas, how many a household, how many a heart, has borne that utterly irremediable and interminable anguish, worse far than the anguish over a grave, which Wordsworth has faintly indicated in *The Affliction of Margaret*:

Where art thou, my beloved son?
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?
Oh, find me—prosperous or undone!
Or if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same,
That I may rest, and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

I look for ghosts, but none will force
Their way to me. 'Tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Betwixt the living and the dead,
For surely then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

It may seem a painfully small and practical lesson to draw from an agony so unspeakable; but surely it cannot be too strongly impressed upon our wandering youth, who go to earn their living across the seas—in the Australian bush, or the Canadian forests, or the greater wildernesses of foreign cities, east and west: that they ought everywhere and under all available circumstances, to endeavour to leave a clue whereby their friends may hear of them, living or dead. That if, always, it is the duty of a solitary man or woman, while living, so to arrange affairs that his or her death shall cause least pain or trouble to any one else; surely this is tenfold the duty of those who go abroad: that whatever happens, they may be to those that love them, only the dead, never the 'lost.'

Sometimes under this category come persons of a totally different fate—and yet the same—whose true history is rarely found out till it is ended, and perhaps not then. People who have sprung up, nobody knows how, who have nobody belonging to them—neither ancestors nor descendants—though as soon as they are gone, hundreds are wildly eager to make themselves out to be either or both. Of such is a case now pending, well known in the west of Scotland, where the 'next of kin' to an almost fabulous amount of property is advertised for by government, once in seven years; and where scores of Scotch cousins, indefinitely removed, periodically turn up, and spend hundreds of pounds in proving, or failing to prove—for all have failed hitherto—their relationship to the 'dear deceased.' This was an old gentleman in India, who neither there nor in his native Scotland had a single soul belonging to him, or caring to 'call cousins' with

him; who, indeed, had never been heard of till he died, worth a million or so, leaving all the wealth he had laboured to amass—to-Nobody. Truly the poor solitary nabob may be put among the melancholy record of those 'lost,' whose names have been long erased, or were never writ, on the only tablet worth anything in this world—the register of friendship, kindred, home.

Similar instances of fortunes, greater or less, 'going a-begging' for want of heirs, are common enough—commoner than people have the least idea of. Government annually pockets—very honestly, and after long search and patient waiting—a considerable sum, composed of unclaimed bank dividends, and real and personal property of all kinds, the heir or heirs to which it is impossible to find. Among these, the amount of dead sailors' pay is said to be a remarkable item—thousands of pounds, being wages due, thus yearly lapsing to government, because all the ingenuity of the harbour-master, into whose hands the money is required to be paid, cannot find any relative of poor departed 'Bill' or 'Jack'—whose place of birth has likely been never heard of—who has gone under so many aliases that even his right surname is scarcely discoverable, and often has lived, died, and been buried as simple 'Jack' or 'Bill,' without any surname at all.

This indifference to an hereditary patronymic is a curious characteristic of all wanderers of the lower class. Soldiers, sailors, and navvies engaged abroad, will often be found to have gone by half-a-dozen different surnames, or to have let the original name be varied *ad libitum*, as from Donald to M'Donald, and back again to Donaldson, possibly ending as O'Donnell, or plain Don. Frequently, in engaging themselves, they will give any new name that comes uppermost—Smith, Brown, Jones: or will change names with a 'mate'—after the German fashion of ratifying the closest bond of friendship—thereby producing inextricable confusion, should they chance to die, leaving anything to be inherited.

Otherwise—of course it matters not. They just drop out of life, nameless and unnoticed, of no more account than a pebble dropped into the deep sea; and yet every one of them must have had a father and a mother, may have had brothers and sisters, might have had wives and children, and all the close links of home. Much as we pity those who lose all these—the bonds, duties, and cares which, however heavy sometimes, are a man's greatest safeguard and strength, without which he is but a rootless tree, a dead log drifted about on the waters—still more may we pity those, in all ranks and positions of life, who are thus 'lost.' Not in any discreditable sense, perhaps from no individual fault; but that fatal 'conjuncture of circumstances,' far easier to blame than to overcome—possibly from being 'too easy,' 'too good,' 'nobody's enemy but their own.' Still, by some means or other—God help them—they have let themselves drop out of the chain of consecutive existence, like a bead dropped off a string, and are 'lost.'

Equally so, are some, of whom few of us are so happy as never to have counted any—whom the American poet Bryant, already quoted, touchingly characterises as 'the living lost.' Not the fallen, the guilty, or even the prodigal, so hopelessly degraded that only at the gates of the grave and from one Father can he look for that restoration, to grant which, 'while he was yet afar off, his Father saw him.'

Not these, but others who bear no outward sign of their condition; whom the world calls fortunate, happy, righteous—and so they may be towards many, yet to a few, familiar with their deepest hearts, knowing all they were and might have been, still be irrevocably, hopelessly, 'the living lost.' Lost as utterly as if the grave had swallowed them up, mourned as bitterly as one mourneth for those that depart to return no more.

Everybody owns some of these; kindred, whom prosperity has taught that 'bluid' is not 'thicker than water;' friends who have long ceased to share anything of friendship but the name—perhaps even not that; lovers who meet accidentally as strangers; brothers and sisters who pass one another in the street with averted faces—the same faces which 'cuddled' cosily up to the same mother's breast. These things are sad—sad and strange; so strange, that we hardly believe them in youth, at least not as possible to happen to us; and yet they do happen, and we are obliged to bear them. Obligated to endure losses worse than death, and never seem as if we had lost anything—smilingly to take the credit of possessions that we know are ours no longer—or quietly to close accounts, pay an honourable dividend, cheat nobody, and sit down, honest beggars—but 'tis over! Most of us—as at the end of the year we are prone, morally as well as arithmetically, to calculate our havings and spendings, and strike the balance of our property—are also prone—and it may be good for us too—to linger a little over the one brief item, 'Lost.'

But in all good lives, even as in all well-balanced, prudent ledgers, this item is far less heavy, in the sum-total, than at first appears. Ay, though therein we have to count year by year, deaths many, partings many, infidelities and estrangements not a few. Though, if by good-fortune or good providence, we be not ourselves among the list of the lost, we have no guarantee against being numbered among that of the losers.

The most united family may have to count among its members one 'black sheep,' pitied or blamed, by a few lingeringly, hopelessly, sorrowfully loved; coming back at intervals, generally to everybody's consternation and pain: at last never coming back any more. The faithfulest of friends may come one day to clasp his friend's hand, look in his friend's face—and find there something altogether new and strange, which he shrinks from as from some unholy spirit which has entered and possessed itself of the familiar form. The fondest and best of mothers may live to miss, silently and tearlessly, from her Christmas-table, some one child whom she knows, and knows that all her other children know, is more welcome in absence than in presence, whom to have laid sinless in a baby's coffin, and buried years ago, would have been as nothing—nothing.

Yet all these things must be, and we must pass through them, that in the mysterious working of evil with good, our souls may come out purified as with fire. The comfort is that in the total account of gains and losses, every honest and tender soul will find out, soon or late, that the irremediable catalogue of the latter is, we repeat, far lighter than at first seems.

For, who are the 'lost?' Not the dead, who 'rest from their labours,' and with whom to die is often to be eternally beloved and remembered. Not the far-away, who, especially at the grand festival-time, are as close to every faithful heart as if their faces laughed at the Christmas-board, and their warm grasp wished all 'a happy new-year.' Never, under all circumstances that unkind fate can mesh together, under all partings that death can make, need those fear to be either lost or losers who, in the words of our English prayer-book, can pray together that 'amidst all the chances and changes of this mortal life, our hearts may surely

there be fixed where true joys are to be found.' Where, whatever may be the 'tongue of men or of angels,' that we shall have learned to speak with, then, we may be quite sure that there shall be in it no such word as 'lost.'

WATCHING THE CLOCK.

I AM myself Yorkshire all over, but my late lamented father had the misfortune to be one-half Oxon, and it is to that circumstance, doubtless, that the public is indebted for the following interesting relation: no Yorkshireman would have given an opportunity for the thing to have occurred. I preface the incident thus abruptly, from a desire to extenuate in some measure at the outset my dear parent's viridity and trustfulness in the matter; I feel so entirely ashamed of the dear departed, when I remember how he was taken in, that I have no patience to tell the story as it should be told. I remember reading in a certain book a tale of a woman in Arabia, or some other very distant unknown country, following her dead son's body to the grave, and ejaculating to the poor lad's glory and honour: 'He never, never, never told a lie;' and so in our county we are accustomed to congratulate ourselves upon our relatives, deceased or otherwise, never having been duped or 'done' by their fellow-creatures. Every people, I suppose, has some particular virtue which it exaggerates, and sets especial store by; in Arabia, as it seems, it is truth, while with us in Yorkshire it is not so much that as 'cuteness.' 'We mayn't be clever, but partial friends do say we are "downy,"' is the modest motto of many hundreds of my countrymen; but it can never be that of our house, alas! after the misfortune which occurred to the late head of it, over whose remains, whatever filial remark I might have uttered, it would have been mere blind flattery to have said: 'He never, never, never was taken in.' He was most utterly taken in and despoiled of both money and reputation, and that—ah me that his son should have to write it—even by Londoners.

We reside in a country village not many miles from York itself; which being surrounded with suitable lands, and possessing many equine advantages, the whole business of the place has long been that of breeding and training race-horses. Every decent house in it except our own is a trainer's, every barn and cart-house has been metamorphosed into stables and loose boxes. From the mossy mounting-stone at one end of Little Studdington, to the water-trough with its running stream at the other, we are altogether of the horse, horsey. A village of Yahoos where man is of no consequence as compared with the quadruped; where the horse is kept cleaner and warmer, is better housed and better fed, is more pampered when he is well and more cared for when he is ill, than are any of those whom we call (sarcastically) our poorer brethren; and all this occurs not so much, I fear, through misdirected benevolence, as because there is a great deal more money to be got by the equine than the human. Of course the Studdingtonians are as sharp as sharp can be. Racing-stables are, as it were, forcing-houses for the particular sort of mental activity to which I have already alluded, so that our very infants—certainly our five-year-olds—are precociously and preternaturally 'Yorkshire.' For low cunning and sleepless suspicion, I would back our jockey-boys against all the Bevis Marks attorneys in the kingdom. In the way of turf-business, they would do their own fathers—if they happened to have a personal knowledge of that relative, which is not, however, generally the case—as soon as look at them; nor have I observed many symptoms of that honour about them, which is said to exist among a certain less legalised but scarcely more reputable fraternity. They have no trainers, poor

lads; and as for their owners, these have but few morals to make a present of, I fear, or even to keep for themselves. I have heard that there is a large class of American persons upon the other side of the Atlantic who pride themselves upon being 'smart' and 'spritly,' and tolerably exempt from the trammels of conscientious principle. I wish sincerely—if they have any dollars—that these gentry would come across to Little Studdington, and try their luck with us: as my poor father used to observe, when any strangers paid us a visit, they would have to put both hands to keep their hats on their heads, I reckon, and then we should pick their pockets. The governor himself was quite unfit to live in such a place as this, and still more to keep an inn in it; and that he knew. But he had come to Little Studdington when it was inhabited not by horses, but by human beings, and these Yorkshire, indeed, but far from being turfites. A trout stream skirted our lawn before 'The Angler's Rest,' and his customers here were for the most part fishermen: easy-going, kind-hearted gentry, who were pleased with their clean and comfortable lodging, and valued their host very highly; hospitable folks, who would often ask him to dine with them in the little low-roofed parlour upon the captives to their rod and landing-net, and to crack a bottle with them out of his own cellar; respectable people, who, if they stayed over the Sunday, would go to the old gray church quite naturally, as though they did it every week at home, and very different from Mr Clifney Bity, the only trainer amongst us who has any religion at all, and who goes once a year upon the Sunday before the St Leger, in hopes—the sinner!—to get a pull upon his rivals by that superstitious device. My poor father never made but one bet in his life, and that one was the cause of his misfortune.

About ten years ago, the grand national and provincial steeple-chases took place at York, and attracted vast quantities of fine folks: there were a great number of entries for the principal stake; and several of the worst horses were, contrary to custom, permitted to run for it, instead of being 'scratched' by their owners the night before the race. York could not literally hold all its sporting visitors; and three very gentleman-like and well-dressed strangers came even so far as Little Studdington, and put up at 'The Angler's Rest.' They went into town, and returned from it every day in our four-wheel during the week; and when the races were over, they were so enamoured of the snug little house and its capital accommodation, that they remained with us a fortnight, eating and drinking of the best, and always delighted to see the old gentleman at their dinner-table. I think I can see my respected parent now, as he was wont to sit upon the extreme edge of his well-polished chair, in rapt astonishment at their fashionable conversation. If they happened to mention an absent friend under the rank of a baronet, it was in a sort of apologetic tone—their connections being so exclusively aristocratic. Good society was my poor father's weakness; and never having been familiar with the turf himself, his sense of the excellences of our nobility was quite overwhelming. The three friends were wont to play at cards after dinner for pretty large sums; and the game which seemed best to suit their elegant but eccentric taste was that of triangular cribbage. My father was a capital hand at this, and easily perceived that they were but indifferent performers; but they never dreamed of asking him to cut in, although one or other of them would often request his advice at an important crisis.

Cautious, indeed, as the governor naturally was, it must be confessed that his fingers itched to hold a hand against these folks who, as often as not, neglected to peg 'one for his heels,' or 'two for his nob,' but

his respect for their exalted condition always deterred him from expressing his wishes. Often and often did my poor father lament, after his misfortune, that he never had had a chance with the cards; but my belief is, that had he ventured upon such a thing, these unskilful gentry would have very rapidly improved in their play, and would have won his shirt off his back if they had played long enough.

One afternoon, when they had dined as usual, early, and before the cards were produced, their conversation turned upon wagers: how Lord Clickclack had won ten thousand pounds by being dumb for a day; how the Duke of Oxfordshire had backed himself to walk from Pall-mall to Bond Street on a levee morning, without opening his eyes; and of the ingenious device of his antagonist, the Marquis of Luxall, in driving over him in a Hansom cab until he did so; with many other anecdotes of the aristocracy not included in the collection of Mr Burke.

'This sort of thing is much harder than it appears to be,' observed one of the three gentlemen. 'Now, I will lay ten pounds that no man keeps himself in one position and counts the ticks of that great clock, for instance, for a whole hour.'

'How do you mean?' exclaimed my father, greatly interested.

'Why, that no man can sit in a chair—your chair, for instance—facing the clock, and wag his head from right to left as Old Time with the scythe yonder is wagging, for the space of an hour, and never say any words but "Here she comes, and there she goes," as the clock says.'

'You bet ten pounds that I don't do *that*!' cried the governor.

'Not with you,' replied the other coolly; 'I don't want to win *your* money, my good man. I will bet either of my two friends that *they* do not do it.'

'Nay,' said one of them, 'tis easy enough; but I would not bother myself with such a thing for twice the money. I don't see,' added he, 'why you should not give our good Boniface a chance, either.'

'Do, pray, do,' cried my father, who was perhaps the most stolid man in the world, and could have sat six hours doing anything he was told to do without any inconvenience. 'I'll bet you.'

So, rather against his will, as it seemed, he who had proposed the conditions agreed to make the wager.

My father was then placed in his chair immediately opposite the clock; the stakes on either side were placed upon the table within his view; he was warned that every means would be resorted to short of laying hands upon him to induce him to look away, or say anything besides the words agreed upon; and as the clock struck four, the old gentleman's head had begun to wag, 'Here she comes, and there she goes,' and 'Here she comes, and there she goes,' very slowly and solemnly, keeping time with the pendulum.

'He'll lose,' cried one of the gentlemen.

'Certain to lose,' replied another laughing. 'Hallo, old chap, there goes your window-pane!'

There was a crash of breaking glass, that made the governor wince again, but he did not alter his position a hairbreadth, or desert one quarter of a tick from his monotonous task. Some of the particular china which then ornamented our oaken shelves next came down with a run; but its owner's face only turned a little pale, as he thought what stepmother would say about it. 'Here she comes, and there she goes,' was all it drew from him.

His antagonist seemed now to have given up the destructive plan as a failure.

'I say, Boniface,' cried he, 'I am going to put the stakes in my pocket—I am;' and suiting the action to the word, he swept off the two ten-pound notes into his waistcoat before the governor's eyes.

A shadow of anxiety flitted for an instant across my

parent's brow, but 'Here she comes, and there she goes,' was all that torture itself would at that time have wrung from him. Ten minutes of the terrible ordeal had already passed.

'Boniface,' observed the sporting gentleman with feeling, 'we must now part. My friends and myself have passed a pleasant time at Little Studdington, but our visit is now at an end. One of us has just gone out to order the four-wheel; and by rapid driving, we shall just catch the express train to London. In anticipation of this position of affairs, our little articles are already packed and ready to be placed under the seat. Receive, my dear sir, the assurances of our consideration. I wish that we had anything else to offer you in return for your very genial hospitality; this ten-pound note of yours will remind us, be assured, of your kindness, until the day when it shall be spent. I would that the terms of our little wager permitted us to shake you by the hand. Unlucky it is, too, that we start from the back-door, so that you will be unable, of course, to see the very last of us. In forty minutes about, you will be released from this irksome task, and we ourselves shall be at York, Boniface. Heaven bless you: What! not a word at parting?'

'Here she comes, and there she goes,' cried the governor stoutly, but suffused with a cold perspiration.

'Yes, here she comes,' repeated the sporting gentleman derisively, as the sound of wheels made itself to be distinctly heard from the back; 'and there she will go in about a minute: she is a fast mare.'

He closed the door, and the governor was left alone with the broken window, and the smashed china, and the infernal pendulum, repeating his prescribed formula with the utmost constancy, but with an anxious expression of countenance.

To him presently entered my maternal step-parent, who is of a suspicious temperament. 'Whatever have you been about, John, to let them chaps go away without any one to drive Polly, and at such a pace as— Goodness gracious, the china! What has happened? Rachel, Betty, Dick,' screamed she, 'what has come to your poor father? Do but look at him! Speak to us, John.'

'Here she comes, and there she goes,' murmured the governor sadly, and awaying himself slowly from side to side like a mandarin.

I shall never forget the scene as long as I live: I laughed until I could stand up no longer, and then I lay down on the floor and laughed there. The indignation that was thrown into the old gentleman's tones as he pursued his terrible task, only made the matter ten times more ridiculous.

'He is mad, stark staring mad,' cried my step-mother, as she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

'Here she comes, and there she goes,' exclaimed my father irascibly, as with one well-directed blow of his elbow he tumbled the old lady upon the floor.

Then I really thought he had gone mad, and went to get a rope to tie his arms; only the foam flew from his lips—he was in that passion of rage—that I did not dare come near him when I had got it. We sent for the policeman therefore, and of course we sent for the doctor; and presently they both arrived, and were as astonished as we were to see what was taking place.

'When did this fit come on him?' asked the medical man, as the old clock struck five.

'Here she comes, and there she goes,' yelled the governor, starting up from his chair. 'Where are those three thieves? They have robbed me of ten pounds, and board, and horse-hire, and lodging for fifteen days and a half.' (He had been calculating all this, poor fellow, in case they should have really gone away, while he was repeating his foolish sentences.) 'Ride after them—ride!'

Alas! we did ride, but we never came up with

them. They had left our Polly at the station in the four-wheel, but they were off nobody knows where. We found out only, long afterwards, that our visitors were three of the London swell-mob, who had been warned out of York by the detectives during the race week, to which circumstance we had been of course indebted for their patronage. My poor father never held up his head again: the jockey-boys were always wagging theirs whenever they saw him, and crying out: 'Here she comes, and there she goes,' until he was driven into his grave.

It is a sad story from beginning to end; but now, that I have fairly published it, I feel that there is something off my mind. There will be no need for futile attempts upon my part to conceal this disgrace to my family any more. And perhaps, after all, one of the reasons why I am so 'up to the time of day' myself—as we say in Yorkshire—is because of the warning that was afforded to me in my poor father's watching the clock.

AN UNRAVELLED MYSTERY.

INTIMATELY connected with the first impressions derived from Scriptural readings and lessons, the words Babylon, Nineveh, and Assyria have been familiar to us all from early childhood. Yet, when we seriously inquire what it is we really do know respecting the history, or even geographical boundaries of ancient Assyria, we are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge our total ignorance. Profane history, it is true, records the names of three of its monarchs previous to the invasion of the Medes. We read of the Bactrian and Indian expeditions of Ninus, the wondrous works of the masculine Semiramis, the Sybaritic splendours of the effeminate Sardanapalus; but the best judges are undecided whether we should accept these relations as history, or class them among the numberless other fables of the myth-inventing ages.

A new light, however, has lately been thrown upon this most interesting period in the world's history. Modern enterprise had scarcely discovered, ere modern ingenuity began to decipher, with what amount of success we are about to relate, the long-hidden monuments of Assyria. When Mr Layard brought to light the extraordinary bass-reliefs of Koyunjik, a new chapter in the book of history was at once laid open. Not only the inscribed records, but the pursuits, the religious ceremonies and amusements, the modes of warfare and hunting, even the very dresses of a previously unknown people, were first exhibited to modern eyes. And though the inscriptions could not then be deciphered, though the mere style of art of the sculptures was not the least novel element in the strange discovery, still there could be little doubt respecting the antiquity of the monuments, or the purpose for which they were designed. The peculiar wedge-shaped character used in the inscriptions proved that the monuments belonged to a period preceding the conquest of Alexander; for it was known that, after the subjugation of Western Asia by the Macedonians, the cuneiform character fell into disuse; while the custom of recording events and promulgating edicts by inscriptions on stones, was also known to be of the very highest antiquity. Need we say that the divine commands were first given to man on tablets of stone. Job, too, it will be recollected, emphatically exclaims: 'Oh that my words were now written! . . . That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!' Indeed, there could have been no less imperishable method of preserving important national records; and thus it is that the inscribed walls of palaces and rock-tablets have handed down to us, in these latter ages, the authentic history of ancient Assyria.

The character in which these inscriptions are written has been variously named, according to the fancies of different describers. Some term it the arrow-headed; the French, *ête-à-clou*, or nail-headed; the Germans, *keilformig*, equivalent to our phrase cuneiform, or wedge-shaped; and certainly this last most accurately expresses its peculiar form, each of the letters or syllables being composed of several distinct wedges united in certain combinations. It is considered probable that at first the letters were mere lines, and at a subsequent period the wedge-form was added to them, either as an embellishment, or to give them ideographic properties, similar to the picture-writing of the Egyptians. If the latter, however, were the case, all traces of their symbolical values are irretrievably lost. We may also add, that, like the Egyptians, the Assyrians at a later period of their history possessed a cursive writing of rounded characters, not unlike the Hebrew, which was employed for written documents, while the cuneiform was exclusively reserved for monumental purposes.

The cuneiform character, under certain modifications—the groups of characters representing syllables being diversely combined in different countries—was used over the greater part of Western Asia until, as we have already observed, the overthrow of the ancient Persian Empire by Alexander the Great. To this circumstance we mainly owe the very remarkable progress lately made in deciphering it. The Persian monarchs, previous to the conquest of Alexander, ruled over all the nations using this peculiar form of writing. These consisted of three principal peoples or races. Two of them, the Persian and the Tatar, spoke a dialect not very dissimilar to that still spoken by their descendants. The language of the third, the Babylonians, including the Assyrians, was allied to the Hebrew and Arabic, and totally different from that spoken by the two former races; moreover, it has been extinct and unknown for at least two thousand years. This last was the language which the decipherers of the Assyrian monuments had to reconstruct and reanimate from its equally obscure and long obsolete cuneiform characters. The first step towards the solution of so dark an enigma, was realised by the following circumstance. The Persian kings, when recording important events by inscriptions on stone tablets, used all the three languages spoken by their subjects. Thus originated the trilingual inscriptions of ancient Persia, the tablets containing them being divided into three columns, each written in a different language, and in the respective modification of cuneiform peculiar to each language, yet all three conveying one and the same meaning. The most celebrated of the trilingual inscriptions are found on the palaces of Darius and Xerxes at Persepolis, over the tomb of Darius, and on the rocks of Behistan. The latter, as aids to deciphering the Assyrian monuments, are the most important of any, as they record the principal events in the reign of Darius, and contain long lists of countries, cities, tribes, and kings; proper names being the only reliable index to the values of the cuneiform characters. The Persian version of the trilingual inscriptions, varying little from the modern Persian, having been translated, and its grammar and alphabet reduced to a certainty, a clue was gained to the Assyrian version, and from thence to the monuments discovered by Mr Layard. The clue thus obtained was followed up in defiance of the most formidable obstacles. To instance one, we may just mention that while the Persian modification of the cuneiform contains but thirty-nine signs, there are no less than four hundred in the Assyrian.

The various processes adopted to decipher the Assyrian inscriptions, from the slight clue we have just mentioned; the steps gradually made in the investigation; the going astray and the returning to,

or even the accidentally hitting on, the right path; in short, all the particulars relating to this most extraordinary search in the dark, are of the highest scientific and philological interest, though utterly unsuited for the pages of a popular journal. Nor shall we presume to venture an opinion on the disputed questions respecting the original discovery of the means employed for interpreting the Assyrian cuneiform, or whether it be a Semitic language or not. It must suffice for us to say, that the names of Sir Henry Rawlinson and Dr Hincks will ever be connected with this great triumph of our age and nation: less than a triumph it cannot be termed, for the investigation has been rewarded with complete success.

But though empires rise and fall, and tongues and tribes die out and disappear, still the race of the Van Twillers never becomes extinct: there always have been, and probably ever will be, many members of the family of the doubters. Consequently, though the decipherers of the Assyrian inscriptions detected on the strangely graven tablets the names of persons, cities, and nations, in historical and geographical series, and found them mentioned in proper connection with events recorded in sacred and profane history, still the doubters, gravely shaking their heads, refused to believe in the soundness of the system by which Dr Hincks and Sir Henry Rawlinson interpreted the mysteries of the cuneiform. Nor were the doubters without some show of reason for their unbelief. A great cause of difficulty in deciphering the cuneiform is what have been termed the variants—namely, different letters possessing the same alphabetic value, or, in other words, cuneiform groups representing a syllable, but not always the same syllable—sometimes one, and sometimes another. Accordingly, the doubters, not unreasonably, said that such a licence in the use of letters or syllables must be productive of the greatest uncertainty—that even the ancient Assyrians themselves could not have read a writing of so vague a description, and therefore the interpretations founded upon such a system must necessarily be fallacious. To this the decipherers replied, that experience has proved that the uncertainty arising from the variants is not so great as might be imagined. Most of the cuneiform groups having only one value, others having always the same value in the same word or phrase, so the remaining difficulties and uncertainties of reading are reduced within moderate limits. Besides, speaking practically, and taking into consideration the newness of the study, there is a fair amount of agreement between different interpreters of the Assyrian historical writings of average difficulty.

The doubters, however, not being satisfied, advantage was taken of an opportunity which lately occurred to test, as closely as possible, the truth of the system of decipherment adopted by Dr Hincks and Sir Henry Rawlinson, not only with the view of silencing the unbelievers, but also to prove that a correct basis of translation had been established, upon which other and future investigators could implicitly rely.

Her Majesty's government having sanctioned the trustees of the British Museum to publish lithographed copies of the most interesting Assyrian inscriptions, under the superintendence of Sir Henry Rawlinson; and Sir Henry having announced his intention of publishing translations of those lithographs, accompanied with transcriptions of the same into Roman letters, it occurred to Mr Fox Talbot that a desirable opportunity was thus offered to test the truth of the system. Accordingly, in March last, Mr Talbot prepared a translation of the first lithographed inscription, and transmitted it sealed to the Royal Asiatic Society, with a request that the Society would preserve it sealed, until Sir Henry's translation was published, and then compare the two—Mr Talbot considering that if any special agreement appeared between these

two independent versions, made by two different persons, without any communication with each other, such agreement must indicate that the versions had at least truth for their basis. The inscription selected for the purpose, a cylinder recording the achievements of Tiglath-pileser,* was exceedingly well suited for a comparison of this description, as it treats of various matters, changing abruptly from one to the other, and abounds in proper names, and statements of specific facts.

Upon the receipt of this communication, the council of the Society resolved that immediate measures should be taken to carry into effect the comparison suggested by Mr Talbot, but on a more extended scale. With this view, it was determined to request Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr Hincks, and Dr Oppert to favour the Society with translations of the same inscription, to be sent, like Mr Talbot's, under a sealed cover, so that all four might be simultaneously opened, and compared by a committee appointed for the purpose. Application having been made to the above-named gentlemen, and they having heartily responded to the views of the Society, a committee, consisting of the Dean of St Paul's, Dr Whewell, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Mr Grote, Mr Cureton, and Professor H. H. Wilson—than whom none better adapted could have been chosen—were requested to examine, and compare the four versions of the same inscription made by four different persons, in distant places, without mutual communication; and to determine how far these versions agreed in their general sense, and in the specific meanings assigned to the words.

The four translations having been forwarded to the Society, and carefully examined by the committee, the latter, having strictly compared them, certified 'that the coincidences between the translations, both as to the general sense and verbal rendering, were very remarkable.' In most parts, they found 'a strong correspondence in the meaning assigned, and occasionally a curious identity of expression as to particular words. Where the versions differed very materially, each translator had, in many cases, marked the passage as one of doubtful or unascertained signification. In the interpretation of numbers, there was throughout a singular correspondence.'

By all the translators, the inscription was understood to relate to King Tiglath-pileser, to his campaigns, building and consecration of temples, and other royal acts; campaigns against nations bearing names mostly analogous to those known from the sacred writings, and from other ancient authorities; temples to deities with appellations bearing the same resemblance to those found in other quarters. There was a constant recurrence of these words, names, and titles, yet a sufficient variety of words to test, to a certain degree, the extent of the knowledge claimed by the translators of the sound of the words, and of the language to which the words are supposed to belong. As a specimen of the inscription, and a fair average sample of the general concurrence existing among the four translations, the following versions of the same passage, with the names of the translators, may not be altogether devoid of interest to the reader:

Rawlinson.—Then I went on to the country of Comukha, which was disobedient and withheld the tribute and offerings due to Ashur my lord; I conquered the whole country of Comukha. I plundered their movables, their wealth, and their valuables. Their cities I burned with fire, I destroyed and ruined.

Talbot.—I then advanced against Kummikhi, a land of the unbelievers who had refused to pay taxes and tribute unto Ashur, my lord. The land of Kummikhi throughout all its extent I ravaged. Their women,

&c., I carried off. Their cities I burned with fire, destroyed, and overthrew.

Hincks.—At that time I went to a disaffected part of Qummukh, which had withheld the tribute by weight and tale belonging to Assur, my lord. I subdued the land of Qummukh as far as it extended. I brought out their women, their slaves, and their cattle; their towns I burned with fire, threw down, and dug up.

Oppert.—In these days I went to the people of Dummukh, the enemy who owed tributes and gifts to the god Asur, my lord. I subdued the people of Dummukh for its punishment (?). I took away their captives, their herds, and their treasures; their cities I burnt in fire; I destroyed, I undermined them.

The mere verbal expression of the purport of the above versions is certainly as close as could reasonably be expected from four different translations of any modern language. In some instances, however, the translators admitted that certain passages were obscure, and, indeed, the values of several common Assyrian words still remain to be established. Thus, where Pileser records his hunting exploits, Rawlinson makes the game 'wild buffaloes'; Hincks, 'wild elephants'; while Talbot, not venturing a translation, retains the original word, '*amasi*.' But in the general sense of killing or taking alive wild animals of some kind or other, they are all agreed. In a dead language, and more especially in one like the Assyrian, where symbolic signs are frequently used instead of phonetic letters, it is only natural to suppose that some words and names of persons, animals, or objects would be uncertain. Still, the occasional differences among the four translators, in the mode of interpreting certain words and sentences, may be accepted as a guarantee—if such were required—of the complete fairness of the undertaking, particularly when we find that those differences are uniform; the words or sentences so varying, having the same meaning assigned to them wherever they occur. A fair example of agreement and disagreement will be found in the following several translations of the closing paragraphs of the inscription, in which imprecations are denounced upon any future monarchs who may in any way deface the stone-engraved records of the mighty Tiglath:

Rawlinson.—Whoever shall injure my tablets and cylinders, or shall moisten them with water, or scorch them with fire, or expose them to the air, or in the holy place of God shall assign them a position where they cannot be seen or understood, or who shall erase the writing and inscribe his own name, or who shall divide the sculptures (?), and break them off from my tablets, Anu and Yen, the great gods my lords, let them consign his name to perdition; let them curse him with irrevocable curse; let them cause his sovereignty to perish; let them pluck out the stability of the throne of his empire.

Talbot.—But he who my stone tablets and my memorial records shall injure, or shall destroy them: with water shall efface them: or with fire shall consume them: or shall deface the writings: or shall write his name (*instead of mine*): or shall cut away the emblems: or who shall break in pieces the face of my tablets: May Anu and Yen, the great gods, my lords, utterly confound him; may their curses fall upon him; may they sweep away his kingly power; may his enemies carry off his royal throne.

Hincks.—He who shall hide or obliterate my tablets and my floors shall wander on the waters, shall be suspended in the fire, shall be besmeared with earth, shall be assigned by adjudication an unpleasant place in the excellent house on high. He shall survive few years, and shall write his name where some enemy shall speedily deface it, and shall have it (that is, the tablet containing it) broken against my tablets! May Anu and Yu, the great gods, my lords, energetically punish

him! and may they curse him with a *destroying* curse! May they *depress* his kingdom! may they remove . . . the throne of his dominion.

Oppert.—He who hides or defaces my tablets, and my angular stones, who throws them into the water, who burns them with fire, who spreads them to the winds, who transports them to the house of death, to a place without life, who steals the cylinders (?), who engraves on them his name, and . . . who injures my tablets: May Anu and Ao, the great gods, my lords, load his name with infamy; may they curse him with the worst imprecations! May they subdue his sister; may they deport the districts of his kingdom.

Upon the whole, the result of this very curious experiment—than which a fairer test could not, in all probability, be devised—may be considered as establishing, almost definitely, the correctness of the valuation of the characters of the Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions; and though it be quite possible that further researches may find something to alter or to add, still the greater portion, if not the whole of those remarkable records, may now be read with entire confidence. The almost invariable concurrence of the translators in the general sense, proves that they are agreed to give the same interpretation to the greater portion of the vocabulary. At the same time, the differences shew that a good deal remains to be effected ere the sense of every individual term can be confidently rendered. Where so much, however, has been accomplished in so short a period, and under such extraordinary difficulties, there surely is every reason to hope that the remaining uncertainties will ultimately and speedily be overcome. At all events, the ancient Assyrian language, with its grotesque, arrow-headed character, so inexplicable but a few years past, is, at the present time, nothing more than an unravelled mystery.

THE MISLETOE-BOUGH.

EVERY occupier in London, whether of house, floor, or attic, strains a point at Christmas to adorn his sashes and mantel-pieces with holly; and the hook in the ceiling, suggestive of a chandelier, but generally used to support the fly-trap, bears at this season the misletoe, and renders even the otherwise drear and chilly two-pair back a scene, for the time, of cheerfulness and mirth.

As to the demand and supply, no one troubles himself to consider from whence these masses of green stuff come. If the question is asked, the reply is prompt: 'Petty larceny and the suburbs of the metropolis.' This appears to be the conviction of all. Now, the larceny must be pretty extensive, as well as the suburbs, to supply our wants in this respect; and if even the churches alone depended on these sources, ill-fated Clapham and Haverstock Hill would have a rare time of it, and Leicester Square would soon surpass them in rural appearance and verdure.

But if we give the subject a moment's consideration, our curiosity will be awakened, and we shall be sent further afield, in quest of more extensive areas from whence to draw our Christmas garnishings than those so commonly suggested. Our supply of holly and misletoe does *not* come 'promiscuously'; it is a matter of commerce, and, as such, is regulated by the same rules and precise arrangements as the other branches of our commercial economy. Our requirements in this particular are as surely anticipated and carefully calculated as any other of our social wants; and the metropolitan supply of what is generally described by the general term of 'Christmas,' is as zealously cared for as the providing of our Christmas beef or summer strawberries. No deficiency is ever felt—no residue is left. The supply is adjusted to the demand, and the trade is of sufficient importance to engage men of capital and business minds; and thus

at a given time, and at a cheap rate, our sashes and mantel-pieces receive their due.

The south-western counties supply a goodly proportion of our Christmas; a considerable quantity comes even from Wales; large quantities from the neighbourhood of Bromley, Seven Oaks, and Maidstone. The weald of Kent also furnishes its quota; railways are called to lend a hand; and at length the mighty mass arrives at market, fresh, and but few berries the worse.

Market-gardeners, and others connected with London markets, tempted by the certain sale, keep a watchful eye during the year on all shrubberies, ready at a moment's notice to drive a bargain; and at the same time, in all probability, from prudent thinning, to improve the hedge.

Small hucksters range the country some time before Christmas, and bargain for holly, as it stands, to be cut and cleared at their convenience. These, in their turn, sell to larger dealers, who consign to their London customers; and thus, through divers channels, and wheels within wheels, we decorate our sashes and our mantel-shelves.

It is holly-morning at Covent Garden. The Tuesday before Christmas is sacred to the work. During the whole of the preceding night, wagons have been pouring in from all quarters, until every avenue to the market is choked up. Bedford Street and James Street are alone set apart for the vehicles of buyers. Every other nook and corner is jammed and crammed with carts and wagons, piled up as high as the second-floor windows with stacks of green-stuff.

In some parts, to save space, wagons are backed to the kerb, and are wedged together the whole length of the street; and with other contradictory arrangements, and no arrangements at all, a stranger, once within the meshes of the evergreen labyrinth, has but one thing to care for—and that is, how to find his way out.

St Paul's clock has chimed four—in a pitch-dark morning—and the ball opens in earnest. The eager salesmen stalk round the green stacks, flashing links fixed to the top of twelve-foot poles, and loudly descanting on the quality of their loads. Compared with theirs, the eloquence of Cheap Jacks and George Robinses sink into insignificance. They are assisted by two small boys, indispensable to every load, who are perched aloft on the stacks, and whose business it is to fish up, with long sticks, tempting bunches, which they hold out on end, with loud yells, and so serve to illustrate the florid statements of the salesman below. Amongst the buyers are found a large sprinkling of the fair sex, and these in nowise the most incapable of driving shrewd and hard bargains. At this time of the year, shops open later than usual. Husbands have taken the late trade and shutting-up business, whilst wives retire early, and take the morning market.

The bunches are bundled and weighed, and both the quantity of berries ascertained and the consequent freshness of the stuff; and it would excite no small surprise in the mind of a novice to see the amount of hard bargaining involved in the sale of that which many people believe may be had for the trouble of asking.

Loads of misletoe come to market worth thirty pounds each. The retail price ranges from one shilling and sixpence to three half-crowns per bunch; holly from ninepence to three shillings per bundle. Prices vary, of course, each season, dependent on the abundance or scarcity of the articles. The present season has been a prolific one, and prices have ruled accordingly.

It is now near seven o'clock, and the exhortations of the salesmen, the yells of the boys, the murmur of the crowd, and the imprecations of the porters as they endeavour to urge their heavy loads through the living

masses, are by this time half wearisome and half appalling, and the stranger finds it desirable to escape from the scene.

Nine o'clock, and the masses of evergreens have melted away; an hour or two later, and our houses are decorated with their 'Christmas,' and the faces of the busy Londoners brighten into smiles as they find themselves once more under the mistletoe-bough.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXV.—WHO FIRED THE SHOT?

'YELLOW JAKE?' I repeated, in the usual style of involuntary interrogative—of course without the slightest faith in my companion's statement. 'Saw Yellow Jake, you say?'

'Yes, Massr George,' replied my groom, getting a little over his fright: 'sure as de sun, I see 'im—eytha 'im or 'im ghost.'

'Oh, nonsense! there are no ghosts: your eyes deceived you under the shadow of the trees. It must have been an illusion.'

'By Gor! Massr George,' rejoined the black with emphatic earnestness, 'I swar I see 'im—'twant no daloosyun, I see—'twar eytha Yell' Jake or 'im ghost.' 'Impossible!'

'Den, massr, ef't be impossible, it am de troof. Sure as da gospel, I see Yell' Jake; he fire at you from ahind tha gum-tree. Den I fire at 'im. Sure, Massr George, you hear boaf de two shot?'

'True; I heard two shots, or fancied I did.'

'Gollys! massr, da wa'nt no fancy 'bout 'em. Whugh! no—da dam raskel he fire, sure. Lookee da, Massr George! What I say? Lookee da!'

We had been advancing towards the pond, and were now close to the magnolia under whose shade I had slept. I observed Jake in a stooping attitude under the tree, and pointing to its trunk. I looked in the direction indicated. Low down, on the smooth bark, I saw the score of a bullet. It had creased the tree, and passed onward. The wound was green and fresh, the sap still flowing. Beyond doubt, I had been fired at by some one, and missed only by an inch. The leaden missile must have passed close to my head where it rested upon the valise—close to my ears, too, for I now remembered that almost simultaneously with the first report, I had heard the 'whEEP' of a bullet.

'Now, you b'lieve um, Massr George?' interposed the black with an air of confident interrogation. 'Now you b'lieve dat dis chile see no daloosyun?'

'Certainly, I believe that I have been shot at by some one'—

'Yell' Jake, Massr George! Yell' Jake, by Gor!' earnestly asseverated my companion. 'I seed da yaller raskel plain's I see dat log afore me.'

'Yellow skin or red skin, we can't shift our quarters too soon. Give me the rifle: I shall keep watch while you are saddling. Haaste, and let us be gone!'

I speedily reloaded the piece; and, placing myself behind the trunk of a tree, turned my eyes in that direction whence the shot must have come. The black brought the horses to the rear of my position, and proceeded with all dispatch to saddle them, and buckle on our impedimenta.

I need not say that I watched with anxiety—with fear. Such a deadly attempt proved that a deadly enemy was near, whoever he might be. The supposition that it was Yellow Jake was too preposterous. I, of course, ridiculed the idea. I had been an eye-witness of his certain and awful doom; and it would have required stronger testimony than even the solemn declaration of my companion, to have given me faith either in a ghost or a resurrection. I had been fired

at—that fact could not be questioned—and by some one, whom my follower—under the uncertain light of the gloomy forest, and blinded by his fears—had taken for Yellow Jake. Of course this was a fancy—a mistake as to the personal identity of our unknown enemy. There could be no other explanation.

Ha! why was I at that moment dreaming of him—of the mulatto? And why such a dream? If I were to believe the statement of the black, it was the very realisation of that unpleasant vision that had just passed before me in my sleep.

A cold shuddering came over me—my blood grew chill within my veins—my flesh crawled, as I thought over this most singular coincidence. There was something awful in it—something so damnably probable, that I began to think there was truth in the solemn allegation of the black; and the more I pondered upon it, the less power felt I to impeach his veracity.

Why should an Indian, thus unpovoked, have singled me out for his deadly aim? True, there was hostility between red and white, but not war. Surely it had not yet come to this? The council of chiefs had not met—the meeting was fixed for the following day; and, until its result should be known, it was not likely that hostilities would be practised on either side. Such would materially influence the determinations of the projected assembly. The Indians were as much interested in keeping the peace as their white adversaries—ay, far more indeed—and they could not help knowing that an ill-timed demonstration of this kind would be to their disadvantage—just the very pretext which the 'removal' party would have wished for.

Could it, then, have been an Indian who aimed at my life? And if not, who in the world besides had a motive for killing me? I could think of no one whom I had offended—at least no one that I had provoked to such deadly retribution.

The drunken drovers came into my mind. Little would they care for treaties or the result of the council. A horse, a saddle, a gun, a trinket, would weigh more in their eyes than the safety of their whole tribe. Both were evidently true bandits—for there are robbers among red skins as well as white ones.

But no; it could not have been they? They had not seen us as we passed, or, even if they had, they could hardly have been upon the ground so soon? We had ridden briskly, after leaving them; and they were afoot.

Spence and Williams were mounted; and from what Jake had told me as we rode along in regard to the past history of these two 'rowdies,' I could believe them capable of anything—even of that.

But it was scarcely probable either: they had not seen us; and besides they had their hands full.

Ha! I guessed it at last; at all events I had hit upon the most probable conjecture. The villain was some runaway from the settlements, some absconding slave—perhaps ill-treated—who had sworn eternal hostility to the whites; and who was thus wreaking his vengeance on the first who had crossed his path. A mulatto, no doubt; and, may be, bearing some resemblance to Yellow Jake—for there is a general similarity among men of yellow complexion, as among blacks.

This would explain the delusion under which my companion was labouring; at all events, it rendered his mistake more natural; and with this supposition, whether true or false, I was forced to content myself.

Jake had now got everything in readiness; and, without staying to seek any further solution of the mystery, we leaped to our saddles, and galloped away from the ground.

We rode for some time with the 'beard on the shoulder;' and, as our path now lay through thin woods, we could see for a long distance behind us.

No enemy, white or black, red or yellow, made his appearance, either on our front, flank, or rear. We encountered not a living creature till we rode up to the stockade of Fort King;* which we entered, just as the sun was sinking behind the dark line of the forest horizon.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FRONTIER FORT.

The word 'fort' calls up before the mind a massive structure, with angles and embrasures, bastions and battlements, curtains, casemates, and glacis—a place of great strength, for this is its essential signification. Such structures have the Spaniards raised—in Florida as elsewhere—some of which are still standing,† while others, even in their ruins, bear witness to the grandeur and glory that enveloped them at that time, when the leopard flag waved proudly above their walls.

There is a remarkable dissimilarity between the colonial architecture of Spain and that of other European nations. In America, the Spaniards built without regard to pains or expense, as if they believed that their tenure would be eternal. Even in Florida, they could have had no idea their lease was to be so short—no forecast of so early an ejection.

After all, these great fortresses served them a purpose. But for their protection, the dark Yamasee, and, after him, the conquering Seminole, would have driven them from the flowery peninsula long before the period of their actual rendition.

The United States has its great stone fortresses; but far different from these are the 'forts' of frontier phraseology, which figure in the story of border wars, and which at this hour gird the territory of the United States as with a gigantic chain. In these are no grand battlements of cut rock, no costly casemates, no idle ornaments of engineering. They are rude erections of hewn logs, of temporary intent, put up at little expense, to be abandoned with as little loss—ready to follow the ever-flitting frontier in its rapid recession.

Such structures are admirably adapted to the purpose which they are required to serve. They are types of the utilitarian spirit of a republican government, not permitted to squander national wealth on such costly toys as Thames Tunnels and Britannia Bridges, at the expense of an overtaxed people. To fortify against an Indian enemy, proceed as follows:

Obtain a few hundred trees; cut them to lengths of eighteen feet; split them up the middle; set them in a quadrangle side by side, flat faces inward; batten them together; point them at the tops; loophole eight feet from the ground; place a staging under the loopholes; dig a ditch outside; build a pair of bastions at alternate corners, in which plant your cannon; hang a strong gate—and you have a 'frontier fort.'

It may be a triangle, a quadrangle, or any other polygon best suited to the ground.

You need quarters for your troops and stores. Build strong block-houses within the enclosure—some at the angles, if you please; loophole them also—against the contingency of the stockade being carried; and this done, your fort is finished.

Pine-trees serve well. Their tall, branchless stems are readily cut and split to the proper lengths; but in Florida is found a timber still better for the purpose—in the trunk of the 'cabbage palm.'‡ These, from the peculiarity of their endogenous texture, are less liable to be shattered by shot, and the bullet buries itself harmlessly in the wood. Of such materials was Fort King.

* Called after a distinguished officer in the American army. Such is the fashion in naming the frontier posts.

† Forts Picolata on the St Johns, Fort San Augustine, and others at Pensacola, St Marks, and elsewhere.

‡ *Chamærops palmæto*.

Fancy, then, such a stockade fort. People it with a few hundred soldiers—some in jacket uniforms of faded sky-colour, with white facings, sadly dimmed with dirt (the infantry); some in darker blue, bestriped with red (artillery); a few adorned with the more showy yellow (the dragoons); and still another few in the sombre green of the rifles. Fancy these men lounging about, or standing in groups, in slouched attitudes, and slouchingly attired—a few of tidier aspect, with pipe-clayed belts and bayonets by their sides, on sentry, or forming the daily guard—some half-score of slattern women, their laundress-wives, mingling with a like number of brown-skinned squaws—a sprinkling of squalling brats—here and there an officer hurrying along, distinguished by his dark-blue undress frock*—half-a-dozen gentlemen in civilian garb—visitors or non-military *attachés* of the fort—a score less gentle-looking—sutlers, beef-contractors, drovers, butchers, guides, hunters, gamblers, and idlers—some negro servants and friendly Indians—perhaps the pompous commissioner himself—fancy all these before you, with the star-spangled flag waving above your head, and you have the *coup d'ail* that presented itself as I rode into the gateway of Fort King.

Of late not much used to the saddle, the ride had fatigued me. I heard the *reveille*, but not yet being ordered on duty, I disregarded the call, and kept my bed till a later hour.

The notes of a bugle bursting through the open window, and the quick rolling of drums, once more awoke me. I recognised the parade music, and sprang from my couch. Jake at this moment entered to assist me in my toilet.

'Golly, Masser George!' he exclaimed, pointing out by the window: 'looksee dar! dar's tha whole Indy-en ob tha Seminole nayshun—ebbery red skin dar be in ole Florida. Whugh!'

I looked forth. The scene was picturesque and impressive. Inside the stockade, soldiers were hurrying to and fro—the different companies forming for parade. They were no longer, as on the evening before, slouched and loosely attired; but, with jackets close buttoned, caps jauntily cocked, belts pipe-clayed to a snowy whiteness, guns, bayonets, and buttons gleaming under the sunlight, they presented a fine military aspect. Officers were moving among them, distinguished by their more splendid uniforms and shining epaulets; and a little apart stood the general himself, surrounded by his staff, conspicuous under large black chapeaus with nodding plumes of cock's feathers, white and scarlet. Alongside the general was the commissioner—himself a general—in full government uniform.

This grand display was intended for effect on the minds of the Indians.

There were several well-dressed civilians within the enclosure, planters from the neighbourhood, among whom I recognised the Ringgolds.

So far the impressive. The picturesque lay beyond the stockade.

On the level plain that stretched to a distance of several hundred yards in front, were groups of tall Indian warriors, attired in all their savage finery—turbaned, painted, and plumed. No two were dressed exactly alike, and yet there was a similarity in the style of all. Some wore hunting-shirts of buckskin, with leggings and moccasins of like material—all profusely fringed, beaded, and tasselled; others were clad in tunics of printed cotton stuff, checked or flowered, with leggings of cloth, blue, green, or scarlet, reaching from hip to ankle, and girt below the knee with bead-

* An American officer is rarely to be seen in full uniform—still more rarely when on campaigning service, as in Florida.

embroidered gaiters, whose tagged and tasselled ends hung down the outside of the leg. The gorgeous wampum belt encircled their waists, behind which were stuck their long knives, tomahawks, and in some instances pistols glittering with a rich inlay of silver—relics left them by the Spaniards. Some, instead of the Indian wampum, encircled their waists with the Spanish scarf of scarlet silk, its fringed extremities hanging square with the skirt of the tunic, adding gracefulness to the garment. A picturesque head-dress was not wanting to complete the striking costume; and in this the variety was still greater. Some wore the beautiful coronet of plumes—the feathers stained to a variety of brilliant hues; some the 'toque' of checked 'bandanna'; while others wore shako-like caps of fur—of the black squirrel, the bay lynx, or racoon—the face of the animal often fantastically set to the front. The heads of many were covered with broad fillets of embroidered wampum, out of which stood the wing-plumes of the king-vulture, or the gossamer feathers of the sand-hill crane. A few were still further distinguished by the nodding plumes of the great bird of Afric.

All carried guns—the long rifle of the backwoods hunter, with horns and pouches slung from their shoulders. Neither bow nor arrow was to be seen, except in the hands of the youth—many of whom were upon the ground, mingling with the warriors.

Further off, I could see tents, where the Indians had pitched their camp. They were not together, but scattered along the edge of the wood, here and there in clusters, with banners floating in front—denoting the different clans or sub-tribes to which each belonged.

Women in their long frocks could be seen moving among the tents, and little dark-skinned 'papooses' were playing over the grassy sward in front of them.

When I first saw them, the warriors were assembling in front of the stockade. Some had already arrived, and stood in little crowds conversing, while others strode over the ground, passing from group to group, as if bearing words of counsel from one to the other.

I could not help observing the upright carriage of these magnificent men. I could not help admiring their full free port, and contrasting it with the gingerly step of the drilled soldier! No eye could have looked upon both without acknowledging this superiority of the *savage*.

As I glanced along the line of Saxon and Celtic soldiery—starched and stiff as they stood, shoulder to shoulder, and heel to heel—and then looked upon the plumed warriors without, as they proudly strode over the sward of their native soil, I could not help the reflection, that to conquer these men we must needs outnumber them!

I should have been laughed at had I given expression to the thought. It was contrary to all experience—contrary to the burden of many a boasting legend of the borders. The Indian had always succumbed; but was it to the superior strength and courage of his white antagonist? No; the inequality lay in numbers—oftener in arms. This was the secret of our superiority. What could avail the wet bowstring and ill-sized shaft against the death-dealing bullet of the rifle?

There was no inequality now. Those hunter-warriors carried the fire-weapon, and could handle it as skilfully as we.

The Indians now formed into a half-circle in front of the fort. The chiefs, having aligned themselves so as to form the concave side of the curve, sat down upon the grass. Behind them, the sub-chiefs and more noted warriors took their places, and still further back, in rank after rank, stood the common men of the tribes. Even the women and boys drew near, clustering thickly behind, and regarding the movements of the men with quiet but eager interest.

Contrary to their usual habits, they were grave and

silent. It is not their character to be so; for the Seminole is as free of speech and laughter as the clown of the circus ring; even the light-hearted negro scarcely equals him in joviality.

It was not so now, but the very reverse. Chiefs, warriors, and women—even the boys who had just forsaken their play—all wore an aspect of solemnity.

No wonder. That was no ordinary assemblage—no meeting upon a trivial matter—but a council at which was to be decided one of the dearest interests of their lives—a council whose decree might part them for ever from their native land. No wonder they did not exhibit their habitual gaiety.

It is not correct to say that all looked grave. In that semicircle of chiefs were men of opposite views. There were those who wished for the removal—who had private reasons to desire it—men bribed, suborned, or tampered with—traitors to their tribe and nation.

These were neither weak nor few. Some of the most powerful chiefs had been bought over, and had agreed to sell the rights of their people. Their treason was known or suspected, and this it was that was causing the anxiety of the others. Had it been otherwise—had there been no division in their ranks—the patriot party might easily have obtained a triumphant decision; but they feared the defection of the traitors.

The band had struck up a march—the troops were in motion, and filing through the gate.

Hurrying on my uniform, I hastened out; and took my place among the staff of the general.

A few minutes after, we were on the ground, face to face with the assembled chiefs.

The troops formed in line, the general taking his stand in front of the colours, with the commissioner by his side. Behind these were grouped the officers of the staff, with clerks, interpreters, and some civilians of note—the Ringolds, and others—who, by courtesy, were to take part in the proceedings.

Hands were shaken between the officers and chiefs; the friendly calumet was passed round; and the council at length inaugurated.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE COUNCIL.

First came the speech of the commissioner.

It is too voluminous to be given in detail. Its chief points were, an appeal to the Indians to conform peaceably to the terms of the Oclawaha treaty—to yield up their lands in Florida—to move to the west—to the country assigned them upon the White River of Arkansas—in short, to accept all the terms which the government had commissioned him to require.

He took pains to specify the advantages which would accrue from the removal. He painted the new home as a perfect paradise—prairies covered with game, elk, antelopes, and buffalo—rivers teeming with fish—crystal waters, and unclouded skies. Could he have found credence for his words, the Seminole might have fancied that the happy hunting-grounds of his fancied heaven existed in reality upon the earth.

On the other hand, he pointed out to the Indians the consequences of their non-compliance. White men would be settling thickly along their borders. Bad white men would enter upon their lands; there would be strife, and the spilling of blood; the red man would be tried in the court of the white man, where, according to law, his oath would be of no avail; and *therefore* he must suffer injustice!

Such were in reality the sentiments of Mr Commissioner Wiley Thompson,* uttered in the council of Fort King, in April 1885. I shall give them in his own words: they are worthy of record, as a specimen of *fair dealing* between white and red. Thus spoke he:

* Historically true.

'Suppose—what is, however, impossible—that you could be permitted to remain here for a few years longer, what would be your condition? This land will soon be surveyed, sold to, and settled by the whites. *There is now a surveyor in the country.* The jurisdiction of the government will soon be extended over you. Your laws will be set aside—your chiefs will cease to be chiefs. Claims for debt and for your negroes would be set up against you by bad white men; or you would perhaps be charged with crimes affecting life. You would be hailed before the white man's court. The claims and charges would be decided by the white man's law. White men would be witnesses against you. Indians would not be permitted to give evidence. Your condition in a few years would be hopeless wretchedness. You would be reduced to abject poverty, and when urged by hunger to ask—perhaps from the man who had thus ruined you—for a crust of bread, you might be called an Indian dog, and spurned from his presence. For this reason it is that your "Great Father (1)" wishes to remove you to the West—to save you from all these evils.'

And this language in the face of a former treaty—that of Camp Moultrie—which guaranteed to the Seminoles their right to remain in Florida, and the third article of which runs thus:

'The United States will take the Florida Indians under their care and patronage; and will afford them protection against all persons whatsoever.'

O tempora, O mores!

The speech was a mixture of sophistry and implied menace—now uttered in the tones of a petitioner, anon assuming the bold air of the bully. It was by no means clever—both characters being overdone.

The commissioner felt no positive hostility towards the Seminoles. He was indignant only with those chiefs who had already raised opposition to his designs, and one, in particular, he *hated*; but the principal *animus* by which he was inspired, was a desire to do the work for which he had been delegated—an ambition to carry out the wish of his government and nation, and thus gain for himself credit and glory. At this shrine he was ready—as most officials are—to sacrifice his personal independence of thought, with every principle of morality and honour. What matters the cause so long as it is the king's? Make it 'congress' instead of 'king's, and you have the motto of our Indian agent.

Shallow as was the speech, it was not without its effects. The weak and wavering were influenced by it. The flattering sketch of their new home, with the contrasted awful picture of what might be their future condition, affected the minds of many. During that spring the Seminoles had planted but little corn. The summons of war had been sounding in their ears; and they had neglected seed-time: there would be no harvest—no maize, nor rice, nor yams. Already were they suffering from their improvidence. Even then were they collecting the roots of the China briar,* and the acorns of the live-oak. How much worse would be their condition in the winter?

It is not to be wondered at that they gave way to apprehension; and I noticed many whose countenances bore an expression of awe. Even the patriot chiefs appeared to evince some apprehension for the result.

They were not dismayed, however. After a short interval, Hoitle-mattee, one of the strongest opponents of the removal, rose to reply. There is no order of precedence in such matters. The tribes have their acknowledged orators, who are usually permitted to express the sentiments of the rest. The head-chief was present, seated in the middle of the ring, with a

British crown upon his head—a relic of the American revolution. But 'Onopa' was no orator, and waved his right to reply in favour of Hoitle-mattee—his son-in-law.

The latter had the double reputation of being a wise councillor and brave warrior; he was, furthermore, one of the most eloquent speakers in the nation. He was the 'prime-minister' of Onopa, and, to carry the comparison into classic times, he might be styled the Ulysses of his people. He was a tall, spare man, of dark complexion, sharp aquiline features, and somewhat sinister aspect. He was not of the Seminole race, but, as he stated himself, a descendant of one of the ancient tribes who peopled Florida in the days of the early Spaniards. Perhaps he was a Yamasee, and his dark skin would favour this supposition.

His powers of oratory may be gathered from his speech:

'At the treaty of Moultrie, it was engaged that we should rest in peace upon the land allotted to us for twenty years. All difficulties were buried, and we were assured that if we died, it should not be by the violence of the white man, but in the course of nature. The lightning should not rive and blast the tree, but the cold of old age should dry up the sap, and the leaves should wither and fall, and the branches drop, and the trunk decay and die.

'The deputation stipulated at the talk on the Oclawaha to be sent on the part of the nation, was only authorised to examine the country to which it was proposed to remove us, and bring back its report to the nation. We went according to agreement, and saw the land. It is no doubt good land, and the fruit of the soil may smell sweet, and taste well, and be healthy, but it is surrounded with bad and hostile neighbours, and the fruit of bad neighbourhood is blood that spoils the land, and fire that dries up the brook. Even of the horses we carried with us, some were stolen by the Pawnees, and the riders obliged to carry their packs on their back. You would send us among bad Indians, with whom we could never be at rest.

'When we saw the land, we said nothing; but the agents of the United States made us sign our hands to a paper which you say signified our consent to remove, but we considered we did no more than say we liked the land, and when we returned, the nation would decide. We had no authority to do more.

'Your talk is a good one, but my people cannot say they will go. The people differ in their opinions, and must be indulged with time to reflect. They cannot consent now; they are not willing to go. If their tongues say yes, their hearts cry no, and call them liars. We are not hungry for other lands—why should we go and hunt for them? We like our own land, we are happy here. If suddenly we tear our hearts from the homes round which they are twined, our heart-strings will snap. We cannot consent to go—we will not go!'

A chief of the removal party spoke next. He was 'Omatla,' one of the most powerful of the tribe, and suspected of an 'alliance' with the agent. His speech was of a pacific character, recommending his red brothers not to make any difficulty, but to act as honourable men, and comply with the treaty of the Oclawaha.

It was evident this chief spoke under restraint. He feared to shew too openly his partiality for the plans of the commissioner, dreading the vengeance of the patriot warriors. These frowned upon him as he stood up, and he was frequently interrupted by Arpiucki, Coa Hajo, and others.

A bolder speech, expressing similar views, was delivered by Lusta Hajo (the Black Clay). He added little to the argument; but by his superior daring, restored the confidence of the traitorous party and the

* *Smilax pseudo-China*. From its roots the Seminoles make the *conté*, a species of jelly—a sweet and nourishing food.

equanimity of the commissioner, who was beginning to exhibit signs of impatience and excitement.

'Holata Mico' next rose on the opposite side—a mild and gentlemanly Indian, and one of the most regarded of the chiefs. He was in ill health, as his appearance indicated; and in consequence of this, his speech was of a more pacific character than it might otherwise have been; for he was well known to be a firm opponent of the removal.

'We come to deliver our talk to-day. We were all made by the same GREAT FATHER; and are all alike his children. We all came from the same mother; and were suckled at the same breast. Therefore, we are brothers; and, as brothers, should not quarrel and let our blood rise up against each other. If the blood of one of us, by each other's blow, should fall upon the earth, it would stain it, and cry aloud for vengeance from the land wherever it had sunk, and call down the frown and the thunder of the great spirit. I am not well. Let others who are stronger speak, and declare their minds.'

Several chiefs rose successively and delivered their opinions. Those for removal followed the strain of Omatla and the Black Clay. They were 'Ohala' (the big warrior), the brothers Itolasse and Charles Omatla, and a few others of less note.

In opposition to these, spoke the patriots 'Acola,' 'Yaha Hajo' (mad wolf), 'Echa Maita' (the water-serpent), 'Poshalla' (the dwarf), and the negro 'Abram.' The last was an old 'refugee,' from Pensacola; but now chief of the blacks living with the Micosauc* tribe, and one of the counsellors of Onopa, over whom he held supreme influence. He spoke English fluently; and at the council—as also that of the Oclawaha—he was the principal interpreter on the part of the Indians. He was a pure negro, with the thick lips, prominent cheek-bones, and other physical peculiarities of his race. He was brave, cool, and sagacious; and though only an adopted chief, he proved to the last the true friend of the people who had honoured him by their confidence. His speech was brief and moderate; nevertheless, it evinced a firm determination to resist the will of the agent.

As yet, the 'king' had not declared himself, and to him the commissioner now appealed. Onopa was a large, stout man, of somewhat dull aspect, but not without a considerable expression of dignity. He was not a man of great intellect, nor yet an orator; and although the head 'mico' of the nation, his influence with the warriors was not equal to that of several chiefs of inferior rank. His decision, therefore, would by no means be regarded as definitive, or binding upon the others; but being nominally 'mico-mico' or chief-chief, and actually head of the largest clan—the Micosauca—his vote would be likely to turn the scale, one way or the other. If he declared for the removal, the patriots might despair.

There was an interval of breathless silence. The eyes of the whole assemblage, of both red men and white men, rested upon the king. There were only a few who were in the secret of his sentiments; and how he would decide, was to most of those present a matter of uncertainty. Hence the anxiety with which they awaited his words.

At this crisis a movement was observed among the people who stood behind the king. They were making way for some one who was passing through their midst. It was evidently one of authority, for the crowd readily yielded him passage.

The moment after, he appeared in front—a young warrior, proudly caparisoned, and of noble aspect. He wore the insignia of a chief; but it needed not this

to tell that he was one: there was that in his look and bearing which at once pronounced him a leader of men.

His dress was rich, without being frivolous or gay. His tunic, embraced by the bright wampum sash, hung well and gracefully; and the close-fitting leggings of scarlet cloth displayed the perfect sweep of his limbs. His form was a model of strength—terse, well-knit, symmetrical. His head was turbaned with a shawl of brilliant hues; and from the front rose three black ostrich plumes, that drooped backward over the crown till their tips almost touched his shoulders. Various ornaments were suspended from his neck; but one upon his breast was conspicuous. It was a circular plate of gold, with lines radiating from a common centre. It was a representation of the rising sun.

His face was stained of a uniform vermilion red; but despite the levelling effect of the dye, the lineaments of noble features could be traced. A well-formed mouth and chin, thin lips, a jawbone expressive of firmness, a nose slightly aquiline, a high, broad forehead, with eyes that, like the eagle's, seemed strong enough to gaze against the sun.

The appearance of this remarkable man produced an electric effect upon all present. It was similar to that exhibited by the audience in a theatre on the *entrées* of the great tragedian for whom they have been waiting.

Not from the behaviour of the young chief himself—withal right modest—but from the action of the others, I perceived that he was in reality the hero of the hour. The *dramatis personæ* who had already performed their parts were evidently but secondary characters; and this was the man for whom all had been waiting.

There followed a movement—a murmur of voices—an excited tremor among the crowd—and then, simultaneously, as if from one throat, was shouted the name:

'OCEOLA!'

CAPTAIN VERSUS CREW.

THE traditional sailor has a place only in the melodrama. There he rolls about the stage like a graceful porpoise, shivering his timbers, and scattering his money with a feeling of equal benevolence, faithful alike to his lass and his grog, and ready at any moment to sink with his ship, to him the Image of a Catholic idolatry, the symbol of love, loyalty, and honour. The actual sailor is not so fine an animal by half. He is still brave, still fond of battle at the rare time he can get it; but the traditions, of which he once formed a part, are gone, and the poetical part of his character is gone with them. The ship is now too costly for a rough seaman's devotion. Since it cannot be floated about the waters in a handbox, it must be anxiously taken care of, and kept quite out of the way of rocks, shells, and other marine curiosities. The money value of a thing is what Jack is taught to venerate, and the lesson goes home to his own business and bosom. His wages occupy his thoughts, in the way of getting, not spending; his very grog is to some extent stopped, and he gets elevated instead with books; and even his unthinking lass, disliking the prosaic turn he has taken, deserts him for the song-making shoemaker or the taproom-haunting tailor. All influences, whether of soul or sense, whether good or bad, work against the sailor, because they are all jumbled and inconsistent.

For some time past, a new source of sympathy has been sought to be opened on his behalf. The captain turns out to be a sea-ogre, and the moment the innocent and unhappy crew are in blue water, they are subjected to all manner of cruelties and tyrannies. Sometimes they are even driven to mutiny, and melodramatic Jack, for this enforced infidelity to his salt

* The Micosauc (Mikonsauke) or tribe of the 'redstick' was the largest and most warlike clan of the nation. It was under the immediate government of the head-chief Onopa—usually called 'Miconopa.'

(water), finishes the voyage in irons. Unluckily, however, as it is now said, the insubordinate spirit of the crew goes on all the same, whatever be the character of the captain; and in the merchant-service, more especially, it is described as getting worse every day, and that from the most mean and sordid motives. The subject is treated incidentally in a pamphlet printed in Bombay by W. Walker of that city, the object of which is to examine critically the various descriptions of goods imported into India from this country.* Mr Walker seems to be a man of large experience—'an experience,' he tells us, 'gathered at sea and on shore, in the army, in the navy, and the merchant-service, in all quarters of the globe'—and as he has now retired into some civil employment connected with ships and merchandise, his testimony is the more trustworthy.

Our author by no means denies the existence of tyrannical captains, and it would be absurd to do so. Why should there not be tyrants at sea as well as on shore? Why should there not be tyrants in ships as well as in barracks, warehouses, and mills? Mr Walker, however, denies that salt water breeds more ogres than solid land. He says that in the course of his own multifarious experience, he never met with more than one cruel captain, and he was in the navy; and that he never heard from man or boy he sailed with 'that he had ever experienced much rougher fortune.' Public sympathy and public indignation are awakened, then, by exceptional cases which, occurring at sea, and in the peculiar community thrown together in a ship, have a strong and strange interest of their own.

It was thought that the Mercantile Marine Act of 1850 had defined and protected the respective rights of captains and seamen; but the puzzling thing is, that it is precisely since then that the semi-mutinous conduct of the crew has grown to the worst, while the bearing of the officers has become more refined and gentlemanly. We would suggest in explanation, that the difference may be merely that of education—that the officers understand their position, while the more ignorant men abuse their advantages, since they enjoy them in spite of their superiors. But a more alarming change is behind. 'Not only has the conduct of the seamen deteriorated,' says Mr Walker, 'but they are deficient in seamanship as compared with sailors of ten or fifteen years ago, and to an extent which is quite startling to old-salts. I do not exaggerate in putting forward these opinions. I feel confident that the truth can be vouched for by many foremast hands themselves, and certainly by all commanders of ships now serving, as well as those who have retired from a maritime life.'

One cause of this unhappy change seems to be the partial abandonment of the apprenticeship system—a system which is no longer compulsory. 'It is but just to observe that many shipowners were far-sighted enough not to avail themselves of this privilege, as they probably well knew that unless they trained sealads they would fall off in the number of seamen to man their ships. This has now come to pass; and the captains of ships are loud in their complaints as to the want of seamanship in men who now unblushingly enter ships as able seamen, and when they get to sea the captain finds they are unable to take the helm, or a cast of the lead.' The apprentice system, thus left to the discretion of the shipowners, has *offered* our ships; or, as Mr Walker expresses it, 'has found a captain for every one of the splendid fleet of merchant-ships (100 sail) now in our harbour' (Bombay). And what are the qualifications demanded in these captains, requiring the development of apprenticeship? 'A captain is required to be well versed in navigation in

all its branches, from plane trigonometry to great circle-sailing, and from finding the latitude by a meridian altitude to the longitude by a lunar observation. He must be able to conduct his ship to all parts of the world, and to keep her clear of lee-shores, rocks, shoals, and sand-banks. Many captains are even kept on shore by owners to see a new ship built from keel to top-rail. By this experience, thus gained, he becomes an adept in applying a remedy when a defect appears. He must be perfectly acquainted with various trades, such as sailmaker, carpenter, cooper, blacksmith, and sometimes cook. As a doctor, he has to prescribe medicines for his crew, and if, like his prototype on shore, he kills his patient, as a clergyman he has to read the funeral-service over his remains. He must be thoroughly conversant with the maritime laws of all nations. Many of them are invested with the full duties of the merchant, in which capacity he has to exhibit the care and cunning of the lawyer in drawing charter-parties, bills of lading, &c. He is supposed to be a kind and humane man, slow to anger, and of great command of temper; he must on no account ever allow himself to be so irritated as to lift his hand (be the provocation ever so great) against one of his crew. So sure as he does, *the poor ill-treated (and insolent) sailor* gets public sympathy, and a reward for his conduct; while the *brutal captain* gets either a heavy fine or imprisonment, or both, and public censure, for his conduct, without any consideration as to the heavy responsibility, anxiety, and frequent difficulty of governing unruly crews.'

What is the difficulty of governing unruly crews? Is it not looked to in the Mercantile Marine Act? To this extent—that insolence or contemptuous language or behaviour to the master or any mate, is punishable by a fine of one day's pay; and striking or assaulting any person on board, two days' pay. An unruly sailor, therefore, is kept in check by the knowledge that he cannot indulge in pummelling his captain at a smaller expense than three shillings and fourpence. When the captain imposes the fine, he is obliged to enter the crime in the log-book, call the offender into the cabin, and read the entry to him. This is still more injurious to discipline than the inadequacy of the punishment; for it shews the ruffian that nothing is trusted to the captain, that his displeasure is of no consequence, except in the literal matter of the three shillings and fourpence. The captain is thus reduced to a state of helplessness: he has no power like him of the navy to enforce his orders; and he is deprived by the laws of the prestige which formerly served as his protection. The Mutiny Act, for extreme cases, is the sole guard of life and ship.

Melodramatic Jack is content and ready to sink with his ship whenever her time comes; but actual Jack has no ship in particular to sink with. He changes every voyage, if he can, and gets up a row to accomplish it. 'The modern merchant-sailor ships in a vessel for a foreign port, and as soon as cables are unbent and anchors stowed, he is ready for his game of insolent insubordination, with a view to his discharge and re-entry into some other service that may captivate his vagrant fancy.' If he can find no fault with the captain, and if the ship is unexceptionable, he has recourse to the bad-provision dodge; and in some cases he is known to have himself tampered with the articles complained of to gain a verdict. But money is the grand motive for leaving his ship. 'When a seaman enters this port, and learns that, whilst he is working for L.3, 10s. a month, the wages given out of Bombay is L.4, he braces up his mind for a row, refusal to do duty, and their consequent penalties—the shadiest wall lounge of the House of Correction, where he can smoke the calumet of peace without its moral binding conditions.' This costs him but a trifle of the wages due to him, and when the pleasant incarceration is

* *Facts for Factories; being Letters on Practical Subjects, suggested by Experiences in Bombay.* Printed at the Education Society's Press, Byculla. 1857.

expired, he finds no difficulty in shipping anew at an improved rate of wages. It is no wonder that we read, as a corollary from all this, that 'American captains will not have anything to do with the modern English merchant-seaman if they can help it. They hunt out the quiet Belgian, and orderly Dane or Norwegian.'

All this, we repeat, is very alarming, even if we make every possible deduction on the score of that exaggeration men are frequently betrayed into when advocating a theory. An evil, however, brought about in the course of a few years is not irremediable. There is good stuff in the seaman to work upon yet; and we would point to his conduct in the Crimea and in India as evidence of his value even on shore. It is for this reason we lend our aid to draw attention to the heavy charge made against him, that it may lead to investigation and reform.

Mr Walker advises a general return to the apprenticeship system; and not only that, but the establishment in every naval port of a training-ship for boys. By this means, we should have abundance of well-trained orderly seamen in readiness for any emergency, instead of having 'to man our Baltic fleet with 'long-shore riffraff, the spawn of unsuccessful gold-diggers, tempered by a few good and orderly seamen from the Coast-guard, torn from domestic homes and ties.' On board ship he would have the officers repress by every means in their power the filthy and blasphemous language which is the vernacular of the sea, and likewise endeavour to get the men to wear cleaner skins and clothes; since nothing brutalises the mind more than dirty skins and dirty language. Fresh water should be provided, when possible, for ablution and clothes-washing. Divine service should be performed every Sunday, when the weather permits. By means of the American plan of deck-houses, the crew should be emancipated from the dark dungeon of the fore-castle. 'Great ingenuity is displayed in making berths for emigrants when a government commands it. Why should the owner not command the like conveniences for the crews of his ships—the winners of his fortune?' In fine, the captains themselves should be informed that it is mean and dishonest to give the ruffians and bullies of the ship, when the crew are paid off—which they generally do, either from easiness of character or fear of revenge—a V. G. (very good) certificate. Without this certificate, no merchant-captain would employ them; but the 'registrar might give our repudiated man a hint that the *Regenerator* frigate, *Captain Curran*, would enter his name on her books, and no questions asked. He would then learn to crack his biscuit, and live like a good seaman—or taste the * * *. This suggestion might be carried out to-morrow, and would work silently and with certain success.'

A LANCASHIRE INCUMBENT.

It is an old saying, and a true one, that no one knows what he can do till he tries. I am quite sure that powers, of vast capability if called into action, are suffered to lie dormant, either because their possessor may not be aware of their existence, or of his own ability to use them with effect. I remember to have somewhere met with an account of a clergyman, in the English lake district, who was called 'Wonderful Robert Walker,' from the astonishing quantity of work he contrived to get through in a given period. He was the doctor, the accountant, the schoolmaster, as well as the minister of his parish. He was also a mechanic-of-all-work; and his pew in church was lined with cloth span and woven, I believe, by his own hands. But this ancient wonder is, like many others, quite superseded by some occurring in our own

marvellous day. The brazen colossus at Rhodes is not more outdone by the Victoria Bridge, than is 'Wonderful Walker' by the modern phenomenon, 'a Lancashire incumbent.'

Within the last two years, a great newspaper had roundly charged the English clergy with gross negligence and laxity in carrying out the objects of their mission among the people. We are not going to introduce here any discussion as to the justice of this charge: all we shall say is, that it evoked a reply from a correspondent, who signed himself as above, giving a report of his work within the year then past; and that the same Incumbent has again sent in his *compte rendu* at the close of 1857—on which document I propose to offer a few observations.

Altogether apart from the special calling of the writer, this letter of the incumbent is a highly instructive study to professional young men of every sort. The first lesson which is taught by the fact that such a vast amount of work may be done by one man in a certain time, is, that the mainspring of such successful exertion must be regularity, and a systematic division and employment of time. The second is, that monotony of labour must be avoided; for a change of occupation will often afford recreation as resting and effectual as idleness itself.

'I am still the incumbent of a new parish in a large town; and attached to my own church, which is one of forty within the borough limits, there is a population of 8500.' 'I reside a mile and a quarter from my church and schools. During the year, I was absent on business connected with public objects, 18 days; was unwell—including a fortnight's detention from an accident—26; was kept in the house by bad weather, 4; and took 29 holidays. This leaves 288 to be accounted for, of which I was in the parish on duty, on 168 separate days, 249 times.' 'I have made 1086 visits to the people in their houses, independent of calls on the sick, and others of an incidental kind. I have preached 121 sermons, of which 21 were in other churches—namely, 8 for schools and charities, 3 for religious societies, and 15 in exchange or aid.'

Such is the summary of work done on those 288 days, including the 52 Sabbaths, which must have demanded no small share of mental as well as bodily vigour, no less than a very systematic method of proceeding. One would feel disposed to say that little or no more than this could have been done in the time, and that all relaxation in the enjoyment of society, or application to reading, except so far as connected with sermon-producing, must have been altogether impracticable. But our incumbent is no less a wonder in these respects than in the others. We are informed in a subsequent paragraph, that 'he partook of the hospitality of friends on 165 separate days;' and in this very sensible and necessary relaxation, we may probably find, even on physiological grounds, the secret of his extraordinary endurance. A man, requires his play as well as a boy. The overtaxed mind must be relieved as well as the wearied body; and in certain circumstances it is absolutely necessary to mental and bodily health that we should be drawn out of ourselves, and forced to relax our grasp upon anxious and depressing thoughts and cares, in a way which only cheerful society can effect. The body may indeed rest in the easy-chair or the comfortable bed, but the mind will not do so. This quiet and repose are only more favourable to the indulgence of the prevalent and absorbing idea of the time, and in cheerful, innocent society alone lies the remedy for overwork and anxiety.

If the reader imagines that we have got to the end of our incumbent's labours, with the (probably) 3000 to 4000 house-to-house visits mentioned above, and

all the other details which accompany them, he is greatly mistaken.

Within a year or two, a sum of over L.10,000 has been raised for schools and other parochial purposes, and all the heavy and complicated machinery connected with this branch of duty has been set agoing. This alone would have seemed enough for one man's work, taking men in general as our standard; but there is still more to be told of the labours of 1857.

'During the year,' again writes our author, 'I have been honorary secretary to four religious societies, and to a fifth whose operations terminate with the year. Of two of these, the duties were merely nominal, but in two others they required very great attention. I am chairman of one permanent committee, and treasurer of two; and during the year, I attended 221 meetings.' Now, keeping in mind the occupations already specified, I would direct attention to the diligence which could still find time for attending the meetings of these societies, and managing their affairs and finances. Many industrious men might have found even this last department of labour quite as much as they could manage; but taken in a cumulative sense, along with what had gone before, we feel quite astounded; and are disposed at length to say with uplifted hands and eyes: 'Ohe jam satis!'

No such thing! Full as the list may appear to unpractised eyes, there are in the capabilities of this man, some portions still unoccupied, a corner or two into which some small 'odds and ends' of employment may still be packed. Listen once more: 'The avoidance of meetings, especially in the evenings, has increased my time for intellectual pursuits. I have read about ninety volumes on various subjects, exclusive of pamphlets, reviews, &c. I have also written five magazine articles, three short papers for learned societies, twelve articles of a more fugitive character, on literature, science, and education; and an elaborate paper of instructions for my teachers on the subjects of school-organisation and discipline. I have made twenty-one speeches, and delivered nine public lectures, besides editing a pamphlet of about ninety pages in extent, and, with some assistance, an important volume of 800 pages. But the most tedious intellectual operation was the construction of two ethnological maps of a kind wholly new, and from materials which are common and accessible in every county in the kingdom. Each of them required a minute analysis of about 20,000 facts, yet any of the numerous details indicated may be tested in an instant.'

This paragraph shews that an active mind may be lodged in an active body, and that local and corporeal mobility of a very unusual kind may be associated with mental activity no less remarkable.

But, reader, we have yet more to tell; one more short extract will bring us to the end of this *tot, et tanta, negotia*.

You will say that, in whatever way we are to account for the performance within the year, and even within 288 days of it, of so much physical and intellectual labour, along with the 165 separate days on which the claims of social relaxation were attended to, this would, at the least, entail a necessity for a very snail-like power of staying at home. Again, I say, no such thing. You would further suppose that epistolary correspondence, which, in a small way, so many of us find it hard enough to get through from day to day, could find no place in these herculean labours. Listen, then, once more: 'My correspondence has extended to 1200 letters. I have visited Wales three times; Ireland, twice; the Isle of Man, once; and London and Oxford, once!'

Now, with all this, should you have supposed that there was any room for mechanical occupations within doors? Allow me one 'more last word,' and you shall

hear: 'I have occupied myself at intervals with mechanical duties, which may be described as amateur bookbinding.'

There, reader, is a man for you! I know of nothing to compare with him, either on sea or land, but one whom I had thought the 'inimitable' Dr Livingstone. It is true that this latter personage, with the true modesty of greatness, says that he is *but* a man. I can only reply, that to be a man after the fashion of the heroic doctor and our Lancashire incumbent, is to be one in no ordinary sense of the term. This paper may fall under the observation of more than one before whom a professional career, no matter of what sort, is just opening out, and whose success must depend mainly upon his courage, activity, integrity of heart and purpose, and self-reliance. Let such a one read over at his leisure, again and again, the details given above; let him observe how much may be done by determining that it *shall* be done, and by the force of an indomitable will; let him understand the value of time well laid out and carefully divided; and although he may very naturally despair of equalling the very extraordinary achievements of this striking exemplar, he will attain all the more for studying and aiming at a really high standard of excellence.

It must be allowed that a clergyman's life admits of a variation in employment which cannot be obtained in other professions. The example is, therefore, chiefly valuable to the clerical brethren of the incumbent, who can, like him, vary the *modus operandi* at pleasure, provided that within a certain time a required result be produced.

The principle, however, which may be educed from a consideration of this remarkable case is one of the utmost value, and of universal application. As such, I heartily commend it to the careful study and conscientious imitation of my younger readers, whose characters and professional habits may still be in a great measure unformed, and who may be on that account within reach of its salutary influence. If we cannot do all we *would*, let us determine to do all we *can*.

D'A B O R D D U M E R.

FROM A FRENCH SONG.

Along the shore, along the shore
I see the wavelets meeting,
But thee I see—ah, nevermore,
For all my wild heart's beating.
The little wavelets come and go;
The sea of life ebbs to and fro,
Advancing and retreating:
But from the shore, the steadfast shore,
The sea is parted never:
And mine I hold thee evermore
For ever and for ever.

Along the shore, along the shore
I hear the waves resounding,
But thou wilt cross them nevermore
For all my wild heart's bounding.
The moon comes out above the tide,
And quiets all the waters wide
Her pathway bright surrounding:
As on the shore, the dreary shore,
I walk with vain endeavour;
I have thy love's light evermore,
For ever and for ever.

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AMATEUR POLITICIANS.

'Fish swim best that are bred in the sea,' says the proverb. The truth of this saying, modern usage every day exemplifies in some new manner. Every day the division of occupations existing the day before is supplemented by a more minute and marked subdivision; every day some new branch of science, or skill, or industry, is separated from the kindred department of which it has hitherto formed an indistinguishable portion, and is made the separate heritage of a special class. Every age creates some new craft, whose only function it is to relieve society of some task that was formerly the charge of all its members indiscriminately, until the progress of civilisation promises to reduce a highly organised community to a condition not unlike that of an Indian household. A European *paterfamilias* in Hindostan finds that the servant who airs his shirt will not brush his coat, and that the boy who blacks his shoes will not condescend to bring them to his door. The same, on a grand scale, is the industrial condition of a people in a high state of civilisation. The man who prescribes for your ailments will not compound the medicine that is to cure them; the lawyer who pleads your cause in court does not draw up your will, or even make out the brief on which he is to argue; the manufacture of each component part of your winter waistcoat—lining, buttons, cloth, &c.—forms a separate trade, involving some ten or twenty different varieties of occupation; nor is the labourer in any one of these diverse tasks able to make a coat for himself, much less for you. The same arrangements pervade the whole frame of society. One thing—nay, one of the smallest fractions into which one thing can be divided—is esteemed enough for one man to know and to do. His whole energies are spent in doing this fraction; his whole mind is devoted to apprehending this fraction; his whole duty is summed up in mastering the performance of this fraction; and wo betide him if he presume even by a hairbreadth to deviate from the strict limits of this fractional task. 'Let not the shoemaker go beyond his last,' is a maxim born of this caste-kind of civilisation; and expresses accurately enough the feelings of the man whose whole life is consumed on the performance of his fractional work towards all who would step from their own small circle to encroach on his—the feeling of professional men towards an *amateur*.

In former times, almost all men were amateurs in almost all occupations. The farmer was an amateur butcher; the farmer's wife and daughters were amateur labourers at the spinning-wheel and the loom. The

clergyman, whose professional duty was limited to the cure of souls, undertook *en amateur* the functions of physician to the bodies of his flock. Certainly things were not so well or so cheaply done in those days; linen was more expensive, and men's bodies did not always thrive under the care of their spiritual pastors. But to those who thus varied their occupations, the pleasure of variety might atone in no small degree for the difficulties and embarrassments which resulted from their lack of professional lore to aid their 'labours of love.' Society has gained much in establishing distinction of professions; but the amateurs have undoubtedly been sufferers by the change.

Of all professions, the political is perhaps the most recent growth of our highly civilised soil; and, accordingly, there is no profession whose outskirts are so closely beset by a crowd of amateurs. Of course these are treated with becoming professional scorn by those who have been regularly admitted into the mysteries of this exalted guild. But society at large has not yet pronounced itself on behalf of the professionals. Amateurs in law, in medicine, or in military matters, are not very much respected; and the ridicule cast upon them by those on whose special province they encroach is usually endorsed by the general public. The necessity of an apprenticeship is recognised in physic, in arms, in jurisprudence; but in the belief of many, politicians, as Byron says of critics, are all ready made. How far this idea is correct, an inquiry into the more remarkable classes of ready-made statesmen, and the peculiar characteristics of each, may perhaps enable us to form some opinion.

It would be a great injustice to class among amateur politicians all those who, without devoting themselves to political pursuits, take a warm interest in all the great questions of the day, and on occasion exert themselves strenuously on behalf of a valuable measure or a favourite statesman. The Athenian legislator of old is said to have made it a punishable offence in any citizen to abstain from politics altogether; and he probably judged wisely. Where a free government exists, there can be no other security against maladministration on the one hand, and anarchy on the other, than the existence of strong political convictions among the educated portion of the people. Where these are wanting, either corruption places arbitrary power in the hands of the statesman by profession, or agitation leaves the government at the mercy of the demagogue—the very worst species of political amateur. There is no scene more honourable to the British character than that of a well-contested election in one of the great constituencies, at once too numerous to admit of corruption or intimidation, and

too intelligent and educated to present such a spectacle of licence and disorder as too frequently disgraces the performance of a great national duty. The leading men of the district—gentlemen well known to the vast crowds there assembled for their wealth, their public spirit, and their high personal character—take active part on one side or another, and strain their powers to the utmost to insure the return of their candidate. The crowd which fills the streets, blockades the polling-booth, or ways to and fro in front of the hustings, is likewise in hearty downright earnest in its way; and every man present exerts his lungs, when the turn of his party comes to shout for the yellow or the blue, with as much vigour and resolution as if the fate of the nation depended upon that single yell. For a week or so, politics form the staple of conversation in every reading-room or tavern parlour; in the rich man's drawing-room, and in the poor man's kitchen. But are these amateur politicians? Not they; by the time the battle is well over, and the song of triumph sung by the local organ of the victorious party, they have all had their fill of political topics; and they return with additional zest to their daily labours, and the everyday routine of their lives, satisfied to leave the country in the hands of the member they have chosen, and the minister whom he supports, until the next occurrence which may necessitate a repetition of the popular excitement.

It is not in such scenes as these that the amateur politician most shines. There is in them too much good-will and good-humour, and withal too much general earnestness on all sides, and the atmosphere is not well suited to him. Moreover, he is not only swamped by the flood of men as well qualified as himself, and for the nonce as decided in their own opinion, but he runs no little risk of being summarily overborne and put down by collision with better informed and better disciplined minds. He shines more brightly by contrast, when the political horizon is devoid of any star of more than fourth-rate magnitude, and when he has the field to himself. He is then the bore of the club, or the oracle of the tap-room, and scintillates without fear of an eclipse. Few listen to him, and those who do are not men competent to refute him. He can enlighten a circle of admiring disciples on the fearful evils of diplomacy, and convert the Foreign Office into a very Castle of Otranto before their bewildered vision; and no one cares to dissolve the spell by one magical word of common sense. Or he can denounce to a sympathising audience the crimes of capital, and the cold-blooded cruelty of political economists; and no one will arise to expose him before the men whom he is so mischievously deluding. He is now in his glory, such as it is; and few care to disturb it.

Of all classes of political quacks, none is so noxious as the man who is great upon social questions. Here a subject is started which can hardly fail to interest any audience, especially of the working-classes: an audience is readily obtained, disposed to listen with favour to all arguments which shall shew that all the afflictions which too frequently beset their path in life, are the result of political oppression or social injustice, and may be remedied by some summary process, which the orator is generally wise enough to leave to the imagination. There is no subject of general interest on which a denser ignorance prevails, even among men who have had greater educational advantages, than obtains in regard to the truths of political economy. While the man who should endeavour to teach his hearers that the sun goes round the earth, or that the globe rests on the back of an elephant, would be forthwith laughed at by the most ignorant audience in any large town, numbers of men who ought to know better, will applaud the empiric who boldly denies or audaciously ignores the

first principles of economical science. The mischief which is thus wrought is very serious. Such doctrines tend to produce an impression among the working-class, that all their troubles are owing to the folly or wickedness of those above them. They are persuaded that all the embarrassments which are shewn by the economist to be the inevitable result of natural laws, have their origin in unjust or defective social arrangements; and they are thus seduced from the only means of bettering their condition—reliance on their own prudence and their own exertions—and led to seek relief in efforts which can by no possibility succeed, and whose success could only land them in a confusion worse confounded. If no other harm were done than the excitement of a discontented feeling, and an idea of wrong received from capitalists, or landowners, or statesmen, or any and every one better off than themselves, the evil would be sufficiently grave to affix a terrible responsibility on the delusive and ignorant teacher. A man who will talk on what he does not understand, may always hope to do mischief. An empiric of any kind is a public enemy; but none is more dangerous than these quack-doctors of the social body, who persist in talking without knowledge on a subject of keen interest and vital importance, and who do their utmost to prejudice the sufferers against the only men who have studied the science of social medicine, and can explain the real causes and remedies of social ills.

Less mischievous by far, yet not without his own especial capacity for doing harm, is the political amateur who has made the foreign relations of the kingdom his especial study. He is well read in blue-books, and appears to have the whole history, known and unknown, of every diplomatic transaction for the past thirty years at his finger-ends. His conversation on these topics, however, is strikingly illustrative of the poet's saying:

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection.

For lack of the sense and judgment which are requisite to enable men to turn even the most accurate knowledge to account, talkers and writers of this school commit themselves to theories so grossly absurd, and to statements so ludicrously impossible, that they never obtain credit among sensible men, even for the amount of information they really possess. No supposition is too improbable for their adoption; no folly too preposterous to find credit and acceptance among them. Were their minds somewhat better endowed with that invaluable faculty of critical intuition which is denominated 'common sense,' they might acquire wide influence, and a numerous following. The subject of their study is one peculiarly interesting to all who take any interest whatever in political affairs as such; and the events of the last ten years have rendered continental politics much more familiar to the public of these islands than was formerly the case. But no amount of reading, no stock of quotations from blue-books, however ample, will persuade the cautious Scot or the downright Englishman of the truth of statements so utterly repugnant to common sense, so wildly disregarding of probability, as those put forth by the most notorious leaders of this school. The effect of their speculations and declamation has been to bring the study of foreign politics into contempt among the middle and lower classes, and to induce a neglect of matters which, from their bearing upon the national honour and the national interest, are deserving of careful attention from all who have sufficient leisure to study, and sufficient education to appreciate them. The ultimate effect of quackery, in any branch of knowledge, is and must be to discourage the study of the subject among the general public, and to tighten the grasp of professional men upon the

reins of power; their authority being always enhanced, even to an undue degree, by the humiliating failure of their pretentious rivals.

There are probably as many distinct classes and schools of political empiricism as of scientific quackery, each with its specific panacea for all national misfortunes or social grievances. On the one hand is a 'financial reformer,' who prophesies the speedy cure of all evils by the issue of an unlimited amount of inconvertible paper. On the other part, a statesman of the same stamp, but of opinions exactly opposite, advocates a return to a merely metallic circulation as the only basis of commercial prosperity. Here is a philanthropist, loud in his denunciations of all who venture to question the soundness of his views, demanding from government measures which are to relieve some peculiarly distressed class of operatives, whose distress is probably owing to the fact, that thirty thousand workmen have embarked in a trade which can furnish work only for twenty thousand. It is needless to multiply examples. There are certain principal features common to all these empirics, by which they may be detected; certain qualities belonging to the whole genus, which indicate clearly enough the value to be attached to their opinions. Of these, the most marked and most universal is their extraordinary confidence. A sound and experienced statesman is generally one of the most cautious of men. Knowing well how numerous are the conditions which have to be fulfilled in every possible measure for the relief of any suffering, or the redress of any grievance—how various and how complicated the circumstances which have to be taken into account, in seeking a satisfactory solution of any political question—he advances his views only after careful inquiry, and speaks always with guarded accuracy and studied moderation of the probable effects of his every proposition. The empiric has none of this caution. He has neither the experience which shows that practical difficulties often exist where, to the eye of theory, all is smooth and clear, nor the clearness of vision which can perceive the remote consequences which wisdom would foresee even where experience is defective. This confidence is principally the result of the ignorance which is another distinguishing mark of empiricism. Even the study of blue-books does not always render a man well acquainted with the political history of his own time. Blue-books and newspapers never reveal more than the surface of affairs. The causes of each event therein recorded; the motives with which each dispatch has been written; the difficulties with which statesmen have had to contend in the cabinet or in the closet; the differences which have led to the abandonment of an announced intention, or the emasculation of an important measure—all, in fact, that has passed *behind the scenes*—is, and remains for years, unknown to the public. Statesmen have to submit for years, perhaps for life, to suffer bitter taunts and wide-spread unpopularity for errors which, if the whole story of the case were known, it would be seen that they could by no possibility have avoided. They know the tools they have to work with, and the sunken rocks of which they must keep clear: those who criticise from without, judge men and events as if the machinery were perfect, and the course as clear as it seems to be. The amateur sees only the surface, and often only a fraction of that; and there is therefore reason to suspect, in every instance, that he is ignorant precisely of the most important part of the case upon which he undertakes to advise. His ignorance produces impatience. Where he is conscious of it, he is angry with all who endeavour, by the light of a clearer knowledge, to disprove his favourite crotchets. Where he honestly believes himself to have thoroughly mastered his subject, he is wroth with the slowness of those who refuse to adopt advice which seems to him so obviously and incontrovertibly correct. Besides

the impatience which he has learned from empiricism, there is not unfrequently the impatience that has made him an empiric. He was too eager and too irritable to work his way slowly to sound knowledge; so he preferred the shorter path of hasty assumption and unfounded theory. In no respect is this impatience more universally shewn than in the disregard which writers and talkers of this class ostentatiously profess for the teachings of political economy. To attempt any social reform, while in ignorance of the rudiments of this science, is not less absurd than for one wholly unacquainted with mechanical science to undertake to improve the machinery of some large factory. Yet, of professed social reformers, how few have the veriest smattering of a knowledge without which all their efforts are but too likely to prove not only vain, but even mischievous!

To those who are desirous to render themselves really competent to understand political affairs, and to form their own opinions on topics of national interest, a certain preparatory discipline, as in all other branches of human knowledge, is absolutely necessary. Without a knowledge of political economy—which is the science of social organisation—a sound judgment on social or political topics cannot be formed; and without a careful study of history, the materials by which alone a competent acquaintance with the nature and the principles of government can be obtained, are wanting. But the man who has mastered these two most valuable and most interesting subjects of inquiry, needs only a clear head and cool judgment to render him competent to form an opinion upon all political affairs sufficiently correct to render him a useful citizen and an intelligent political critic. To become more than this—to be capable of high statesmanship, or to master the details of political knowledge in all its branches, would require a special study, for which few but professional politicians have time or inclination. But this much at least is within the reach of every sensible and educated man; and without a self-training of this kind, no man can be morally justified in undertaking the duties of a political teacher, even in the humblest sphere. Were such a discipline common among those classes who take an interest in politics, their political influence would be far greater and far more beneficial than at present; while the general diffusion of this elementary political training would render the task of the agitator well-nigh hopeless, and reduce the empirical politicians, above described, to their native and natural insignificance.

MUDBURY BOTTOM.

Mr friend, Mr Robert Jones, from the metropolis, at present on a visit to me in Blankshire, was exceedingly desirous of seeing a coursing meeting, so I took him with pleasure to that of Mudbury. We are not above four miles from Mudbury over the Downs, and Jones at first declared that he would much rather walk than ride.

'I am not much used to riding,' he confessed frankly, 'and I saw your gray standing upon his fore-legs—I mean his *two* fore-legs—in the straw-yard this morning, from my window as I was shaving.'

'Well, Bob, you shall have the bay, then,' said I laughing.

'The bay was himself upon his two hind-legs,' returned my guest; 'and I would as soon think of riding a rocking-horse as either of these animals.'

However, when I shewed Robert my steady old four-wheeler, *Seaman*, who is as little disposed for gambolling, and not much less in bulk than a rhinoceros, he thought he might venture out upon that in safety, and thereon accordingly he rode.

Our Downs delighted him hugely, as indeed they delight all strangers with their lone green undulations

gemmed with greener fir-groves and patches of furze. How blithely over its hill-tops blew the south wind, causing us to bend over the necks of our galloping steeds as though we were placing lance in rest! How cheerily the springy turf returned the music of the beat of our horses' hoofs! How warm and sheltered were we in the little valleys, and down the last part of the descent, and across the bottom, and up the opposite hill, until we met the breeze again! How pleasant it was to race together, and to divide the stakes of health and appetite!

'Now, this is what I call real enjoyment,' cried my friend, with the blood mantling up into his metropolitan cheeks after one of these trials of speed; 'all the pleasures of horsemanship without any of the frightful risks. I protest I would as soon ride in a circus and jump through paper hoops, as go in and out of sheep-folds and over five-barred gates, as folks who hunt are accustomed to do. This is what I like: capital galloping ground without any fences to bother a fellow. I say, what's that great ditch we are coming to? How are we to get over it?'

'That ditch, as you call it, my dear Jones,' said I, 'was dug by the Romans, for about thirty miles or so, to mark their road, or ridgeway, across the Downs; and see! my gray has taken it in a fly, and thinks nothing of it at all.'

'Ah!' cried Jones, pulling up very short upon the other side, and craning over the little gulf; 'I think I will ride round, if you please, whatever may be the distance. I should not mind taking it perhaps, as you say, in a fly or a Hansom cab, but being upon horseback, why I'd rather not.'

Upon my solemn assurance, however, that Seaman would deliberately walk in and out of it, and not jump at it at all, my friend attempted the passage, and accomplished it with the utmost safety, and, better pleased with his elephantine animal, cantered on by my side again towards Mudbury.

Presently we reached the northern extremity of the Downs, the summit of that last green range of hills which looks down upon the varied beauties of three counties: hamlets clustered around their gray-towered churches; clumps of fir-trees upon hill-tops, that were beacons once by night as they are landmarks still by day; innumerable homesteads, with compact farm-yards and forests of ricks about them; the dull blue river, seen through the leafless trees along all its winding course among the low meadow-lands and under the high chalk-cliffs, until it hides itself beneath the bridge by the ancient town; here and there, far off, the smoke of a railway-train, but not the train itself; nothing in motion, for the many-horsed wagons upon the open roads, and the long lines of plough-teams in the fields do not seem to stir, nor do the flocks upon the right and left, although the thin clear notes of their sheep-bells tell us otherwise. Beneath us in the cold December sunshine, lies the little village, where holiday is made this day by reason of 'the coorasing,' and between us and it in Mudbury Bottom is the meet itself, than which who ever saw a prettier sight?

Upon the left hand is a knot of various carriages, from the dashing four-in-hand down to the covered cart, ordinarily the medium of communication between the hamlet and its market-town, but to-day transformed into a peripatetic public-house; a great array of heterogeneous machines only to be specified as 'four-wheels'; a very plague of gigs, as many in multitude as the flies of Egypt, and of every colour in the rainbow, with a predominance of yellow; several of those particularly unconversational machines called 'sociables'; and many dog-carts, literally dog-carts, which have conveyed hither the beautiful candidates for the prizes from their distant kennels or from railway stations: all these are on a hillcock commanding

a good view of the scene of action, with a great crowd of pedestrians round them, and a few score of horsemen.

A half mile to the right is the main body of some two hundred mounted gentlemen and farmers, and beyond these a sort of vanguard, composed of a few dozen more. These last are slowly marching in line along a turnip-field, the voluntary beaters for game.

'Why, those are fox-hunters!' cried Jones despairingly. 'I see a whipper-in, in a red coat!'

'Yes, my friend; but that is only the judge of the courses; and just before the party in the turnips you may observe another red coat upon foot—that is the slipper. He holds the couple that are to run next in his leathern leash, within which is a string whereby he can let slip the animals at any moment. See, now they've found their hare! There she goes down the hill, straight for the fir-plantation just beneath us. Now the dogs have the sight! See how they strain and drag the slipper with them out into the open! "Go;" and as the judge gives the mandate, the skilful footman slips them with a forward motion, simultaneously; and the greyhounds, fawn and white, the very types of speed, at once the swiftest and the most graceful of all animals, are taking three yards of ground for poor pussy's two. We all know that famous question in the arithmetical school-book, and could at one time have calculated to a nicety the very moment when her pursuers will come up to her, but as to when they will catch her—look, how she threw them out by that sharp turn—that is a very different matter. Down-hill, indeed, the little creature has no chance; the dogs recover their lost ground, gain on her, overtake her, arch their long backs in readiness to spring, and—now they are thirty yards behind her at least, and have not turned themselves yet, while the wily hare is making up the hill towards her haven of safety, with her ears invisible, so straight does she lay them on her back, and her heart, if we could but hear it, beating loud indeed, but not without good hope of many dewy mornings yet to come, wherein she will make breakfast in these fields, and snooze in her snug form through winter noons. But the dogs, too, seem to be aware that now or never must they catch their victim while she is still a field's breadth from the cover; again they come up with her, turn her, force her to take down-hill away from home; and the fawn dog, which leads by half a head, with outstretched neck makes one fierce grab at her, and in his angry jaws behold a mouthful of pussy's fur. But puss herself, having just at that instant doubled, is again far in advance, away up the hill once more, and reaches cover safely.'

'Well done!' cried Jones. 'I'm glad she got away.' And so was I, and so was everybody; for it is not the killing of the hare, but the coursing of it, we are come to see at Mudbury Bottom. Many a good course is run without a death; many a dog which kills is the worse dog of the two; for the race here is to the swift, and the battle to the strong; the winner being he which follows best the very footsteps of the hare, turns her by main speed, and sticks by her to the last, and not his more cunning rival, which takes advantage of what the other does for him, and cuts off corners, and so kills. The judge, conspicuous in his scarlet, has galloped with them throughout the course; but not the rest of the spectators, because the ground just coursed over is as yet untried, and contains probably many hares. More than one, indeed, has been put up already, and has scuttled off with ears back and tail erect, delighted enough to find herself unpursued. 'Fawn,' cries the red horseman; and instantly another horseman (the flag-steward) holds up on high a red flag for a minute or two, and those who have backed the white dog are sorry to see it. The judge gallops back; the cavalry in the turnips advance

again; another brace of dogs, a white and a black one, are in the slipper's hand, and presently up starts another hare. This is a smaller and a weaker animal, for the pursuers, in spite of a good deal of 'law' accorded to her, are upon her in an instant, with not an inch, as it seems, between their teeth and her scut.

'Why, she bit him,' cried Jones enthusiastically; and so, indeed, it seemed from where we stood, for puss twisted round so suddenly under the very jaws of the white dog that he leapt over her and turned a complete somersault, as if alarmed for his life. The black is after her, however, and turns her of himself; and when rejoined by his rival, they have to practise circular progression for full five minutes, the hare turning of course as upon a pivot, and the dogs recovering themselves after a considerable interval as best they can. By this corkscrew sort of movement, however, poor puss can progress but slowly towards her firgrove, and in one of her turns—not good enough, I suppose, to deserve another—she is 'caught' as it were in the air by the black dog, and a dreadful cry breaks forth, as though from a tortured child. 'Why, they have hoisted a white flag,' cried Jones; 'what an unjust judge! The black one made every turn but two, and caught the hare. How much does the fellow get, I wonder, for deciding so?'

'Hush, Bob; hush,' said I: 'the flag you see does not represent the hue of the dog, but its place either on the right or left side of the card, which in this case is the left or white; and by the card of the courses, one of which we will buy presently, you will be able to know which in each course is declared the winner. Let us descend and see the sport from a nearer point.'

It is not pleasant riding, this descent of a steep Down in wet December; and Jones's face, as his horse slipped forward without moving a leg, was a study for a comic artist. He lay so far back upon the elephantine Seaman, for fear of coming over his head, that his foreshortened appearance represented to the astonished beholder nothing save his toes and his nose. By the time he reached the bottom, there had been another course, and puss had again reached the plantation in safety, round and about which, 'though lost to sight, to memory dear,' her baffled pursuers were still vainly straining their keen eyes, and pointing their scentless noses. Upon the hillock, we found all the dogs that had not yet run, clothed, as though they had been Italian greyhounds, in fashionable garments, and with only their legs and heads exposed to the air, like so many miniature race-horses; also a great company of Mr John Leech's little boys, enjoying their Christmas holidays upon the backs of infinitesimal ponies, all mane and tail. Some of these young gentlemen were prudently keeping their steeds fresh for the Downs' coursing, to take place presently, where the hares would run stronger and longer; but the majority rode every course they could, in spite of the cries of the judge that they should keep where they were; and after the kill, they generally raced back again to the hillock besides; while between these runs, and even during them, as it seemed to Jones and myself, they never ceased to devour gingerbread-nuts and apples. Among these were also some half-dozen of gentlewomen mounted, with feathered hats, and habits that almost touched the ground, the most becoming attire in which the daughters of England can be seen.

At a little distance, upon beautiful thoroughbreds with arching necks and champing mouths, upon glossy hunters, and upon stout sturdy cobs, rode the two hundred gentlemen and farmers, the ruined agriculturists of Southern Blankshire, smoking their Havannahe and betting their crowns, a mounted troop such as no other European country could furnish; with here and there a grotesque exception, such as some unparalleled case of obesity upon a Shetland nag, or

a more independent than wealthy sportsman perched upon the tottering hind-legs of a Jerusalem pony. Here, too, rode the stewards of the meeting, with red and white ribbons at their button-holes, and with choice expressions in their mouths for folks who would ride over the untried ground and start poor puss when there were no dogs to follow her. Curious it is to mark the nicety of gradation of the treatment which these sort of trespassers experience; how the transgressing squire is expostulated with, and the erring yeoman sworn at, and the sinful smock-frocked pedestrian fairly horsewhipped back into his proper place. This kind of crime, indeed, is fatal to a coursing-meeting, whatever may be the original number of hares. Nowhere are there more to be found than in Mudbury Bottom—thirty in that single turnip-field, twenty out of that ploughed land yonder, and half a hundred at the least which have taken shelter in the plantation already—but this disturbing them before their time has ruined our sport: every part of the Bottom has now been ridden or run over, and the next time puss gets up we have permission to follow her anywhere.

'Soho!' cries a sharp-eyed burly farmer. 'There she lies, Jones, under the gray grass yonder, where you and Seaman almost slipped upon her just now.' How close she sits, for she well knows what we are come about, and will not stir a leg until she is whipped up. Fatal mistake, puss, surely, while thy canine enemies are yet scores of yards away, and the slipper does not even know of thine existence! The horsemen have ridden off to left and right of her by this time, and made a lane along which she must needs run towards the Downs. Hold hard, stout gentleman upon the Shetland, and get into the rear, lest you be ridden over! Push forward into the front rank, boys upon infinitesimal ponies, for you will need all the start you can get. Up comes the red judge upon a fresh horse, and the red slipper (poor fellow) upon the same pair of feet; but somebody will presently lend him a horse to mount the hill. There is a smack of a hunting-whip, and off starts a large long-legged hare, straight for the downland; away go the winged dogs; away the regiment of miscellaneous cavalry, some three hundred strong; and away the pedestrians, for there is no chance of seeing anything more in Mudbury Bottom; and away the four-in-hand, and the gigs, and the sociables, and the peripatetic public-house. There is no road for these of any kind, but they work up the least perpendicular field, which happens to be ploughed land, as though they were so many teams. As for the Down, that is altogether too steep for wheels; and the horsemen themselves seem to be hanging on it like flies upon a window-pane; the foreshortened appearance of Mr Robert Jones being now reversed, and presenting to the beholder only a pair of coat-tails upon horseback, and a pair of heels. I pass him upon my speedier nag, but he sees me not, for his head is bent downward, and his arms are clasped around Seaman's neck, as though that animal were the most beloved of female friends. The stout hare has held her own over the hill; and when I reach the summit, the three are a mile away, with pussy well in advance, for her feet are upon the springy grass, which is her 'native heath' in Blankshire. One moment to breathe the gray, and to mark once again the beautiful vale-landscape behind us, with its foreground covered with the many-hued straggling multitude, and then over the tiny wattle-hedge—which, however, will puzzle Mr Robert Jones a little—on to the long flat gallop of the ridgeway. 'Well done, youngster on the chestnut! Bravo! little one off the crop-eared Welsh pony, picking yourself up again, and riding away with one foot in the stirrup: that's the Balaklava-charge order of young gentlemen! Bless me, if the white donkey is not over that place which

the thoroughbred refused! Beautifully cleared, young ladies upon the bay and brown; wonderful is it that you can sit a jump at all with those one-sided seats of yours! Come along, old Seaman, through the gap which the blundering butcher-boy has made. Give him the spur, Jones, or we shall see nothing of this; and let us get out of the flying turf, and shew these folks the symmetry of our heels!

Luckily, the hare turns towards us, and we are able to mark the latter part of the run to perfection. Neck and neck run the dogs; or if a black head does forge momentarily in advance, a white one leads for the next instant. The hare never doubles again; but, as if disdaining to use any devices save those of strength and speed, makes straight for the furze yonder. So swiftly, so arrow-like do they clear the ridgeway, which is here about forty feet broad, that they seem to have flown from side to side without alighting; across the turnips toil the very swiftest after them in vain; and as to the sheepfold—where the red judge pulls up very short—they seem to have made but one spring in and out of it.

Both cavalry and infantry are stationed between her and her haven; but whatever they may do to her, poor pass well knows that there is certain death behind; between foot and hoof rushes the fear-winged creature, and under the scanty hedge into the thick covert, only just in time. The white and black dogs are side by side within her own length of her; and there is another cheer beside that which proclaims her escape when the judge waves his hat to signify that the course is undecided. A good two miles and a half from Mudbury Bottom has she led those noble animals at fastest speed, and now both flags are waving to shew that there has not been a pin to choose between the black dog and the white.

No less than sixty courses were there run that December day for various stakes; and many were the silver cups and sauce-boats, and silver dog-collars, bestowed as guerdons upon the fortunate owners. Not one of them, however, was better pleased with the sport than was Mr Robert Jones of London, who declares that nothing would delight him more—after a day or two, that is, for he has not been used to riding—than to mount again the prudent Seaman, and see another coursing-meeting in Mudbury Bottom.

AN OCEAN OF MONEY.

THE poets have so long accustomed us to speak of the *silvery* sea and the *silver*-crested wave, that such expressions are commonly employed by modern writers of elegance as necessary civilities to which Old Ocean is entitled. It may be, however, that although many have gazed with admiration on the moon-beams gliding over the rippling surface of the sea, or have watched with interest the wild waves dash into whitened spray on the rocky shore, few are aware that when we speak of the silvery waters, we do not merely use a pleasing and complimentary figure of speech, but we state likewise a scientific fact. Recent investigations shew this to be the case; for the waters of the sea hold silver in solution.

That the waters of the ocean contain a notable quantity of silver was first shewn by three continental chemists,* who were led to the investigation by theoretical considerations. A considerable quantity of sea-water was taken from off the coast of St Malo a few leagues from land, and formed the *matériel* for an extensive series of experiments, the results of which were as follows: Fifty litres of the sea-water yielded a demi-milligramme of silver; so that in round numbers 100 kilogrammes of water contain 1 milligramme of

silver. The proportion of silver in sea-water is approximately 1 part in 100,000,000; a cubic mile (English) of sea-water contains, therefore, about 2½ pounds avoirdupois of silver. This estimate may be regarded as a minimum, the experiments being necessarily attended with some loss.

The total quantity of silver contained in the waters of the ocean is estimated (from known data) at two million tons.

The question naturally arises—Whence came all this silver? Has it been carried into the ocean by rivers in recent times, and derived from the waste of that which is used by man? or is its existence therein of more ancient date? That the former supposition is not the case, will appear when we reflect that the amount stated (2,000,000 tons) is probably greater than that which has even been extracted from the earth by artificial means. The chemists also arrived at the same result from special investigation; they examined rock-salt occurring in sedimentary strata, and deposited from ancient salt-lakes or marine basins; and here the existence of silver was demonstrated. We might object that the silver might have been introduced into the salt from neighbouring rocks; but it appears probable, irrespective of the fact stated, that the presence of the metal in sea-water is of ancient date.

Silver also occurs in coal. The existence of silver has likewise been shewn in various chemical products; in the preparation of which sea-salt is employed; for example, in carbonate of soda and hydrochloric acid. But one of the most interesting results obtained is, that silver forms a not unimportant constituent of animals, and especially of plants. The blood of the ox yielded silver—derived no doubt from the plants on which it feeds. The metal was found appreciably abundant in the ashes of the wood of various trees, such as the oak, birch, beech, hornbeam, aspen, apple, and ash—all grown at considerable distances from the sea; so that the presence of silver in the organic kingdom appears to result from its very general distribution in the mineral kingdom; and is therefore not limited to certain special conditions.

Sea-weeds contain a very large proportion of silver, much larger than the sea-water itself. Some of the more common kinds were experimented upon, such as the large fuci, or brown weeds, so abundant around all our coasts, within tide-mark; and the ashes of all yielded buttons of silver by cupellation. *Fucus serratus*, which is so abundant on the Portobello sands, yielded silver in the proportion of a thousandth part of the total weight of ashes. *F. ceranoides*, also a common species in Britain, gave an equal proportion of the precious metal. From these calculations, it would seem that the fuci are about twenty-six times as rich in silver as sea-water itself. Of course, the silver contained in sea-weeds has been derived by them from the water in which they grew; for they have no proper roots, and therefore no great power, like land-plants, of absorbing food from the rocks and soil to which they are attached.

Although the gross quantity of silver in the sea is enormous, yet the proportion which the metal bears to the water is so small in amount, that we cannot reasonably hope that the extraction of silver from sea-water will ever become a profitable operation; it is indeed scarcely probable that even the sea-weeds, which contain a more notable proportion, will ever be made available as a source of this metal, although recent improvements in the purifying of lead shew how a very minute quantity of silver in admixture with lead may be made to pay profitably for its extraction. But one discovery leads to another, and the present one has led to at least one practical result; which is brought out in a paper by Mr

* Malaguti, Durocher, and Sarzeaud. See *Ann. Chem. Phys.* (3), xxviii. 189; also, *London Chemical Society's Journal*, iii. 68.

Frederick Field, lately read by Professor Faraday to the Royal Society of London.

Mr Field observes: 'As a solution of chloride of silver in chloride of sodium is instantly decomposed by metallic copper, chloride of copper being formed, and silver precipitated, it appeared to me highly probable that the copper and the "yellow metal" used in sheathing the hulls of vessels, must, after long exposure to sea-water, contain more silver than they did before having been exposed to its action, by decomposing chloride of silver in their passage through the sea, and depositing the metal on their surfaces. A large vessel, the *Asa Guimaraens*, now under the Chilean flag, was hauled down in the Bay of Herradura, near Coquimbo, for the purpose of being repaired, and the captain obligingly furnished me with a few ounces of the yellow metal from the bottom of the vessel. The investigation was interesting, as the metal had been on for more than seven years—an unusually long period—and the ship had been trading up and down the Pacific all that time. The metal, upon examination, was found to be exceedingly brittle, and could be broken between the fingers with great ease.' 5000 grains having been dissolved and analysed, yielded 2.01 grains silver, or at the rate of 1 pound 1 ounce 2 pennyweights 15 grains troy per ton. 'This very large quantity could hardly be supposed to have existed in the original metal, as the value of the silver would be well worth the extraction.' Fresh yellow metal, with which the vessel was being repaired, yielded only 18 pennyweights to the ton. Specimens of Muntz's yellow metal from the cabin—where it was not exposed to the sea—yielded 19 pennyweights 14 grains to the ton, while specimens of the same which had been on the hull for three years gave 7 ounces 18 pennyweights 1 grain per ton, that which had been exposed to the sea having nearly eight times as much silver as the original sample.

The amount of silver in the specimens of the recent metal, being considerable, probably arises from the circumstances that, in many cases, new sheathing is made by melting down the old copper and re-rolling, so that the sheets may have derived their silver from the sea on a former occasion. The copper commonly used in the manufacture of yellow metal is very pure, containing 2 or 3 pennyweights of silver per ton, frequently not so much, and silver is very seldom associated with the other constituent, zinc.

In order to arrive at more certain experimental results, Mr Field has granulated some very pure copper, reserving some in a glass-stoppered bottle, and suspending the remainder in a wooden box, perforated on all sides, a few feet under the surface of the Pacific Ocean. When occasion offers, the box is towed by a line at the stern of a vessel, which is trading up and down the coast of Chili.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE RISING SUN.

Yes, it was Oçeola, 'the Rising Sun'—he whose fame had already reached to the furthest corner of the land—whose name had excited such an interest among the cadets at college—outside the college—in the streets—in the fashionable drawing-room—everywhere: he it was who had thus unexpectedly shewn himself in the circle of chiefs.

A word about this extraordinary young man.

Suddenly emerging from the condition of a common warrior—a sub-chief, with scarcely any following—he had gained at once, and as if by magic, the

confidence of the nation. He was at this moment the hope of the patriot party—the spirit that was animating them to resistance, and every day saw his influence increasing. Scarcely more appropriate could have been his native appellation.

One might have fancied him less indebted to accident than design for the name, had it not been that which he had always borne among his own people. There was a sort of prophetic or typical adaptation in it, for at this time he was in reality the rising sun of the Seminoles. He was so regarded by them.

I noticed that his arrival produced a marked effect upon the warriors. He may have been present upon the ground all the day, but up to that moment he had not shewn himself in the front circle of the chiefs. The timid and wavering became reassured by his appearance, and the traitorous chiefs evidently cowered under his glance. I noticed that the Omatlas, and even the fierce Lusta Hajo regarded him with uneasy looks.

There were others besides the red men who were affected by his sudden advent. From the position in which I stood, I had a view of the commissioner's face; I noticed that his countenance suddenly paled, and there passed over it a marked expression of chagrin. It was clear that with him the 'Rising Sun' was anything but welcome. His hurried words to Clinch reached my ears—for I stood close to the general, and could not help overhearing them.

'How unfortunate!' he muttered in a tone of vexation. 'But for him, we should have succeeded. I was in hopes of nailing them before he should arrive. I had told him a wrong hour, but it seems to no purpose. Deuce take the fellow! he will undo all. See! he is earwigging Onopa, and the old fool listens to him like a child. Bah!—he will obey him like a great baby, as he is. It's all up, general; we must come to blows.'

On hearing this half-whispered harangue, I turned my eyes once more upon him who was the subject of it, and regarded him more attentively. He was still standing behind the king, but in a stooping attitude, and whispering in the ear of the latter—scarcely whispering, but speaking audibly in their native language. Only the interpreters could have understood what he was saying, and they were too distant to make it out. His earnest tone, however—his firm, yet somewhat excited manner—the defiant flash of his eye as he glanced towards the commissioner, all told that he himself had no intention to yield; and that he was counselling his superior to like bold opposition and resistance.

For some moments there was silence, broken only by the whisperings of the commissioner on one side, and the muttered words passing between Oçeola and themico on the other. After a while, even these sounds were hushed, and a breathless stillness succeeded.

It was a moment of intense expectation, and one of peculiar interest. On the words which Onopa was about to utter, hung events of high import—important to almost every one upon the ground. Peace or war, and therefore life or death, was suspended over the heads of all present. Even the soldiers in the lines were observed with outstretched necks in the attitude of listening; and upon the other side, the Indian boys, and the women with babes in their arms, clustered behind the circle of warriors, their anxious looks betraying the deep interest they felt in the issue.

The commissioner grew impatient; his face reddened again. I saw that he was excited and angry—at the same time he was doing his utmost to appear calm. As yet he had taken no notice of the presence of Oçeola, but was making pretence to ignore it, although it was evident that Oçeola was at that moment the main subject of his thoughts. He only looked at the young chief by side-glances, now and again turning to resume his conversation with the general.

* Oçeola—written Oçeola, Anceola, Assula, Haseola, and in a dozen other forms of orthography—in the Seminole language, signifies the Rising Sun.

This by-play was of short duration. Thompson could endure the suspense no longer.

'Tell Onopa,' said he to the interpreter, 'that the council awaits his answer.'

The interpreter did as commanded.

'I have but one answer to make,' replied the taciturn king, without deigning to rise from his seat; 'I am content with my present home; I am not going to leave it.'

A burst of applause from the patriots followed this declaration. Perhaps these were the most popular words that old Onopa had ever uttered. From that moment he was possessed of real kingly power, and might command in his nation.

I looked round the circle of the chiefs. A smile lit up the gentlemanly features of Holata Mico; the grim face of Hoitle-mattee gleamed with joy; the 'Alligator,' 'Cloud,' and Arpiucki exhibited more frantic signs of their delight; and even the thick lips of Abram were drawn flat over his gums, displaying his double tier of ivories in a grin of triumphant satisfaction.

On the other hand, the Omatlas and their party wore black looks. Their gloomy glances betokened their discontent; and from their gestures and attitudes, it was evident that one and all of them were suffering under serious apprehension.

They had cause. They were no longer suspected, no longer traitors only attainted; their treason was now patent—it had been declared.

It was fortunate for them that Fort King was so near—well that they stood in the presence of that embattled line. They might need its bayonets to protect them.

The commissioner had by this time lost command of his temper. Even official dignity gave way, and he now descended to angry exclamations, threats, and bitter invective.

In the last, he was personal, calling the chiefs by name, and charging them with faithlessness and falsehood. He accused Onopa of having already signed the treaty of the Oclawaha; and when the latter denied having done so, the commissioner told him he *lied*.* Even the savage did not reciprocate the vulgar accusation, but treated it with silent disdain.

After spending a portion of his spleen upon various chiefs of the council, he turned towards the front, and in a loud angry tone cried out:

'It is you who have done this—you, Powell!'

I started at the word. I looked to see who was addressed—who it was that bore that well-known name.

The commissioner guided my glance both by look and gesture. He was standing with arm outstretched, and finger pointed in menace. His eye was bent upon the young war-chief—upon Oqeola!

All at once a light broke upon me. Already strange memories had been playing with my fancy; I thought that through the vermilion paint I saw features I had seen before.

Now I recognised them. In the young Indian hero, I beheld the friend of my boyhood—the preserver of my life—the brother of Maimee!

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ULTIMATUM.

Yes—Powell and Oqeola were one; the boy, as I had predicted, now developed into the splendid man—a hero.

Under the impulsive influence of former friendship and present admiration, I could have rushed forward and flung my arms around him; but it was neither the time nor place for the display of such childish

enthusiasm. Etiquette—duty forbade it; I kept my ground, and as well as I could the composure of my countenance, though I was unable to withdraw my eyes from what had now become doubly an object of admiration.

There was little time for reflection. The pause created by the rude speech of the commissioner had passed; the silence was again broken—this time by Oqeola himself.

The young chief, perceiving that it was he who had been singled out, stepped forth a pace or two, and stood confronting the commissioner, his eye fixed upon him, in a glance, mild, yet firm and searching.

'Are you addressing me?' he inquired in a tone that evinced not the slightest anger or excitement.

'Who else than you?' replied the commissioner abruptly. 'I called you by name—Powell.'

'My name is *not* Powell.'

'Not Powell?'

'No!' answered the Indian, raising his voice to its loudest pitch, and looking with proud defiance at the commissioner. 'You may call me Powell, if you please, *you General Wiley Thompson*'—slowly, and with a sarcastic sneer, he pronounced the full titles of the agent: 'but know, sir, that I scorn the white man's baptism. I am an Indian; I am the child of my mother: * my name is Oqeola.'

The commissioner struggled to control his passion. The sneer at his plebeian cognomen stung him to the quick, for Powell understood enough of English nomenclature to know that 'Thompson' was not an aristocratic appellation; and the sarcasm cut keenly.

He was angry enough to have ordered the instant execution of Oqeola, had it been in his power; but it was not. Three hundred warriors trod the ground, each grasping his ready rifle, quite a match for the troops at the post; besides the commissioner knew that such rash indulgence of spleen might not be relished by his government. Even the Ringolds—his dear friends and ready advisers—with all the wickel interest they might have in the downfall of the Rising Sun, were wiser than to counsel a proceeding like that.

Instead of replying, therefore, to the taunt of the young chief, the commissioner addressed himself once more to the council.

'I want no more talking,' said he with the air of a man speaking to inferiors: 'we have had enough already. Your talk has been that of children, of men without wisdom or faith; I will no longer listen to it.'

'Hear, then, what your Great Father says, and what he has sent me to say to you. He has told me to place before you this paper.' The speaker produced a folded parchment, opening it as he proceeded: 'It is the treaty of the Oclawaha. Most of you have already signed it. I ask you now to step forward, and confirm your signatures.'

'I have not signed it,' said Onopa, urged to the declaration by Oqeola, who stood behind him. 'I shall not sign it now. Others may act as they please; I shall not go from my home. I shall not leave Florida.'

'Nor I,' added Hoitle-mattee in a determined tone. 'I have fifty kegs of powder: so long as a grain of it remains unburned, I shall not be parted from my native land.'

'His sentiments are mine,' added Holata.

'And mine!' exclaimed Arpiucki.

'And mine!' echoed Poshalla (the dwarf), Coa Hajo, Cloud, and the negro Abram.

The patriots alone spoke; the traitors said not a word. The signing was a test too severe for them. They had all signed it before at the Oclawaha; but now in the presence of the nation they dared not

* Again historically true—the very word used!

* The child follows the fortunes of the mother. The usage is not Seminole only, but the same with all the Indians of America.

confirm it. They feared even to advocate what they had done. They remained silent.

'Enough!' said Opeola, who had not yet publicly expressed his opinion, but who was now expected to speak, and was attentively regarded by all. 'The chiefs have declared themselves; they refuse to sign. It is the voice of the nation that speaks through its chiefs, and the people will stand by their word. The agent has called us children and fools: it is easy to give names. We know that there are fools among us, and children too, and worse than both—traitors. But there are men, and some as true and brave as the agent himself. He wants no more talk—be it so: we have no more for him—he has our answer. He may stay or go.

'Brothers!' continued the speaker, facing to the chiefs and warriors, and as if disregarding the presence of the whites, 'you have done right; you have spoken the will of the nation, and the people applaud. It is false that we wish to leave our homes and go west. They who say so are deceivers, and do not speak our mind. We have no desire for this *fine land* to which they would send us. It is not as fair as our own. It is a wild desert, where in summer the springs dry up, and water is hard to find. From thirst the hunter often dies by the way. In winter, the leaves fall from the trees, snow covers the ground, frost stiffens the clay, and chills the bodies of men, till they shiver in pain—the whole country looks as though the earth were dead. Brothers! we want no cold country like that; we like our own land better. If it be too hot, we have the shade of the live-oak, the big laurel,* and the noble palm-tree. Shall we forsake the land of the palm? No! Under its shadow have we lived; under its shadow let us die!'

Up to this point the interest had been increasing. Indeed, ever since the appearance of Opeola, the scene had been deeply impressive—never to be effaced from the memory, though difficult to be described in words. A painter, and he alone, might have done justice to such a picture.

It was full of points, thoroughly and thrillingly dramatic: the excited agent on one side, the calm chiefs on the other; the contrast of emotions; the very women who had left their unclad little ones to gambol on the grass and dally with the flowers, while they themselves, with the warriors, pressed closely around the council, under the most intense yet subdued interest; catching every look as it gleamed from the countenance, and hanging on every word as it fell from the lips of Opeola. The latter—his eye calm, serious, fixed—his attitude manly, graceful, erect—his thin, close-pressed lip, indicative of the 'mind made up'—his firm yet restrained tread, free from all stride or swagger—his dignified and composed bearing—his perfect and solemn silence, except during his sententious talk—the head thrown backward, the arms firmly folded on the protruding chest—all, all instantaneously changing, as by an electric shock, whenever the commissioner stated a proposition that he knew to be false or sophistic. At such times, the fire-flash of his indignant eye—the withering scorn upon his upcurled lip—the violent and oft-repeated stamping of his foot—his clenched hand, and the rapid gesticulation of his uplifted arm—the short quick breathing and heaving of his agitated bosom, like the rushing wind and swelling wave of the tempest-tost ocean, and these again subsiding into the stillness of melancholy, and presenting only that aspect and attitude of repose wherewith the ancient statuary loved to invest the gods and heroes of Greece.

The speech of Opeola brought matters to a crisis. The commissioner's patience was exhausted. The

time was ripe to deliver the dire threat—the ultimatum—with which the president had armed him; and, not bating one jot of his rude manner, he pronounced the infamous menace:

'You will not sign?—you will not consent to go? I say, then, you *must*. War will be declared against you—troops will enter your land—you will be forced from it, at the point of the bayonet.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Opeola with a derisive laugh. 'Then be it so!' he continued. 'Let war be declared! Though we love peace, we fear not war. We know your strength: your people outnumber us by millions—but were there as many more of them, they will not compel us to submit to injustice. We have made up our minds to endure death before dishonour. Let war be declared! Send your troops into our land; perhaps they will not force us from it so easily as you imagine. To your muskets we will oppose our rifles, to your bayonets, our tomahawks; and your starched soldiers will be met face to face by the warriors of the Seminole. Let war be declared! We are ready for its tempest. The hail may rattle, and the flowers be crushed; but the strong oak of the forest will lift its head to the sky and the storm, towering and unscathed.'

A yell of defiance burst from the Indian warriors at the conclusion of this stirring speech; and the disturbed council threatened a disruption. Several of the chiefs, excited by the appeal, had risen to their feet, and stood with lowering looks, and arms stretched forth in firm, angry menace.

The officers of the line had glided to their places, and in an undertone ordered the troops into an attitude of readiness; while the artillerymen on the bastions of the fort were seen by their guns, while the tiny wreath of blue smoke told that the fuse had been kindled.

For all this, there was no danger of an outbreak. Neither party was prepared for a collision at that moment. The Indians had come to the council with no hostile designs, else they would have left their wives and children at home. With them by their sides, they would not dream of making an attack; and their white adversaries dared not, without better pretext. The demonstration was only the result of a momentary excitement, and soon subsided to a calm.

The commissioner had stretched his influence to its utmost. His threats were now disregarded as much as had been his wheedling appeal; and he saw that he had no longer the power to effect his cherished purpose.

But there was still hope in time. There were wiser heads than his upon the ground, who saw this: the sagacious veteran Clinch and the crafty Ringolds saw it.

These now gathered around the agent, and counselled him to the adoption of a different course.

'Give them time to consider,' suggested they. 'Appoint to-morrow for another meeting. Let the chiefs discuss the matter among themselves in private council, and not as now, in presence of the people. On calmer reflection, and when not intimidated by the crowd of warriors, they may decide differently, particularly now that they know the alternative; and perhaps,' added Arens Ringgold—who, to other bad qualities, added that of a crafty diplomatist—'perhaps the more hostile of them will not stay for the council of to-morrow: you do not want *all* their signatures.'

'Right,' replied the commissioner, catching at the idea. 'Right—it shall be done;' and with this laconic promise, he faced once more to the council of chiefs.

'Brothers!' he said, resuming the tone in which he had first addressed them; 'for, as the brave chief Holata has said, we are all brothers. Why, then, should we separate in anger? Your Great Father would be sad to hear that we had so parted from one another.'

* *Magnolia grandiflora*. So styled in the language of the Indians.

I do not wish you hastily to decide upon this important matter. Return to your tents—hold your own councils—discuss the matter freely and fairly among yourselves, and let us meet again to-morrow: the loss of a day will not signify to either of us. To-morrow will be time enough to give your decision; till then, let us be friends and brothers.'

To this harangue, several of the chiefs replied. They said it was 'good talk,' and they would agree to it; and then all rose to depart from the ground.

I noticed that there was some confusion in the replies. The chiefs were not unanimous in their assent. Those who agreed were principally of the Omatia party; but I could hear some of the hostile warriors, as they strode away from the ground, declare aloud their intention to return no more.

CHAPTER XXX.

TALK OVER THE TABLE.

Over the mess-table I gathered much knowledge. Men talk freely while the wine is flowing, and under the influence of champagne, the wisest grow voluble.

The commissioner made little secret either of his own designs or the views of the president, but most already guessed them.

He was somewhat gloomed at the manner in which the day's proceedings had ended, and by the reflection that his diplomatic fame would suffer—a fame ardently aspired to by all agents of the United States government. Personal slights, too, had he received from Ogeola and others—for the calm cold Indian holds in scorn the man of hasty temper; and this weakness had he displayed to their derision throughout the day. He felt defeated, humiliated, resentful against the men of red skin. On the morrow, he flattered himself he would make them feel the power of his resentment—teach them that, if passionate, he was also firm and daring.

As the wine warmed him, he said as much in a half-boasting way; he became more reckless and jovial.

As for the military officers, they cared little for the civil points of the case, and took not much part in the discussion of its merits. Their speculations ran upon the probability of strife—war, or no war? That was the question of absorbing interest to the men of the sword. I heard much boasting of our superiority, and decrying of the strength and courage of the prospective enemy. But to this, there were dissentient opinions expressed by a few old 'Indian fighters' who were of the mess.

It is needless to say that Ogeola's character was commented upon; and about the young chief, opinions were as different as vice from virtue. With some, he was the 'noble savage' he seemed; but I was astonished to find the majority dissent from this view. 'Drunken savage,' 'cattle thief,' 'impostor,' and such-like appellations were freely bestowed upon him.

I grew irate; I could not credit these accusations. I observed that most of those who made them were comparative strangers—new-comers—to the country, who could not know much of the past life of him with whose name they were making so free.

The Ringgolds joined in the calumny, and they must have known him well; but I comprehended their motives.

I felt that I owed the subject of the conversation a word of defence; for two reasons: he was absent—he had saved my life. Despite the grandeur of the company, I could not restrain my tongue.

'Gentlemen,' I said, speaking loud enough to call the attention of the talkers, 'can any of you prove these accusations against Ogeola?'

The challenge produced an awkward silence. No one could exactly prove either the drunkenness, the cattle-stealing, or the imposture.

'Ha!' at length ejaculated Arens Ringgold, in his shrill squeaky voice, 'you are his defender, are you, Lieutenant Randolph?'

'Until I hear better evidence than mere assertion, that he is not worthy of defence.'

'Oh! that may be easily obtained,' cried one: 'everybody knows what the fellow is, and has been—a regular cow-stealer for years.'

'You are mistaken there,' I replied to this confident speaker; 'I do not know it—do you, sir?'

'Not from personal experience, I admit,' said the accuser, somewhat taken aback by the sudden interrogation.

'Since you are upon the subject of cattle-stealing, gentlemen, I may inform you that I met with a rare incident only yesterday, connected with the matter. If you will permit me, I shall relate it.'

'Oh! certainly—by all means, let us have it.'

Being a stranger, I was indulged with a patient hearing. I related the episode of lawyer Grubbs's cattle, omitting names. It created some sensation. I saw that the commander-in-chief was impressed with it, while the commissioner looked vexed, as if he would rather I had held my tongue. But the strongest effect was produced upon the Ringgolds—father and son. Both appeared pale and uneasy; perhaps no one noticed this except myself, but I observed it with sufficient distinctness to be left under the full impression, that both knew more of the matter than I myself!

The conversation next turned upon 'runaways'—upon the number of negroes there might be among the tribes—upon the influence they would exert against us in case of a conflict.

These were topics of serious importance. It was well known there were large numbers of black and yellow men 'located' in the reserve: some as agriculturists—some graziers—not a few wandering through the savannas and forests, rifle in hand—having adopted the true style of Indian hunter-life.

The speakers estimated their numbers variously: the lowest put them at 500, while some raised the figure to 1000.

All these would be against us to a man. There was no dissent to that proposition.

Some alleged they would fight badly; others, bravely; and these spoke with more reason. All agreed that they would greatly aid the enemy, and give us trouble, and a few went so far as to say that we had more to fear from the 'black runaways' than the 'red runaways.' In this expression, there was a latent jest.*

There could be no doubt that the negroes would take up arms in the pending struggle; and no more, that they would act with efficiency against us. Their knowledge of the white man's 'ways' would enable them to do so. Besides, the negro is no coward; their courage has been oftentimes proved. Place him in front of a *natural* enemy—a thing of flesh, bone, and blood, armed with gun and bayonet—and the negro is not the man to flinch. It is otherwise if the foe be not physical, but belonging to the world of Obeah. In the soul of the unenlightened child of Africa, superstition is strong indeed; he lives in a world of ghosts, ghouls, and goblins, and his dread of these supernatural spirits is a real cowardice.

As the conversation continued on the subject of the blacks, I could not help noticing the strong animus that actuated the speakers—especially the planters in civilian garb. Some waxed indignant—even wroth to vulgarity—threatening all sorts of punishment to such runaways as might be captured. They gloated over

* The Seminoles were originally of the great tribe of Muscogees (Creeks). Seceding from these, for reasons not known, the Seminoles passed southward into Florida; and obtained from their former kindred the name they now bear, which in their own tongue has the signification of 'runaway.'

the prospect of restoration, but as much at the idea of a not distant revenge. Shooting, hanging, burning, *barbecuing*, were all spoken of, besides a variety of other tortures peculiar to this southern land. Rare punishments—no lack of them—were promised in a breath to the unfortunate absconder who should chance to get caught.

You who live far away from such sentiments can but ill comprehend the moral relations of caste and colour. Under ordinary circumstances, there exists between white and black no feeling of hostility—quite the contrary. The white man is rather kindly disposed towards his coloured *brother*; but only so long as the latter opposes not his will. Let the black but offer resistance—even in the slightest degree—and then hostility is quickly kindled, justice and mercy are alike disregarded—vengeance only is felt.

This is a general truth; it will apply to every one who owns a slave.

Exceptionally, the relation is worse. There are white men in the southern states who hold the life of a black at but slight value—just the value of his market-price. An incident in the history of young Ringgold helps me to an illustration. But the day before, my 'squire' Black Jake had given me the story.

This youth, with some other boys of his acquaintance, and of like dissolute character, was hunting in the forest. The hounds had passed beyond hearing, and no one could tell the direction they had taken. It was useless riding further, and the party halted, leaped from their saddles, and tied their horses to the trees.

For a long time the baying of the beagles was not heard, and the time hung heavily on the hands of the hunters. How were they to pass it?

A negro boy chanced to be near 'chopping' wood. They knew the boy well enough—one of the slaves on a neighbouring plantation.

'Let's have some sport with the darkie,' suggested one.

'What sport?'

'Let us hang him for sport.'

The proposal of course produced a general laugh.

'Joking apart,' said the first speaker, 'I should really like to try how much hanging a nigger *could* bear without being killed outright.'

'So should I,' rejoined a second.

'And so I too,' added a third.

The idea took; the experiment promised to amuse them.

'Well, then, let us make trial; that's the best way to settle the point.'

The trial was made—I am relating a *fact*—the unfortunate boy was seized upon, a noose was adjusted round his neck, and he was triced up to the branch of a tree.

Just at that instant, a stag broke past with the hounds in full cry. The hunters ran to their horses, and in the excitement, forgot to cut down the victim of their devilry. One left the duty to another, and all neglected it!

When the chase was ended, they returned to the spot: the negro was still hanging from the branch—he was dead!

There was a trial—the mere mockery of a trial. Both judge and jury were the relatives of the criminals; and the sentence was, that the negro *should be paid for!* The owner of the slave was contented with the price; justice was satisfied, or supposed to be; and Jake had heard hundreds of white Christians, *who knew the tale to be true*, laughing at it as a capital joke. As such, Arens Ringgold was often in the habit of detailing it!

You on the other side of the Atlantic hold up your hands and cry 'Horror!' You live in the fancy you

have no slaves—no cruelties like this. You are sadly in error. I have detailed an exceptional case—an individual victim. Land of the workhouse and the jail! your victims are legion.

Smiling Christian! you parade your compassion, but you have made the misery that calls it forth. You abet with easy concurrence the *system* that begets all this suffering; and although you may soothe your spirit by assigning crime and poverty to *natural causes*, nature will not be impugned with impunity. In vain may you endeavour to shirk your individual responsibility. For every cry and canker, you will be held responsible in the sight of God.

The conversation about runaways naturally guided my thoughts to the other and more mysterious adventure of yesterday; having dropped a hint about this incident, I was called upon to relate it in detail. I did so—of course scouting the idea that my intended assassin could have been Yellow Jake. A good many of those present knew the story of the mulatto, and the circumstances connected with his death.

Why was it, when I mentioned his name, coupled with the solemn declaration of my sable groom—why was it that Arens Ringgold started, turned pale, and whispered some words in the ear of his father?

THE LOST TOWNS OF YORKSHIRE.

TEACHERS being supposed to know everything, I, as an instructor of youth, took shame to myself for being unable to answer a question addressed to me by a young pupil a week or two ago. It was this: 'Where is Ravenspur? The history of England tells us that the Duke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry IV., landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire in 1399; but we cannot find its name on the map, or any mention of it in our geographies.'

This question disconcerted me not a little. I had taken Ravenspur for granted. Although I had, in the course of twenty years as pupil and teacher, heard the name of the landing-place of Henry of Bolingbroke repeated times out of count, I had passed it without seeking any further acquaintance, and was now non-plussed by a simple question from a child. I was ashamed to own that I could tell her nothing, so I had recourse to finesse. 'I will give you,' said I, 'until to-morrow morning to try to obtain the information for yourself; should you fail, I will then furnish you with all needful particulars.' I knew that before another day I should ascertain all about Ravenspur, if the children could not; and by this little stratagem preserve my reputation for unlimited knowledge. My first clue to the whereabouts of Ravenspur—I was going to say, but the term is improper, for it has no whereabouts—was obtained from the encyclopedia, and this gained, the rest was easy. I need not tell how my pupils were unsuccessful in their search, from not knowing how to set about it, or how my newly gained knowledge was imparted to them in turn. But the subject interested me, and I have since acquired additional particulars connected with it, which I have gathered from various sources, including my own recollections of the locality.

The first bit of information I obtained was, that Ravenspur was, but is not; that place, and a number of other ports and towns in the Holderness district of Yorkshire, having been gnawed away piecemeal and swallowed up by the German Ocean.

Like the celebrated 'Big-bellied Ben' of our nursery-days, this glutton has deliberately washed down into his maw, ports, villages, churchyards with their human remains, and even churches. Like the nursery hero, he has not spared even the steeples; for, unable to toss his briny arms quite so high, he has stolen away

the ground from under them, and thus they became an easy prey to his insatiable appetite. Insatiable, I say, for the depredations of the ogre still continue; and since he is a foe against whom all valour is useless, and on whom weapons, whether offensive or defensive, produce no impression, in all probability much of the Holderness division of Yorkshire will in the course of a few generations disappear.

Lest this may seem too bold an assertion, let us glance backward over a similar space of time, and tell what the sea has done, and still continues doing.

Poulson, in his learned and elaborate *History of Holderness*, mentions a number of lost towns which, from records of undoubted authenticity still extant, must have been places of considerable importance in their day. Of these, perhaps the most important was Ravenspur. It was known by the various names of Ald Ravenser, Ravenesse, Ravensburgh, and Ravenspur or Spurn. It stood in the parish of Kilnsea, and had a neighbour named Ravenser Odd, with which it was often confounded. Both were ports, though the latter was a place of more recent growth, and both have alike perished from the same cause. Ravenser Odd, supposed by some to have been an offshoot of Ravenspur, was begun, rose into importance, and perished by the encroachments of the sea within a century and a half. As to its magnitude, nothing can be ascertained; but it was so large as to excite the jealousy of the 'goodmen of Grimsby,' who envied the prosperity of their opposite and rival neighbour on the Humber, little deeming how soon that arm of the sea would avenge their grievances, by swallowing up every vestige of their opponent.

When Hull, large and thriving as it now is, paid L.100 for its charter, this port paid L.204 for a similar one; and in the fourth and eighth years of Edward II.'s reign, it was called upon to supply a vessel to aid the king in his expeditions against Scotland, besides having to answer sundry demands made upon it for arms and provisions.

In a manuscript of 1240 is the first mention of Ravenser Odd. In 1396, it was totally destroyed and forty years previous to this catastrophe, orders were given to remove the uncovered bodies of the dead from its churchyard, and re-inter them in that of Easington.

Ravenspur, three years after the destruction of its neighbour, witnessed the landing of Henry of Bolingbroke. Shakespeare, in *Richard II.*, has recorded this, and tells how

The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms has safe arrived
At Ravenspur,

besides alluding to it in several other parts of the same play; and, singularly enough, Edward IV., then the banished monarch of his rival race, was driven by stress of weather to land there on the 14th of March 1471. A beautiful cross, supposed to have been originally erected at Ravenspur to commemorate the arrival of 'the banished Bolingbroke,' after two removals to prevent its being washed away, has found, it is to be hoped, a resting-place at Hedon. At what date the port finally disappeared, is not known, as no vestige remains, even of its site, to afford any clue.

But although it is probable that no place of greater importance than Ravenspur has been thus swept away, it has not gone alone. Besides it, Poulson mentions Redmare, Tharlesthorp, Frismerah, Potterfleet, and Upsal, amongst the towns lost from the Yorkshire coast of the Humber. It is not known when they first disappeared, but the manor of Tharlesthorp was swept away in 1893, though the monks of Meaux, who drew a fat revenue therefrom, had previously erected a bank as a defence against the rebellious arm of the sea, which had often threatened to rend it from them, before it finally succeeded. No trifling loss it was,

since, fifty years before, it yielded them a rental of L.111, 8s.—a very large sum in the good old times; and only three years later, the monks complained that their lands in Frismerah had also been seized by the same rapacious foe. Camden names Potterfleet and Upsal, but nothing more is known of them, or of a place called Penismerk. The places above enumerated were all on the bank of the Humber, with the exception of the last three, the sites of which are unknown.

On the shores of the main ocean, towns and hamlets bearing the names of Hartburn or Auburn, Winkton, Hornsea Beck, and Hyde or Hythe, have been submerged. The luckless monks of Meaux had cause again to mourn the loss of tithes, for Hyde paid L.30 per annum as its tithe of fish. The finny tenants of the sea, could they have derived any satisfaction from the fact, were amply avenged by their native element, which swallowed up Hyde altogether, thus putting an effectual stop to its fisheries.

Hornsea, now a pleasant and quiet watering-place, with something less than a thousand inhabitants, was a port in the thirteenth century, and possessed a pier and harbour in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but this port, called Hornsea Beck, with pier and all connected with it, has long since disappeared. From 1546 to 1609, when the pier was destroyed, thirty-eight houses, and as many small closes adjoining, were decayed by the flowing of the sea; and the coast, for a mile in length, had during the same period suffered an average annual diminution of four yards.

The appetite of this sea for churches rivals that of the far-famed Dragon of Wantley, though, more merciful than this latter celebrity, its invasions have never molested or swallowed their congregations. Besides those that probably existed in the lost towns already enumerated, others at Aldborough, Withernsea, Owthorne, Kilnsea, and a parochial chapel at Colden Parva, have gone the way of all churches on the Holderness part of the Yorkshire coast.

Strange scenes have been witnessed during the progress of these inroads. Sir George Head gives a graphic description of one he saw in 1835, when walking from Spurn to Kilnsea. Not having the *Home Tour* at hand, I cannot give his exact words; but he tells us that he was shocked to observe human remains strewn, and by no means sparingly, on his path; and that, believing them to be the bones of shipwrecked mariners, he was led to form no very favourable opinion of the people who could permit these tempest-tossed relics of humanity to remain exposed to the winds and waters. A very short time sufficed to convince him of his mistake; the bones having been perhaps centuries buried, but only now torn from their resting-place in Kilnsea churchyard. The church fell about nine years before his visit; and gazing upwards at the churchyard from the shore, he saw rows of coffins, or parts of them, with their ghastly tenants, some mere fleshless skulls, exposed to view.

A friend of my own, whose hair is now but slightly sprinkled with gray, has just given me a similar account of Owthorne Church and Churchyard, as it appeared in his boyhood.

'When about thirteen years old,' said he, 'I accompanied my father to the shore. In those days, I was not a very good jockey, and a spirited mare on which I was riding manifested her dislike to the human bones, with which she could scarcely help coming in contact, in so disagreeable a manner, that I found it a difficult matter to keep my seat. After an absence of many years, being near Owthorne, I resolved to revisit the spot which had so forcibly attracted my boyish attention. But after vainly endeavouring to find it, I applied to a female passer-by, and was informed that since 1838 scarcely a vestige of either church or churchyard could be discovered.'

A rather amusing tradition of the origin of Owthorne Church is still told. The manors of Owthorne and Withernsea were owned by two maiden sisters, who resolved to build a church, and one was commenced at the former place. All went on smoothly for a while, when a quarrel arose between the damsels, the one wishing for a spire, the other for a tower. A wily monk, who was wide awake to the interests of 'the establishment' of those days, suggested, by way of removing the difficulty, that each should build a church in her own domain; which was accordingly done, and they ever afterwards bore the name of 'The Sisters.' This tradition has been disputed; but it matters little now, since both founders and churches are crumbled to dust. Withernsea lost a former church in 1444, and it was four years after that the 'Sister Kirk' above alluded to was commenced.

When the British Association met at Hull, several papers were drawn up relative to the depredations of the sea on the Holderness coast, and from them it appears, that though the annual rate of diminution amounts to as much as seven and a half yards in some parts, it is in others but trifling. Still, the average annual decrease amounts to two yards and a half along the whole coast-line. A bite of thirty miles in length, and the above-mentioned width, is no trifle.

It may not be uninteresting to add a few further data, partly from the works of Poulson and Bedell, the historian of Hornsea, and partly from the papers submitted to the British Association. Poulson says, the cross at Atwick, which was, in 1786, distant from the sea thirty-three chains, sixty-one links, is now, in 1840, scarcely half that distance. Aldborough Church, in 1786, 2044 yards from the sea, is now a mile. An inn built in 1847 at Kilnsea, is now only 480 yards or thereabouts from the sea; whereas, when erected, it was 534. Holmpton Church in seventy years is nearly 100 yards nearer the ocean. At Mappleton, the loss is about three yards annually.

My maternal grandfather, a Holderness man, of course remembered and spoke of various incidents connected with this, to him, most interesting topic. He used to say that Hornsea Church, now 934 yards, was at one time ten miles distant from the sea. In proof of this assertion, he quoted the following rhyme, said to have been inscribed on its steeple:

Hornsea steeple, when I built thee,
Thou was ten miles off Burlington,
Ten miles off Beverley, and ten miles off sea.

As this inscription is merely traditional, and Poulson can find nothing to justify such an assertion as the last line contains, he gives the following humorous explanation. He says, our forefathers were extremely liberal with their ciphers, and often made use of them when only writing a figure expressing a unit. He quotes the following example from some parish books: 'In copying the churchwarden's accounts in 1660, a payment to the painter is made to be L.10, 14s.; whereas in the original document it stood thus, L.01, 14s. 00d.;' a waste of ciphers which reads oddly enough in modern eyes. He thinks, therefore, that by a similar transfer of the cipher by some illiterate person, the one mile has been stretched to ten.

This explanation certainly sounds plausible; but the church was, in a great measure, rebuilt in the fifteenth century, and if it was then a mile from the sea, it would since that date have lost about a couple of yards per annum, which is the average loss at present in that particular locality. But one instance of comparatively modern times may be quoted, which seems to bring the ten miles quite within the range of possibility. A notorious pirate and smuggler named Pennel, murdered his captain, and sank the vessel near Hornsea. He was tried in London, and his body sent thence to the scene of his crimes, to be exposed on a gibbet on

the north cliff, in 1770. From the parish register, it appears that, in 1780, this gibbet was fifty-six feet from the sea-cliff; and six years later, it was entirely washed away. Perhaps the German Ocean never took a bite which gave the same cause for satisfaction as when it swallowed this disgusting relic of barbarity.

The visitors to this Yorkshire watering-place will find little in the way of gaiety; but those who seek quiet, and love to investigate the geological remains of past ages, may find a rich field for study and exploration. Sir George Head uses enthusiastic terms in mentioning it. He says: 'Of all parts of England, the eastern coast exhibits the most apparent phenomena of diluvial action; of all parts of the eastern coast, that of Holderness; and of all parts of Holderness, the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Hornsea. Here the earthy cliffs form a concrete mass of heterogeneous matter, studded with shells and fossils; seaward, a black line or reef of peat resembling rocks marks the ancient position of a forest below highwater-mark, now washed by the waves of every succeeding tide. Further on, he quotes the words of Ovid, written two thousand years ago:

The face of places and their forms decay,
And that is solid earth which once was sea;
Seas, in their turn, retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before;
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fixed on mountain ground;
And what were fields before, now washed and worn
By falling floods, from heights to valleys turn.

Of the peat before mentioned, Sir George adds: 'I gathered a handful which yielded like dough, and kneading it into a ball, retained it in my possession; dry, it became uncommonly hard and sound; when cut by a knife, the divided surface assumed a polish which made it difficult to distinguish whether it were wood or stone. As it exists in considerable abundance, it might perhaps be employed with effect either to the purposes of modelling, or other use requiring matter soft and malleable when moistened with water, but hard when dry.'

We have all read often enough of the changes in the face of nature—how the ocean swallows up in one place, and makes a gradual restitution in another, and how, by means of insect labours, islands rise up in spots where formerly the waves were seen career-ing; but for myself, I can say I never fully realised the extent of these changes, until it was brought home to me by an examination of what has taken place on this small portion of the coast of my native land. There is something affecting in the thought, that where our ancestors ploughed, sowed, and reaped their harvest, the waves now wanton recklessly, themselves ploughed, but 'no longer furrowed,' by the vessels which pass over them; and that where stately forest trees reared their heads, ocean-plants flourish, but far beyond our reach.

Ruthless, however, as the waves have been in spoliation, they have, like penitent robbers, made some attempts at compensation on the Holderness coast. At Paul, great damage was formerly done by the Humber, but between that place and Patrington, thousands of acres of rich land have been recovered by means of embankments. This, however, can scarcely be called voluntary restitution; but at Patrington, great difficulty is experienced in keeping the haven clear, in consequence of the continual warping which takes place there.

Adjoining the lordship of Patrington, is a large tract of land bearing the name of Sunk Island, which has been thrown up by the sea within the last two centuries. It was first noticed as a sand-bank, and was given by Charles II. to the governor of Hull, who had a rabbit-warren on it. Two years later, it was

leased to that gentleman for thirty-one years, at an annual rent of five pounds.

In 1764, 1500 acres of fertile land were under cultivation. Fines were paid at various times for the renewal of the leases; and, just before the expiration of one of these leases in 1802, it was valued by the surveyors from the office of the Woods and Forests at L.9814 per annum. Thirty years later still, Sunk Island measured nearly 6000 acres, and was formed into a parish, with a church endowed by the crown.

Thus has the sea disgorged a great portion of what it had swallowed, and the same process is continually going on. Unhappily, the luckless proprietors, on the wasting side, gain nothing by this compensation of the ocean. The whole of Sunk Island is crown-land, and must be rather an eyesore than otherwise to those whose fate it is to witness a gradual, but certain diminution of their patrimony, by the encroachments of a foe against whom resistance would be useless.

A PASSENGER'S LOG.

I SUPPOSE every passenger, when about to make a sea-voyage, is comforted with the assurance, that his ship stands A1 at Lloyd's, and is built of British oak. I can, at all events, say from my experience, that almost every emigrant with whom I have come in contact infallibly believes that the vessel in which he is to embark is something unusual as to strength, and at some time in its history had made the 'shortest passage' on record. The passengers who embarked for New York in the *Welsh Mountaineer* on the 11th of June in the year of our Lord 1851, could not be comforted with the latter assurance, for it was her first voyage; but the A1 at Lloyd's and the British oak were thrust into the minds of passengers by large placards and persevering agents. Moreover, all C— went out to see her launched, for never before in the maritime history of the town had she had the honour of launching a bark upwards of 700 tons burden. As I had taken a cabin-passage in this vessel, and had watched her building, from the setting of the keel to the nailing of the deck-planks, I went to see how she would take to the water. All C— were, however, destined to be disappointed; for, after a great deal of hammering and shouting, the ship moved on the slips as if about to take to the water gallantly, but the shouting of the crowd was suddenly stopped by her stopping abruptly when half-way down, and refusing to stir. A little knot of old sailors shook their heads ominously, and declared that they never knew a ship make a passage that stuck in the launching. The sequel will prove whether they were right. She was, however, got into the water a day or two after, though no one was there to see; and a little while afterwards a busy steam-tug towed her into the open channel.

I suppose every one who leaves Old England in the distance, has a friend to say 'Good-bye' to, and so the tug was loaded with anxious parents and nervous lovers. As I was going out to recruit shattered health, I formed no exception to the rule, and must confess that when we rounded the roadstead headland, its scenes of alabaster danced fitfully through farewell tears. It was pleasant to us all that we did not at once go into open sea, but passed the Channel between the shores with a favouring breeze. Old England disappeared at last in the fading light of the next day, and we were left to the consolation, that the huge waves that dashed past us broke upon home shores. After a while, on that same evening, the light streamed on the deck from the round-house window, and looking in, I saw the captain studying his chart, and marking out our path upon the high seas. I had leisure for the first time to regard him attentively. I have seen

many better figures than his, for he was short and thick-set, and a little round-shouldered, but a handsomer face it would be hard to find anywhere; and certainly, according to the old phrase, 'a braver man never trod a deck' than Captain Gilbert of the *Welsh Mountaineer*. I saw him afterwards when the gale raged round him, and his voice could hardly be heard in the wild chorus of wind and wave, yet his words and his glance were as kingly as that of the men whom history celebrates for breasting storms ashore.

On looking about me, I found that I had only one companion in the cabin—a lady who was going to America to see her uncle. All the rest of the passengers, to the number of about fifty, were emigrants seeking a home in the New World. For four or five days I had little else to do than to make note mentally—for I found a journal too tedious—of such little incidents as occurred on deck, to watch the sea in its eternal play with the wind, and to wonder it was never tired of the game. Very soon afterwards, however, the face of the ocean had so changed, that no one would have known it to be the same. Its fringing foam was exchanged for an angry, roaring surge. A heavy gale had sprung up from N.N.W., and the *Welsh Mountaineer* was fairly put on her trial, and it must be recorded that for a time she behaved gallantly. I used to sit at the round-house door, looking at the mountain-range of water approaching, as if it must overwhelm us, and wonder how it was possible we could find a pass through its dense mass. Time after time, however, it seemed to open at our approach; and when it did not, it kindly took us on its crest, and sent us gliding on the other side. When I saw the ship standing steadily in dock beside its fellows, I used to think they must be rough waves, indeed, to hurt it; but now I could have no other thought than that the great waves only spared us because they liked a toy to play with.

One night, just after the gale had commenced, there was an unusual noise over my berth in the round-house—moving feet and loud voices, that could be plainly heard above my head, notwithstanding the roar of the wind and the rush of the water. I was too wakeful to sleep, yet too lazy to move; but I could gather from the prodigious rolling of the ship, and the strong blows that made every timber shiver, that the gale was raging terribly.

Dozing towards morning, I was suddenly awaked by a boisterous laugh, mingled with the strangest noise that I had yet heard in the cabin, the effect of which was not at all diminished by a queer sensation of being turned upside down. I looked out quickly, and found that the old sea herself had taken a peep into the cabin. It was rushing against open doors, floating chairs and tables, and soon began inconveniently meddling with portable articles in my cabin. Fortunately my berth was near the roof, so that I could watch its liberties without much personal inconvenience. I stretched my neck across the narrow space between my bed and the cabin door, and found that from stem to stern the sea covered the *Welsh Mountaineer*, and that she was fairly on her beam-ends. Two figures met my glance—there was Captain Gilbert, with a huge hatchet in his hand, breasting the waves with the chivalry of an old knight; and then there suddenly turned up the mate, who, having lower quarters than myself, had been floated out of his bed in his sleep. This at once explained the loud laugh I had heard, and which at first seemed so strange. The expression on his face was ludicrous; for he was evidently not yet aware whether he was awake or dreaming. The captain continued his stern march through the waters, and in another moment the light timber of the bulwarks was giving way to his blows, and the water rushing out at the rent. Most fortunately, the hatchways were fastened down, and no

wave broke over us in the interval, or our fate had been sealed.

The ship soon righted, and we were delivered from immediate peril; but it became evident that she had received a terrible strain, for the morning-watch reported that they could not keep the pumps free. She had formerly made very little water, twenty minutes morning and evening sufficing to keep her free. Every eye was watching the pumps, hoping with each discharge of water to hear them suck; but evening came, and no sign of abatement, but manifest increase. The captain and mate disappeared with a lantern down a hole in the after-cabin, and on their reappearance, the former taking me by the arm on the quarter-deck, said quietly: 'You are not afraid of learning bad news; I cannot take her over: the *Welsh Mountaineer* must go down at sea.' I have not before said that she was laden with railway iron; and I now learned that, when on her beam-ends, some unequal strain had forced a plank.

The gale continued with unabated fury, and it soon became evident that the crew would be quite unable to manage the ship and work the pumps. The next morning, all the male passengers assembled on the quarter-deck, and relays were formed to work with the watch. If the experience of the *Welsh Mountaineer* be that of all foundering ships, there was nothing of the terror and excitement of a ship breaking on an ice-mountain, or of one dashed upon a rock; it was more like the trench-work of a siege. As the second day wore on, and the light began to fade, and it became evident to all that the leak gained, a dead silence reigned over all the ship. I can see the group at the pump now; they all looked as if they were wondering what they could say to their wives and little ones when they went down the ladder. There was an old man, whose figure and visage had a solemn look in the dying day. His white hair blew in gusts over his face, like snow-drifts before the breath of the gale. He clutched the levers, as if he held himself upright with them, rather than rendered any help. Nor was it a seeming only, for while I was regarding him attentively, a 'weather-roll' of the ship, and a heavy sea that swept the decks at the same time, carried him right off his legs to the break made in the bulwarks the day before. The splintered timbers gave way even to his feeble grasp, and he must have been lost, but for the quick rush of the captain to his aid. Never shall I forget the night that succeeded. I was in no way terrified, yet sleep was out of the question at such a time. Although the storm had been raging for nearly three days, it was now at its height. I kept the deck throughout the night, moving about as much as the violent and eccentric movements of the ship would allow. The night was densely dark, and I could only just discern the 'teeth of the sea' in the gloomy wilderness around us. The moon was in her first quarter, and appeared once or twice that night. It cast little light on us, but enough just to reveal great dark clouds hurrying through the heavens, as if on some work of death. The noise of the wind was deafening; I scarcely knew which was the loudest—the everlasting roar it made with the waves, or its rushes through spars and sails and open places in the ship. Added to this, there was the constant motion of the pumps beating time to the rough music of the tempest, and the now plainly heard movement of the water in the hold, as it moved with the pitching of the vessel. When we first heard it, the sound was like that made by waves retiring from the narrow gullies of a rock; but as the night advanced, it grew deeper and more sonorous.

There were groups in earnest consultation on deck; and a little after midnight the captain lit his lamp in the round-house, and invited me in. He told me there was scarcely a chance of the ship keeping above

water for twenty-four hours, and that he was sorry to say there were not enough boats to save the passengers, even if the weather were favourable, and that our only chance was to fall in with a vessel, which in that latitude was but a poor look-out. This was not pleasant news, considering that we were fully a thousand miles from any land. 'Keep a brave heart, my boy,' said the captain, 'and if you go overboard, have a last blow for it,' as we sat down on the lee-floor to a midnight meal of corned beef and coffee.

It may startle the reader if I say that it is worse to hear the recital of a scene like this than to be in it, yet my experience tells me it is so. There are resources at the actual time which we never dream of when in safety; how else can we account for the heroism with which such dangers are generally borne? There are stories of soldiers who have stood, as upon parade, in a sinking ship, and coolly fired their own death-knell as they went down. I can well imagine these recitals to be true, for that night, when death seemed to be near, the captain and myself talked of old adventures, and told quaint stories; and though it has often seemed strange to me since, there was nothing forced or unnatural in it at the time. My companion in the cabin kept up a brave heart, but lost her appetite. By the dim light of the cabin-lamp we conversed about old times, and told our histories to each other.

One wish with reference to our apparently inevitable fate we both uttered, and but one—it was, that we might go down in broad daylight. It was an odd desire; but perhaps the darkness of the sea made the shadow of the silent land weigh more heavily upon us.

The cold leaden gray of the next morning came at length. Did ever such a morning dawn in my short life? Far off, over the cold waste of waters, in the hazy light of half-past three on a June morning, better eyes than mine had spied a sail. My first notice of it was the rush of the mate into the cabin, who seized the glass with a convulsive grasp, and made for the top of the round-house. He said not a word until his well-trained eye was sure of the prize, and then, with a voice that rang wildly on the wind, cried out: 'A sail—a sail to windward!' What a scene followed! The captain rushed from the round-house, the morning-watch turned out from the fore-deck, and in a moment more the hatchways, yet unopened, burst like a bomb-shell. Then poured forth from below every soul on board—man, woman, and child. The scene that followed baffles description. Many for the first time understood the immediate danger that threatened the ship; the wild cry they had heard a moment before told it all. Every eye was turned towards the direction which the captain's glass now took, but scarcely one could discern the black speck only just visible to sea-eyes. From such a prospect, fewer still could realise the possibility of help. I turned from the sea to the shivering group upon the deck. All the pent-up excitement of the last three days burst forth in the ecstasies of despairing love. Mothers were embracing their little ones, and rougher hands than theirs were busy at gentle work.

As the morning wore on, and the light was stronger, it became evident that there were two vessels about eight or ten miles to windward, one considerably in advance of the other, but both some miles astern. As soon as it was of any use, we hoisted the signal of distress—the merchant ensign inverted—and, lest that should escape observation, we hauled up the sails so as to shew that something was wrong. You may imagine the interest with which every one watched the progress of the nearest ship to see whether she would take any notice of us. For two long hours, every eye was fixed on her as she came steadily on, but without making any alteration in her course so as

to reach us. For a long time, the stillness of death prevailed; but when she came fairly abreast of us at the distance of six or seven miles, and threatened to pass us without the slightest notice, cries hoarse with despair clove the wind. The cries were useless, for she was to windward. We had no powder on board to make any further signal; but there can be no possible doubt she saw us and knew our condition. She *did* pass us, and steered away. We found out the nation she belonged to; but it need not be mentioned here. Let her flag perish from our recollection; but let it be known she was *not English!*

With redoubled anxiety, we now turned to our second and last remaining hope. Another hour of weary watching, that seemed an eternity. Her course lay a little nearer to us than the first, so that we could see her more distinctly. For a while, our signals seemed to promise no better success. At length the better eyes thought they could discern something black moving quickly up the head-mast; a moment more, and a red rag streamed on the wind. At this instant, the mate, who was standing on the bulwarks, looking intently through the glass, shook all over with violent emotion; the glass in his hand shared its convulsive movement, and a moment afterwards he sprang to the deck, and cried out, the 'Union Jack!' O ye who think that flags and standards are but the baubles of the brave, think how ye wrong the language of the heart's true chivalry! If we had been nearer, we should have heard that an English voice had already given the command to 'bout ship!' and have known surely that British hands handled the tackle. It was not long before she veered round, and the whole breadth of her canvas came to view. On she sped like an angel of mercy, with her wings spread to the favouring gale. I knew it was quite an hour before she could reach us, so I went straight into the cabin, and for the first time for two nights I slept soundly for just three-quarters of an hour. When I awoke, there was a stately ship just passing under our stern, and taking up her station about half a mile to leeward, to avoid collision in the heavy sea. Now came a fresh anxiety, for in the sea that was running, no boat could come close alongside, and the captain very much feared some lives might be lost in changing ships. It was yet tolerably early, and after a consultation through trumpets, it was deemed advisable to wait an hour or two. Towards afternoon, the wind happily lulled, and the sun shone out for the first time since our troubles commenced, though the sea was still heavy. But I will not enter into further detail; let it suffice to record, that the disembarkation was managed with consummate skill, and that after four hours of hard work, every woman, child, and man was safe on board the *Lesmahagow*, bound for St John's, New Brunswick, without a child's finger being hurt. Often, when a boat-load started from the *Welsh Mountaineer*, we lost sight of them altogether in the trough of the sea; but as often we could hear the cheers of the sailors giving courage to their trembling cargo.

The rest of the voyage had nothing specially interesting. We made the first landmark at night: I shall not soon forget it. We were growing somewhat uneasy in the fogs and cross-currents of the Bay of Fundy; but in the night the fog cleared off, leaving a clear dark air. The twelve o'clock watch had hardly taken their station when the word was given, a 'light on the starboard bows.' It grew larger as we neared it, and seemed to our grateful sight as if some spirit of mercy held out calmly its torch of light and love above a thousand storms that roared at its feet, an eternal welcome to poor tempest-driven wanderers.

Next morning I was awakened by a sound like the driving of a hundred hammers at the ship; I jumped out of my cabin in alarm; but a rough kind voice I

had often heard before said: 'The anchor, sir—the anchor.' I dressed hastily, and going on deck, saw the city of St John's lying in the light of a bright July morning. The angry waves had ceased, and broke in gentle ripples with a home-sound upon the vessel's side.

Our first business when on shore was to make public in the newspapers our grateful thanks to the two captains to whom, under providence, we owed our lives. I know not what has become of either of them. I have not seen them since my return to England; but if this brief sketch should be seen by them, let it serve as assurance that the kindness of the captains and crews of both vessels will ever be held in remembrance by the living freight the old *Lesmahagow* bore into the harbour of St John's.

MUSIC.

'Tis true no verse of mine can tell,
Fair lady, what the gentle breath
Within the flute, that rose and fell
And died in the far distance, saith:
The speechless echoes linger still;
Their meaning is not of the earth.
Thou know'st no less love's accents thrill,
Although the words be nothing worth:
The perfect sense we cannot tell,
And thence the glory grows the more.
The organ-billows, as they swell,
Roll far and farther from the shore,
Until from verge to verge they sweep,
And Thought, its wearied wings drooped down,
Slow sinking in the charmed deep,
'Mid the sweet thunder loves to drown.
The harp-voice best we understand;
Its grief is shaped by her who flings
Athwart its face the gentle hand,
And hides, in ruth, the sobbing strings.
The brazen trumpet's war-note shrill
Would ever teem with stir and life,
Although the earth had lost its ill,
And there was end to foemen's strife;
And though the cymbals ceased to beat
Amid the ranks of bristling steel,
They'd aye recall the thousand feet
In motion at the single will.
But what of war, the while we hear
These Christmas bells o'er hill and plain,
And all our memories drawing near,
Entrance us with a pleasant pain,
And fill our hearts with love and peace,
And lead us like an angel hand
Whereto the wondrous harmonies
Sweep away through the Better Land. J. P.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

This institution expended during the past year L.3421 in building eleven new life-boats, and in altering and repairing several others; L.1292 in building and in repairing life-boat houses; L.787 in building new life-boat transporting-carriages and in repairing others; L.855 in payment to cockswains and crews of life-boats; and L.578 for rewards for saving the lives of 376 persons, shipwrecked on our coasts, of which 132 were actually rescued by the life-boats of the society in that period. Its outstanding liabilities for life-boats, life-boat carriages, and boat-houses are L.3394. It would be needless to expatiate on the merits of an institution like this. The merchant, shipowner, or underwriter who does not support it, neglects his duty; while the philanthropy of private individuals could not elsewhere find a more meritorious channel.

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A SEA-SIDE SHOW.

If I were asked what was the special attraction which drew me to Boulogne last August, I should be rather puzzled for an answer. It was not the camp in the neighbourhood, for that was not then a source of attraction to anybody. It was not that I had any little financial difficulty to contend with—any temporary congestion of credit or collapse of pocket—for which the air of Boulogne is notoriously so beneficial. Nor was it because I had any friend to visit, who, being under a cloud at home, had sought sunshine on that sunshiny coast. I have no grand friendships to boast; the few whose confidence I share are of that old-fashioned, slow, and vulgar class who look upon twenty shillings in the pound as a matter of religious principle, and want that moral courage, so remarkably general in this great age of progress, which enables its possessor coolly to turn his back upon his creditors, and to liquidate by a few months of agreeable exile abroad, the expense of his agreeable relaxations at home. It was not, either, the prospect of pleasant society, for I knew nobody in the town, where, though it had lain in my route a dozen times, I had never as yet spent twenty-four hours at a visit. And, least of all, was it the expectation of seeing what I did see; for if these coming events cast their shadows before, they had never fallen on my path; and it was in utter ignorance of what was about to take place that, before the month was a week old, I had crossed the strait, extricated my valise and carpet-bag from the fangs of the douaniers, and taken lodgings by the week in a quiet-looking café in a turning-out of the Grande Rue, not far from the highest ground of the ramparts.

The café, neat, clean, and comfortable, was kept by the Widow R—, and it was pleasant to find that in the domestic arrangements regard was had to island notions and predilections. Madame spoke little English, but then she had a daughter, a lively lass of sixteen, with black eyes and a face that would have been exceedingly pretty but for a rather damaging prominence of the cheek-bones, who chattered our insular tongue with astonishing volubility, and with the most charming accent imaginable. Both mother and daughter cheated me in numberless small matters; but as I did not object to their trifling peccadilloes, or disturb their self-love by rebuking them, they treated me in all other respects with notable consideration, and I thought that, on the whole, I had reason to congratulate myself on my quarters.

There was constantly coming to the house—now mingling with the guests in the common room, now closeted with madame and the daughter—a good-

looking florid-faced young priest, or acolyte, full of vivacity and apparently of business. I soon perceived that both the ladies, and the younger especially, were living in a condition of excitement, which, so far from subsiding, seemed hourly to increase, and that the priestly visitor was in some way or other connected with the cause. On the third day of my domiciliation, while Jeannette was arranging my breakfast, after my morning-bath in the sea, I mentioned the subject of the priest, confessing the curiosity his visits had excited, and wondering whether there was a matrimonial termination to be expected—who could be the happy man, and whether either of the ladies, Jeannette, for instance, was to be the bride.

Jeannette did not blush; she only turned to me, as she paused in her operations, a face of mingled astonishment and incredulity.

Monsieur did not know! O but that was strange, when all the world was coming to Boulogne this month to assist in the installation of Our Lady—and monsieur really did not know?

I assured her that I knew nothing about the installation, or of Our Lady of Boulogne either—who was she?

'O but that is droll,' said Jeannette; 'but I forget—you English are all Protestants—what pity! Shall I tell you about Our Lady of Boulogne?'

'Thank you—I wish you would.'

I drew a chair for Jeannette as I spoke; she sat down with an air of perfect self-possession, and having handed me a cup of coffee, began enlightening my ignorance, speaking with a very grave tone and in a dignified way. The story, however, is not very different from some other Catholic traditions, and at anyrate it would occupy too much space to give it in her version. The substance is simply this: that one morning, a vast number of years ago, a beautiful ship, without sails or sailors, and with no cargo or passenger on board but a wooden image of the Virgin, came sailing into Boulogne; that the heaven-sent gift was reverently placed in the cathedral, where it received the adoration of the faithful, from far and near, for more than a thousand years, performing innumerable miracles in return; till at length the Revolution came, when the sacred image was burned to ashes—all but one hand, and the cathedral itself sold and ruined. Forty years after, the cathedral was raised anew by contributions from all countries, and was now on the eve of completion, when another image of the Virgin, but of stone, and of colossal proportions, was to be placed on the top of the edifice, so as to be visible from far at sea; and the inauguration was to take place of the re-establishment of pilgrimages to the shrine of

St Mary of Boulogne. This was to come off, Jeannette concluded, 'on the festival of the Assumption, which is the 15th of this month; and then such a spectacle will be seen in Boulogne as has never been witnessed yet. Everybody will walk in procession on the 30th—already the whole town are busy, each preparing for the part he is to perform.'

'And you, of course,' said I, 'have your part allotted you.'

'Yes, truly. What would you have? I am to be one of the choir of our parish: there will be two fifties of us, all dressed alike in white muslin, with gold coronals and veils descending to the knee. Will it not be charming?'

The voice of Madame R—— screaming for Jeannette at the foot of the stairs, prevented my reply, and the damsel tripped away.

On quitting the house after breakfast, I made towards the new cathedral, which, standing on the summit of a hill, towers over the whole town. In the Place d'Armes, I passed the covered statue of the Virgin, standing veiled on its pedestal, waiting for the day of inauguration. The cathedral is a lofty and magnificent building—and the door being open, and workmen passing in and out, I entered to look around; but though perfectly finished without, the interior is almost a waste, and I found a number of men engaged in the erection of what were evidently temporary fittings for a temporary purpose.

I had no difficulty in obtaining further information. Not only was every one aware of what was coming off, but a good number had, by some means or other, penetrated so far behind the scenes as to make themselves masters of the policy which guided the whole affair. From one informant, an Englishman, and of course a heretic, I learned a few private particulars. According to his shewing, the superb cathedral, reared with such painstaking piety by the good old Haffreingue, was terribly in debt, while yet a prodigious sum was wanting to complete the interior. In this dilemma the bishop of Arras had come forward and manfully put his shoulder to the wheel. He it was, and none other, who had boldly resolved to restore the pilgrimages to the shrine of Our Lady, calculating that from the offerings of the devoted pilgrims might be raised, if the affair were well managed, not only enough to clear the expenses past and prospective of the cathedral, but to maintain a permanent fund for the sustentation of the worship on a scale commensurate with the dignity of the church. And well indeed did the bishop manage the business. In the first place, he applied to the pope for the sanction and co-operation of his holiness; and meanwhile, nothing doubting the result, he commissioned the execution of a statue of the Virgin in stone, ten feet high, to stand on the summit of the edifice as a landmark and 'Star of the Sea.' Before raising it to its lofty elevation, he resolved to consecrate and bless the image, with the most imposing ceremonial, in the Place d'Armes, the very spot where the former image had been burned, and in the presence of such an assembly as for centuries had not been gathered within the walls of Boulogne.

The bishop was not deceived in his expectations from the pope. Pio Nono recommended the subject of the restoration of the pilgrimages to the shrine of Our Lady of Boulogne to his council of cardinals, and in

due time they unanimously issued a decree uniting Our Lady of Boulogne with Our Lady of Loretto—thereby securing to the former all the spiritual and intercessory favours and influences so long enjoyed by the latter. Moreover, by the same liberal decree, an indulgence is accorded, once in the year, to all faithful Christians who, confessing and doing penance, shall pray devoutly, according to the directions of the church, before the holy image of the immaculate Virgin—the pilgrims being at liberty to choose for their indulgence any day of the year that suits them best. But that was not all—the decree offers also a seven years' indulgence, extending over the whole period, to those who shall come to pray daily in the church, exercising due contrition for their faults. Further, the sacred pontiff gives a warranty with the indulgences, guaranteeing their applicability to souls in purgatory.

The conditions on which these spiritual advantages were to be won, it will be seen, are by no means hard; and the promulgators of the decree were right in calculating that they would be pretty widely accepted. If I had had any doubts on the subject, they would have been dissipated by the eagerness and excitement that prevailed among the population of the town—by the indications that met me on all sides of zealous preparations for the great event; and by the sudden going and coming of strangers from the provinces; and by the influx of flowers and tinsel, finery and greenery, which, as the time drew on, suddenly inundated the place.

The pilgrimages commenced on the appointed day, the 15th of August. The first bands of pilgrims arriving were from the parishes of the north nearest to Boulogne; these, for the most part, came on foot, or in such rustic conveyances as they had at command. They formed in procession as they entered the town—the acolytes of each parish, in red and white garb, leading the way, and bearing the crucifix in the van. Next came the ecclesiastics, singing canticles to the Virgin. Then came the groups of pilgrims proper, in some cases forming a rather motley show, consisting of both sexes and all ages and ranks—white-headed, tottering old men, sturdy grandmothers in high-peaked caps, peasant girls and lads, farmers, shopkeepers, with here and there a country gentleman with his wife and daughters—to these must be added the sober-looking figures of the Sisters of Charity, and the juvenile bands of pupils of the parochial schools. The above, however, constituted the humblest order of pilgrims; those who came from towns of any pretensions at all, cut a much more imposing figure: with a more numerous clergy, they had choirs of young-lady singers; they shone in gayer costumes, and carried embroidered banners brilliantly emblazoned. Such companies generally arrived by the railway, and many came from great distances. The party from Paris was the most pretentious and picturesque of all. Starting from the capital in the morning, it was nightfall when they reached Boulogne, and they had to make their procession by the light of hundreds of torches—and they presented a really striking spectacle. Led by a long train of ecclesiastics in splendid attire, and accompanied by a powerful choir of skilled metropolitan voices, they promenaded the Grande Rue under a series of triumphal arches formed of flowers and foliage. They were apparently all of the well-to-do class, and were clad in the current fashions of the day—the gentlemen blossoming in vests of delicate hue and pattern, and the ladies bare-browed, oyster-shell bonneted, and most expansive in crinolines.

Day after day, the parishes of the northern provinces poured in their pilgrims, and though numbers unavoidably departed almost as soon as they came, the town grew rapidly full to overflowing. As each band of pilgrims arrived at the cathedral, the gates were thrown open, the organ began to play, and

the choir in the gallery to sing—and the old Abbé Haffreingue, placing himself at the head of the newcomers, led them through the body of the church into a small chapel in the rear dedicated to Our Lady of Boulogne, and to the foot of the altar of the Virgin, which was surmounted by an image of Mary in her boat, gleaming in the light of many lamps around. Here the companies were formed into ranks, and kneeling, recited the petitions which mother-church had exacted as the price of the indulgences that were to follow. The prayers being at length finished, a white-robed priest glided along between the ranks, presenting to each suppliant an open money-box for the reception of the votive-offerings. The appeal was liberally responded to; the silver and the gold chinked plentifully in the dark receptacle; and there can be little doubt that during the fortnight these collections lasted, several thousands of pounds were thus silently and unostentatiously contributed to the treasury of the church.

I expected to grow weary of these endless flocks of pilgrims; but I did not, the reason perhaps being that the spectacle was one of continual variety, and the excitement it occasioned was contagious. No two of the processions were alike—each seemed to have some prominent peculiarity of its own—and in all of them there was a mingling of old-world faith and feeling with modern modes and customs, which, when it was not ridiculous, and perhaps even when it was, was often touchingly simple and suggestive. I ought to mention that while so large a provision was made for the spiritual necessity of the pilgrims, their bodily wants and their recreations had not been forgotten. Good eating and drinking seemed, and was the order of the day, and the commissariat of the town had not been neglectful. Further, by way of amusement, the Vauxhall of Boulogne, the Tintelleries' Gardens, consummated a gala every night—where a six hours' set-to at dancing, gallanting, and carousing, was crowned with a grand display of fireworks about the small hours preceding the dawn. This nocturnal excitement was found particularly convenient for those hand-to-mouth Christians of the pilgrimage, who, having an indulgence to act upon, hardly knew what to do with it, and therefore summarily squared the account at once, ere they departed to their homes, by taking an equivalent in a debauch in the gardens. An entertainment of a different kind attracted the more intellectual order of pilgrims. Every night, the church, which will hold four thousand auditors, was thrown open, and every night during these initiatory pilgrimages did the Abbé la Vigne, in a voice which resounded through the vast edifice, thunder his advocacy of the distinguishing doctrines of the Romish Church, and his denunciations against heresy and heretics. His fervid eloquence drew crowds to hear him, and the church was nightly filled—though a part of the attraction was perhaps due to the powers of a young monk who, during the performance of the mass which followed the discourse, poured forth tones exquisitely melodious, and manifested capacities as a vocalist probably unrivalled.

The last and grand day of the pilgrimages, which was expected to be, and was, the crowning climax of the whole, was Sunday, the 30th of August. The sun rose that morning in an unclouded sky—a cool breeze blew gently from the north-west over the ocean, and moderated the heats which had for a long time prevailed—the air was balmy and fragrant with the odours of myriads of flowers which everywhere met the eye. Six thousand persons in Boulogne spent the best hours of that morning at the toilet. Soon after the hour of noon had struck, they began to assemble in the streets, walks, and open places around the cathedral. There they were met by the priests, who, acting on a well-considered plan, arranged the several

portions of the vast procession, allotting to each individual his or her proper place in the cortège, according to a programme previously distributed. The head of the procession, which in a straight line would have measured a mile and a half in length, was stationed in the Place d'Armes, close to the now unveiled statue of the Virgin. This statue is a work of remarkable beauty, and worthy of all the encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, and is all too good to be exiled to a height where its wonderful merit will be lost to the observer. It stood beneath a magnificent canopy of flowers and foliage; and from this point, as the clock struck two, the van of the procession moved forwards, descending the hill towards the lower town. The procession consisted of two parts—the first being formed of the representatives of the seven parishes of Boulogne—and the second being made up of pilgrims from other parts, and including a number of dignified ecclesiastics who sanctioned the proceedings with their presence.

In the front, marched a detachment of the police, horse and foot, to clear the way. Of the several parishes, that of Portel took the lead. The *suisses*, very like an English beadle, only not so fat or so blue, but dazzling in scarlet and gold, stalked grandly, leading the acolytes who in their vests of open lace bore the crucifix on high. Then followed the companies of young maidens in fifties, clad in white, and veiled almost to the skirt, each with a transverse scarf on the shoulder. These, as they walked, burst into song, chanting sacred harmonies in praise of the Virgin Mother. A following band, no less beautifully clad, carried the white banner of the Immaculate Conception, and held in their hands lilies of gold. Then came a troop of maidens, bearing baskets of flowers; then the pupils of the parish-school in white garments, and bearing flags, banners, and streamers of all imaginable devices, and brilliant with blossoms and gilding. Then came a company of men loaded with huge banners on lofty poles, and reliquaries, and carved and gilded representations of some event in the life of Mary. These were followed by troops of children, with more flowers, ever-more flowers, flowers. Then a group of cultivators of the soil carried an image of the Virgin, and these were followed by a band of music. The whole seven parishes, linked together, extended for nearly a mile. Among them were the representatives of nearly every profession—the military in full dress, captains, colonels, and commanders—the magistracy and municipality, with the guilds of all the trades—the navy, the mercantile marine, and the humble fishermen of the coast—shopkeepers, craftsmen, artisans, and agriculturists—and religious orders of every grade and every colour, and in all varieties of costume. Of the young girls who figured in the procession, there could not be many short of two thousand, each of whom had been fitted out by her family at a cost which must have been far from trifling. Their sweet voices rang pleasantly in the Sabbath air, and, answered by the deep responses of the priests at a distance, produced an effect as novel as it was striking to the ear.

The second part of the procession, though less varied, was of even weightier significance. A company of English Catholic ladies led the way; and it is no libel to assert that their costume offered a singular contrast to the display of French taste and elegance which had gone before. They were followed by a band of Parisians of both sexes, dressed as Parisians always dress for a spectacle. The nuns and friars in serge and frieze came next. Sisters of Charity, Redemptorist Fathers, and an endless column of aboven priests, succeeded. Another band of maidens in white pressed on behind them, bearing presents to the Virgin, and a golden heart containing that famous relic, the old burned hand of the miraculous image, and flags,

banners, branches, and censers of smoking incense without number. Last of all came a reverend assembly of bishops, who, to the number of nine, brought up the rear. The Bishop of Arras marched first, with two tail-bearers, and with uplifted hand blessing the multitude as he went. Archbishop Cullen—the great Irish Newton—and a cardinal in red stockings, closed the account.

The procession, on the whole, was brilliant and splendid beyond my powers of description. At the pace at which it moved, it took an hour and a half to pass any particular point. As it wound its slow trail sometimes in contrary directions through its sinuous route, flashing and sparkling in the clear sunlight, it seemed an endless stream of life that would never pass away; anon, it was thrown into perspective, and then the whole mass seemed moving under a forest of silken banners, which the west wind curled with countless ripples. And ever the voices rose in solemn chant; and the bursts of plaintive music from the accompanying bands were borne upon the breeze.

But alas for the glory of the hour. *Finis coronat opus*, says the adage; but the finish here was anything but a worthy crown to the proceedings. It had been resolved that, on the return to the point of departure, the bishops and higher ecclesiastics should take post at the top of the Grande Rue, and unitedly bless the assembled multitude. A scaffolding and platform had been erected on the spot for the purpose. As the dignified personages returned from their long walk, not a little weary, each took his place on the platform. They were all assembled, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, and were on the point of lifting their sacred hands to shed a benediction on the crowd below, when suddenly the platform on which they stood gave way with a terrible crash. Happily the planks had been covered with a stout carpet; and the carpet, being firmly lashed to the scaffolding poles, did not fall with the timber. The august prelates, instead of being dashed precipitately to the ground, were therefore only caught, as it were, in a blanket; but thus jumbled together in a mass, there was a sad surrender of ecclesiastical dignity. Bare heads knocking together, headless mitres and red caps, abandoned crosiers, red legs sticking upwards, and redder faces puffing for breath; and hands just stretched out to bless, now clutching desperately at the empty air—such was the spectacle that greeted the expectant multitude. What is remarkable is the fact, if it be a fact, which we received from a near by-stander—that the great Irish luminary, he who smashed the *Novum Organum*, in the midst of this right-reverend tussle, kept his footing, and retained it to the last. Whether his Milesian blood, which, as all the world knows, is in its element in the atmosphere of a scrimmage, stood him in good stead—or whether, not believing in gravitation, he did not choose to gravitate himself, this deponent sayeth not; he only says that his reverence from the sister-isle stood his ground when all else lay prostrate, and emerged from the blanket unscathed and unruffled. The worst of this mishap, however, was not the bodily injury sustained by their reverences, but the unfortunate twist which it gave to the conclusion of the fête, which was to have been so sublime. For the mob who had come to see the show were base enough to relish this part of it most of all. They broke out with a tremendous cheer—they laughed, they roared, they yelled madly with delight—they clapped their hands till they were sore, and bawled for an encore; and so the final blessing had to be administered on a safer footing, amidst all this merriment and din.

After the blessing of the people, came the blessing of the Virgin, which was followed by a sermon on the spot from the Bishop of Nevers; and the sermon was followed by a banquet given by the mayor, to which the dignified ecclesiastics were invited; and where, it

is to be hoped, they found consolation for the mishap of the afternoon. And thus endeth the history of the re-installation of the pilgrimages to Our Lady of Boulogne.

THE RYOT.

THE term 'ryot' signifies simply an agricultural labourer. Bengal contains eighty millions of inhabitants, of whom fully sixty millions are of this class: in other words, more than double the entire population of the United Kingdom are in this one presidency engaged in cultivating the soil. This will cease to be matter for astonishment when we remember that not only Bengal, but the whole of India is, strictly speaking, an agricultural country, where nineteen-twentieths of the exports are of raw produce. The amount of manufactured articles is most trifling; for although sugar, indigo, saltpetre, lac-dye, and other articles of produce undergo a certain manufacturing before being fit for the market, they do not come under the head of manufactures: they are but prepared vegetable products.

The condition of this large class of labourers, who really produce the great staples of Indian commerce, and are, in fact, the sinews and bone of the land, must be a subject of considerable importance at the present moment. Until Great Britain can arrive at a true appreciation of the position and interests of the many classes of her Indian subjects, it is scarcely possible for her to determine her future policy in regard to the country and those people.

The ryot is not merely an agricultural labourer: he is something more. He approaches more nearly to the Irish cottier in the nature of his tenure, though far below him in the abjectness of his poverty, in the hopelessness of his struggle with his fellow-man.

We must understand, then, that the ryot is neither more nor less than a farmer on a very minute scale: a small renter of a small fragment of land, sometimes equal to several acres in extent; at other times, but a few rods from boundary to boundary. The lands they hold under various tenures are in nearly all cases included in some zemindary or landed estate, the rights and privileges of which are put up for sale, just as any nobleman's estate may be in Great Britain.

It usually happens, however, that in every village in a zemindary, there are far more hands than are needed for cultivating the land upon it; at any rate, in the rough antique style of culture which they are in the habit of giving it. This surplussage of labour is often sought for in indigo or sugar districts at considerable trouble, and some cost; indeed, it often happens that the only mode by which village-labour can be secured, is by the purchase out and out of the zemindary. The people belong to the soil, rather than the soil to them; hence, the purchaser of the one acquires with them an ownership in the other. It constantly happens that when a European wishes to commence indigo-making, silk-rearing, or coal-mining, the only possible chance for his obtaining labour is to purchase a few villages, well stocked with able-bodied men and handy women. It is the possession by sale or lease of these populous villages which leads to so many affrays and downright battles in various parts of the Indian Mofussil, as to call for legislative interference.

During the government of Lord Cornwallis was perpetrated one of the greatest blunders of that or any other period: he completed what is known as the 'Permanent Settlement,' by which government, as owners of the soil, fixed for ever the rate at which the land should be assessed to the zemindars, irrespective of any improvement which might take place.

So far as the policy of this measure was concerned, it might have worked to much advantage; but, unfortunately for the real progress of the country, not a word was said in this famous settlement as to the rate at which the zemindars might assess the ryots on their land; at the same time, the most arbitrary and summary powers were given the former, to enable them to enforce their demands against their unfortunate tenants. It is quite true that the act of settlement provided that an assessment, once made, could not be altered by any zemindar or other landholder—with only one exception, which was on the occasion of an estate changing proprietors. This one exception was quite sufficient for all purposes of extortion. If a zemindar wishes to raise the assessment of his land, he has but to make a pretended sale to some friend or relative, and the screw is at once put on, and, as a matter of course, submitted to; for who has ever heard of a ryot opposing the will of his zemindar? Sometimes, indeed, the labourer will be too poor, or too broken-spirited to work on at a higher rate, in which case he will be at once ejected, to wander homeless and hopeless, with no relief but such scanty charity as neighbours may care to dole out to him.

It is not merely in this way that the labouring population of Hindostan are placed at the mercy of a grasping, relentless race of men. Between the great zemindar and the people there is a little army of middlemen, the devourers of other men's substance, who act sometimes as his agents or bailiffs, sometimes as sub-renters, who take the trouble off his hands for a round sum for the year. In these cases, the extortions are generally doubled, for the farmer of the rents for the time being cares far less for the welfare of the ryots on the land than the zemindar. It is difficult for any one who has not resided for some time amongst an agricultural population in British India, to form a right conception of the exactions to which they are exposed, and the utter impossibility of escape for them under the present administration of the laws. The renter has not a want in his household that the villagers are not compelled to supply. Every article of daily consumption—rice, oil, milk, ghee, cotton—all must be found him by the ryots of his district. How heavily this presses upon the half-fed, half-clad people, only those can say who know their utter poverty.

The advocates of the present system, and amongst these are to be found many Europeans, maintain that the Indian ryot is a poor degraded creature, incapable of better things, unfit for progress, and reckless of the future. Alas! he has never had a trial, under British rule, of what he is capable, nor of what he might be under a better system. We are not among those who predict a rapid advance of civilisation amongst any Asiatic race, much less amongst the Hindoos, but we believe they might be made a prosperous and thriving people if the whole race of zemindars, putindars, and other middlemen were swept from the face of the land, and the ryots left in possession of the fruit of their daily toil.

Wherever European capital has been introduced throughout the Mofussil, and brought in contact with the village population, there a marked improvement is to be seen in their condition. A good deal has been said about the oppression of English indigo-planters: possibly some part of the statements may be correct, but the tyranny of a European is mercy beside the moderation of a Bengalee landholder. Many a hard bargain is doubtless driven by the planter with his ryots, but no one supposes him capable of the cruelties practised by the native renters, to wring the last copper pice or cowrie from the helpless dependent.

In India, proof of guilt is at all times difficult to obtain, but doubly so against the wealthy; yet evidence has not been wanting of the most barbarous tortures inflicted by zemindars of the soil upon their dependents,

even to the death, and that, too, for not more than copper coin—a few annas only, less than a sixpence due upon a balance of rent. So much is this the system amongst natives of Bengal, that we much doubt whether there be any zemindary in which torture is not employed in the collection of rents. We must not wonder at this, for Bengalees are proverbially cowards, and all cowards are cruel—and who such promising victims as the poor ryots?

There is no physical wretchedness nor abject misery within European limits that can in any way compare with the utter prostration and broken-down degradation of the great bulk of the Bengal ryots. The land how fertile, the climate how favourable, the rivers and canals how enriching for the production of the finest silks, the richest dyes, the most delicate fibres, the most valuable grain that nature has ever enabled man to produce for the markets of the world; and yet, amidst all this abundance of blessings, how miserable the condition of those who should be sharers in the general wealth! A stranger in the land might well mistake an ordinary ryot, in his pristine rags, and dirt, and squalor, for some wandering outcast from a jail, a hospital, or a lunatic asylum.

The oriental, of whatever grade, or caste, or calling, has an instinctive love for landed property. If it be but the most miserable corner of the poorest holding, the most wretched hovel that man could take shelter in, the Asiatic is still most anxious to be considered as the owner. It may be that the Indian tenant-farmer dwells in a place that might in Europe be deemed fit only for dogs; it may be that on the limited slip of soil encircling his hovel, a sickly mango-tree, a few date-palms, a cluster of plantains, or a knot of sugar-cane, may be seen; it may be that cultivated fields grace the environs in rich luxuriance; but be this as it may, the owner or renter is equally delighted, so that he may feel that he is the possessor of the homestead, the garden, or the field.

Of course, there are many grades of ryots, all differing as much in their material position as in their habits and inclinations. Besides the mere renter or the day-labourer, there are men who, holding no land of their own, yet possess a pair of bullocks, a plough, and a *kodahie* or hoe, with which they undertake to plant and tend the land of others, who are either too idle or too busy to cultivate it themselves, receiving half of the produce for so doing. There are, besides these, many others who hold land either as members of a family in common, or in their individual right, and who hold some appointment or office, whilst they leave others to cultivate for them, receiving, of course, their share of crops. It is scarcely too much to say, perhaps, that in Bengal, if not in the upper provinces, there are very few Hindoos, and not many Mussulmans, who have not a holding of some sort.

It would not interest the general reader to be told at what rate per *beegah* the generality of these tenures are held, nor to hear how the holdings vary in different parts of the country; it may, however, be stated, that the ryot who holds a *jumma* or tenure equal to fifty rupees per annum, is supposed to be in a tolerably good position. When he has paid his rent, his *abwabs* or presents, his fees to village *chowkedars* or watchmen, the interest on borrowed money, the value of his seed, repairs of tools, &c., he may have perhaps twenty rupees left for his year's family expenses, being about one penny a day.

It is true, his wants are few in number compared with those of a European labourer; but if he have more than one child, the above small sum cannot go far to supply his household wants. The article of clothing is indeed almost a superfluity; their cooking utensils, a few earthen vessels and wooden implements, value not above a few pice; his agricultural tools, plough,

barrow, and hoe, such as they are, of the pattern of the first Pharaohs and Nimrod, may be worth about three rupees, and perhaps cost him a shilling during the year for repairs. As for dress, the slips of dirty cloth about his and his wife's waist are scarcely worthy the name; their value cannot be more than a few pence.

What shall we say of his food? Surely he who tills the ground, who rears the bread of millions, cannot want a sufficiency of food. The ryot does not really starve, save in very extreme cases, but he feeds on the merest pittance of the poorest grain and vegetables. Rice is a luxury in many cases: parched grain, millet, and the smaller fish of tanks and streams, with vegetables and roots, make up the ordinary meals of these people. It must be remembered, however, that we speak only of the professional ryot; and even amongst these there are remarkable exceptions of successful industry and agricultural prosperity: these are mostly to be met with near the larger towns and cities; but the bulk of the population must not be judged from them.

In the Mofussil of India, one great want is that of roads. Away from the influence of rivers, the tiller of the soil finds it all but impossible to convey his produce to distant marts. Hence arise those fearful famines which have at frequent intervals desolated the land. One district with a failure of grain-crops lacks food, another province commands an abundance of rice; yet, without roads, how can the two effect any exchange. In this way, even in ordinary times, a superabundant crop has so glutted the local market, as to reduce the value of grain to the merest trifle—so low as to be unequal to the amount of rent and charges on the land, thus making a curse of a blessing. Rice has been known to fall to one rupee the hundred *seers*, or one shilling for a hundred pounds-weight; while a hundred miles away it was selling at four and five times that price; yet the owners of the cheap rice could not sell it to the buyers of dear grain, simply because the cost and difficulty of transport was so great.

The railway, it is clear, will prove one of the greatest boons to India. With it, famines will be all but impossible, and the fruit of labour on the soil far more certain. We are not amongst those who augur rapid changes and complete reformation amongst the natives of India, from the consequences of recent events, from what is termed the Anglicising of British India. But, on the other hand, we do firmly believe in a gradual and lasting improvement, not by legislative enactments, nor Orders in Council, but by many concurrent means—by the gradual enlightenment of the mass of the people; by the spread of vernacular education through village-schools, thus teaching the ryot what will in time lift him above his present misery, and take him out of the hands of the *mahajun* and the usurer; by the introduction of better implements, and a better system of agriculture; by a better, a more honest police; by railways and cart-roads helping to bring remote places near, and rendering the value of produce in different districts more equal, and less liable to sudden and disastrous convulsions; above all, by the gradual spread of Christianity, and with it the rooting out of the old leaven of heathenism, with all its accompanying social evils. We are careful to speak of this as a *gradual* change: those who look for anything like rapid progression will be disappointed. The work of a thousand years cannot be undone in one, nor in ten. As well might we attempt to bleach their skins.

It should not be assumed from what we have here written that we consider *all* ryots as impoverished and oppressed, and fitting objects of compassion. We are well aware of the vicious character of many village communities, of their obstinate idleness, and their

combined opposition to every lawful authority. As for extravagance on particular occasions, such as a marriage, leaving the ryot in debt for years to come, perhaps for a lifetime, that folly can scarcely be spoken of as exceptional; it is unfortunately the rule amongst both good and bad, high and low. The Hindoo indifference to all improvement is likewise not the less general. An Asiatic is from habit opposed to any expenditure of labour that does not yield a speedy return, or lead to some immediate perceptible good. These are amongst the most prominent of the ryot's defects, shared in by other classes of the Indian community, but more keenly felt in his own case from the general abjectness of his social position.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE TRAITOR CHIEFS.

SOON after, I retired from the mess-table, and strolled out into the stockade.

It was now after sunset. Orders had been issued for no one to leave the fort; but, translating these as only applicable to the common soldier, I resolved to sally forth.

I was guided by an impulse of the heart. In the Indian camp were the wives of the chiefs and warriors—their sisters and children—why not she among the rest?

I had a belief that she was there—although, during all that day, my eyes had been wandering in vain search. She was not among those who had crowded around the council: not a face had escaped my scrutiny.

I resolved to seek the Seminole camp—to go among the tents of the Micosauc—there, in all likelihood, I should find Powell—there I should meet with Maimee.

There would be no danger in entering the Indian camp—even the hostile chiefs were yet in relations of friendship with us; and surely Powell was still my friend? He could protect me from peril or insults.

I felt a longing, to grasp the hand of the young warrior, that of itself would have influenced me to seek the interview. I yearned to renew the friendly confidence of the past—to talk over those pleasant times—to recall those scenes of halcyon brightness. Surely the sterner duties of the chief and war-leader had not yet indurated a heart, once mild and amiable? No doubt the spirit of my former friend was imbibed by the white man's injustice; no doubt I should find him rancorous against our race; he had reason—still I had no fears that I myself was not an exception to this wholesale resentment.

Whatever the result, I resolved to seek him, and once more extend to him the hand of friendship.

I was on the eve of setting forth, when a summons from the commander-in-chief called me to his quarters. With some chagrin, I obeyed the order.

I found the commissioner there, with the officers of higher rank—the Ringolds and several other civilians of distinction.

On entering, I perceived that they were in 'caucus,' and had just ended the discussion of some plan of procedure.

'The design is excellent,' observed General Clinch, addressing himself to the others; 'but how are Omata and "Black Dirt" to be met? If we summon them hither, it may create suspicion: they could not enter the fort without being observed.'

'General Clinch,' said the elder Ringold—the most cunning diplomatist of the party—'if you and

* So Lusta Hajo was called by the Americans. His full name was Fuchta-Lusta-Hajo, which signifies 'Black Crazy Clay.'

General Thompson were to meet the friendly chiefs outside?—

'Exactly so,' interrupted the commissioner. 'I have been thinking of that. I have sent a messenger to Omatla, to inquire if he can give us a secret meeting. It will be best to see them outside. The man has returned—I hear him.'

At this moment, a person entered the room, whom I recognised as one of the interpreters who had officiated at the council. He whispered something to the commissioner, and then withdrew.

'All right, gentlemen!' exclaimed the latter, as the interpreter went out; 'Omatla will meet us within the hour. Black Dirt will be with him. They have named the "Sink" as the place. It lies to the north of the fort. We can reach it without passing the camp, and there will be no risk of our being observed. Shall we go, general?'

'I am ready,' replied Clinch, taking up his cloak, and throwing it over his shoulders; 'but, General Thompson,' said he, turning to the commissioner, 'how about your interpreters? Can they be intrusted with a secret of so much importance?'

The commissioner appeared to hesitate.

'It might be imprudent,' he replied at length, in a half-soliloquy.

'Never mind then—never mind,' said Clinch; 'I think we can do without them. Lieutenant Randolph,' continued he, turning to me, 'you speak the Seminole tongue fluently?'

'Not fluently, general; I speak it, however.'

'You could interpret it fairly.'

'Yes, general; I believe so.'

'Very well then; that will do. Come with us!'

Smothering my vexation, at being thus diverted from my design, I followed in silence—the commissioner leading the way, while the general, disguised in cloak and plain forage-cap, walked by his side.

We passed out of the gate, and turned northward around the stockade. The tents of the Indians were upon the south-west, placed irregularly along the edge of a broad belt of 'hommocky' woods that extended in that direction. Another tract of hommock lay to the north, separated from the larger one by savannas and open forests of pine-timber. Here was the 'Sink.' It was nearly half a mile distant from the stockade; but in the darkness we could easily reach it without being observed from any part of the Seminole camp.

We soon arrived upon the ground. The chiefs were before us. We found them standing under the shadows of the trees by the edge of the pond.

My duty now began. I had little anticipation that it was to have been so disagreeable.

'Ask Omatla what is the number of his people—also those of Black Dirt, and the other chiefs who are for us.'

I put the question as commanded.

'One-third of the whole Seminole nation,' was the ready reply.

'Tell them that ten thousand dollars shall be given to the friendly chiefs, on their arrival in the west, to be shared among them as they deem best—that this sum is independent of the appropriation to the whole tribe.'

'It is good,' simultaneously grunted the chiefs, when the proposition was explained to them.

'Does Omatla and his friends think, that all the chiefs will be present to-morrow?'

'No—not all.'

'Which of them are likely to be absent?'

'The mico-mico will not be there.'

'Ha! Is Omatla sure of that?'

'Sure. Onopa's tents are struck: he has already left the ground.'

'Whither has he gone?'

'Back to his town.'

'And his people?'

'Most of them gone with him.'

For some moments the two generals communicated together in a half-whisper. They were apart from me: I did not hear what they said. The information just acquired was of great importance, and seemed not to disconcert them.

'Any other chief likely to be absent to-morrow?' they asked, after a pause.

'Only those of the tribe of "redsticks."'

'Hoitle-mattee?'

'No—he is here—he will remain.'

'Ask them if they think *Ogeola* will be at the council to-morrow.'

From the eagerness with which the answer was expected, I could perceive that this was the most interesting question of all. I put it directly.

'What!' exclaimed the chiefs, as if astonished at the interrogatory. 'The Rising Sun! He is sure to be present: he will see it out!'

'Good!' involuntarily ejaculated the commissioner, and then turning to the general, he once more addressed him in a low tone. This time, I overheard what passed between them.

'It seems, general, as if Providence was playing into our hands. My plan is almost sure to succeed. A word will provoke the impudent rascal to some rudeness—perhaps worse—at all events, I shall easily find a pretext for shutting him up. Now that Onopa has drawn off his following, we will be strong enough for any contingency. The hostiles will scarcely outnumber the friendlies, so that there will be no chance of the rascals making resistance.'

'Oh! that we need not fear.'

'Well—with him once in our power, the opposition will be crushed—the rest will yield easily—for, beyond doubt, it is he that now intimidates and hinders them from signing.'

'True,' replied Clinch in a reflective tone; 'but how about the government, eh? Will it endorse the act, think you?'

'It will—it must—my latest dispatch from the President almost suggests as much. If you agree to act, I shall take the risk.'

'Oh, I place myself under your orders,' replied the commander-in-chief, evidently inclined to the commissioner's views, but still not willing to share the responsibility. 'It is but my duty to carry out the will of the executive. I am ready to co-operate with you.'

'Enough then—it shall be done as we have designed it. Ask the chiefs,' continued the speaker addressing himself to me, 'ask them, if they have any fear of signing to-morrow.'

'No—not of the signing, but afterwards.'

'And what afterwards?'

'They dread an attack from the hostile party—their lives will be in danger.'

'What would they have us do?'

'Omatla says, if you will permit him and the other head-chiefs to go on a visit to their friends at Tallahassee, it will keep them out of danger. They can stay there till the removal is about to take place. They give their promise that they will meet you at Tampa, or elsewhere, whenever you summon them.'

The two generals consulted together—once more in whispers. This unexpected proposal required consideration.

Omatla added:

'If we are not allowed to go to Tallahassee, we

* A name given to the Miccosauca, from their custom of setting up red poles in front of their houses when going to war. A similar custom exists among other tribes; hence the name 'Racon rouge,' applied by the French colonists.

cannot, we dare not, stay at home; we must come under the protection of the fort."

"About your going to Tallahassee, replied the commissioner, 'we shall consider it, and give you an answer to-morrow. Meanwhile, you need not be under any apprehension. This is the war-chief of the whites; he will protect you.'

"Yes," said Clinch, drawing himself proudly up. "My warriors are numerous and strong. There are many in the fort, and many more on the way. You have nothing to fear."

"It is good!" rejoined the chiefs. "If troubles arise, we shall seek your protection; you have promised it—it is good."

"Ask the chiefs," said the commissioner, to whom a new question had suggested itself—"ask them if they know whether Holata Mico will remain for the council of to-morrow?"

"We cannot tell now. Holata Mico has not declared his intention. We shall soon know it. If he design to stay, his tents will stand till the rising of the sun; if not, they will be struck before the moon goes down. The moon is sinking—we shall soon know whether Holata Mico will go or stay."

"The tents of this chief are not within sight of the fort?"

"No—they are back among the trees."

"Can you send word to us?"

"Yes, but only to this place; our messenger would be seen entering the fort. We can come back here ourselves, and meet one from you."

"True—it is better so," replied the commissioner, apparently pleased with the arrangement.

A few minutes passed, during which the two generals communicated with each other in whispers, while the chiefs stood apart, silent and immobile as a pair of statues.

The commander-in-chief at length broke silence:

"Lieutenant! you will remain upon the ground till the chiefs return. Get their report, and bring it direct to my quarters."

Salutations were exchanged; the two generals walked off on the path that led to the fort, while the chiefs glided silently away in the opposite direction. I was left alone.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SHADOWS IN THE WATER.

Alone with my thoughts, and these tainted with considerable acerbity. More than one cause contributed to their bitterness. My pleasant purpose thwarted—my heart aching for knowledge—for a renewal of tender ties—distracted with doubts—wearied with protracted suspense.

In addition to these, my mind was harassed by other emotions. I experienced disgust at the part I had been playing. I had been made the mouthpiece of chicanery and wrong; aiding conspiracy had been the first act of my warlike career; and although it was not the act of my own will, I felt the disagreeableness of the duty—a sheer disgust in its performance.

Even the loveliness of the night failed to soothe me. Its effect was contrary: a storm would have been more congenial to my spirit.

And it was a lovely night. Both the earth and the air were at peace.

Here and there, the sky was fleeced with white cirrhi, but so thinly, that the moon's disk, passing behind them, appeared to move under a transparent gauze-work of silver, without losing one ray of her effulgence. Her light was resplendent in the extreme; and, glancing from the glabrous leaves of the great laurels, caused the forest to sparkle, as though beset with a million of mirrors. To add to the effect, fire-

flies swarmed under the shadows of the trees, their bodies lighting up the dark aisles with a mingled coruscation of red, blue, and gold—now flitting in a direct line, now curving, or waving upward and downward, as though moving through the mazes of some intricate *cotillon*.

In the midst of this glittering array, lay the little tarn, shining, too, but with the gleam of plated glass—a mirror in its framework of fretted gold.

The atmosphere was redolent of the most agreeable perfumes. The night was cool enough for human comfort, but not chill. Many of the flowers refused to close their corollas—for not all of them were brides of the sun. The moon had its share of their sweets. The sassafras and bay trees were in blossom, and dispensed their odours around, that, mingling with the aroma of the aniseed and orange, created a delicious fragrance in the air.

There was stillness in the atmosphere, but not silence. It is never silent in the southern forest by night. Tree-frogs and cicadas utter their shrillest notes after the sun has gone out of sight, and there is a bird that makes choice melody during the moonlight hours—the famed mimic of the American woods. One, perched upon a tall tree that grew over the edge of the pond, appeared trying to soothe my chafed spirit with his sweet notes.

I heard other sounds—the hum of the soldiery in the fort, mingling with the more distant noises from the Indian camp. Now and then some voice louder than the rest, in oath, exclamation, or laughter, broke forth to interrupt the monotonous murmur.

How long should I have to wait the return of the chiefs? It might be an hour, or two hours, or more? I had a partial guide in the moon. They said that Holata would depart before the shining orb went down, or not at all. About two hours, then, would decide the point, and set me free.

I had been standing for half the day. I cared not to keep my feet any longer; and, choosing a fragment of rock near the water's edge, I sat down upon it.

My eyes wandered over the pond. Half of its surface lay in shadow; the other half was silvered by the moonbeams, that, penetrating the pellucid water, rendered visible the white shells and shining pebbles at the bottom. Along the line where the light and darkness met, were outlined several noble palms, whose tall stems and crested crowns appeared stretching away towards the nadir of the earth—as though they belonged to another and brighter firmament beneath my feet. The trees, of which these were but the illusory images, grew upon the summit of a ridge, which, trending along the western side of the pond, intercepted the rays of the moon.

I sat for some time gazing into this counterpart of heaven's canopy, with my eyes mechanically tracing the great fan-like fronds.

All at once, I was startled at perceiving a new image upon the aqueous reflector. A form, or rather the shadow of one, suddenly appeared among the trunks of the palms. It was upright, and evidently human, though of magnified proportions—beyond doubt, a human figure, yet not that of a man.

The small head, apparently uncovered, the gentle rounding of the shoulders, the soft undulation of the waist, and the long, loose draping which reached nearly to the ground, convinced me that the shadow was that of a woman.

When I first observed it, it was moving among the stems of the palm-trees; presently it stopped, and for some seconds remained in a fixed attitude. It was then I noted the peculiarities that distinguish the sex.

My first impulse was to turn round, and, if possible, get sight of the figure that cast this interesting

shadow. I was myself on the western edge of the pond, and the ridge was behind me. Facing round, I could not see the summit nor yet the palms. Rising to my feet, I still could not see them: a large live oak, under which I had seated myself, intercepting my view.

I stepped hastily to one side, and then both the outline of the ridge and the palm-trees were before my eyes; but I could see no figure, neither of man nor woman.

I scanned the summit carefully, but no living thing was there; some fronds of the saw-palmetto, standing along the crest, were the only forms I could perceive.

I returned to where I had been seated; and, placing myself as before, again looked upon the water. The palm shadows were there, just as I had left them; but the image was gone.

There was nothing to be astonished at. I did not for a moment believe myself under any delusion. Some one had been upon the ridge—a woman, I supposed—and had passed down under the cover of the trees. This was the natural explanation of what I had seen, and of course contented me.

At the same time, the silent apparition could not fail to arouse my curiosity; and instead of remaining seated, and giving way to dreamy reflections, I rose to my feet, and stood looking and listening with eager expectation.

Who could the woman be? An Indian, of course. It was not probable that a white woman should be in such a place, and at such an hour. Even the peculiar outlines of the shadow were not those that would have been cast, by one habited in the garb of civilisation: beyond a doubt, the woman was an Indian.

What was she doing in that solitary place, and alone?

These questions were not so easily answered; and yet there was nothing so remarkable about her presence upon the spot. To the children of the forest, time is not as with us. The hours of the night are as those of the day—often the hours of action or enjoyment. She might have many a purpose in being there. She might be on her way to the pond for water—to take a bath; or it might be some impassioned maiden, who, under the secret shadows of this secluded grove, was keeping assignation with her lover.

A pang, like a poisoned arrow, passed through my heart: '*Might it be Maimee?*'

The unpleasantness which this conjecture caused me is indescribable. I had been all day the victim of dire suspicions, arising principally from some half-dozen words, casually dropped from the lips of a young officer, and which I had chanced to overhear. They had reference to a beautiful girl among the Indians, apparently well known at the fort; and I noticed that the tone of the young fellow was that of one either triumphant or boasting. I listened attentively to every word, and watched not only the countenance of the speaker, but those of his auditory—to make out in which of the two categories I should place him. His vanity appeared to have had some sacrifice made to it—at least by his own statement; and his listeners, or most of them, agreed to concede to him the happiness of a *bonne fortune*. There was no name given—no hint that would enable me to connect the subject of the conversation with that of my own thoughts; but that the girl was an Indian, and a 'beauty,' were points, that my jealous heart almost accepted as sufficient for identification.

I might easily have become satisfied. A word, a simple question, would have procured me the knowledge I longed for; and yet I dared not say that word. I preferred passing long hours—a whole day—upon the rack of uncertainty and suspicion.

Thus, then, was I prepared for the painful con-

jectures that sprang into my thoughts on beholding that mirrored form.

The pain was of short duration; almost instantaneous was the relief. A shadowy figure was seen gliding around the edge of the pond; it emerged into the open moonlight, not six paces from where I stood. I had a full and distinct view of it. It was a woman—an Indian woman. It was *not* Maimee.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HAJ-EWA.

I saw before me a woman of middle age—somewhere between thirty and forty—a large woman, who once possessed beauty—beauty that had been abused. She was the wreck of a grand loveliness, whose outlines could not be effaced—like the statue of some Grecian goddess, broken by Vandal hands, but whose very fragments are things of priceless value.

Not that her charms had departed. There are men who affect to admire this ripe maturity; to them, she would have been a thing of peerless splendour. Time had made no inroad upon those large rounded arms, none upon the elliptical outlines of that noble bust. I could judge of this—for it was before my eyes, in the bright moonlight, nude, from neck to waist, as in the hour of infancy. Alone the black hair, hanging in wild dishevelment over the shoulders, formed a partial shrouding. Nor had time laid a finger upon this: amidst all that profusion of rich raven clusters, not a strand of silver could be detected.

Time could not affect, nor had it, that fine facial outline. The moulding of the chin; the oval of those lips; the aquiline nose, with its delicate spirally curved nostril; the high, smooth front; the eye—the eye—what is it? why that unearthly flash? that wild unmeaning glance? Ha! that eye—Merciful heavens! *the woman is mad!*

Alas! it was true—she was mad. Her glance would have satisfied even a casual observer, that reason was no longer upon its throne. But I needed not to look at her eye; I knew the story of her misfortunes, of her wrongs. It was not the first time I had looked upon that womanly form—more than once I had stood face to face with Haj-Ewa,* the mad queen of the Micosauca.

Beautiful as she was, I might have felt fear at her presence—still worse than fear, I might have been terrified or awed—the more so on perceiving that her necklace was a green serpent; that the girdle around her waist, that glittered so conspicuously in the light of the moon, was the body of an enormous rattlesnake, living and writhing!

Yes, both were alive—the smaller serpent wound about her neck, with its head resting upon her bosom; the more dangerous reptile knotted around her waist, its vertebrated tail hanging by her side, while its head, held in her hand, and protruding through her fingers, exhibited a pair of eyes that scintillated like diamonds.

On the head of Haj-Ewa was no other covering than that which nature had provided for it; but those thick black clusters afforded ample protection against sun and storm. On her feet she wore moccasins, but these were hidden by the long 'hunna' that reached to the ground. This was the only garment she wore. It was profusely adorned with beads and embroidery—with the bright plumage of the green parrot—the skin of the summer-duck, and the fur of various wild animals. It was fastened round her waist, though not by the girdle already described.

* Literally, 'crazy wife,' from *Hajo*, crazy, and *Ewa* or *Awah*, wife. Philologists have remarked the resemblance of this Muscogee word to the Hebraic name of the mother of mankind.

Truly, I might have felt terror, had this singular appearance been new to me. But I had seen all before—the green snake, and the *crotalus*, the long hanging tresses, the wild flash of that maniac eye—all before, all harmless, all innocuous—at least to me. I knew it, and had no fear.

'Haj-Ewa!' I called out, as she advanced to where I was standing.

'I-e-ela!'* exclaimed she with a show of surprise. 'Young Randolph! war-chief among the pale faces! You have not then forgotten poor Haj-Ewa?'

'No, Ewa, I have not. What seek you here?'

'Yourself, little mico.'

'Seek me?'

'No—I have found you.'

'And what want you with me?'

'Only to save your life—your young life, pretty mico—your fair life—your precious life—ah! precious to her, poor bird of the forest! Ah! there was one precious to me—long, long ago. Ho, ho, ho!

O why did I trust in a pale-faced lover?

Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I meet him in the wild woods' cover?

Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I list to his lying tongue,

That poisoned my heart when my life was young?

Ho, ho, ho!

'Down, *chitta mico*!'† she cried, interrupting the strain, and addressing herself to the rattlesnake, that at my presence had protruded his head, and was making demonstrations of rage—'down, great king of the serpents! 'tis a friend, though in the garb of an enemy—quiet, or I crush your head!'

'I-e-ela!' she exclaimed again, as if struck by some new thought; 'I waste time with my old songs; he is gone, he is gone! they cannot bring him back. Now, young mico, what came I for? what came I for?'

As she uttered these interrogatives, she raised her hand to her head, as if to assist her memory.

'Oh! now I remember. *Hahuk*!‡ I lose time. You may be killed, young mico—you may be killed, and then—Go! begone, begone, begone! back to the topekee.¶ Shut yourself up; keep among your people: do not stray from your blue soldiers; do not wander in the woods! Your life is in danger.'

All this was spoken in a tone of earnestness that astonished me. More than astonished, I began to feel some alight alarm, since I had not forgotten the attempted assassination of yesterday. Moreover, I knew that there were periods when this singular woman was not positively insane. She had her lucid intervals, during which she both talked and acted rationally, and often with extraordinary intelligence. This might be one of those intervals. She might be privy to some scheme against my life, and had come, as she alleged, to defeat it.

But who was my enemy or enemies? and how could she have known of their design?

In order to ascertain this, I said to her:

'I have no enemy, Ewa; why should my life be in danger?'

'I tell you, pretty mico, it is—you have enemies. I-e-ela! you do not know it?'

'I never wronged a red man in my life.'

'Red—did I say red man? *Cooree*,¶ pretty Randolph, there is not a red man in all the land of the Seminoles that would pluck a hair from your head. Oh! if they did, what would say the Rising

Sun? He would consume them like a forest fire. Fear not the red men—your enemies are not of that colour.'

'Ha! not red men? What, then?'

'Some white—some yellow.'

'Nonsense, Ewa! I have never given a white man cause to be my enemy.'

'*Chepawnee*!‡ you are but a young fawn, whose mother has not told it of the savage beasts that roam the forest. There are wicked men who are enemies without a cause. There are some who seek your life, though you never did them wrong.'

'But who are they? And for what reason?'

'Do not ask, *chepawnee*! There is not time. Enough if I tell you, you are owner of a rich plantation, where black men make the blue dye. You have a fair sister—very fair. Is she not like a beam from yonder moon? And I was fair once—so he said—Ah! it is bad to be beautiful. Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I trust in a pale-faced lover?

Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I meet him—

'*Hahuk*!' she exclaimed, again suddenly breaking off the strain: 'I am mad; but I remember. Go! begone! I tell you, go: you are but an *achokee*,† and the hunters are upon your trail. Back to the topekee—go! go!'

'I cannot, Ewa; I am here for a purpose; I must remain till some one comes.'

'Till some one comes! *hahuk*! they will come soon.'

'Who?'

'Your enemies—they who would kill you; and then the pretty dee will bleed—her poor heart will bleed: she will go mad—she will be like Haj-Ewa.'

'Whom do you speak of?'

'Of—Hush! hush! hush! It is too late—they come—they come! see their shadows upon the water!'

I looked, as Haj-Ewa pointed. Sure enough there were shadows upon the pond, just where I had seen hers. They were the figures of men—four of them. They were moving among the palm-trees, and along the ridge.

In a few seconds, the shadows disappeared. They who had been causing them had descended the slope, and entered among the timber.

'It is too late now,' whispered the maniac, evidently at that moment in full possession of her intellect. 'You dare not go out into the open woods. They would see you—you must stay in the thicket. There!' continued she, grasping me by the wrist, and, with a powerful jerk, bringing me close to the trunk of the live oak: 'this is your only chance. Quick—ascend! Conceal yourself among the moss. Be silent—stir not till I return. *Htakias*!‡'

And so saying, my strange counsellor stepped back under the shadow of the tree; and, gliding into the umbrageous covert of the grove, disappeared from my sight.

I had followed her directions, and was now ensconced upon one of the great limbs of the live oak—perfectly hidden from the eyes of any one below by festoons of the silvery *tillandsia*. These, hanging from branches still higher up, draped around me like a set of gauze curtains, and completely enveloped my whole body; while I myself had a view of the pond—at least, that side of it on which the moon was shining—by means of a small opening between the leaves.

At first I fancied I was playing a very ridiculous *réle*. The story about enemies, and my life being in danger, might, after all, be nothing more than some crazy fancy of the poor maniac's brain. The men, whose shadows

* An expression of astonishment, usually lengthened out in a sort of drawl.

† Literally, Yes, yes, yes!

‡ 'Chief of the snakes'—the rattlesnake is so styled by the Seminoles, being the most remarkable serpent in their country. They have a superstitious dread of this reptile.

§ It is bad.

¶ Fort.

‡ No.

* Boy.

+ Fawn.

: It is good—it is well.

I had seen, might be the chiefs on their return. They would reach the ground where I had appointed to meet them, and not finding me there, would go back. What kind of report should I carry to headquarters? The thing was ridiculous enough—and for me, the result might be worse than ridiculous.

Under these reflections, I felt strongly inclined to descend, and meet the men—whoever they might be—face to face.

Other reflections, however, hindered me. The chiefs were only *two*—there were *four* shadows. True, the chiefs might be accompanied by some of their followers—for better security to themselves on such a traitorous mission—but I had noticed, as the shadows were passing over the pond—and notwithstanding the rapidity with which they moved—that the figures were not *those of Indians*. I observed no hanging drapery, nor plumes. On the contrary, I fancied there were *hats* upon their heads, such as are worn only by white men. It was the observation of this peculiarity that made me so ready to yield obedience to the solicitations of Haj-Ewa.

Other circumstances had not failed to impress me: the strange assertions made by the Indian woman—her knowledge of events, and the odd allusions to well-known persons—the affair of yesterday: all these, commingling in my mind, had the effect of determining me to remain upon my perch, at least for some minutes longer. I might be relieved from my unpleasant position sooner than I expected.

Without motion, almost without breathing, I kept my seat, my eyes carefully watching, and ears keenly bent to catch every sound.

My suspense was brief. The acuteness of my eyes was rewarded by a sight, and my ears by a tale, that caused my flesh to creep, and the blood to run cold in my veins. In five minutes' time, I was inducted into a belief in the wickedness of the human heart, exceeding in enormity all that I had ever read or heard of.

Four demons filed before me—demons, beyond a doubt: their looks, which I noted well—their words, which I heard—their gestures, which I saw—their designs, with which I in that hour became acquainted—fully entitled them to the appellation.

They were passing around the pond. I saw their faces, one after another, as they emerged into the moonlight.

Foremost appeared the pale thin visage of Arens Ringgold; next, the sinister aquiline features of Spence; and, after him, the broad brutal face of the bulky Williams.

There were *four*—who was the fourth?

'Am I dreaming? Do my eyes deceive me? Is it real? Is it an illusion? Are my senses gone astray—or is it only a resemblance, a counterpart? No—no—no! It is no counterpart, but the man himself!—that black curling hair, that tawny skin, the form, the gait—all, all are his. O God! it is *Yellow Jake*!'

DUTCH POETESSES.

THE application of a bad name to a dog is said to be equivalent to capital punishment. In the case of Holland, a whole people has suffered from the effects of an unfortunate designation. It is difficult to conceive that anything Dutch can be poetic, or that any man who is a Dutchman can be a hero of romance. It seems to be a generally admitted fact, that Holland is the country of dulness and common-place respectability, where all the women are fat and all the men are stupid, where a dike is the nearest approach to Parnassus, and where the only use of Pegasus would be to tow a *trekschuit*. Against Dutch books might be urged, without fear of contradiction, the charge that was formerly brought against those of Germany, 'that

they smell of groceries, of brown papers filled with greasy cakes and slices of bacon, and of fryings in frowzy back-parlours.' No wonder that there was a prejudice against German literature in days when a Schiller would have figured as 'a High-Dutch poet:' the name would have been fatal. Hollandish or Batavian would have been comparatively respectable. In the ages of erudition, when Holland was, in the words of Hallam, 'pre-eminently the literary country of Europe,' the Dutch writers were well aware of the advantage of bearing a good name. Nowhere did humble patronymics find themselves Latinised or Hellenised into greater splendour than in Holland; syllables that Fame would have been ashamed to whisper, acquired a grandeur that rendered them worthy to be bawled in her best trumpet-tones; the controversialists of the times assumed titles which bore the same relation to their original names that the classic toga bears to the gent's paletot; and even the author of a work proving that Adam and Eve talked Dutch in Paradise, inflated his simple appellation of Jan Van Gorp into *Toropius Becanus*.

Certainly Dutch cognomens are not remarkable for dignity. Nor is it in its proper names alone that the language is at fault; there is something ludicrous about the sound and the aspect of many of its words: only to a native eye can a Dutch sentence convey a pleasing sensation; the superfluity of *r's* gives it a cumbersome and lazy look: the vowels seem constantly to be jostling each other; as, for instance, in the epithet *blauwvoogig*—what a term to apply to the blue-eyed object of a poet's raptures!—and the frequent elision of vowels sometimes reduces a verse to little more than a row of consonants, hooked together by a series of apostrophes.

But if the language has its drawbacks, it can boast its merits also. A Dutchman is never weary of singing the praises of his native tongue—its strength, its serene majesty, its copiousness, its power of expressing the sense by the sound; its store of diminutives and terms of endearment; and of contrasting all these glories with the mean, weak poverty of the detested language of France. He might mention, as an additional merit, its likeness to our own speech, although the resemblance may remind a prejudiced Englishman of that which the monkey bears to man. Many of its words look remarkably like caricatures of ours, and every Dutch newspaper bears a certain likeness to the *Phonetic Nuz*.

A very ingenious theory was propounded, some years ago, by a gentleman who wrote four volumes in order to prove that all our nursery-rhymes were originally Dutch satires upon the clergy; as, for example:

Jack Sprat
Had a cat;
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear.

This simple narrative is metamorphosed by Mr Bellenden Ker into the following epigram:

Jacks Praet
Huydt er gult;
'Et huydt bot wan hier;
'Et wint toe baei bot er;
Wee'n bot er! wo aes dij hier?

which he paraphrases: 'The churchman's tales, while they serve to fill the rogue's belly on the one hand, serve to pinch that of doltish cloddy on the other; they convert the cloddy-dupe into the provider of the woollen-gowned gentry (the friars),' &c.

Holland is styled 'the land of song' by its inhabitants, who have ever been greatly addicted to the habit of rhyming, and who hold a poet in high esteem. Their

literature is very rich in popular lyrics, lovingly preserved and handed down from generation to generation; and few songsters have maintained so firm a hold over the affections of posterity, as Father Jacob Cats, whose memory and whose verses are embalmed in the heart of every true Dutchman. For more than two centuries, the songs of this Franklin of Holland have been the delight of his countrymen, and to know Cats by heart is said to be necessary before the student can pretend to any knowledge of the Dutch language.

In the palmy days of Holland, the vernacular tongue was almost surrendered to the unlearned, and the literary giants of the age clothed their thoughts only in a Roman garb; but with the political decline of the state came a reaction in favour of the national tongue. In Belgium, the vernacular was fast becoming obsolete, and it seemed that French was destined to be the language of the country, when a revival of the decaying speech was commenced about the middle of the last century. This gave rise to the division between Flemish and Dutch, as the dialect of Antwerp was adopted, and became general throughout the Austrian Netherlands. For a long time it was considered unworthy the attention of literary men; but lately a band of zealous national authors, first among whom stands Hendrik Conscience, have written in it with marked success.

Holland has been peculiarly rich in authoresses. Many of its most distinguished men of letters have transmitted the flame of genius to their daughters; and from the time of Anna Byns to the present day, there has been a succession of poetesses, whose statues would fill no inconsiderable space in the Dutch Pantheon.

A work has lately been published at Amsterdam, by Mr Van der Aa, containing a selection from the poems ('Pearls') of these ladies, and may serve to correct the popular ideas concerning the women of Holland. The poetry is not of the highest order of merit; there is no great originality of conception or vigour of execution to be found in the book, through which, as in most poetry written by the gentler sex, a strain of melancholy prevails; but much of it is graceful and touching. We select a few of the shorter pieces, which may convey an idea of the works of these ladies of Holland, and may perhaps avail to sweep away a few of the prejudices that must cling around the dreadful name of *Vrouw*.

The following poem is by Adelaide Kleyn, authoress of *Oden en Elegien* and *Nieuwe dichterlijke Mengelingen*, who died at Leyden in 1828:

THE WATCHMAN.

Watchman! thou whose salutations
Lonely through the darkness ring,
Who in saddest tribulations
Still must force thy lips to sing—

Whom, though toils by day may weary,
No sweet rest awaits at night,
Till thine eye through watchings dreary
Find the morning's rosy light:

Thou to me art Hope's revealer—
Let me keep thy duteous way,
Whether through the dusk I steal, or
Front the cheerful light of day.

I through all the wide horizon
Seek a better Fatherland,
But the seas I fix my eyes on
Hide as yet that sunny strand.

Round me, round me, creeps the gloaming,
Anxious cares upon me throng;
I, like thee, alone am roaming,
Sing, like thee, a lonely song.

But mine eye, through shadows straining,
Sees where lights with shadows blend;
Sees the hour of rest remaining
Steadfast for me at the end.

The verses on 'Tears' are by a lady of the name of Van Streek, *née* Brinkman, who also died in the year 1828. In addition to her lyric and dramatic compositions, she published a romance called *Julius en Amalie*, and translated the *Æneid*.

TEARS.

O tears! When we are sunk in sorrow,
'Tis you that soothe us, you that bless;
You bring to those a lighted morrow
Who swoon in darkness and distress:

And they whose bleeding bosoms languish
From wounds that never cease their flow,
Find, in their own sad drops of anguish,
A tender anodyne of woe.

To every tear of mute compassion
The poor with grateful smiles reply,
And welcome, in their homely fashion,
The magic of a moistened eye.

When friends o'er some green grave are weeping,
By no funeral pomp defiled,
Their tears descend to him that's sleeping,
Pure as the kisses of a child.

Therefore, when next the dark'ning hours
To me some mournful message bring,
Flow fast, sweet tears, and give your showers
The breezy coolness of the spring!

We conclude with a few lines to Death by Albertine Rijfkoel, who died at the age of twenty years, after a long and painful illness, during which she dictated a number of simple and touching poems to her father, who published them after her death.

TO THE BROTHER OF SLEEP.

Thee Folly waits with fear: but Wisdom smiling meets thee,

And finds in thee the best, the truest of all friends;
From many a couch of pain the weary sufferer greets thee,

Thy sympathising hand his term of sorrow ends.

I think of thee with joy, with patient expectation,

Until thy gentle touch shall lull me into rest;

Come, kindly friend, subdue my heart-string's last vibration,

And lap me in soft slumber, pillowed on thy breast.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Art has been making its usual winter-season demonstrations, perhaps with clearer purpose than heretofore. Lectures by the ablest men on art, ancient and modern—on Gothic Architecture, at the Royal Academy and at the South Kensington Museum—on Colour as applied to Architecture, at the Institute in Grosvenor Street—an Architectural Exhibition at the rooms in Suffolk Street—the Photographic Society's Exhibition at their rooms in Coventry Street, shewing unmistakable signs of progress—and Schools of Design as unmistakably flourishing—all testify to the growing interest of the people in the subject. Then we are to have a Great Exhibition memorial, and a Crimean monument, both probably in Hyde Park; and Sheffield is erecting a Crimean monument, which, in spite of the smoke, could not have a better site. It is to be sixty feet high, a handsome arched canopy finished with crockets and finials, within which, on the solid base, will be placed a sitting figure of

Victory. If we cannot be made a nation of artists by cultivation, it will clearly not be from want of endeavour.

So far as can be foreseen, a new style of architecture is not likely to be invented in the present century; and the best that architects can do is to work, with an enlightened eclecticism, upon the most beautiful of that which was produced either in the dark or classical ages, according to the building they have in hand, and conform our modern, our new buildings to it; for there is no good reason why beauty should not combine with utility. One of the ramifications of this subject has been discussed before the Society of Arts in a paper 'On House-construction, and its bearing on Social Welfare.' As regards the wholesomeness of buildings, we notice a paper by Dr H. E. Roscoe, Professor at Owen's College, Manchester, which, though it contains little that was not already known, is nevertheless valuable as recording facts and defining principles. The paper is entitled, 'Some Chemical Facts respecting the Atmosphere of Dwelling-houses;' and first, we are told that the quantity of carbonic acid given off by an adult man is rather more than nineteen litres an hour, and that it is not so much the diminution of the oxygen in a room that deteriorates the air, as the charging it with foul and waste matters. The normal amount of carbonic acid in the open air is 4 parts in 10,000, and the air indoors should as much as possible be kept in the same condition. Carbonic oxide—one of the products of combustion—is immediately fatal when present in an atmosphere to the amount of 1 per cent. only. Dr Roscoe agrees with Dr Arnott that at least 20 cubic feet of fresh air are required for each person every minute, to remove all the noxious and disagreeable effluvia, especially in crowded habitations, schools, barracks, and the like. But he finds that certain natural causes operate to weaken the hurtful consequences of bad ventilation—namely, diffusion through the walls. It appears from experiment, that carbonic acid actually escapes in that way through brick and mortar, and maintains the atmosphere in something like its proper condition. Hence the unhealthiness of new damp houses, and of iron houses, through the walls of which no diffusion can take place. Emigrants and travellers, who trust in iron houses, would do well to hold this fact in remembrance.

The launch of the *Leviathan* has inspired an inventor with the notion of a gas-ram, simple enough in construction, but requiring demonstration. Gas is admitted into a cylinder to raise a piston by which the lift or push is to be effected.—Gas is now successfully used to heat green-houses, and with manifest advantage, as it admits of regulation with nicety to any degree of temperature. And, if the statement be true, gas is a preventive of contagion; for, according to accounts from Lisbon, the yellow fever did not visit the houses in that city which are lighted with gas.

The application of steam to agriculture is becoming more and more an accomplished fact. The Society of Arts have given an evening to 'steam-cultivation;' and sundry enterprising farmers are making trial of the 'Guideway' steam-machinery, which includes rails, whereby the tramping of the field during the ploughing is avoided. We think it probable that in the course of another ten years, steam-ploughing will be general on all our large farms—and few are small now.

Pisciculture is to have a chance in the south as well as in the north. The Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, jointly with Sir W. C. Trevelyan, offer a prize of £20 to a *bona-fide* resident in the counties of Oxon or Berks, 'for the best essay on the methods of introducing and rearing fish in the waters of the Cherwell and the Isis.'

M. Menigault has made a series of experiments,

extending over several years, on wheat—on the causes which alter and deteriorate it, and the means of its preservation—which admits of practical application. He has examined the grain under every possible condition of heat, moisture, dryness, and cold, aggregation and diffusion. Among his conclusions, we find that the hygrometric condition of wheat varies $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in an ordinary atmosphere; that, however carefully heaped, there is always one-third of empty space in the heap; that soaking in water for eight days facilitates the growth of wheat; that imprisonment in ice for six months will not destroy its vitality; that when perfectly dried, it will keep for an indefinite time; that in a temperature of 103 degrees, it is completely spoiled in a month; and that heat and damp combined are the sole causes of corruption in wheat. If precautions are taken based upon these facts, there will be nothing to fear, for instance, from insects.

Fresenius, a German chemist, has made experiments on various kinds of fruits, demonstrating which are best, and why. The more a fruit contains of soluble matter, the more is it esteemed—such as the peach and greengage. And the more a fruit is cultivated, the more does it contain of sugar, and the less of free acid and insoluble matter. These facts may serve for household hints.—A French chemist has investigated the poisonous principle in the oleander, with a view to discover its medicinal properties. This tree grows abundantly in Algiers and in Spain. During the Peninsular War, many deaths occurred in Marshal Suchet's division from poison, owing, as was reported, to the men having roasted their meat on oleander spits at oleander fires.—Rudolf Wagner shews that a solution of decomposed salicylate of potash yields a liquor strongly charged with the scent of roses; and if this be distilled, it becomes an excellent artificial rose-water. Out of this, a new branch of industry may perhaps be created, for the substance is comparatively cheap, and rose-water is in much request as a luxury for the toilet.

The *Bulletin* of the Acclimation Society at Paris has an account of the quillay (*Quillaga Saponaria*), a tree which grows in the Cordilleras of South America, and of which the bark constitutes an important article of trade in Chili. Silks washed in water in which this bark has been macerated, preserve their colour a long time unaltered; but the principal use made of it is as a wash for the head once or twice a week. To this the women of Chili and of adjacent countries are indebted for the beauty and luxuriance of their hair; and it is said that not a few of the men make use of it also. It has, besides, a medicinal property, and is administered as a febrifuge.

A new kind of gutta-percha, and, as is said, the best, has been imported into Holland from Surinam. It is a product of a species of *sapodilla* which grows on the higher parts of the great savannas, and in such abundance, that for years to come the supply will be equal to the demand. The Americans have made themselves busy in that quarter of late; have surveyed a number of excellent harbours in the north of Sumatra, which were before scarcely known, and have contrived to get the principal share of the spice-trade of that island. We, on the other hand, have taken possession of the Keeling, or Cocos Islands, and find them to be a convenient half-way station between Ceylon and Western Australia. The inhabitants number about twenty European families, and a hundred Malays.—Our government and that of the United States are about to send a large party to make a joint survey of the boundary-line between the British and American territory on the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains: our own party will subsequently explore Vancouver's Island, and in

order to get the best knowledge of the country, and to benefit science, the Foreign Office has asked the Royal Society to suggest inquiries and observations, and to recommend competent persons to carry them out.—And talking of explorations, we are reminded that the party which accompanies Dr Livingstone comprises his brother, a skilled economic botanist, and a mining geologist, besides an engineer for the steam-launch, and qualified persons for other duties. They take with them an iron house, which is to be set up in the highlands at the confluence of the Kafue with the Zambezi, where land is to be cultivated, so as to become the nucleus of a permanent settlement. Hence we may hope to gain a practical knowledge of the mineral and vegetable productions of Eastern Africa.—The news from the Niger is not encouraging. Dr Baikie had lost his steamer on rocks in the river; we hear, however, that another vessel has been sent out to enable him to resume his explorations.

We mentioned, some time since, that the New Zealand government had advertised considerable money-prizes for the best samples and quantities of native flax, in the raw and dressed state. We are glad to add, that response has been made in the way desired, and that the samples sent in for competition have been forwarded by the colonial government to the Society of Arts, where they may be examined by all who are interested in the important question of fibrous materials. If carried out as it has begun, there is no doubt that the flax-trade will be as beneficial to the New Zealanders as to manufacturers in this country. One of the competitors, Baron de Thierry of Auckland, gives an interesting description of his mode of treatment: boiling and alkali alike failed to convert the plant *Phormium tenax* into a fit state; but he succeeded with steam, and can make flax 'for sale at L.15 per ton at a large profit.' He claims, moreover, to have discovered a new kind named *Ti*, which can be sold at L.12 a ton, and 'will be found applicable to the finest textures, from lace downwards.' Dundee, and some other of our manufacturing towns, will hear of this with pleasure, and with visions of profit. For their information, we quote an interesting passage from the Society's Journal. 'The *Ti*,' says the baron, 'is a tree which grows as high as twenty to thirty feet, and the flax is the product of the leaves, which are about three feet long, and from three-quarters to an inch in width. The whole tree is of a stringy nature. It is very hardy, and cuttings upwards of six inches diameter will take root in moist land. It grows in swamps where nothing else will stand; it makes an impenetrable live fence; it grows either in or out of water, and prospers on the highest hill and in the deepest gully.' Here is an element of trade and prosperity! Only get the shrewd natives, so alive to their own interests, to cultivate the *Ti*, and there will be no lack of flax in our markets.

As we have from time to time noted the movements of the Pitcairn islanders, we take the opportunity here to mention that Sir W. Denison, governor of Tasmania, has paid them a visit in their new home on Norfolk Island, and established a form of government for them. It is essentially democratic. On the day after Christmas-day in every year, they are to meet to elect their chief-magistrate, who must not be under the age of twenty-eight. Every man of twenty-one is entitled to vote. The chaplain is intrusted with considerable powers; he is the returning-officer, and has the entire charge of education. Among the regulations for preserving the moral and physical welfare of the singularly interesting community, one is, that no beer or spirits shall be used on the island except as medicine. What will become of their old home, the lonely islet? left now to the care of Nature, or to be a resort of whalers?

We are glad to learn that the ways and means for Mr Robert Mallet's journey to Italy were supplied out of the government grant fund administered by the Royal Society. This gentleman's name appeared in our last. We recur to the subject, because at the latest accounts the earthquake phenomena were still recurring, and he is well qualified to describe them, and judge of their geological relations. Among his credentials, he carries an encyclical letter from his eminence Cardinal Wiseman, which perhaps, more than any other, will facilitate his inquiries in country districts where the village-priest is the only man able to give information. We may hope to hear of the results in about two months.

The counter-shock of these Neapolitan earthquakes has been felt in places far distant: near the Adriatic, and onwards into Carinthia, Illyria, and the Carpathians. The general direction was north and south; but when the movement struck the Alps, lateral vibrations were sent off from east to west. Some accounts state that there are signs of upheaval along parts of the coast of Naples.—In the Indian Archipelago also, and in America, great convulsions have taken place. At Payta, the results were surprising. The bay was observed to be swarming with crabs of a species rarely seen; after some days, an earthquake was felt, and a week later, there was a bank of crabs from three to four feet wide, and three feet high, thrown up all round the bay, and the water changed from a clear blue to a blackish green colour.—And in North America, as described by Professor Cook at the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, subsidence is going on all along the coast from Delaware Bay to Boston. In New Jersey and Long Island, the effects are especially observable. Hundreds of thousands of acres of submerged forest lie a few feet below the swampy surface, and many farms are diminished in extent by the tide flowing further over the uplands than was formerly the case. Professor Cook estimates the subsidence at two feet in a century.—Mr Leonard Horner has just read the second part of his paper on the alluvial land of Egypt, to the Royal Society. He laid on the table a piece of pottery brought to light by his researches, which he believes was made by human hands 18,000 years before the Christian era.

In connection with these phenomena, we may notice those of the weather; for the fact that half the winter quarter has passed without snow or severe frost is remarkable; and it would appear, as M. Babinet told the Academy of Sciences at Paris, that an unusual broadening of the Gulf Stream, whereby the warm water has come nearer to our shores, is the cause. Rain has been scant; and the Rhine, Danube, and Loire are lower than at any time within the present century. But then the New Yorkers, on their side of the ocean, complain that their winter is too mild; they have not been able to use their sleighs, and are uneasy about their ice-harvest. On the other hand, it has been excessively cold in Piedmont, at Malta, and other parts of the south. Perhaps our turn is to come when our north-east monsoon (for such it is) begins to blow in the spring.

The Canadian Institute are trying to organise a plan proposed by Professor Kingston of Toronto, for telegraphing the approach of storms. Twenty stations are fixed on, ranging from Halifax to Goderich in Upper Canada; and it is thought the plan may be worked at a cost of two hundred dollars a year. One of the data on which it is based is, 'that gales prevail in some localities many hours, sometimes two or three days, before they reach other places only a few hundred miles distant.' Hence half-hourly signals may be flashed along the coast of the sea and of the great lakes, and mariners may prepare for the blast, or get out of the way; and landmen may be warned

of the hurricanes that rush at times with fearful destruction across the fields and forests. Toronto is to be the central station; and there tabulated records will be kept of all the phenomena.

An American M.D. has brought to England the Canadian, Alexis St Martin, who has been frequently mentioned in physiological works, as having a hole in his side through which the interior of his stomach can be seen. The visit will doubtless be taken advantage of by our physiologists to settle some of the unsettled points in the phenomena of digestion.

THE STREET-MUSICIAN.

Who is not acquainted with the chorus of trumpets, blowing brass discord throughout our streets in every note of the gamut simultaneously? What Londoner is ignorant of the drone of the organ, grinding solemn parodies of *Adoro Fideles*, or the *Old Hundred*; or exciting a wretched monkey in Highland costume to exhibit withered gambols for the behoof of a race of ragged pigmies, bent on mimicry, or lost in wonder; or to clash his cymbals with a horrible bathos in the face of the human automaton, who awakens his martial ardour by mechanically expressing *Partant pour la Syrie*, or the *Marsellaise*? Then there is the twanging harp, which comes at twilight, discoursing bold symphonies quite innocent of theory, to plaintive vocal strains; and the port flute extinguishing impossible operatic themes in a cataract of whimsical variations. On a wet and windy morning, you may reckon on encountering a tempest-tossed petticoat, screaming street-ballads against wind and weather; and you must account yourself fortunate if the same afternoon you escape the ambush laid for you in the shape of a family fugue, alternating in startling violence from gruff, surly bass, to shrill, quavering treble, and winding up with a chorus of juveniles, whose only initiation into the mysteries of the joyous science has been the melody of a 'cat's concert.' In this age of competition and insincerity, no calling, however humble, has escaped the general contagion; and it is pleasant now-a-days to meet with even a street-musician too simple for suspicion, and too candid to impose. For even here, life scatters its true poetry; and now and then, a chord of real music, the music of nature and humanity, will startle us into a smile of pleasure, and give back to us the delight and the glory of faith.

It was Christmas-eve. A thick, heavy fog was shortening the brief light of the late December day, and mimicking the pleasure-seekers of a full hour of their first holiday. The fog was as cold as snow, and not half so pleasant; and the passengurs in the crowded thoroughfares, jostling one another as they hurried home to their good Yule-fires, scornfully bestowed a glance on the boughs of 'Christmas' that flashed cheerily, red and green, among the doors and windows, under the early gaslight. Still less likely to detain them for an instant was the merry tinkle of a street-piano, hardly audible, indeed, among the roar and murmur of the Strand. Yet it was a beautiful piano in its way, quite tunable, and with something innocent and bird-like in its notes, chasing one another with the headlong, silvery haste of that fascinating toy, a musical-box. Its glories of rose and purple silk were shrouded for the moment in a covering of green balm, prepared by the careful artist against atmospheric emergencies—much to the disimination of certain youngsters who had followed, with inaudible perseverance, from street to street, the merry cycle of tunes. The itinerant was a foreigner, still young, with nothing that could be called characteristic in his personal appearance, except the French sparkle in his eyes, the unmistakable abandon of his motions, and the watchful anxiety with which he

regarded a very little child, who beat a tambourine at his feet. She was not more than three years old, a dancing creature with a bright, fair face, her yellow hair hanging into her saucy blue eyes, from beneath the shadow of a little hat, which, old and ragged as it was, set off her childish beauty gracefully enough. In that great rushing crowd they stood alone, the man and the child, the loud world hurrying by. 'Bertha,' he called her; and she laughed when he spoke: laughed to the passengurs who stopped for a moment to drop half-pence into her baby drum, and shook out her pretty music in downright defiance of time and tune, for which it was all the prettier. The picture was suggestive, and it was easy to divine their case; for the peculiar guardian tenderness in the eyes of the man, is an anomaly seldom observable except in brave dogs and the fathers of motherless children.

Karl Rosen, a Switzer of one of the French cantons. His Bertha had died among the mountains yonder, and left the little one behind her. No, she was not much of a care, and a great deal of comfort. *C'est la bon Dieu*. This was all. It was a simple tale enough, and their faces told it for them better than words. The child had fastened her eyes on the splendours of the toy-shops—all she was like to know of 'Noël,' poor little soul; she had danced in the joy of her innocent heart, and beaten proud 'music' to her favourite tunes. But the day was drawing in very fast; the air grew more raw and chill; the street-lamps began to blink through the fog; little Bertha's feet were heavy and chill; was it mist that hung in her pretty blue eyes?

The street-musician looks at her, stops short in the very middle of his liveliest tune, shoulders his pole and his piano, lifts the little thing tenderly on one arm, while the other steals from her uncertain grasp the ponderous tambourine. She, with both her small hands clasped tight round his neck, and her cheek resting on his shoulder, forgets weariness, hunger, cold; her merry laugh rings out again, but quietly; and with snatches of prattle, and sighs of happiness, they trudge away into the cold, cloudy twilight, as unmettable of 'peace and good-will'—sending up their unconscious amen to the tender glory of the Christmas chorus, already faintly rising, if we would but listen, in the deep heaven yonder, among the stars.

INDIGENT GENTLEWOMEN OF SCOTLAND.

It will be readily admitted that there is no sort of persons with greater claims upon a compassionate regard than aged females of the middle and upper classes, who, from non-marriage or widowhood, or any other contingency, have been left to spin out their last years in poverty. The indigent gentlewoman is everywhere a person of frequent occurrence. The families of clergymen, of military officers, of professional men, and of the minor gentry, supply them in great numbers. Persons, too, who have in earlier years been useful as teachers, often become indigent gentlewomen in old age.

Under a sense of the needs and deservings of many of these ladies, a few individuals in Scotland turned, about ten years ago, a society for the maintenance of what is called *The Indigent Gentlewomen's Fund*. It is an institution of which we can scarcely speak in terms of too high approbation. A vast number of gentlemen and clergymen throughout the country are connected with it, and there is a most extensive organisation of ladies for the collection of funds, application being systematically made annually at every house where individuals of the middle and upper classes reside. The society's object was not to support, but merely to aid and comfort these unhappy solitaires, after they had passed their fiftieth year; and we are proud to say that we recognise in the result the old kindly feeling

of the people of Scotland. The most scrupulous delicacy was observed in distributing the relief; and no aid from a public charity was ever administered in a way less likely to wound the feelings of the recipients. At the very first annual distribution of the fund, the sum of £878 was divided among 154 applicants. Last year, the annuitants numbered 322, and the sum distributed among them was £2060. The pecuniary assistance given by the society is small—but how important to the threadbare economical gentility of the class! An annuity of £5 to £15, to which the regular aid is limited, is found absolutely to elevate these old ladies from almost destitution to comfort. In particular cases, a trifle is sometimes given in addition to the annuity; and the following is copied as a fair specimen of the applications made for this benevolence: 'Humbly sheweth—that your petitioner has been a grateful recipient of the fund for some years, and that to the extent of £6 annually. That your petitioner for thirty years has almost entirely supported herself by teaching. That your petitioner is eighty years of age. Until two months ago, she has continued to teach; but, from extreme age and growing infirmities, she has now been obliged to give up her school.'

We need not say that ladies were from the first the main support of this admirable institution. In 1850, bazaars for the sale of ladies' work for the benefit of the fund were held in the principal towns in Scotland; and the produce was so considerable, as to warrant the institution of a sinking fund to provide for the greater stability of the society. The amount of this fund, to which come to be added every year legacies and donations, was, at the close of the financial year 1856, £5896.

To give an idea of the kind of cases which come before the society, we copy the following applications:

'(3-119.) — aged 93.—Petitioner is the daughter of the late — of —, sometime an extensive landed proprietor in the county of —. He was ruined by the failure of the — Bank, and died in 1802. With what she had saved by her own exertions, petitioner has hitherto been enabled to support herself; but now old age and infirmities have left her little to depend on, excepting what she receives through the kindness of friends. She has been confined to bed for nearly two years. Any relation she has is very distant.

'(1-65.) — aged 75.—Petitioner is the daughter of the late Rev. —, sometime clergyman of the parish of —. Her income is £10 per annum, purchased by her some years ago. She receives also occasional assistance from friends.

'(3-108.) — aged 72.—Petitioner is the daughter of the late —, sometime overseer of the extensive — Mines at —. He farmed at the same time the lands of —, belonging to the Duke of —, and the lands of — and —, belonging to the Marquis of —. Petitioner has now no income, excepting the trifle which she makes by sewing.

'(3-63.)—Petitioner is the daughter of the late —, M.D. Her income consists of the interest of a small sum of money earned by her own exertions. She has been a governess for nearly thirty years, and, if health permitted, is still willing to contribute to her own support by the exercise of her talents. She has no home, but is at present residing with a friend.'

After these melancholy cases, it gives us much satisfaction to add, that it is not an uncommon thing for an allowance to be resigned when the annuitant's circumstances have changed for the better; and that in one case, the whole amount that had been received was returned with interest.

For the above particulars, we are indebted to the Tenth Annual Report of the Committee of Management, and we recommend strongly to our readers a careful perusal of this document. Why should such a society be confined to Scotland? Could there be any more graceful and useful employment for ladies and clergymen in each of the wealthy counties of England, than the establishment of a similar institution? We trust the hint will fructify; and we are sure the secretary of the

Scottish Indigent Gentlewomen's Fund Society, Mr Fullarton, 5 Castle Terrace, Edinburgh, will be happy to assist with any information that it may be in his power to give.

A DEAD SEA-GULL:

NEAR LIVERPOOL.

LACK-LUSTRE eye and idle wing,
And smirched breast that skims no more,
White as the white foam, o'er the wave—
Hast thou not even a grave
Upon the dreary shore,
Forlorn, forgotten thing?

Thou whom the deep seas could not drown,
Nor all the elements affright,
Flashing, like thought, across the main,
Mocking the hurricane,
Screaming with wild delight
When the great ship went down:

Thee not thy beauty saved, nor mirth,
Nor daring, nor thy obscure lot
As one midst myriads; in quick haste
Fate caught thee as thou past—
Dead—how, it matters not;
Corrupting—earth to earth.

And not two leagues from where it lies,
Lie bodies once as free from stain,
And souls once gay as this sea-bird's,
Whom all the preachers' words
Will ne'er make white again,
Or from the dead arise.

Rot, pretty bird, in harmless clay!
We sing too much poetic woes:
Let us be doing while we can.
Go forth, thou Christian man,
On the dank shore seek those
Left dead of soul-decay.

THEORY OF SEA-SICKNESS.

The seat of the sense of nausea is the pit of the stomach, and there—like a sorcerer in his cave—lies the *solar plexus*. This, according to Erasmus Wilson (*Spas of Germany and Belgium*) is the god who is to be propitiated by those who are afraid of sea-sickness: some of whom offer him a good breakfast or a good dinner, a glass of grog, a pinch of cayenne-pepper, a dose of peppermint, camphor, creosote, laudanum, naphtha, ether, or chloroform. Others cover his pit externally with a camphor bag, and over it a warm plaster of cinnamon or frankincense. None of the internal preventives, Mr Wilson thinks, are worth anything, except a good dinner or breakfast at the usual time when the god is hungry, and soda-water when he is thirsty, with a little sherry or brandy in it; but the external remedies are better, chiefly because they bestow warmth and pressure. The cause of the sickness, however, is the unaccustomed motion—the vertical motion more especially, and added to that the horizontal and other motions we are more familiar with in a railway-carriage; and it is to this we are to apply any remedial process we adopt, with a view 'to fix the muscular system, over which we have control, and by that fixture to steady, if not totally to fix, the solar plexus.' Mr Wilson, after making experiments upon himself, advises that a belt, or, in the absence of that, a shawl, should be wound round the trunk, making strong pressure from the hips upwards to the middle of the chest, and that the patient—or rather he who is determined not to become a patient—should sit down on a bench, fix his heels against the deck, and resist with all his power any movement of the vessel.

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GOING OUT TO PLAY.

Who that has lived to middle age, when to work has become the principal object of existence, does not look back with an amused interest, a half-melancholy wonder on that season when 'going out to play' was an acknowledged daily necessity; when we sallied forth with no pretence of duty or labour, neither to walk, nor ride, nor pay visits, nor do errands; bent on no definite scheme of action—going out simply and absolutely 'to play.' And those Saturday afternoons—those glorious whole holidays—those delicious accidental half-hours, form the largest feature in our recollections now.

Going out to play! It seems ludicrous to fancy ourselves ever doing such a thing—we, who have to tramp in and out of town on our daily business—and do it; or feel we are bound to pay a visit—and pay it; that it is our duty to take a constitutional walk—and we take it; to plan a pleasure-excursion—and we go through with it. But as for turning out of doors for a given space of time, to go nowhere and do nothing particular—what a ridiculous idea! It is only by a strong effort of mental transposition and retrogradation that we can sympathise with a certain dear little soul of my acquaintance, who, after being sedulously petted and entertained for a whole week by a houseful of benevolent grown-up people, said pathetically:

'Me want to go out and play! Me want a 'tittle girl to play with me! Me shouldn't care if she was a 'tittle girl in rage!'

Companionship in this play is a great matter—companionship based on quite different grounds from later-life friendship. Except a few, endowed with that passionate adhesiveness which is sure to prove in after-life at once their glory and their torment, children are seldom either unselfish or devoted in their attachments. Most of their loves are mere likings, contracted for the pleasure of the moment. Their dear little free hearts want neither a friend nor a lover—they only want 'somebody to play with.' Anybody will do—even the 'tittle girl in rage.' Those who have experienced that premature clouding of life's golden morning—a solitary childhood, may remember the wistful longing with which they have stood watching groups of dirty, happy little rogues, collected at street-corners and on village-greens, and how sorely they have rebelled at prohibitions to join them. Easy age! when there is no patrician exclusiveness, and very little of the eclecticism of personal tastes or affections: the chief thing wanted is society—companionship.

But as if in compensation, the tie, so slight then,

becomes afterwards so tightly riveted, that there are few pleasures purer or more exquisite than that taken by old playmates, or children of one family, in talking over every trivial thing belonging to their contemporary childhood. And the same free-masonry which makes most people hear patiently any sort of love-story, makes everybody listen with a vague interest to the chronicle of everybody else's childhood; for both themes form two out of the three universal facts of human life—birth, love, and death.

Therefore, it may amuse some, if, prior to saying a few serious words on the subject of play, I gossip a little, as we did the other night over our fire—I and the only one now left to gossip together over our childhood. We did so, apropos of the notion already started, that childhood is the only time when it is a necessary business—this going out to play.

We were not city children, thank goodness! We never had to be muffled as to the bodies, denuded as to the legs, our heads weighed down by beautiful hats and feathers, our feet compressed into the nastiest of boots, and sent out walking, solemnly and genteelly, through streets and squares. I am proud to say, ours was a very different costume. It consisted of a pinafore of common blue print, made after the pattern of a French blouse, put on over all our other clothes, fastened at the waist by a leather belt, and reaching nearly to the ankles, which, in boys and girls alike, were defended by stout shoes, merino stockings, and those substantial under-vestments which we were then not ashamed to call 'trousers.' Thus some light head-gear, cloth cap or straw-hat, was the only addition necessary to the universal, all-covering blue pinafore.

O sacred blue pinafore!—so warm, light, and comfortable—put off or on in a minute—allowing full liberty to run, jump, climb, scramble, or crawl, creating a sublime indifference to dirt or tears—that is, fractures—I have never seen any modern garment appropriated to children's wear which could at all be compared to this costume of my youth.

In it invariably we went out to play. Our play-place was the garden, the green, and the great field before the terrace where we lived: there was a tabooed region beyond, consisting of the parade and the public walks, where we were not allowed to go in our blue pinafores; but within the above limits, nobody and nothing interfered with us. On the green, ball-practice—not bullets—against a gable-end, tip-cat, trap-bat, prisoners' base, cricket, marbles, were carried on; likewise digging of holes and making of bonfires. The garden had its restrictions, especially as

the season of growing vegetables, though I remember a rhubarb-bed which mysteriously withered in consequence of a secret excavation under it, two or three feet deep; and an ash-tree, which, being made one of the principal supports of a hut—where there was a fire and a good deal of gunpowder used—was observed by next spring sensibly to have declined in its robustness of constitution.

But these things were trifles; so were a few prohibitions concerning the field, when it happened to be knee-deep in mud or snow, or filled with three hundred head of cattle which periodically visited it, for the poor burgesses of our town have enjoyed from time immemorial the right of successive pasturage in the three or four—I forget how many—large town-fields.

When they came to ours, what a jubilee it was! To be wakened by a distant murmur of lowing, neighing, shouting, trampling—to dart to the window, and see with sleepy eyes, in the gray dawn, our field covered, not with daisies and buttercups—these floral delights must be sacrificed forthwith—but with a moving multitude—equine, bovine, asinine; and gradually with countless milkmaids and milking-men, carrying their pails, or sitting peacefully leaning against well-behaved cows.

After then, no want of a place to play in. We used to get dressed by six A.M., leap the ditch-bank, mug in hand, to have it filled direct from the cow, our own particular animal; for we chose favourites, whose proceedings we watched, to whom we gave names—Daisy, Brownie, Cowslip, and the like—and over whom we were exceedingly jealous. Wo be to the individual who presumed to go for a pennyworth of milk to anybody else's cow! And still worse, who dared offend any but his or her own cows with what we were particularly fond of doing—namely, stirring them up, and squatting down on the yard or two of warmed and perfumy grass where they had been lying all night.

The other animals we patronised little, though occasionally it was fun to run after an infant donkey, or come stealthily behind some drowsy old mare, and twitch a hair or two, invaluable for fishing purposes, out of her long tail. Strange to say, I do not remember our ever coming to harm, though with the mixed cautiousness and fearlessness of country-bred children, we used to roam among these beasts all day over as long as they stayed; and we were inconsolable for at least an hour, when, starting up as usual to give a morning glance at our favourites, we would find the well-cropped field all brown, bare, and desolate—the cattle were gone!

Once, and only once, the great field was made into hay. The novelty of the thing—the beauty of acres upon acres of waving, flowery grass, the exquisite perfume when it was down, and the excitement during the whole of hay-time—lasting a good while, for I remember one end of the field was green again before the other was mown—makes that summer one of the most vivid points in our juvenile history. Its daily joys, being holiday joys, were only bounded by the terrible necessity of having to go to bed.

Even now, a sympathetic pang affects me, as I remember how dreadful it was to be 'fetched in' on those lovely summer nights; how we envied those 'poor' children on the green, who happier far than we respectable ones—and probably having no particular bed to go to—were allowed to play as long as ever they chose: how cruel it was to be undressed in broad daylight, and expected to go to sleep! which expectation, I must confess, was generally fulfilled in five minutes. Nevertheless, we rebelled, and kept up for years a fondly cherished dream of some time contriving to play out of doors all night long, and never go to bed at all.

And once we regularly planned this, laying a well-arranged plot—which, for the moral safety of any young reader, I beg to state, proves that, like most children, we were extremely naughty at times.

We thought, if we could only lie quiet and keep awake till all the household were asleep, we might steal down stairs, grope through the kitchen, unbolt the back-door—and so away! Out to play—when there was nobody about but ourselves; out under the stars, or obeying that summons—which to my mind still conjures up a dream of unattained bliss, that haunted at least a dozen years of my childhood—

The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Boys and girls, come out to play:
Come with a rattle, and come with a call;
Come with a good will, or come not at all!

For the furtherance of this plan, we determined to go to bed in our clothes. How we managed it, I now forget—whether we generously came in without being 'fetched,' and volunteered to put ourselves to bed, or tried some other *rus* calculated to throw dust into eyes that were aching with many cares, never understood till little boys and girls grow up to be fathers and mothers; but we certainly did manage it. To prevent discovery, we put on, outside all our clothes, our innocent-looking night-gowns—and lay down to sleep as quiet as mice, and as good as gold.

But fate was against us, as against most conspirators. Maternal surveillance missing the aforesaid clothes, including the boys' boots, which were safe on their feet, also, a little surprised at our all appearing so very fat in bed, proceeded to investigate. Alas! we were ignominiously found out, and made to undress and go to bed, like good children; and though, since then, we have kept many a night-watch, sleeping roofless under foreign stars, or seeing the English dawn break from sick-room windows, never, never have we been among the number of those fortunate little boys and girls who came out to play when the moon did 'shine as bright as day.'

But once, on a birthday, we obtained permission to rise early enough to go out and play by starlight. Well do I remember the look of that chilly November morning, the brightness of the stars, the intense blackness of the trees, the solitude of the terrace and the road; how hard we tried to persuade ourselves that it was very pleasant and that we enjoyed everything very much. Our chief proceeding, in defiance of numb fingers and tingling toes, was to gather laurel in order to make a crown for the hero of the day—who, protesting it was 'cold' and 'epidery,' declined putting it on his head after all, but placed it on the top of the pump. There for weeks we watched it dangle, watched it dolefully from behind windows, where, shut up with hooping-cough, we still protested—as even yet we protest—all save one, whose birthday passes by, outwardly unkept, and whose fair head has long since been laid down in peace, without any laurel-crown—that we would not on any account have missed that going out to play under the November stars.

Our play was sometimes exceedingly hard work. One laughs now to call to mind the extraordinary delight there was in digging a hole—not for any purpose or after any design, but simply digging a hole. We would be at it for entire days, with a perseverance worthy of Cornish miners or Australian gold-hunters. If our labour had any aim at all, it was that of digging till we came to water, which not unfrequently happened, and then our hole became a pond. Once, after hearing of the central fire, we started the idea of digging down in search of it, and burrowed several feet deep; when, finding the earth no warmer, we gave up our project. We never made any particular use of our holes, except to sit in

them occasionally, enthroned on brick-ends and pieces of stone from the neighbouring quarry; exceedingly proud and happy, but slightly damp and uncomfortable.

But towards the 5th of November, the great epoch in our year, we ceased to dig, and began to build. Our architecture was at first very simple, consisting merely of a few bricks, so placed as to keep off the wind from our bonfire. From that, we planned seats round it, where we might watch our potatoes roast, and light our crackers at ease. Then, after reading Cooper's novels, and George Lillie Craik's *New Zealanders*, we conceived the bold idea of erecting a sort of wigwam. More than one was attempted, and failed; the last, which lingers in most vivid recollection, is that before mentioned, of which the door-post was the ill-fated mountain-sash.

Aladdin's palace was nothing to this wonder of architecture. Its site was in a triangular corner, where two walls joined—the other walls were built of quarry-stones and earth. Its roof had proper beams—old pea-sticks, or, as we called them, 'pea-rice'; and was slated over with thin stones. There was a chimney, with two seats in the chimney-corner, quite proper and comfortable, save that in these seats, or any other, you never could get further than eighteen inches from the fire; and that the smoke obstinately persisted in going out anywhere except by the chimney.

Nevertheless, it was a magnificent house, impervious to wind and rain, except on very bad days. In it we spent our holiday afternoons, for many weeks—obliged to rush out at intervals to clear eyes, mouths, and noses from the smoke, and to cool ourselves after being nearly as well roasted as our potatoes: still, I repeat, it was a magnificent dwelling. It finally, like all mansions, fell into decay; the last thing remembered of it being that one of our boys, in bearing the roof down, saw, to his horror, emerging from the ruins, a school-fellow, who had sat by the hearth all the time, and now shook himself composedly, put on his cap and walked away—perfectly safe and sound. Truly, children, like cats, have nine lives.

These were winter pleasures. In those days, what a grand event was the first frost, which I have known come as early as the 9th of November—'mayor-choosing-day,' or 'clouting-day'—which, by an old town-custom, was the very saturnalia of play. All the children in every school or private house were 'clouted out' by a body of young revolutionists, armed with 'clouts'—knotted ropes—with which they battered at school-doors till the delighted prisoners were set free. Woe be to the master or mistress who refused the holiday! for there would not have been a whole pane left in their windows; and I doubt if his worship, the new mayor, would have dared to fly in the face of public opinion by punishing any 'clouter-out.'

Our next era was 'when the canal bore'—which meant, when that famous piece of water, our Thames, our Rhine, our Loch Lomond, our Lake Superior, was hard enough for skating; when we could actually walk on foot across those depths, sacred to boat-sailing and fishing; and kick our heels against the clumps of frozen water-grass, which had wrecked many a bold ship, and harboured many a gudgeon, swimming away with our unfortunate hook in his mouth—sorely lamented by us, but not, I fear, because—like George Stephenson's cow—it was rather unfortunate for the gudgeon.

We knew we every inch along the canal banks—up to the big stones, where the skaters used to sit tying on their skates, and the timid lookers-on stand watching the two beautiful slides that were always made right across the canal basin. We had never heard then of Webster, R. A.; but his famous 'Slide'

in the Art-Treasures Exhibition brought back to me, as it must have done to thousands more, those glorious frosts of old, when we were out at play from daylight till dusk, as merry as crickets and as warm as 'toasts'—barring our noses, toes, and finger-ends; running in at noon for a scrap of dinner, which we gobbled down as fast as possible—bless us! we had the digestion of young ostriches: and were off again instantaneously. For, who could tell? it might be a thaw to-morrow.

In one thaw after a long frost, we—in the absence of lawful authority—performed a feat which under no other circumstances could have happened; and which, in its daring originality, still gives us a degree of naughty satisfaction. We discovered that the canal opposite a coal-wharf had been broken up by boats into large blocks of ice, which still went floating about. One of us, who had unluckily been presented with a volume of Arctic Voyages, embarked on the nearest of these icebergs, and went floating about too—guiding his course by the aid of a long pole. Of course, there were some half-a-dozen more imitating him. O the delight of that sail—in its total ignoring of danger, its indifference to shipwreck, and cool enjoyment of submersion! One of the voyagers still tells with pride that he 'got in' up to the neck three times that afternoon—the only termination of which was his being obliged to go to bed, because the whole of his available wardrobe was hanging to dry by the kitchen-fire.

Nothing worse happened, much as it might have been deserved. And if that handful of fool-hardy lads—one or two of whom, chancing to read this, may call to mind that very afternoon's play—could be gathered together now, out of India, China, Australia, from happy paternal English homes, and quiet graves, where the solitary name, left behind to neither wife nor child, moulders away upon the forgotten head-stone—happy they if they could plead guilty to no freak more perilous, no delirium of pleasure more fatal, than the sailing on those icebergs across our old canal!

But reflecting on these facts of our childhood—we, brought up with at least as much care as falls to the lot of middle-class children generally—on our daily risks of life and limb, and moral contamination—though this latter was a less peril, as it is to all who have the safeguard of a good mother and an innocent home; and yet remembering what a boundless enjoyment, what a vital necessity was to us this going out to play; we cannot but ponder deeply on the lot of those other children whom we used to envy for being allowed to play anywhere and anyhow, without being called in to the interruption of meals or the ignominy of bed. "Poor" children—as with a genteel school-mistress's accentuation of the adjective, Dickens's *Miss Monflathers* terms them—we have come to think differently of them now. Not exactly for their poverty—hunger is sauce to any fare, short of no fare at all, and dirt makes a capital substitute for clothes: in hard times, it is rarely the children who suffer, at least consciously. Nevertheless, we view them with a full heart. We wonder how, in cities especially, they ever manage to arrive at maturity, or, so surviving, and blessed with their due share of limbs and bodily faculties, that they do not all turn out thieves, rogues, sluts—or worse. We marvel at finding anywhere decent, sober workmen, and tidy workmen's wives.

Dangers infinite, all children must meet: it is an old saying, half true and half profane, that Providence guards the child and the drunkard; but Providence guards by strictly natural means—namely, the exceeding elasticity of frame, tenacity of life, and power of eradicating evil by perpetually renewed growth, which belongs to all young animals. There

is no need to double the risks, as they are doubled and trebled to poor people's children—that class upon which society depends mainly for health, labour, and industry. Any person of common sense, during an hour's walk along the streets of London or any large town, will have sufficient evidence on this subject.

Now, it seems pretty well agreed upon by modern philanthropists, that if we are to mend the world at all, it must be through the new generation; for the old, God help it! is almost hopeless to meddle with; and in the balance of advantages, it is wiser to expend labour over a young tree, than on one which, toil as you will, you can seldom straighten out of the crookedness of years, or graft with pleasant fruit upon a long sour stem. Still, we are bound to 'dig about it and dung it,' as the good Master allows; but let us not for its sake neglect the growing trees which spring up around us on every side. Apparently, there is more hope in Ragged, Industrial, National, or even Infant Schools—in teaching establishments of every sort and kind, religious or secular—than in all our prisons, workhouses, reformatories, and penitentiaries.

The great want in this admirable movement for the benefit of the young, is its being almost exclusively on the teaching system. However varied be the instruction, and the mode in which it is imparted, the chorus of it is always 'Teach—teach—teach.'

Now, children do not need teaching every day, and all day long; any more than a tree requires perpetual watering, pruning, propping, and manuring; and Providence never meant any such thing. Set it in the ground, and let it grow. It will grow in spite of you; and the best you can do is to watch it that it grows straightly and safely—defend it from all noxious influences; but on the whole, leave it in its early season of development to the dews, and sunshine, and fresh air; and meddle with it as little as you can.

And thus we should never forget how equal with all learning, and often before it—for education can be gained in very mature life—is to children that indispensable blessing, *play*: safe, well-watched, harmless, and properly restricted, but daily play. Not doled out in ten-minute portions between hours of lessons; or according to *Miss Monfathers'* creed for 'poor' children—

In work, work, work. In work alway
Let their first years be passed—

but granted as an indispensable and very large item in their sum of existence. Poor little souls—why not? it is but a tiny sum, after all; a dozen years or so, at best. As says Christopher Sly:

Let the world wag, we shall ne'er be younger.

Perhaps even well-to-do parents scarcely think enough of this great necessity of play for their little ones, boys and girls both, up to as long a period as possible; which will be short enough with most. Alas! well do I myself remember the last evening that ever I put on my blue pinafore and 'went out to play.' Of these respectable fathers and mothers I am not now speaking; but of the fathers and mothers—not less tender and scrupulous, often—of working-people's children.

Schools are excellent things; but when a child is turned out of school, to a home which is probably only a single room, or two rooms—where labour and sickness, misery, drunkenness, or want, make it worse than no home at all—where does he go to? To play, of course; but where? In filthy alleys, making mud-pies—swimming boats along open sewers—busy at hop-scotch on pavements, or pitch-and-toss at street-corners; darting under horses' heads and carriage-wheels; exposed all day to the policeman's collaring, the errand-boy's 'whopping;' and

half the night to the foul-mouthed 'rows' which take place at gin-palace doors; open, in short, to every sort and kind of bodily harm and mental corruption.

You, fond and gentle mother, who send your children out for a walk, or into the safe garden, under the guardianship of two nursery-maids, or on wet days have them for a game in the dining-room, and at eight o'clock every night go up to kiss them in their little beds—only fancy *your* boys and girls turned out for one single day of such a life as this!

Can anything be done to remedy it?—anything which, without detracting a jot from the usefulness of schools, will provide for a want which no schools can supply?

A society, lately started, has tried to answer this question. It is called 'The Playground Society,' and its object is 'to provide playgrounds for poor children in populous places.' Its originator, a benevolent London clergyman, thus states how the scheme arose—the paragraph is taken from a private letter, which, for public good, there can be no objection to make public:

'The immediate impulse to our Society came from a little street in my late district, wherein I found a woman "blowing up" some little boys well for making a noise before her house. I entered into a conversation with her upon my wish to have a playground set apart for poor children who had no room to play at home, and must play somewhere. She replied "that the idea was a good one, because then they would not trouble *her*." Feeling, therefore, that all classes were to benefit by the movement, I began to look up friends to the cause, and a good many were found. We hope to be more useful by assisting in the conveyance of sites, than by their purchase. We do not propose to do more than procure the playground, leaving the management to local authorities.'

Therefore, the brief prospectus urges 'support from the nobility and gentry, with reference to the towns and cities contiguous to their estates;' and invites such earnestly to make 'grants of land, which can be legally conveyed for that purpose.' We feel that we are perhaps affording one chance more to a substantial public good in giving in this Journal the address of this Society—'17 Bull and Mouth Street, St Martin's-le-Grand, London.'

Thus, with a plea for playgrounds and for play, end these reminiscences of our play-days—now gone by for evermore. Yet blessed are those families, however dwindled and separated, who are bound together in heart by remembrances such as these! And blessed is the memory of those parents, who, by justice, patience, forbearance, and tenderness—tried, how sorely none find out until taught by parenthood themselves—have through all afflictions of their own given to their children that blessing, which nothing afterwards can take away, and the want of which nothing can ever supply, the recollection of a happy childhood.

SHELLEY AND HIS WRITINGS.*

FOR more than a quarter of a century, Shelley has been a sort of myth to the British public, and a myth, moreover, with two very different characters. By a few, he has been regarded as an angel, but by the majority as a sort of malignant demon, muttering perpetually necromantic incantations, to blast the tillers and the fruits of the earth. A friend who knew him well once went down to visit him while he was staying at Great Marlow. Shelley, like Rousseau, lived his whole life in the full persuasion that all mankind were habitually engaged in talking about him. After the usual civilities, he exclaimed,

* By Charles S. Middleton. 2 vols. London: Newby, 1858.

therefore, in his strange, sepulchral voice: 'Well, what do they say of me now?' The man of town replied: 'They say you are engaged in blaspheming as usual.' Shelley, evidently delighted, rejoined, in his most animated manner: 'Tell them I have run away with my grandmother—that I entertain peculiar notions about the iron railings in Lincoln's Inn Fields—and that I worship the mystery of the devil's tail!'

By talking this sort of ranting stuff, the young poet shocked a great number of persons, while he amused others. It would have been fortunate had he contented himself with shocking people's nerves in conversation only; but he delighted in doing the thing on a larger scale, and wrote several books for the same purpose. Had his life been protracted to the threescore years and ten supposed to be allotted to us for spinning speculations and sundry other duties, these fantastic tricks of youth might have been thrown completely into oblivion by the conduct and writings of his riper age; but Shelley died before public attention had been withdrawn from his intellectual frolics; and it is therefore to be feared that many generations must pass away before he can be viewed in the proper light. To hasten the consummation so devoutly to be wished, is the object of Mr Middleton's two interesting volumes.

There is nothing new in saying that a great majority of the human race are fond of indulging in severe criticisms on the few who are endowed with the remarkable powers of genius. The reason is by no means difficult to be discovered. Swift celebrates it in the following lines:

I have no title to aspire;
Yet if you sink, I seem the higher.

Without being actuated at all by this motive, we will venture to say that poor Shelley did furnish people with many strong reasons for speaking against him. He was mad occasionally, and occasionally sane; but habitually fluctuated between these two states of being, and acted wildly or outrageously simply because he could not help it. His very physical organisation suggested at once to the beholder the idea of something strange and inexplicable. He had the face and delicate figure of a girl, with light-blue eyes, fair skin, and flaxen hair, and the voice of a very old woman, cracked, broken, and tremulous. When excited, his scream was unearthly. This, whether right or wrong, was the cause why the boys delighted in tormenting him at school. It amused them to make him frantic, and they listened with a mixture of fear and wonder to the thin, weak, though infuriated voice of eld, issuing from those delicate rosy lips, which might have been expected to give birth to the softest and sweetest sounds.

It is Mr Middleton's determination to take part with Shelley in almost everything, and accordingly he is very severe upon the boys for the system of persecution they carried on at Brentford against the young poet; but we have never known any school in which so queer a little elf as Shelley then was would not have excited what Mr Middleton calls persecution. It was not the poet's fault; it was his misfortune that he was weak and timid, given to mooning about in solitude, and averse from the sports which amused and occupied the other boys. At school, as in the world, respect is paid to the possessor of power; and the only power which boys understand being that which confers victory in fighting, they could not avoid feeling a contempt for Shelley, who possessed nothing of the virtue which excited their admiration. The power that really was in him, they could not be expected to perceive. Neither could the master. He only knew by experience that he had to do with a wayward, fretful, fanciful, and unintelligible boy, who, when he should

have applied himself to his lessons, was always thinking of something else.

The same frailty of organisation led to most of the irregularities of Shelley's after-life, as well as to many of his out-of-the-way notions. He appeared to be reasoning with the world thus: 'You think because I avoid the shocks of physical force and the rough jostling of men in ordinary society, that I possess no courage. I will prove to you the contrary. I will fly in the face of public opinion; I will set at nought the notions of mankind; I will assail what they respect; I will recommend for practice what they detest; I will throw an irresistible charm around loathsome things. I will confuse—I will overthrow, and thus compel you to recognise the intrepidity of my nature.'

From the whole tenor of Shelley's career, we are convinced that this was the secret theory of his actions. By nature he was gentle and compassionate, generous, and full of charity. But he had no regulating principle in his mind; or rather, if he had, it was that overweening vanity which led him to derive supreme satisfaction from talking, thinking, and acting differently from other men. In whatever form of society he had lived, he would have selected the most unpopular opinions, and become a martyr to them. Hazlitt used to say of Coleridge that he had a knack of always preferring the unknown to the known. With Shelley, it was not the unknown, but that which was generally detested. He seemed to reason with his contemporaries as *Slender* does with *Sweet Anne Page*. 'You are afraid if you see the bears loose, are you not?' *Anne*. 'Ay, indeed, sir. *Slender*. That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but I warrant you the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed.'

This was Shelley all over. He had not only seen the Sackerson of opinion loose twenty times, but had let him loose, merely that he might have the pleasure of taking him by the chain while all the world stood looking on and shrieking. But if the young poet was absurd to seek pleasure from these antics, were his contemporaries much wiser in raising such an outcry as they did? Had they ceased to scream, he would have ceased to take the bear by the chain. Any man, with a man's brains in his head, might have perceived that Shelley was a mad boy, playing with dangerous opinions, because it excited the world's attention. He was not a philosopher launching forth a new system to influence the reasonings and the thoughts of mankind for ever; but a young man of vivid imagination, rich fancy, and distorted intellect, blowing gorgeous bubbles for their entertainment. He had an instrument at his command which would occasionally discourse most elegant music, but suddenly fly off into sharps and discords, grating most harshly upon the ear. In the way of opinion, there is nothing whatever that is new in Shelley. He had groped among the ruins of the past, and picked up a number of strange ideas, which he draped fantastically after the modern fashion. It was ridiculous, therefore, to look upon him as a teacher of men. He required to be taught himself, and was only urged by the pardonable impetuosity of youth to set himself up as the antagonist of established opinions and principles. Unhappily, he found much older and graver persons ready to encourage him in the attempt to reduce his dreams to practice. Being the heir of a wealthy family, he could always, though for the time an outcast, obtain sufficient money, not only to provide for his own wants, but to give generously to others, and occasionally even to play the fool with it. We can hardly expend any great amount of pity on the pecuniary embarrassments of a young man who could make paper-boats

of fifty-pound notes, and set them floating across the Serpentine.

In the matter of ethics, Shelley's practice was not much more respectable than his theory. His conduct towards his first wife is susceptible of no defence; it was heartless and unprincipled. Of many other acts of his life we must likewise disapprove, though we are willing to give their full weight to all those circumstances which are urged by Mr Middleton in extenuation. After making all possible allowance, however, for the faults of others towards him, for the evil influences which were exerted over his mind, for the wickedness of his parents, for the pernicious counsel and example of his friends, we must still insist that Shelley's life was very far indeed from being an exemplary one. He did many kind and many noble actions—where the goods of fortune were concerned, he was in a high degree unselfish; he cheerfully underwent discomforts and privations that he might relieve the minds and the sufferings of others; he was profuse in his generosity towards his friends, and even the most complete strangers often partook of his indiscriminate bounty. Carefully considering, therefore, both the good and the evil, we are forced to the common-place conclusion that Shelley's was a mixed character—partly blamable, partly praiseworthy. The events of his life, however, were varied, strange, and interesting. He was born in a delightful part of Sussex, where, in the midst of opulence and splendour, he passed the early years of his life. But even his childhood could scarcely have been happy. Both his father and mother would appear to have been coarse, vulgar, worldly-minded individuals, no more qualified to comprehend the mind of their gifted son, than to achieve the quadrature of the circle. Even his sisters, of whom the biographer speaks kindly, may be suspected of not having been endowed with any wonderful amount of sympathy. At all events, they soon disappear from the narrative of Shelley's life, and take refuge in complete oblivion. In the selection of friends, Shelley displayed, from the commencement, very little tact or discernment—Medwin, Hogg, Godwin, Leigh Hunt, Trelawny, Byron—all were individuals more or less at war with society. At Eton, the agreeable qualities of Shelley's mind were so completely overbalanced by the disagreeable, that he made no friends, and carried away no agreeable reminiscences. At Oxford, he contracted only one friendship, that of Mr Hogg, which was obviously more prejudicial to him than otherwise. Instead of checking his tendency to what was extravagant and offensive, his new companion joined him in his vagaries, and strongly encouraged that course of study which rendered him hostile to the leading principles of his age. At the same time, it must be owned that the plan of instruction then pursued at the university was not only imperfect, but cold, dull, and mischievous. The superiors of his own college were pre-eminently unfit to be intrusted with the training and disciplining of youth. They were ignorant, harsh, ill-tempered, and bigoted; and instead of dealing gently and compassionately, as they ought, with the errors and aberrations of youth, they brought to bear against him all the fierce fanaticism of narrow minds, and expelled him from the college.

Shelley's parents, instead of receiving and consoling him, as good parents would have done, joined the hue-and-cry raised against him by his enemies. He was thus rendered an Ishmaelite, and precipitated into an interminable war with society. He became a wanderer upon the earth—married rashly, took to opium-eating, borrowed money of Jews, visited Scotland, Ireland, Wales, fought like Don Quixote with imaginary assailants, deserted his wife, and then went to sit down and read quietly at the British Museum.

At this time, he became acquainted with Godwin, whose singular character and ultra opinions possessed a powerful fascination for the young poet, who now launched forth *Queen Mab* as a sort of desperate manifesto against all the received opinions of mankind. This was the one fatal step in Shelley's literary career which inaugurated all his subsequent errors. The reader of *Gil Blas* will recollect the instructive story of Dr Sangrado. On the occasion of an epidemic at Valladolid, Gil Blas observing that his master's patients went the way of all flesh with startling rapidity, ventured one day to advise a reconsideration of his practice. 'Truly, Gil,' replied the doctor, 'the perverse alacrity of these people in dying perplexes me also not a little. But you see I have written a book in which our mode of treatment is maintained to be the best.' 'In that case,' answered Gil, 'perish all Valladolid rather than you should recant.' So, adds the historian, we went to work again; and in less than six weeks made more widows and orphans than the siege of Troy.

Like the doctor, Shelley had now written a book, and fancied that his honour was concerned to defend it. For several years, therefore, the fairy *Mab* acted like his evil genius, and betrayed him into all sorts of Quixotic enterprises. But the rich and beautiful character of his genius could not be entirely misdirected. From time to time, he produced poems of great splendour and originality; and even in the most dreary of his epics, there were passages so exquisite, so fresh, so saturated with the influences of external nature, that his worst enemies could hardly refuse to recognise their transcendent merit.

With his second wife, the daughter of Mr Godwin, Shelley now went abroad, traversed France, Switzerland, Italy, and pitched his tent at last in the sweet valley of the Arno. There, in ancient Pisa, his name is still remembered, even by the common people, who will point out to you with pleasure the house in which he dwelt under the frowning Apennine. Visible, full in front between the rocks, is that fatal blue sea in which he was destined to perish. Generally, especially in summer, it looks like a huge expanse of molten amethyst or turquoise, sleeping serenely beneath the sun. But in winter, a sudden boreas, a strong north wind, or even the Homeric sephyr, will blow it up into a chaos of spray and foam.

Here Shelley remained for a considerable time, though not without frequent removes and residences elsewhere. He passed some time on the Lake of Como, at Florence, Rome, or Naples; but generally returned in a short time to Pisa, where he loved to meditate in the shadow of the Campanile, among the ashes of the Campo Santo, or on the half-deserted Lungarno. The influence of the climate and scenery produced a pleasant change in Shelley's mind; he became less harsh, less fretful, less inclined to social Quixotism. But his imagination was diseased, and loved to revel amid the triumphs of decay and death, on the verge of moral obliquity, sin, crime, hideousness, and horror. For what was genuinely healthy in mind or body, he had no sympathy. His Parnassus was dark, and peopled with frightful phantoms; his Helicon was the black pool of melancholy; his Muses, the Eumenides, whose voices of terror howl around the criminal, as they track and chase him to his doom. During his whole life, Shelley never was happy; he had a never-failing well-spring of bitterness within. He could create gorgeous pictures; he could delight the fancy with transient scenes, beautiful as Eden; he could diffuse splendour over the desert; he could call up visions of female loveliness, and place them in gardens which rivalled the Hesperides—but

Full in the fount of joy's delicious springs,
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.

Accordingly, to follow Shelley's track through life is like reading a Greek tragedy. You always feel that there is an invisible being moving beside you, which throws its shadow over your mind. For this reason, you are never easy, never taste anything with confidence, never yield yourself up to the joyousness of the passing hour. On the contrary, you hold your breath, you look about you, you listen to catch, if possible, the stealthy steps of Nemesis, as she approaches from behind. Whether you hear them or not, you know she is there, watching you everlastingly, and as you raise the goblet to your lips, ready to strike you down in the midst of your pleasures. By a species of second-sight, you look forward, and behold the boat upon the gulf, the thick evening clouds, the mounting waves; and then, upon the sea-shore, a knot of friends about a funeral-pile, and an urn, filled with ashes and burned bones.

Mr Middleton, through strong admiration for Shelley and his writings, has become an advocate and apologist. He tells the poet's story interestingly and well; he attacks his enemies with vehemence, and shows all his actions and his friends in the best possible light. This renders his volumes very agreeable to read, but we are by no means disposed to accept all his conclusions. In the matter of opinion, he proves, we think, clearly enough, that Shelley, ere he died, was passing through that phase of intellectual existence, so admirably described by a Roman poet, and not badly interpreted by an Englishman:

A fugitive from heaven and prayer,
I mocked at all religious fear,
Deep scienced in the mazy lore
Of mad philosophy. But now
Hoist sail, and back my voyage plough
To that blest harbour which I left before.

Great instruction may be derived from an attentive study of Shelley's life. That he possessed genius of a very high order, no one, we fancy, will be inclined to dispute. It seems to be equally clear that he was gifted with many excellent qualities—that he was benevolent, charitable, a lover of knowledge, and a lover of freedom. What, then, did he want to render him happy himself, and a source of happiness to others? Common sense. He partook of an opinion very widely diffused in modern times, that genius is not amenable to the laws which regulate the proceedings of ordinary individuals. An acquaintance with the history of literature might have taught him to think differently. The greatest intellectual powers ever ingrafted upon human nature have claimed no exemption for themselves from the common duties and observances of life. Shakespeare and Milton, Æschylus and Homer, breathe throughout their writings obedience to the great universal code of ethics which we must allow to guide our conduct, if we would taste of happiness. A man, whatever may be his poetical faculties, can never be contemplated as merely a poet: he is the citizen of some state, he is the son of some father, he is the husband of some wife, he is the father of some children; he has friends, he has acquaintances, he has contemporaries in literature, he has competitors for fame. In all these relations, he has duties to perform, and must perform them, or make up his account to be unhappy. If Shelley's whole career be examined, he will be found to have performed scarcely one duty as he ought. If his parents were bad, it will hardly be contended that, making all due allowance for that circumstance, he was a good son. He certainly was not a good husband, or a good father. What he was as a brother, we hardly know; but, if we must draw any inference at all, it is, that he was by no means exemplary. Towards his friends, he seemed always to have behaved generously, and, for the most part, much

better than they deserved, because the cardinal error of his life was the choice of those very friends. He should have borne in mind the immemorial adage: 'Shew me your familiars, and I will tell you what you are.' To say the best, there was not one of them desirable. To the poor, Shelley invariably behaved with kindness and sympathy. He felt keenly for misfortune, and detested oppression of all kinds. He was ready at any hour of the day or night to sally forth and make sacrifices and succour the needy. Upon this point, Mr Middleton very properly insists, as it ought to be taken into account when we are drawing up our estimate of Shelley's character. His works, however, and his life are now before us, and whatever may be the design with which we sit down to examine them, we shall be inevitably influenced by our own idiosyncrasies. The fanciful and imaginative will be inclined to be lenient; the affectionate, the impassioned, the impetuous, will probably condemn; the calm and philosophical will award a portion of blame and praise, according to the quality of the actions and writings they review. But friends and enemies, admirers and detractors, the poetical and the unpoetical, must acknowledge that his life was singularly checkered, strange, and full of vicissitudes. From the cradle to the grave, he was in perpetual troubles, difficulties, embarrassments, misfortunes, dangers, and his existence was at last terminated by a fierce and pitiless storm.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A PRETTY PLOT.

To dispute the identity was to doubt the evidence of my senses. The mulatto was before me—just as I remembered him—though with changed apparel, and perhaps grown a little bigger in body. But the features were the same—the *tout ensemble* the same, as that presented by Yellow Jake, the *ci devant* woodman of our plantation.

And yet how could it possibly be he? And in the company of Arens Ringgold too, one of the most active of his intended executioners? No, no, no! altogether improbable—utterly impossible! Then must I be deluded—my eyes deceiving me—for as certain as I looked upon man, I was looking upon Jake the mulatto! He was not twenty feet from where I lay hidden; his face was full towards me; the moon was shining upon it with a brilliancy scarcely inferior to the light of day. I could note the old expression of evil in his eyes, and mark the play of his features. It was Yellow Jake.

To confirm the impression, I remembered that, notwithstanding all remonstrance and ridicule, the black pertinaciously adhered to his story. He would listen to no compromise, no hypothesis founded upon resemblance. He had seen Yellow Jake, or his ghost. This was his firm belief, and I had been unable to shake it.

Another circumstance I now remembered: the strange behaviour of the Ringolds during the post-prandial conversation—the action of Arens when I mentioned the mulatto's name. It had attracted my attention at the time, but what was I to think now? Here was a man supposed to be dead, in company of three others who had been active in assisting at his death—one of them the very keenest of his executioners, and all four now apparently as thick as thieves! How was I to explain, in one moment, this wonderful resurrection and reconciliation?

I could not explain it—it was too complicated a mystery to be unravelled by a moment's reflection; and I should have failed, had not the parties themselves soon after aided me to an elucidation.

I had arrived at the only natural conclusion, and this was, that the mulatto, notwithstanding the perfect resemblance, *could not be* Yellow Jake. This, of course, would account for everything, after a manner; and had the four men gone away without parley, I should have contented myself with this hypothesis.

But they went not, until after affording me an opportunity of overhearing a conversation, which gave me to know, that, not only was Yellow Jake *still in the land of the living*, but that Haj-Ewa had spoken the truth, when she told me *my life was in danger*.

'D—! he's not here, and yet where can he have gone?'

The ejaculation and interrogative were in the voice of Arens Ringgold, uttered in a tone of peevish surprise. Some one was sought for by the party who could not be found. Who that was, the next speaker made manifest.

There was a pause, and then reached my ears the voice of Bill Williams—which I easily recognised, from having heard it but the day before.

'You are sartint, Master Arens, he didn't sneak back to the fort 'long wi' the ginral?'

'Sure of it,' replied 'Master Arens; 'I was by the gate as they came in. There was only the two—the general and the commissioner. But the question is, did he leave the hommock along with them? There's where we played devil's fool with the business—in not getting here in time, and watching them as they left. But who'd have thought he was going to stay behind them; if I had only known that—' You say,' he continued, turning to the mulatto—'you say, *Jake*, you came direct from the Indian camp? He couldn't have passed you on the path.'

'*Carajo! Señor Aren!* No!'

The voice, the old Spanish expression of profanity, just as I had heard them in my youth. If there had been doubt of the identity, it was gone. The testimony of my ears confirmed that of my eyes. The speaker was Yellow Jake.

'Straight from Seminole come. Cat no pass me on the road; I see her. Two chiefs me meet. I hide under the palmettoes; they no me see. *Carrambo!* no.'

'Deuce take it! where can he have gone? There's no signs of him here. I know he *might have a reason* for paying a visit to the Indians—that I know; but how has he got round there without Jake seeing him?'

'What's to hinder him to hev goerd round the tother road?'

'By the open plain?'

'Yes—that away.'

'No—he would not be likely. There's only one way I can explain it: he must have come as far as the gate along with the general, and then kept down the stockade, and past the sutler's house—that's likely enough.'

This was said by Ringgold in a sort of half-soliloquy.

'Devils!' he exclaimed in an impatient tone, 'we'll not get such a chance soon again.'

'Ne'er a fear, Master Arens,' said Williams—'ne'er a fear. Plenty o' chances, I kalkerlate—gobs o' chances sech times as these.'

'We'll make chances,' pithily added Spence, who now spoke for the first time in my hearing.

'Ay, but here was a chance for *Jake*—he must do it, boys; neither of you must have a hand in it. It *might leak out*; and then we'd all be in a pretty pickle. *Jake* can do it, and not harm himself, for *he's dead*, you know, and the law can't reach him! Isn't it so, my yellow boy?'

'*Carrambo! si, señor.* No fear have, Don Aren Ringgol; 'fore long, I oppourtuny find. *Jake* you get

rid of enemy—never hear more of him; soon Yellow *Jake* good chance have. Yesterday miss. She bad gun, Don Aren—not worth shuck gun.'

'He has not yet returned inside the fort,' remarked Ringgold, again speaking in a half-soliloquy. 'I think he has not. If no, then he should be at the camp. He must go back to-night. It may be after the moon goes down. He must cross the open ground in the darkness. You hear, *Jake*, what I am saying?'

'Si, señor; *Jake* hear all.'

'And you know how to profit by the hint, eh?'

'*Carrambo!* si, señor. *Jake* know.'

'Well, then, we must return. Hear me, *Jake*—if'—

Here the voice of the speaker fell into a half-whisper, and I could not hear what was said. Occasionally there were phrases muttered so loudly that I could catch their sound, and from what had already transpired, was enabled to apprehend something of their signification. I heard frequently pronounced the names of Viola the quadroon, and that of my own sister; the phrases—'only one that stands in our way'—'mother easily consent'—'when I am master of the plantation'—'pay you two hundred dollars.'

These, with others of like import, satisfied me that between the two fiends some contract for the taking of my life had already been formed; and that this muttered dialogue was only a repetition of the terms of the hideous bargain!

No wonder that the cold sweat was oozing from my temples, and standing in bead-like drops upon my brow. No wonder that I sat upon my perch shaking like an aspen—far less with fear than with horror at the contemplated crime—absolute horror. I might have trembled in a greater degree, but that my nerves were to some extent stayed by the terrible indignation that was swelling up within my bosom.

I had sufficient command of my temper to remain silent; it was prudent I did so; had I discovered myself at that moment, I should never have left the ground alive. I felt certain of this, and took care to make no noise that might betray my presence.

And yet it was hard to hear four men coolly conspiring against one's life—plotting and bargaining it away like a piece of merchandise—each expecting some profit from the speculation!

My wrath was as powerful as my fears—almost too strong for prudence. There were four of them, all armed. I had sword and pistols; but this would not have made me a match for four desperadoes such as they. Had there been only two of them—only Ringgold and the mulatto—so desperate was my indignation, at that moment, I should have leaped from the tree and risked the encounter, *côte qui côte*.

But I disobeyed the promptings of passion, and remained silent till they had moved away.

I observed that Ringgold and his brace of bullies went towards the fort, while the mulatto took the direction of the Indian camp.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

I stirred not till they were gone—till long after. In fact, my mind was in a state of bewilderment, that for some moments hindered me either from acting or thinking; and I sat as if glued to the branch. Reflection came at length, and I began to speculate upon what I had just heard and seen.

Was it a farce to frighten me? No, no—they were not the characters for a farce—not one of the four; and the reappearance of Yellow Jake, partaking as it did of the wild and supernatural, was too dramatic, too serious to form an episode in comedy.

On the contrary, I had just listened to the prologue

of an intended tragedy, of which I was myself to be the victim. Beyond doubt, these men had a design upon my life!

Four men, too, not one of whom could charge me with ever having done him a serious injury. I knew that all four disliked me, and ever had—though Spence and Williams could have no other cause of offence than what might spring from boyish grudge—long forgotten by me; but doubtless their motive was Ringgold's. As for the mulatto, I could understand his hostility; though mistaken, it was of the deadliest kind.

But what was I to think of Arens Ringgold, the leader in this designed assassination? A man of some education—my equal in social rank—a gentleman!

O Arens Ringgold—Arens Ringgold! How was I to explain it? How account for conduct so atrocious, so fiendish?

I knew that this young man liked me but little—of late, less than ever. I knew the cause too. I stood in the way of his relations with my sister—at least so thought he. And he had reason; for, since my father's death, I had spoken more freely of family affairs. I had openly declared that, with my consent, he should never be my brother; and this declaration had reached him. I could easily believe, therefore, that he was angry with me; but anger that would impel a man to such demoniac purpose, I could not comprehend.

And what meant those half-heard phrases—'one that stands in our way,' 'mother easily consent,' 'master of the plantation,' coupled with the names of Viola and my sister? What meant they?

I could give them but one, and that a terrible interpretation—too fearful to dwell upon.

I could scarcely credit my senses, scarcely believe that I was not labouring under some horrid hallucination, some confusion of the brain produced by my having been *en rapport* with the maniac!

But no; the moon had been over them—my eyes upon them—my ears open, and could not have deceived me. I saw what they did—I heard what they said. They designed to kill me!

'Ho, ho, young mico, you may come down. The *honowaw-hulwa** are gone. *Hinklas!* Come down, pretty mico—down, down, down!'

I hastened to obey, and stood once more in the presence of the mad queen.

'Now you believe Haj-Ewa? Have an enemy, young mico? Ho—four enemies. Your life in danger? Ho? ho?'

'Ewa, you have saved my life; how am I to thank you for the service you have done me?'

'Be true to her—true—true—true.'

'To whom?'

'Great Spirit! he has forgotten her! False young mico! false pale-face! Why did I save him? Why did I not let his blood fall to the ground?'

'Ewa!'

'*Hulwak, hulwak!* Poor forest-bird! the beauty-bird of all; her heart will sicken and die, her head will go mad.'

'Ewa, explain.'

'*Hulwak!* better he should die than desert her. Ho, ho! false pale-face, would that he had died before he broke poor Ewa's heart; then Ewa would have lost only her heart; but her head—her head, that is worse. Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I trust in a pale-faced lover?

Ho, ho, ho!

Why did I meet him?—

'Ewa,' I exclaimed with an earnestness that caused

the woman to leave off her wild song, 'tell me! of whom do you speak?'

'Great Spirit, hear what he asks! Of whom?—of whom? there is more than one. Ho, ho! there is more than one, and the true one forgotten. *Hulwak, hulwak!* What shall Ewa say? What tale can Ewa tell? Poor bird! her heart will bleed, and her brain be crushed. Ho, ho! There will be two Haj-Ewas—two mad queens of the Micosauca.'

'For heaven's sake! keep me not in suspense. Tell me, Ewa, good Ewa, of whom are you speaking? Is it?—'

The name trembled upon my tongue; I hesitated to pronounce it. Notwithstanding that my heart was full of delightful hope, from the confidence I felt of receiving an affirmative answer, I dreaded to put the question.

Not a great while did I hesitate; I had gone too far to recede. I had long waited to satisfy the wish of a yearning heart; I could wait no longer. Ewa might give me the satisfaction. I pronounced the words:

'Is it—Maïmee?'

The maniac gazed upon me for some moments without speaking. The expression of her eye I could not read; for the last few minutes, it had been one of reproach and scorn. As I uttered the name, it changed to a look of bewilderment; and then her glance became fixed upon me, as if searching my thoughts.

'If it be Maïmee,' I continued, without awaiting her reply—for I was now carried away by the ardour of my resuscitated passion—'if it be she, know, Ewa, that her I love—Maïmee I love.'

'You love Maïmee? You still love Maïmee?' interrogated the maniac with startling quickness.

'Ay, Ewa—by my life—by my!—'

'*Cooree, cooree!* swear not—his very oath. *Hulwak!* and lie was false. Speak again, young mico! say you love Maïmee—say you are true, but do not swear.'

'True—true!'

'*Hinklas!*' cried the woman in a loud, and apparently joyful tone—'*Hinklas!* the mico is true—the pretty pale-faced mico is true, and the *haintchitz** will be happy.'

Ho, ho!

Now for the love, the sweet young love

Under the *tala*† tree.

Who would not be like yonder dove—

The wild little dove—

The soft little dove—

Sitting close by his mate in the shade of the grove—

Co-cooing to his mate in the shade of the grove,

With none to hear or see?

'Down, *chitta mico!*' she exclaimed, once more addressing the rattlesnake; 'and you, *ocola chitta*!‡ Be quiet both. It is not an enemy. Quiet, or I crush your heads!'

'Good Ewa!—'

'Ho! you call me good Ewa. Some day, you may call me bad Ewa. Hear me!' she continued, raising her voice, and speaking with increased earnestness—'hear me, George Randolph! If ever you are bad—false like him, like him, then Haj-Ewa will be your enemy; the *chitta mico* will destroy you. You will, my king of serpents? you will? Ho, ho, ho!'

As she spoke, the reptile appeared to comprehend her, for its head was suddenly raised aloft, its bright basilisk eyes gleamed as though emitting sparks of fire—its forked, glittering tongue was protruded from its mouth, and the 'skir-rr' of its rattles could be heard for some moments sounding continuously.

* The pretty one.

† Palm (*Chamærops palmetto*).

‡ Green snake.

* Bad men.

'Quiet! now quiet!' said she, with a motion of her fingers, causing the serpent to resume its attitude of repose. 'Not he, *chitta*! not he, thou king of the crawlers! Quiet, I say!'

'Why do you threaten me, Ewa? You have no cause.'

'*Hinklas*! I believe it, fair mico, gallant mico; true, I believe it.'

'But, good Ewa, explain to me—tell me of'—

'*Coores, coores!* not now—not to-night. There is no time, *chepawnee*! See! look yonder to the west! *Netle-hasse** is going to bed. You must be gone. You dare not walk in the darkness. You must get back to the *topokes* before the moon is hid—Go, go, go!'

'But I told you, Ewa, I had business here. I dare not leave till it is done.'

'*Hulwak*! there is danger then. What business, mico? Ah! I guess. See! they come for whom you wait?'

'True—it is they, I believe.'

I said this, as I perceived the tall shadows of the two chiefs flitting along the further edge of the pond.

'Be quick, then: do what you must, but waste not time. In the darkness, you will meet danger. Haj-Ewa must be gone. Good-night, young mico; good-night!'

I returned the salutation; and facing round to await the arrival of the chiefs, lost sight of my strange companion.

The Indians soon came upon the ground, and briefly delivered their report.

Holats Mico had struck his tents, and was moving away from the encampment.

I was too much disgusted with these traitorous men to spend a moment in their company; and, as soon as I had gained the required information, I hurried away from their presence.

Warned by Haj-Ewa, as well as by the words of Arens Ringgold, I lost no time in returning to the fort. The moon was still above the horizon; and I had the advantage of her light to protect me from being surprised by any sudden onset.

I walked hastily, taking the precaution to keep in the open ground, and giving a wide berth to any covert that might shelter an assassin.

I saw no one on the way, nor around the back of the stockade. On arriving opposite the gate of the fort, however, I perceived the figure of a man—not far from the sutler's store—apparently skulking behind some logs. I fancied I knew the man; I fancied he was the mulatto.

I would have gone after him, and satisfied myself; but I had already hailed the sentinel, and given the countersign; and I did not desire to cause a flurry among the guard—particularly as I had received injunctions to pass in as privately as possible.

Another time, I should likely encounter this Jacob *redivivus*; when I should be less embarrassed, and perhaps have a better opportunity of calling him and his diabolical associates to an account. With this reflection, I passed through the gate, and carried my report to the quarters of the commander-in-chief.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN NEED OF A FRIEND.

To pass the night under the same roof with the man who intends to murder you is anything but pleasant, and repose under the circumstances is next to impossible. I slept but little, and the little sleep I did obtain was not tranquil.

* The night-sun—the moon.

Before retiring for the night, I had seen nothing of the Ringgolds, neither father nor son; but I knew they were still in the fort, where they were to remain as guests a day or two longer. They had either gone to bed before my return, or were entertained in the quarters of some friendly officer. At all events, they did not appear to me during the remainder of that night.

Neither saw I aught of Spence and Williams. These worthies, if in the fort, would find a lodgment among the soldiers, but I did not seek them.

Most of the night I lay awake, pondering on the strange incidents of the day, or rather upon that one episode that had made me acquainted with such deadly enemies.

I was in a state of sad perplexity as to what course I should pursue—uncertain all night long; and when daylight shone through the shutters, still uncertain.

My first impulse had been to disclose the whole affair at head-quarters, and demand an investigation—a punishment.

On reflection, this course would not do. What proofs could I offer of so grave an accusation? Only my own assertions, unbacked by any other evidence—unsustained even by probability—for who would have given credence to crime so unparalleled in atrocity?

Though certain the assassins referred to me, I could not assert that they had even mentioned my name. My story would be treated with ridicule, myself perhaps with something worse. The Ringgolds were mighty men—personal friends both of the general and commissioner—and though known to be a little scoundrelly and unscrupulous in worldly affairs, still holding the rank of gentlemen. It would need better evidence than I could offer to prove Arens Ringgold a would-be murderer.

I saw the difficulty, and kept my secret.

Another plan appeared more feasible—to accuse Arens Ringgold openly before all, and challenge him to mortal combat. This, at least, would prove that I was sincere in my allegations.

But duelling was against the laws of the service. It would require some management to keep clear of an arrest—which of course would frustrate the scheme before satisfaction could be obtained. I had my own thoughts about Master Arens Ringgold. I knew his courage was but slippery. He would be likely enough to play the poltroon; but whether so or not, the charge and challenge would go some way towards exposing him.

I had almost decided on adopting this course, though it was morning before I had come to any determination.

I stood sadly in need of a friend; not merely a second—for this I could easily procure—but a besom-companion in whom I could confide, and who might aid me by his counsel. As ill-luck would have it, every officer in the fort was a perfect stranger to me. With the Ringgolds alone had I any previous acquaintance.

In my dilemma, I thought of one whose advice might stand me in good stead, and I determined to seek it. Black Jake was the man—he should be my counsellor.

Shortly after daylight the brave fellow was by my side. I told him all. He appeared very little surprised. Some suspicion of such a plot had already taken possession of his mind, and it was his intention to have revealed it to me that very morning. Least of all did he express surprise about Yellow Jake. That was but the confirmation of a belief, which he entertained already, without the shadow of a doubt. He knew positively that the mulatto was living—still more, he had ascertained the mode by which the latter had made his almost miraculous escape.

And yet it was simple enough. The alligator had seized him, as was supposed; but the fellow had the adroitness to 'job' its eyes with the knife, and thus cause it to let go its hold. He had followed the example of the young Indian, using the same weapon!

This occurred under water, for the mulatto was a good diver. His limbs were lacerated—hence the blood—but the wounds did not signify, nor did they hinder him from making further efforts to escape.

He took care not to rise to the surface until after swimming under the bank; there, concealed by the drooping branches, he had glided out, and climbed up into a live-oak—where the moss sheltered him from the eyes of his vengeful pursuers. Being entirely naked, there was no sign left by dripping garments, to betray him; besides, the blood upon the water had proved his friend. On seeing that, the hunters were under the full belief that he had 'gone under,' and therefore took but little pains to search further.

Such was Black Jake's account of this affair. He had obtained it the evening before from one of the friendly Indians at the fort, who professed to have the narration from the mulatto's own lips.

There was nothing improbable in the story, but the contrary. In all likelihood, it was strictly true; and it at once dispersed the half-dozen mysteries that had gathered in my mind.

The black had received other information. The runaway had taken refuge with one of the half-negro tribes established amid the swamps that envelop the head waters of the Amazura. He had found favour among his new associates, had risen to be a chief, and now passed under the cognomen of the 'Mulatto-mico.'

There was still a little mystery: how came he and Arens Ringgold in 'caboot'?

After all, there was not much puzzle in the matter. The planter had no particular cause for hating the runaway. His activity during the scene of the baffled execution was all a sham. The mulatto had more reason for resentment; but the loves or hates of such men are easily set aside—where self-interest interferes—and can, at any time, be committed for gold.

No doubt, the white villain had found the yellow one of service in some base undertaking, and vice versa. At all events, it was evident that the 'hatchet had been buried' between them, and their present relations were upon the most friendly footing.

'Jake' said I, coming to the point on which I desired to hear his opinion, 'what about Arens Ringgold—shall I call him out?'

'Golly, Masser George, he am out long 'go—I see um 'bout dis two hour an' more—daat ar bossy don't sleep berry sound—he hant got da good conscience, I reck'n.'

'Oh! that is not what I mean, my man.'

'Wha—what masser mean?'

'To call him out—challenge him to fight me.'

'Whugh! masser, d' you mean say a dewel ob sword an' pistol?'

'Swords, pistols, or rifles—I care not which weapon he may choose.'

'Gorramity! Masser George, don't talk ob sech a thing. O Lordy! no—you hab moder—you hab sister. 'Spouse you get kill—who know—the bullock he sometime kill tha butcha—den, Masser George, no one lef—who lef take care ob ya moder—who be guardum ob ya sister Vagin? who 'tect Viola—who 'tect all ob us from dese bad bad men? Gorramity! masser, let um 'lone—doant call 'im out!'

At that moment, I was myself called out. The earnest appeal was interrupted by the braying of bugles and the rolling of drums, announcing the

assembly of the council; and without waiting to reply to the disinterested remonstrance of my companion, I hastened to the scene of my duties.

BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

Most people know that there is an organisation existing throughout England and Wales for the purpose of recording the births, deaths, and marriages of the population; but few are aware how extensive and elaborate it is. We purpose in this paper to give some description of its machinery, more particularly so far as the central controlling office at Somerset House is concerned.

Previously to the year 1837, the business of registration was chiefly in the hands of the clergy, or rather of the parish-clerks; and a pretty business they appear to have made of it. They did not profess to record births and deaths, but only baptisms and burials; so that the system was imperfect in theory, but ten times more so in practice. It is a curious thing that the civil duties of religious bodies have nearly always been bunglingly performed; and nowhere is this more apparent than in the parish registers. The parochial officials, to whom they were generally intrusted, were for the most part illiterate men, with a very grand idea, no doubt, of the magnitude of their own office, and of beadedom and bumbledom generally, but with a very vague notion of the importance of the documents committed to their charge. Alterations, erasures, and interlineations, to suit the convenience of interested persons, were of no uncommon occurrence, and are traceable, like many other crimes, not so much to a distinct determination to do wrong under a full sense of the enormity of the offence, as to a drowsy inapprehension that any great violation of the law is being committed. We remember hearing that on one occasion in a borough in one of the eastern counties, there was a violently contested election, and every vote was of importance. Now, it so happened that the choice of a member rested with those who possessed the freedom of the town. This freedom could be obtained in various ways. Persons who married the daughters of freemen were considered as freemen themselves; and numbers of poor women were married in order to qualify their husbands, who voted as soon as the ceremony was concluded. It was also at that time the law that a man could take up his freedom from his grandfather, and it consequently became necessary for a certain person, whom we will call George Smith, to prove that his grandfather, whose name was Thomas Smith, was born in the parish. On searching the registers at the church, no Thomas Smith could be found; but on further search, the name of John Smith was discovered. This was of no avail; and the great cause represented by the worthy aspirant to parliamentary honours for the borough of M— was likely to lose a supporter, when the parish-clerk soon settled the difficulty by pulling out his penknife, altering John into Thomas, and giving his certificate to the man, who forthwith went and voted.

Since the year 1837, all this has been altered; and the whole business has been placed by act of parliament in the hands of the registrars of births, deaths, and marriages, who are controlled by the registrar-general in London.

It is the duty of the registrars of births and deaths to register these events as they occur; and it is the duty of the registrars of marriages to be present at and record every marriage which takes place amongst the dissenters, Jews and Quakers alone excepted, for whom provision is made by a special enactment. It might be supposed that the duties of the registrar-general were of a very subordinate character: nothing of the sort.

He has to see that the act of parliament is properly carried out, that the registers are properly kept, that all discoverable errors are corrected, and that the whole of the vast returns made to him are properly indexed and arranged in volumes. His establishment consists of nearly seventy persons, who are divided into the various classes of superintendents, travelling inspectors, senior, assistant, and junior clerks, transcribers, indexers, sorters, and messengers. These are distributed into four departments, to which are respectively intrusted the care of the records, the compilation of statistics, the issuing of the books and forms, together with part of the correspondence, and the management of the accounts. Each of these departments is under the control of one or two superintendents, while the chief clerk acts as general secretary. At the close of each quarter, the registrars throughout the country make out copies of all the births, deaths, and marriages which they have registered; and collect from the clergymen copies of the various entries in the register-books of the different churches. These are then transmitted to the superintendent registrars of the respective districts, who examine them so far as the births, deaths, and dissenting marriages are concerned, and finally transmit them to the registrar-general. On their arrival, they are carefully arranged in volumes, indexed and paged. Now comes one of the most arduous duties surely that was ever committed to mortal clerk: all these volumes are carefully examined by seven clerks, who do nothing else all the livelong day but microscopically inspect these sheets to see whether all the forms of the act of parliament are complied with, and whether or not there are internal discrepancies which shew that any entry of a birth, death, or marriage is imperfect or invalid. In each entry there may be twenty or thirty blunders arising from nonconformity with regulations, besides all those which have their origin in ignorance or bad writing. Consequently, every record of a birth or death—and there are more than a million persons in England who are either born, married, or die in the course of a year—has to be regarded from all these points. All day long do these seven gentlemen sit at their posts investigating whether Alfred Jones is truly and properly described as the son of Thomas Jones, and not as the son of Thomas Junea, or some other equally mythical personage; whether Timothy Smith is dignified with the title of boy, and not, as is too frequently the case, unsexed by the careless registrar, who describes him as girl; whether the poor thing, by an unpardonable substitution of March for February, is not described as having been born after he was registered—besides a thousand other questions which turn upon the construction of the act of parliament and the various regulations founded upon it. The great enemies of these seven examiners and the registrar-general are imperfect 'e's' which look like 'r's,' 'n's' which look like 'u's,' and decapitated 'o's' metamorphosed likewise into 'u's.' These little trifles appear at first sight of no consequence; but when it is recollected that by a slight touch of the pen, instead of asserting that the Lady Blanche did, on the 12th instant, give birth to a pretty Rose, you affirm to her great horror that she did give birth to a Nose, which Nose henceforward appears in the index amongst the Noses, and not amongst the Roses, you will see that these gentlemen cannot well attach too much importance to clear caligraphy. We should scarcely be surprised if, occupied as they are in judging men according to their capacity of forming 'u's' like 'u's,' and not like 'o's,' they were to make it the test as to whether a man ought to have a vote: 'Does he join the two sides of his "o's"?'

All sorts of revelations are unfolded by these registers—some pathetic, some ridiculous. Name after

name alike, down a page of deaths, shews a whole family swept off by some epidemic. Signature after signature of the coroner, shews a ravaging colliery explosion or a shipwreck. Here is a poor child named Alpha Omega—on looking closely, you see that it is illegitimate—First and Last the mother calls it, recording her repentance on the brow of her offspring. No names are too absurd for parents to give their children. Here are innocents stamped for life as Kidnum Toats, Lavender Marjoram, Patient Pipe, Tabitha Cumi, Fussy Gotobed, and, strangest of all, here is one called Eli Lama Sabachthani Pressnail! Other parents are more ambitious, and prematurely ennoble their children by designating them Lord, Earl, Princess Charlotte, &c.; whilst, during the Russian war, numbers of poor things were labelled Malakoff, Sebastopol, Redan, Inkermann, and Balaklava. Florence Nightingale, however, seems to have been the greatest favourite, especially amongst the poor, who have shewn their admiration for her by perpetuating her name in their families all over the country. The returns for the last two years would shew that Florence has become a much commoner name lately. Some of the marriage registers are curious. The greatest extremes of age—seventy and seventeen—are often found to unite in matrimony. Occasionally we see an entry only half completed, and a note to this effect: 'Ceremony begun, but not finished, the marriage being broken off;' or, 'Bridegroom so drunk that the marriage could not proceed.' If people's names are any index to their characters, the most extraordinary union of qualities often appears to take place. 'Friend' marries a woman named 'Amor'; a 'Lamb' before marriage, becomes a 'Lion' after; a 'Nightingale' marries a 'Partridge'; 'Mutton' takes 'Ham'; 'Salmon,' 'Codd,' &c. Some of the mistakes which the registrars make with the causes of death are rather remarkable. People are discovered to die of the following strange complaints, most of which are probably new to our medical readers: 'Imperfect closure of the foreman,' 'Turner on the right anse,' 'Disease of the lever,' 'Hanged himself in a fit of temperate insanity from excessive drinking,' &c.

All the errors discovered by the examiners, are noted on proper forms, which are sent to the clerk, who writes to the registrars respecting the different mistakes. The average number of errors discovered each quarter may be between three and four thousand, so that the correspondence necessary to point them out and give instructions for their correction, is no easy matter: of course, great assistance is obtained by means of printed forms, each of which applies to a certain class of error. To write a special letter on each case would be absolutely impossible. About one hundred and thirty different printed circulars are used, and it is found that even these do not include every description of blunder. The registrars are not allowed to make any alteration in an entry when it is once completed, so that a correction can be effected only by means of a note in the margin. Neither are they allowed, except in certain cases, to alter the copies which are once delivered to the office. A fresh copy of every entry which is corrected must be transmitted to Somerset House, and there it is placed in a supplement, which is almost a kind of hospital for entries; for although most of those which are there imprisoned are good, sound, and able to do service, yet the majority at some time or other have had their limbs set, or have been otherwise tinkered. Some are so hopelessly bad, that nothing but a feeling of compassion prevents their existence being terminated by speedy cancellation. Four clerks are constantly occupied in instructing the registrars how to place these poor fractured entries on their legs again, while another sees that, when in a state of convalescence, they are comfortably

deposited for the rest of their lives in the institution appropriated to them, instead of mixing with their more capable companions. The mass of writing necessary in order to conduct all this correspondence and the other business of the office, may be estimated from the fact, that the annual expense of postage reaches the enormous sum of £6000 a year. Every mistake which is discovered in the returns is carefully entered in a large kind of ledger to the account of the man by whom it was made. There will be found a complete record of all his official delinquencies—how many times he has wilfully left out his dots to his 'i's' and crosses to his 'r's,' and otherwise neglected his duties. After the sheets are dismissed by the examiners, they are bound up, and sent to the transcribers, who copy out the name and surname in each entry, together with the district, volume, and page in which it is to be found, on sheets of paper, which are afterwards cut into slips. These slips are then sorted into alphabetical order, and so copied into large parchment indexes. After this, the volumes pass into the hands of the statistical department, who eliminate from them all those manifold results which appear in the registrar-general's quarterly and annual Reports. Magnificent theories to be evolved respecting population and disease lie here only waiting, like those that were to be deduced from the collection of errata by Jean Paul's parson, for some one to deduce them. But it is a mistake to suppose that no practical results have been obtained. Many of the zealous inquirers in cholera and epidemic times have had light thrown upon the subject by these tables. Thence we see that mortality increases in inverse proportion to the purity of the water-supply and the height of the district above the sea. It is a fact, though, that the law of elevation which Dr Farr has shewn, other things being equal, to regulate the cholera, was noticed by Procopius more than thirteen hundred years ago, as characteristic of the plague which devastated Constantinople.

After having passed through these various manipulations, the volumes are finally entombed in the vaults, so as to be easily accessible to the public at large. Here lies the real history of the English people for the last twenty years. My history's epochs are my birth, my marriage, and the memorable days when Tom and Jack, Susan and Jane, came into the world and gathered round me. The history of the nation may be in Macaulay or in the columns of the *Times*, but the history of the people is in the registrar-general's vaults at Somerset House.

MY THIEF.

Yes, respected reader, my thief! Your eyes have not deceived you, and there is no glamour on the page, no talisman but the type, no spells but the compositor's, no black art except the printer's.

My thief! I, I the writer of this confession, and the reader's very humble servant, once kept, harboured, and maintained a light-fingered, soft-treading, slippery conveyancer, who would have taken honours in Rat's Castle, and becomingly graduated at the Central Criminal Court. Having volunteered such a statement as the above, I feel it due to my reputation, to use a parliamentary form of speech, to vindicate the character which, I cannot doubt, is already painted in sufficiently dark hues by the fancy of those who may peruse these lines.

I'll warrant me, now, good friend, that you have already sketched for me an uglier portrait than even cheap photography, in its most malignant mood, could inflict upon a suffering world.

You imagine me a member of the reputable tribe of 'fences,' some hook-nosed, greasy-bearded individual, with a shining yellow face, goggle eyes, three napless hats on his head, and a class of youngsters under his tutelage, to be trained for the station-house, the hulks, and the gallows.

You never made a worse guess in your life.

At the period to which my present admissions refer, instead of being surrounded by the squalid hovels, flaunting gin-shops, and all the seething caldrons of blended guilt and misery which form the natural abode of a resetter of thieves, I dwelt in a highly respectable bungalow, clean and trim as bamboo-thatch and whitewash could make it, and encircled by a 'compound' or homestead, that contained four such giant palms, with Titanic trunks and feathery branches, as the untraveller hath not beheld, no, not even in his dreams.

Instead of a patched wrap-rascal and nailed high-lows, I wore the red coat and epaulets of the Company's regular infantry when on duty, and a sort of planter's suit of white linen when off it—no bad exchange when the hot winds are blowing, and the thermometer keeps steadily at ninety of Fahrenheit, except when it rises to a hundred. In short, I was one of those officers whom irreverent guardsmen on the shady side of Pall Mall are wont to speak of as 'Quy Hys.' Yet I kept a thief!

To be sure, many an Anglo-Indian might say that he did the same, not in one, nor two, but in a dozen instances. Lucky, indeed, is the oriental resident whose score of servants all deserve a certificate of unimpeachable honesty; lucky he whose khansamah is not a rogue, and whose bearers never indulge their supple fingers in the luxury of picking and stealing! And in England itself, are such deeds unknown? Does no butler's nose assume an unlicensed purple, due to stealthy potations of fine crusted old port? Is there no groom on whose slumbering breast remorse should weigh in the shape of many a sack of purloined oats, many a truss of embezzled hay, while defrauded horses sniff at an empty rack, and hungrily whinny over a rifled manger? And as for that much reviled, long-enduring race, the 'slaveys' of lodging-houses, are all the extant traditions of pillaged tea-caddies and miraculously lessening joints to be esteemed as fabulous? But I scorn unworthy subterfuges, Jesuit quibbles, pitiful evasions. My thief was no tricky page, no fraudulent Abigail, no finger-licking cook: he was one of the moon's choicest minions, a bird of prey from the hour in which he chipped the shell.

The blood in his veins was all felonious, for he could boast, and often did boast, that his father was a thief; his mother, a thief; his venerable white-bearded grandsire, a perfect patriarch of pickpockets, was a thief; his brothers and sisters, his aunts and uncles, thieves all, from the lisping brat that could scarcely crawl to pilfer, up to the dim-eyed crone that flched on the verge of the grave. The very first precept engraven on my thief's plastic mind was, 'Thou shalt steal.' It was his mission, his labour, the object of his education. His early lessons were directed to this one end; so were his sports, in which he was taught to abstract and conceal the toys and ornaments of his childish comrades, a game at hide-and-seek, which the elders superintended with fond pride. In short, this creditable retainer of mine was just what Falstaff wished for, 'a young thief' who could 'steal well.' And this personage did I, being an officer in the — Native Infantry, openly and avowedly foster, feed, lodge, cherish, and maintain, not mewing up the thief,

who, like a poet, might be said to be born, and not made, in wild-beast fashion in a cage, but giving him the run of the house, and a fair share of confidence.

This was how it came about.

We were in the extreme south of India, and were ordered to take up our station in a little town at the edge of an alluvial plain. We heard the order, however, with some dismay, for this town bordered on the territory of a certain little tributary rajah whose reputation was more than dubious. It is a delicate operation to discuss the petty failings of royalty, but the painful truth must be told: the prince was a thief, and a receiver to boot, while every one of his amiable subjects followed the same ancient calling.

You may inquire whereabouts his royal highness's dominions lie, but I am not at all sure that my worshipful masters of the Honourable Company would approve of my being very exact in that particular. The rajah is rather a pet with the Council at Madras, and in good odour in Leadenhall Street and Cannon Row, for he is punctual with his tribute, though somehow he always takes back with the left hand what he pays with the right. So I must content myself with observing, that this potentate reigns near the river Cauvery, and not very far from the Ghauts.

On arriving upon the frontiers of his light-fingered highness, we were strongly advised by the garrison whom we came to relieve to pay black-mail to the rajah, and to hire a certain number of his people for our protection. On this subject there was a difference of opinion, and most of the ladies protested vehemently against admitting such allies within their doors.

'It's the only plan, I assure you,' said Jack Tompion of the artillery: 'these fellows respect no houses but such as contain one of their own tribe. Mere vigilance is useless. They'd steal the eye-teeth out of your head without your missing them.'

Then followed a long catalogue of predatory doings, evincing, certainly, wondrous dexterity and craft on the part of our unpleasant neighbours. Still, the ladies declared they could never sleep comfortably with a thief, 'a wretch of a thief,' in the house, until the old colonel lost patience, and silenced his wife by alluding to an oft-lamented crimson satin, which an ayah was more than suspected of having cut up into turbans and loongees for her two swarthy sons. Then every lady present took up the cry, and amid endless tales of domestic trickery and pilfering, declared that never, never, never were such dishonest servants as theirs.

'Then,' said Jack Tompion, 'can one more thief in each bungalow be so very formidable?' And so the matter was settled.

'But, Jack,' said I, 'if one hires a thief, can one rely on his vigilance?'

'Set a thief to catch a thief!' answered the artilleryman pithily.

'And will he be trustworthy?' asked Mrs Colonel Pypeley.

'Honour among thieves!' responded Jack, who, in proverbs, was a match for Sancho Panza himself.

So we hired thieves—that is to say, the majority of us, for some obstinately held out, headed by the police magistrate, who thought it *à la dîe* to bargain with plunderers, and chose to trust to his own grim-faced peons. Well, we took possession of our bungalows, bought mutton and poultry, beat the jungles for peafowl, and sent a foraging party of reckless subalterns to kill snipe in the swamps, and explore for wild hogs. On the whole, we made ourselves pretty comfortable, barring a trifle too much heat and a few fevers. But we, who had feed and housed thieves, soon had cause of self-congratulation. All the obstinate ones suffered. Mrs Girder's fat poultry

were conjured out of a walled yard in open day; the adjutant's pistols were taken from under his very pillow; a six-foot hedge of prickly pear did not save the chaplain's plump sheep; and while the paymaster lost a bag of rapeseeds from a Bramah-locked chest, his wife's pet Arab horse, a pretty white creature, with just the pinkish nose and long tail that ladies love, was conveyed out of a stable in which slept two armed syces, with a grass-cutter lying across the threshold, and a watchman with a lantern hard by. Endless were the laments, terrific the apprehensions. Guards were posted, sentinels doubled, traps set, but all to no purpose; something vanished daily. Young Hall's new uniforms, fresh from Buckmaster's—Lieutenant Straddle's big Australian mare, the Flyer, that had won the Bellary handicap, and run second at the Ascot meeting, were missing on the same morning.

Then the police magistrate's turn came. He had set our neighbours at defiance, and his whiskered peons had sworn great oaths that their swords should make mince-meat of the first robber who should approach the verandahs where they kept ward; but alas! one night the magistrate's house was thoroughly looted. Every coin, every weapon, the contents of all the wardrobes, every ounce of plate, down to the egg-spoons, disappeared; and when the peons, who had smoked themselves stupid with hemp and opium, were aroused to active life by the kicks of their irate master, thieves and spoil were miles away, never to be traced to their lair, for nothing that crossed the rajah's borders could ever be recovered.

Still, such as had hired marauders had no reason to lament it. Mine was a civil, intelligent lad of twenty, with a handsome face and bright eyes. He slept all day, and by night sat in the verandah, a red paper lantern beside him, beating a small drum at intervals, and calling out in his own language, though he spoke Hindustani fairly. His presence kept all his kith and kin aloof, and I never lost the value of a single pice. When I passed, the lad would rise and gravely salam, and I often conversed with him, and was much pleased with his ready wit and sense. I paid him good wages—about double those of a common chowkedar. One night I was awakened by a crash and clatter without, and the noise of a violent struggle. Pistol in hand, I darted out. A prostrate form lay on the ground, with a sack beside it, and another figure was crouching beneath the brandished sword of a man whose left foot was pressing on the breast of the first, while his left hand compressed the throat of the other. A number of bundles lay around, containing various portable articles of value, among which were my epaulets and my wife's bracelets and rings. A robbery had been evidently attempted, and frustrated by the gallantry and vigilance of—my thief.

Yes, to my unutterable amazement, I found the sprawling wretch on the ground was my trusty mussaulchee; the other fellow, whose teeth chattered with terror, my respectable butler, or khansamah; and the triumphant swordsman, who hailed my appearance with a cry of delight, was no other than my invaluable thief, who had surprised the rascals in the act of absconding with their booty.

'Upon my word, Ghoolab Ramdeen,' said I—'upon my word, my worthy thief, you are the honestest fellow I ever knew in my life!' Will the reader say nay?

Now, improbable as the above narration sounds, I beg to assure those who doubt its accuracy that what I have related is strictly and literally true, and I have no hesitation in saying that few officers, who have been quartered in the extreme south of the Madras presidency, can fail to have become acquainted, at least by report, with the robber rajah, his tribe,

and the singular custom of thief-hiring; while many will no doubt smile as they recognise an anecdote which they first heard among the torrid plains or tangled forests of Southern India.

MINERAL WATERS.

It is a common complaint that the titles of books have little or no affinity with their contents. The purchase of Miss Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls* for an agricultural society may have been no fault of the author; but, generally speaking, title-pages are without apology, mystifying us, as they do to the best of their ability, as to the nature of what follows:

Perhaps it may turn out a sang, perhaps turn out a sermon.

This is not the case with the volume before us—a *Three Weeks' Scamper*.* Scamper is the word, and the only word in the language that would suit it. The author neither walks, nor trots, nor gallops: he scampers through Germany and Belgium, and from spa to spa, on the most cordial terms with himself and everybody else; complimenting and being complimented at every bound; drinking freely of every sort of nasty water he can get at; eating ravenously of the table-d'hôte dinners; quaffing his half-bottle of wine at each—a much more elevating quantum, he knows well, than the whole bottle; and all with alarming good-humour, and such breathless haste—

Tramp, tramp along the land he speeds,
Splash, splash across the sea;
Hurra, the doctor can ride apace—
Dost fear to ride with me?

We don't: but the book, nevertheless, is so preternaturally springy and buoyant, that we feel as if we wanted something weighty to keep it down upon the table, and let us read it comfortably.

The doctor feels this too; for he flings in here and there, as he passes, some bits about mineral waters, and ties on to the end, like the steady tail of a kite, an appendix on their nature and uses. It is from these parts of the volume we mean to draw a few points of information, which, placed in a collective form, will serve to give an idea of a subject on which even the habitual frequenters of mineral springs are, generally speaking, in profound ignorance.

Mineral waters are either cold or thermal (warm); and the latter must always be sought for in a mountainous country, in the neighbourhood of volcanic operations, however long suspended, where the fires of the earth's centre approach nearest the surface. The surrounding scenery, therefore, is usually beautiful and picturesque; the thermal spring is *sedative*, the feeling of warmth and comfort it bestows upon the skin penetrating to the inner man; and, influenced by this natural medicine, the pains of chronic rheumatism, the twitchings of disordered nerves, and the morbid fancies of the brain, are laid asleep. Thermal baths may likewise be stimulant, according to the temperature employed and the mode of administration. When the waters are taken internally, the warmth increases the action of the salts they may contain, and enables the patient to drink more freely.

Cold mineral waters, as well as thermal, owe their medicinal properties to the substances they contain in solution, derived from the soil or rocks through which they have passed in rising to the surface of the

earth. These substances are chiefly soda, magnesia, lime, iron, and sulphur; and the acids combined with them are the muriatic, sulphuric, and carbonic. 'Thus the muriatic acid uniting with soda, magnesia, and lime, will give origin to the compound salts, muriate of soda, muriate of magnesia, and muriate of lime, and distinguish the group of mineral waters known as the *muriated saline waters*. In like manner, the sulphuric acid will give rise to sulphates of soda, magnesia, and lime, and constitute a group of *sulphated saline waters*; and the carbonic acid with similar bases will form carbonates of soda, magnesia, and lime, and compose a third group of *carbonated saline*, or, more correctly, *carbonated alkaline waters*. Iron is the basis of the chalybeate waters, and, to be held in solution, requires in the first instance to be united with oxygen, forming an oxide of iron; and it is rendered additionally soluble and efficacious by a combination of the oxide of iron with carbonic acid gas, constituting a *carbonated or acidulated chalybeate water*. Sulphur, forming the peculiar characteristic of the *sulphurous waters*, is present in the shape of sulphuretted hydrogen, and may be combined either with the muriated saline water, constituting a *sulphuretted saline water*; or with the carbonated saline water, so as to produce a *sulphuretted alkaline water*. In addition to the above, the presence of bromine and iodine in the waters gives rise to a *bromated and iodated saline water*; while certain waters are met with which are so deficient in salts of any kind as to deserve the distinguishing title of *negative waters*.'

1. *Muriated saline waters* are alterative, aperient in a slight degree, and tonic; but in choosing the special waters, it will be necessary to ascertain the relative proportions of their qualities. The chief types of this class are the Kochbrunnen of Wiesbaden, the Elizabethbrunnen of Homburg, and the Ragosi of Kissingen. The first of these waters is thermal, the second cold, the third 52 degrees of temperature. The popular Selters water is of this description. Its sparkling and piquant qualities are caused by the large quantity it possesses of carbonic acid gas, which is 80 cubic inches to the pint. It is found useful in dyspepsia, gout, rheumatism, acid secretions from the kidneys, and in scrofulous and glandular affections. It has also some popularity in chronic catarrh and bronchitis, and it is used with warm milk or asses' milk in consumption.

2. The *sulphated saline waters* are found for the most part grouped in the mountainous parts of Bohemia; and we may take as their types the Sprudel of Carlsbad, the Kretzbrunnen of Marienbad, and the Franzensbrunnen of Franzensbad. These waters are primarily aperient, and secondarily alterative, differing in these respects from the muriated saline waters, which are primarily alterative, and secondarily aperient. They have likewise the alkaline element wanting in the others. They are applicable to all the diseases of the blood and the digestive system for which the muriated saline waters are useful, and are less likely to create congestion of the brain.

3. The *carbonated alkaline waters* are represented by the springs of Ems, Fachingen, and Gellnau. Their peculiar properties are derived from the presence of carbonate of soda, and an excess of carbonic acid gas; being thus antacid and *solvent*, or in other words, with the power to soften and dissolve morbid tissues. They are used remedially in chronic affections of the mucous membrane of the air-passages, in threatening consumption, gout and rheumatism, neuralgia, gallstones, tumours and chronic thickening of organs, and in female complaints.

The *chalybeate waters*, which are represented by Spa and Langen Schwalbach, owe their character to the tonic element, iron, and are likewise alkaline, aperient, and alterative. 'The diseases in which the

* *A Three Weeks' Scamper through the Spas of Germany and Belgium, with an Appendix on the Nature and Uses of Mineral Waters*. By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. London: J. Churchill.

chalybeate waters are of essential service, are those of debility from deficiency of blood in the body, either from previous loss, or from imperfect formation. They are sometimes employed as the after-cure in maladies of various kinds attended with debility; and are particularly serviceable in anæmia [deficiency of blood] from whatever cause, and debility of the mucous membranes of the body, whether of the respiratory, digestive, or organic system. Chalybeate waters are also indicated in cases of scrofula, accompanied with inertness of the general powers.'

The *sulphuretted waters*, such as those of Aix-la-Chapelle and Weillbach, are essentially alterative, acting especially on the liver, the kidneys, and the skin—indeed, on all the mucous membranes of the body. These waters are divided into several kinds, being modified by the muriated saline, sulphated saline, and alkaline elements they possess. The diseases these waters, taking them generally, are used for, are gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, chronic bronchitis, certain cutaneous eruptions, chronic dyspepsia, chronic disease of the liver and lower stomach.

The *bromated and iodated waters* are characterised by the presence of the salts bromine and iodine, in combination with soda or magnesia. They are alterative and tonic, with little or nothing of the aperient element. They are serviceable in scrofula, and all diseases springing from a scrofulous origin.

The *negative waters*, which are always thermal, owe their medical qualities chiefly to their warmth. 'They may be either *stimulant* or *sedative*, according to their temperature and their mode of application; stimulant to the skin, so as to increase its functions; stimulant to the nerves, when used in the form of douche and combined with friction; and sedative when employed at a moderate temperature and in a passive state of the muscular system and brain.'

It will be seen from the above slight sketch that mineral waters form a very complicated study. No person should use them without skilful advice; for, in fact, even if they should contain in their composition the very quality the invalid wants, this may be modified by other qualities, or altogether neutralised by some component part, which our doctor terms the *drag*. There can be no doubt, however, that if one must swallow medicine, this is a very nice way of doing so. The travelling before you get at the brunnens, the scenery when there, the new faces, the new manners—all are powerful aids of Hygeia that give double effect to the actual remedy. They are, in fact, like the springy buoyant parts of this amusing volume, which lead you to the important matters, and make you accept them as a component part of the amusement.

For our part, we have on this occasion reversed the common process: instead of skimming the surface, we have exhibited the minerals at the bottom. And the doctor has nothing to complain of: for he will get plenty to scamper with him, and tramp and splash, who would otherwise be but little sensible of the riches they pass over.

A ROYAL CUP OF TEA.

The following curious anecdote is taken from a very elaborate article in the *Spectator* of January 30, on the origin, intermarriages, and connections of the royal families of Europe. Gustavus Adolphus had been deposed from the Swedish throne, and his uncle crowned as Charles XIII., with the reversion to Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals, who had worked his way up from a corporalship of marines. 'As soon as the deposed king had left the country, the new heir-apparent came to Stockholm, where he was well received by the whole royal family, with the exception of the wife of the ex-monarch, who had not followed her husband into exile, but, for

some reason or other, preferred to stop in her old residence. She was continually shut up in her palace, and seldom mixed with the gay world, except when she could not help doing so without offending her kind uncle, the new king, who always treated her with the greatest consideration. At last, wishing to draw her out of her seclusion, he succeeded in persuading her to receive the crown-prince, John Bernadotte, who all the while had stood aloof respectfully, not intruding himself on the ex-queen, nor on anybody else. Having consented to receive him, the wife of Gustavus Adolphus arranged the meeting at her own palace; stipulating that the entertainment on the occasion should only consist of tea and cards, as music had never been allowed under her roof since her misfortune. To this rather meagre fête the whole court and all the distinguished foreigners residing in Stockholm were invited. Sudden indisposition prevented the old king from joining the party, but the ex-queen did the honours with great seeming affability. She played a rubber of whist with Prince Bernadotte and the ambassadors of England and Russia. After cards, the tea was served, with a magnificent plateau, prepared for the queen and prince. The queen advanced, and poured out the tea into two cups, indicating one to Bernadotte, who was just in the act of taking it, when suddenly he felt the pressure of a thumb on his shoulder, forcible and significant enough to convince him that it was meant for a warning. Calm and collected, as Bernadotte was throughout his life, he did not move his eyes, but quietly and in the most unconcerned manner exclaimed: "Ah, madame, it is impossible that I can permit your majesty to serve me!"—which saying, he seized the plateau, and turned it round adroitly in such a manner that the cup which was intended for him was placed before the queen, and the other before himself. On this, the ex-queen turned deadly pale, and made a movement as if fainting. However, the hesitation was but momentary. Collecting herself suddenly, she bowed to the crown-prince and the company, and, taking the cup, drank its contents to the last drop. Great was the astonishment of the citizens of Stockholm, when they read next day, in the official gazette of Stockholm, the following short paragraph—"The Queen Dorothea died suddenly during the night. The cause of the death is believed to be apoplexy." The writer of this anecdote refers to the *Diary of Thomas Raikes, Esq.*, iii. 199.

A L O N E.

PATIENT and faithful, and tender and true,
Praying, and thinking, and working for you—
Bearing all-silently sorrow for years—
Hopefully striving to conquer my fears:
Say, did my patience, my tenderness, truth,
Merit not more than the blight of my youth?

Give me once more my wild energy back,
Give me the hopes that illumined life's track;
Give me the faith that I wasted on you—
Give me the love that I squandered thereto—
You cannot: too lightly you cast them aside,
And for you and all others those feelings have died.

Yet, though the hopes that I cherished are dead,
Though the light from my spirit for ever hath fled,
Though 'twas doubting in God when I doubted in
you—
As my standard and type of the leal and the true;
O'er the wreck of my life I would never repine,
If the peace I have lost were but added to thine.

T. D. A.

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POPULAR PARADOXES.

MR WALDO EMERSON is a person of great talent, but he has done society much evil: he has increased the admiration of paradoxes amongst us to an alarming extent. The love of common-place folk for paradox has been long one of the small unpleasantries of social life, and it has now got to be absolutely rampant. To one who is at all enamoured of fact and truth, conversation seems at present to have become little more than a series of contradictions. Polite society appears to have got one degree beyond the three stages of M. Comte's philosophy, and to the religious, the metaphysical, and the positive, has added the paradoxical—the tenets of which are, that everything is in reality the reverse of what common sense and reason would suppose it to be.

The cause of it all, of course, is, that the true is now felt to be trite, and we are too smart and too fond of excitement to bear triteness, or any approach to it. The process followed is almost mechanical, consisting simply of a catching up of exceptional cases, and converting these into rules. For instance, let a boy at a great public school chance to distinguish himself not only in the examination-hall but in the playground, be not less excellent at hockey than at hexameters, surpass all at fives, and carry away the foundation scholarship—his astonished companions circulate young Crichton's fame; and innumerable paterfamiliares, with sons all for hockey and fives, protest straightway that animal vigour and talent—*mens sana in corpore sano*, if nothing more rare and applicable strikes them—are generally found united. Byron was a great swimmer and also a man of genius. Popular paradox has thus got its rule complete—made out of a couple of exceptions—and is prepared to contend that most heads of eights, most captains of boats at public schools, are in the habit of carrying off prizes from the studious and unathletic of their own standing; nay, that young men at the universities competing for high wranglerships and first classes in the tripos, are so far from being necessitated by the severity of their course to give themselves up almost entirely to study, that the senior is generally selected from the racing-boats, and the head of the classical year from among the members of the drag.

We have ourselves had much school, and the ordinary amount of university experience, and in both cases have doubtless seen one or two exceptions, such as popular paradox delights to point out; but certainly, as a rule, the youths who gave most attention to the amusements of the playing-fields, shewed, as was naturally to be expected, less diligence

at their books; while the *sappers*, or readers out of school-hours, for the most part rose—nor were we surprised at it—to the head of their forms. We don't mean to state that the great football players or first-rate bowlers were fools—no person who excels in any pursuit whatever can well be termed so—but they were, upon the whole, although very good fellows, the dullest amongst us. The school of so-called muscular Christianity has been supposed to give some colour to popular paradox in this respect, but we think without reason. It only protests against an undue prominence being given at our schools to the mere development of intellect, and insists upon the great advantage and moral benefit of athletic sports. Mr Kingsley's Tregarva did not write poetry because he was a gamekeeper and always out in the open air; nor is it asserted that gamekeeping is the profession most suitable for a bard to follow during his uninspired hours.

It used to be acknowledged that men of genius did not make good men of business, or men of the world; but latterly, a few instances of the reverse having appeared, the paradoxical are now heard asserting that such men are quite as acute and knowing as their neighbours. Now the fact is, that, to be a man of genius implies a nervous organisation of great delicacy, impressionableness, and excitability—a frame of mind little suited for bearing well the rubs and contentings of common worldly life; while to pursue the path of a man of genius, in poetry or in art, demands an abstraction and concentration of thought which usually unfits one for paying attention to common worldly things. Hence it is not to be expected, as a rule, that such men are to shine in the world of affairs, or even in ordinary social life. But sometimes there is an instance of a poet or a high-class painter being successful also as a man of the world or of society; and the paradoxical accordingly *discovers* that it is a mistake to speak of men of genius as heretofore—see such and such instances. Or perhaps he points to instances of men who are merely men of ability, as verifying his rule; when the truth is that all the successful men of the world are men of ability—a different thing, however, from being men of genius.

Another very popular paradox is this, that the cleverest persons are the most modest. As we do not happen to have known, nor even to have read of, any person at all remarkable for cleverness who was not aware of the fact, and perfectly conscious of his superiority, in that respect, over his fellow-creatures, we are at a loss to conceive how this opinion first arose: it must, we think, have been

coined in malice to cast at some conceited wit; just as one might viciously invent, for the setting down of a vain young woman, that really pretty people were always the least cognizant of their prettiness. We do not, of course, contend that there is not a charming modesty, the companion of true talent, which shrinks from a comparison with even an inferior rival; but that is not at all what popular paradox in this case means. It means, we believe, simply to convey something disagreeable to a clever antagonist, or to one who thinks himself so—who, in the matter of confidence, has often, it is true, the advantage of him of genuine powers. In the same spirit, it is alleged that your new great man is always exclusive and proud, while your old aristocrat is the reverse. We have had opportunities of observing people of all ranks and conditions, and of every kind of history; and our conclusion is, that there is, with scarcely ever an exception, a hesitation and want of assumption in those who have risen from mean estate, and even in the children of such, as if feeling how unbecoming anything else would be in them; while the utmost affability of the old aristocracy—and affability is with them the rule—always leaves a certain halo of dignity reserved, which is never to be broken through. On this latter point, let us only consider—is it to be expected that a class of persons studiously toadied, or, to say the least, most deferentially treated, from their bassinets with Valenciennes trimmings, to their coroneted fourfold coffins, by nine-tenths of those who surround them, should *not* be proud?—that persons exempt from the ordinary cares by which they perceive the rest of the world to be annoyed, should not consider themselves as superior beings?—and that those who, by the accident of birth, find themselves entitled to rule their fellows, should *not* fully estimate that accident? The contrary cannot reasonably be looked for; nor is it, save in exceptional cases, found. Popular paradox is in this matter guilty of a flattery so gross, that snobism herself—for she is certainly less male than female—has forged an excuse for it: she calls the pride of birth a proper pride.

Now and then, and to our extreme disgust, we find some virulent democrat abasing himself to the dust at the feet of a lord; and from our astonishment at chance specimens of this kind, arises the not uncommon saying, that there is no toady like your radical. Such a sweeping paradox must, in the very nature of things, be false. What a vain disguise must the mantle of independence be to that poor wretch who stripes himself, and spreads it for a carpet for the first great man who comes his way to tread upon! What possible end can it serve? Its would-be proprietor can scarcely get a single day's wear out of it; not to mention that his less pretentious fellows are always ready to tear off the flimsy garment, and expose him in his cringing nakedness. So difficult, indeed, is the assumption of this independence by a character to which it is not natural, that the vulgar have a popular paradox to excuse their laying claim to it at all—the superior mind minds its superiors; which, although somewhat plausible-looking, is, as it stands, next to meaningless, and, in the sense which they would have it to signify—persons most conscious of their individuality, are the most ready to defer to the authority of rank—is simply untrue.

Now and then, a man of distinguished talent is found to have had a clever mother, while the father was an ordinary person; and paradox, delighted with the unlikelihood of the weaker vessel thus manifesting the superiority, rushes to the apothegm, that talent *always* comes through the maternal parent. Perhaps the illusion is assisted by an amiableness in men of ability themselves, which disposes them to attribute as much as they possibly can to that parent

from whom all are conscious of having received the most affection. While autobiographies are generally favourable to this paradox, biographies shew its fallaciousness; there we find whole strings of men—father, son, grandson—all eminent in some particular walk, and not a word of the mother. The truth is, ability sometimes comes from the one parent, and sometimes from the other. It is perhaps an equal chance—no more.

Proverbs, from the necessity of their being sententious and epigrammatic, are very often paradoxical, and not seldom contradictions in terms. The fact, for instance, that, here and there, circumstances have occurred in real life so extraordinary, that no one could have imagined them, and far less ventured to embody them in a work of fancy, assumed, proverbially, the form of 'truth is stranger than fiction'; although, when anything particularly astounding appears in the public prints, it is straightway ascribed to America, and turns out, as was to be expected, not to have had foundation in fact.

What terrible mistakes in the judgment of character have arisen from a proverb such as this: 'A little straw shews where the wind blows'; that is to say, an individual and unimportant act may be taken as an index of a disposition; as though, of all the thousand springs which influence a human soul, we could lay our finger upon the particular cause that has actuated it in some transitory matter, and, far less, as if from that action we might assume the mainspring of a nature. How often has a mere kindly impulse been thus mistaken for a noble principle, or a thoughtless deed ascribed to the dark influence of self!

Let us forget these sad reflections in the recital of an amusing circumstance very illustrative of the fallacy of a similar proverb. We had occasion once in our hot youth to start from Oban on the west coast of Scotland to join a reading-party at Inverary, and, as is sometimes the case in that locality, it was raining; the third silk umbrella which we had purchased within that year had been 'mislaid' on the sea-passage, and we were resolved to buy no more: a very ugly ootton one, however, bulgy as Mrs Gamp's, and without even the decoration of a handle, tempted us by its very reasonable cost of one-and-ninepence, to become its proprietor; and with that we started on the coach-box, where it did its duty through the whole journey as bravely as though it had been valued at thirty shillings. At Inverary it was the most useful machine possible; its ferrule happening to fit into the rudder-hole of a somewhat rudely appointed boat, in which we navigated the loch, and so steering us; and its ample folds forming an admirable drag-net for shrimps, much better than either pocket-handkerchiefs or towels, in the pools left upon the rocks when it was low-water. Finally, it answered its original purpose in keeping off the rain so far as Tarbet upon our homeward journey; but at that fashionable hotel we were of course not desirous that attention should be directed to it. It was old, indeed, in years already (for we had bought it at second-hand), and besides that, the uses to which it had been put had prematurely aged it. It was much worn, in some places even to baldness; more than one of its ribs were broken; and the action of sea-water had very much affected its original colour. Now that we had thrown off our long-vacation toggery, and were on our way to the metropolis, we would not indeed have been seen in its company upon any account; therefore, on the morning of our departure, we laid it carefully beneath the bedroom window-seat, as in a tomb, intending to bid it a good-bye for ever, and forget it like any other old friend in evil circumstances, who was become no longer necessary to us.

But while the company were waiting upon Loch Lomond pier for the arrival of the steam-boat, and we

ourselves in fashionable costume were becoming impressive to certain young ladies of rank and fortune, a cry arose from the direction of the inn, and down rushed one of the waiters towards us, waving the horrid thing in his hand, and shouting that some gent had left his umbrella behind him.

We knew indeed that it was a shabby one; but never before that moment, when it was held aloft amid the general laughter and contempt, had we had any conception how very disreputable and even debauched its appearance was.

'Whose can it be?' cried one of our fair friends in convulsions of merriment.

'We can't imagine,' cried we: 'there must be some mistake. I dare say it belongs to poor Boots.'

'Surely,' cried one of our long-vacation party maliciously, being consumed with envy at our popularity with the beautiful heiresses—'surely that must be your favourite old umbrella.'

'Yes, sir,' cried the waiter snappishly: 'No. 15; that was the party's room, sir; and the party's name is scratched, I see, upon the stick.'

Amidst roars of laughter, we were obliged to confess to the proprietorship of the disgraceful object.

'Remember the waiter, please, sir,' urged the officious menial. 'I ran down as quick as I could for fear of your losing it.'

'Yes,' said we, with withering sarcasm; 'in remembrance of your kind attention, you may keep the umbrella all to yourself.'

The mischief, however, had been done; and for any attention, not to say kindness, that was thenceforth paid to us, we might just as well have been among the steerage-passengers. A new *silk* umbrella, we had never been able to keep above two months; but the old *gingham*, you see, stuck to us whether we would or not. Now, we put it to the reader, does not this pretty effectively dispose of the popular paradox: 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' That is to say: 'Be careful in little matters, and you will surely be prudent enough in great affairs.' As though the celebrated miser, Elwes, had not been accustomed to walk away from the gambling-house where he had lost his thousands, to meet, in polished leathers, his muddy sheep, and see that they were cared for upon their road to Smithfield. As though there were not countless speculators upon 'Change this day, who have risked their all twice over, and yet would think it wild extravagance to return home by cab instead of omnibus. Nay, as though there were no antidote to be found among proverbs themselves, for such a poisonous paradox, in the simple saw of 'Penny wise and pound foolish.'

CATALOGUE OF THE IRISH ACADEMY MUSEUM.

Amongst the books of general interest in which our day abounds, we may fairly begin to give catalogues a place. They are no longer uninviting columns of hard names, additional perplexities to the unlearned: they are becoming interesting and suggestive companions; friendly guides, combining simplicity of plan with minuteness of detail; teaching us how to observe, as well as telling us what to observe. It is happy for us that there are such works, for few of our searches after pleasure prove more utter failures than visits to museums, galleries, collections of any kind, without the clue a systematic and explanatory catalogue affords. This holds good especially of antiquarian museums, where there is comparatively little to attract the eye, and things by no means tell their own tale. The Museum of the Royal Irish Academy has had rare service done to it by Mr Wilde in his

catalogue now before us. A laborious undertaking it must have been; but it was, we are told, a labour of love, with success for its only, yet adequate reward. Equally profound and clear, it is calculated to give elementary knowledge to the previously uninformed, and to extend the specific information of the archaeologist. But it is in its former capacity we have to deal with it on the present occasion; and therefore it is to the many who, whatever their floating notions on the subject of Irish antiquities may be, prefer, like the immortal M. Jourdain, that their instructor should proceed as if they had none at all, we now say: 'Come and place yourselves, with us, under Mr Wilde's guidance; and let us follow him through the grim and dingy treasures of three sections of the Dublin Antiquarian Museum.' Grim and dingy indeed, yet appealing to our sympathies, by the claim irresistible, when pondered, of their human interest. These rude unshapely stones around are not bones or footprints of some mighty monster of the pre-Adamite earth; these vegetable remains are no fossilised branches of its giant flora, waking our vague wonder, and drawing largely upon our imagination. These relics come more nearly home; they have all been hewn out in the sweat of the brow of our brother-man; more, they have been the weapons of his warfare against human foes—some, of his better warfare against the stubborn soil; others were the decorations dear and significant to him as ours to us—others, the implements that ministered to his sense of comfort in his temporary home; these, the altars sanctified by the form of his ignorant worship—those, the monuments made sacred by his tears for his beloved dead. The whole represent, or form an unwritten history of our species in the earliest stage of their being, while as yet the use of metals had not been learned.

Availing ourselves of the system of classification adopted by our guide, and relieved to find that, in the absence of positive chronological information, it is a simple one referring to material and use, we know beforehand what we are going to look at—no inconsiderable point gained. In the first place, at class one—Stone materials subdivided into three orders—flint, stone, and crystal; next, at class two—Earthen materials, comprising clay and pottery, glass and enamel; then at class three, which includes wood, amber, and jet. Such is the primary division, so far as it concerns us on the present occasion, for animal and metallic materials, as well as for excepted classes, form no part of the first volume of this remarkable catalogue. The secondary division is according to use, and contains twelve species: 1. The earliest necessity of savage communities—weapons offensive and defensive against man and beast. 2. Weapon tools. 3. Food-implements, almost all of them as familiar in name as they are diverse in materials and structure from their modern representatives—old-world means for present ends. 4. Household economy, comprising articles of domestic use, aid to the toilet, models of habitations. 5. Dress and personal decoration. 6. Amusement. 7. Music. 8. Money. 9. Medicine—that is, magical medicine, with crystals and amulets for its pharmacopoeia. 10. Religion. 11. Sepulture, including relics illustrative both of the heathen and Christian mode of hiding their dead out of their sight. And 12. Miscellaneous—objects arranged according to material, but the uses of which are problematical.

First in order, then, we glance at a tray of flint-flakes of various hues and sizes; flint, the steel of those olden times when iron was slumbering in the earth's veins, unguessed at and unneeded, for it is marvellous how much and well flint could do, when it was to be had. Flint proper, however, is by no means abundant in Ireland. We should be rather puzzled to chip those flakes so cleverly now,

especially with flint for our only tool; and how those we call barbarians conquered the difficulty, must remain as yet matter of conjecture. We are rather comforted by supposing that they failed sometimes, for we find a large collection of rude and shapeless objects, evidently the production of 'prentice hands,' and thrown aside as useless.

Next, we have flint sling-stones, carefully shaped and polished, looking at which, all, even the youngest of our party, is reminded of the smooth stones out of the brook which the ruddy shepherd-boy chose for his weapons, although the heavy sword and armour-of-proof of Israel's king were ready for his use. Very fatal these sling-stones were in the hands of skill, even when these were feminine hands; a fair Kathleen, in dim distant times, having thus killed Balor, a one-eyed chieftain. A less fortunate Amazon, Meane, Queen of Connaught, fell victim to a stone, slung across the Shannon by a cowardly Ulster prince, who took dishonourable advantage of an unsuspecting hour when she was bathing in that beautiful river. Equally fatal was a sling-stone to the poetess Dubh—a warlike muse, no doubt—who fell down into the Linn, a dark pool of the Liffey; whence comes the name of her country's capital, Dubhlinn, or, as we write it, Dublin.

From sling-stones, we pass to arrow-heads of every variety; from the simple triangle to the more convenient stemmed arrow, the true barbed arrow and the delicate leaf-shaped—the connecting-link between the arrow and the most perfect manufacture of the weapon class, that of the spear. But before we leave the arrows, we must allude to the ancient superstitions that among the northern peasantry attributed to them certain malignant influences. This fact gives us some idea of their remote antiquity, since we find that at a very early date these stone-weapons were looked on as relics of a far-distant period, and wondered at as now. The Norwegians called them thunder-stones; the Gaels, elf-darts; nay, the popular mind still pronounces them as uncanny, connects them with the falling away of that family-prop, the cow; and the cattle-doctor, by some legerdemain, is sure to verify the theory by producing a fairy missile or two—found, he avers, in its skin—which being, upon some homeopathic principle, placed in the water the animal drinks, is known to effect a cure. Curious this popular poetising of what was once matter-of-fact everyday implements, appealing no more to the fancy of those who aimed them, than the Minié-balls our soldiers ram down into their rifles do to theirs. Time has ever some gradual growth of legend to green over the driest fact.

The line of demarcation between large arrow and small spear-heads is, we are told, difficult to draw; and we are led to suppose that such specimens may have been turned to either use as the case required. But we proceed to flint-tools, invariably made of the best and hardest flints, which are generally of a yellow or orange hue. Here we have the picks, punches, points, piercers, and chisels, or, as we generally find them called, celts, with which the early inhabitants of Ireland wrought in wood, horn, leather, and stone alike; for all these flints—unmentioned in the earliest existing records—belong to the pre-metallic period.

We pass next to the weapons of softer stone, and tools which were hard enough to work with in wood. Under this head we have swords, knives, cleavers, and, above all, we have celts—so called from the Latin word *celtis*, a chisel—the most widely distributed of stone-implements. Ireland and Scotland alike abound with them, and they are to be found of every species of native rock, from the brittle sandstone and the soft micaceous schist, to the sharp-edged silex and compact porphyry. As in

materials, so they differ in workmanship, some of them being blunt and clumsy, others elegant in form and elaborate in polish—marvellous to behold indeed, when we reflect that all this symmetry and precision was the result of no better tool than another stone afforded. An immense amount of skill and toil must have gone to the turning out of a 'first-rate article,' in those days of honest and unpuffed manufacture. These celts were formidable weapons, no doubt, in the hands of their namesakes. It is generally believed that they were first used as a mere hand-tool, and subsequently fixed in a cleft stick. It is thus that some South-sea Islanders use them at the present time. Some late researches tend to shew that the French celt, as might be expected, was more elegantly fitted into the hollow portions of a stag's horn.* But perforated celts are very rare in Ireland. Whether celts were exclusively weapons or exclusively tools, is a nice little open question for the scientific to differ upon. The chances are that a celt was turned to many purposes, and hacked down a tree as well as a foe. It has come to peaceful uses in its later days. The weavers in the north of Ireland rejoice to find a smooth celt to rub on their cloth, thus giving it the desired gloss. There is one in the Museum of 'green felstone, stained bluish,' and marked with mysterious lines and scratches much like Ogham characters. Before, however, any imaginative archaeologist had translated them into a meaning, the Rev. Dr Graves discovered their recent origin. The blue turned out to be caught from the indigo dye of a linsey-woolsey petticoat, the tracery thereon being perhaps the work of the weaver's child, who no more dreamed of perplexing the erudite than did Aiken Drum of misleading the worthy Monkbarns into his splendid day-dream of Agricola's Prætorium.

From the five hundred and twelve specimens the Irish Academy Museum possesses, we pass on to what implies a decided advance in art—the stone-hammers, of which we have here several varieties, one resembling a good deal in its form the hammer of our own day. In Scotland, so we are told by Dr D. Wilson, these hammers were often found in old cists; and superstition explained the fact by supposing that the owner had wanted them to knock with at the gate of purgatory.

We glance next at objects the use of which involves the acquaintance with metals, such as whetstones, burnishers, touchstones, and moulds for casting. We look with peculiar interest at primitive stone plough-shares and grain-rubbers for tritulating corn—the latter an implement of incalculable antiquity, since the rotatory querns we come to next have been in use since the earliest historic period; we notice one specimen of a stone drinking-bowl, very few of which have come down to our time; we give a passing glance at the stone buttons, beads, and armlets, that once gratified the innate love of decoration man in all ages exhibits; we are glad to find what we assume to be traces of his amusements in fourteen decorated, domino-like pieces of sandstone; and now our eye rests with interest on the sheen of two crystal balls, one of which, of two inches and an eighth in diameter, is reported to have belonged to the regalia of Scotland, globes of crystal having been commonly set in sceptres; the other was found in the county of Kilkenny, and has no known history attached to it. Crystal balls and ovals are frequent in British collections of antiquities, the smaller kind having evidently belonged to shrines, whence, no doubt, their supposed healing powers arose. This Kilkenny ball we look at here—was it like that celebrated globe, now in the possession of the

* See Dr D. Wilson's valuable work on Scotch archaeology.

Marquis of Waterford, brought from the Holy Land by some returning crusader—has it, too, been placed in running streams, through which sick cattle have been driven to and fro; or has it served as a magic-mirror, gazing into which the omnipotent fancy of a yearning heart has seen in weird procession pass 'the changed, the loved, the lost,' the absent and the dead? Nay, if we held it in our own hands, might we possibly contrive to see something within its globe? Modern superstition has of late years taken the occult properties of crystal balls into grave consideration; and no further back than the year of the Great Exhibition, more than one grave professional mind—to say nothing of more facile and fanciful believers—did positively hold that wonders were to be seen in them by the clear eye of childhood.

We have now arrived at species ten; and under the head of religion, we have altar-stones, and the model of a stone enclosure in the deer-park of Hazlewood, county Sligo. In such stone enclosures it is with good reason supposed that the cruel mysteries of Druidical worship were carried on, and possibly solemn assemblies or courts of justice held. Sligo is rich in remains of this kind, the largest collection of circles and cromlechs in the British Islands being, according to Dr Petrie's statement, not far distant from the one this model represents.

Under the head of sepulture we have, as might be expected, much to occupy our attention. 'The small square stone grave, or kistvaen, containing a single cinerary urn; the collection of urns that mark the site of an ancient cemetery; the large stone circle or oblong enclosure, popularly called a 'giant's grave,' the huge barrow (the western type of the true Oriental pyramid), the rude pillar-stone, the Ogham-inscribed monolith, the sculptured cross, wayside monument, stone-coffin, &c.—all affording examples of the use of stone materials in sepulchral rites.' There is a large collection of pillar-stones inscribed with Ogham characters; a kind of circling which some antiquaries believe to have been invented by the Scythian progenitors of the Danish race, and introduced into Ireland about thirteen centuries before the Christian era. A few of these curious stones have been found in Wales and Scotland, and one in Shetland; but it is in Kerry and Cork they most abound. Just noticing that these inscriptions generally present proper names in the genitive case, as do the ancient monumental inscriptions of Cornwall and Wales, we leave Ogham for sculptured stones on which Irish inscriptions may still be traced, such as, 'A prayer for Bran,' 'A prayer for Dunciad the Presbyter.' Amidst inscriptions like these, we are struck by a bass-relief, said to commemorate the destruction of Ireland's last wolf by a noble dog belonging to the O'Dowd.

We have now come to the second class—that of earthen materials, under which are included, as sole representatives of the tool species, four small crucibles; the food-implement and domestic economy departments being more fully illustrated by sundry glazed jars, known under the name of bellarmines or greybeards, bottles, smoking-pipes of primitive fashion, small-bowled and thick-shanked, but not so old as we might suppose. Then we have pavement tiles, more or less glazed and ornamented, well worthy the attention of those interested in tessellated work.

In order two, class two, species five, according to Mr Wilde's lucid system of arrangement, we come to glass and enamel articles of decoration. It is suggested that one of the very first uses of glass was that of personal adornment; and until we have learned to connect costliness with beauty, and difficulty of attainment with pride of possession, it does—with its sparkle and its rainbow colours—seem admirably adapted for it. The child would choose the bead-

string before the pearl; and the savages, whether in arctic or tropic regions—grown children as they are—like nothing so well. Blue and white appear to have been the favourite colours in porcellaneous enamel, that link between pottery and glass. We are told that it is impossible to decide when glass was first introduced into or manufactured in Ireland.

We return to order one, class two, to contemplate, under species nine, a number of Irish cinerary urns. These Dr Wilde has, he tells us, found difficult to classify, since, in the absence of metallic weapons, or other relics that define date, chronological arrangement becomes impossible—the skill they display and the varieties they exhibit being probably indexes of their relative value, or characteristic of peculiar races, rather than data to fix their epoch. There is every reason to suppose that urn-burial was not the earliest form of sepulture adopted in Ireland, but that the bodies of their chiefs were interred entire within their cromlech-chambers, in ghastly splendour, with their favourite animals to bear them company. Hundreds of these cromlechs are still to be seen with chambers capable of containing one or more human bodies in whatever attitude placed.

Urn, whatever their position, erect or inverted, are found to contain fragments of human bones which have unquestionably been subjected to fire. In addition to these, those of minor animals are found less calcined, which leads to the conjecture that these animals were thrown on the expiring embers of the funeral pile. Most of the urns in this collection are formed by the hand alone, and were probably made with whatever materials came readiest, and baked on the spot. Some of them, however, appear to have been far more carefully made. The most beautiful mortuary urn ever discovered in the British Isles is so like in form and pattern to the echinus, common on our shores, that it is probable the artist took that shell for model. It is composed of very fine clay, and possesses a handle, which is rare. This pretty little urn, which is but two inches and one-eighth high, and three and three-quarters wide, was found to contain baby-bones. It was enclosed in a much larger and ruder urn—perhaps mother and child were burnt together; and yet we think that this delicate little urn must have been chosen, if not designed, by a mother's love. Some years back, cromlechs, we are told, were held to be Druid altars; but a discovery made in the Phoenix Park twenty years ago has gone far to prove them 'uncovered tumuli, which originally contained sepulchral remains.' It may be stated here that both cromlech and urn burial in Ireland are pre-historic. Passing over Chinese seals, which have been formerly noticed in this Journal,* we now prepare to follow our guide to the third class—that of vegetable materials.

Although the timber of the forest must, as Mr Wilde remarks, have been the material of man's earliest weapons of protection or offence, as well as of his earliest habitations, yet, from its decaying nature, we cannot, in Ireland's humid climate, expect to find any very ancient relics, save those which the peat-bogs have preserved for us.

Both history and tradition, and the still more infallible peat-moss records, aver that the Emerald Isle was once well covered with wood. Far down beneath the surface of its oldest bogs, traces of oaks, yews, and pines of stupendous size are still found. Even within the period of modern history, we have accounts of extensive forests as still existing. A few indigenous woods still remain, but the fir is scarce in these.

No weapons or tools of great antiquity having come down to the present day, we pass on to species three—that of food-implements; and amongst these, our

* See No. 414, New Series for December 6, 1851, p. 364.

attention is peculiarly attracted by some ancient boats, of which there were two kinds in use in very early times: the curragh, composed of wicker-work, and covered with hide; and the single-piece canoe. Ancient curraghs of course no longer exist; but we have two specimens of the canoe in this museum, the first measuring twenty-two feet in length, and about two in breadth, flat-bottomed, round-prowed, and square-sterned. In this boat—discovered below the surface of a marsh on the Wexford coast—were two rollers, apparently for the purpose of getting it out to sea, and a small bowl for baling. The second specimen is sharp at both ends, lighter, narrower, and thinner. Its width is but twelve inches; its length, twenty-one feet three inches, and it is perfectly flat at the bottom. Passing on rather quickly, for our visit to the Museum has been a long one, we notice a rope made of 'three strands of heath,' and are informed that heath-ropes, though becoming very rare, are not absolutely unknown in Ireland in modern times. Next, we observe spades and forks, one of the latter, a colossal implement indeed—seven feet and five inches in length, with prongs of more than a yard. The Academy possesses an extensive collection of kneading-troughs, dishes, bowls, and tables, all made of one single piece of wood. The small portable table to which our attention is called, is supported by legs of only four inches and a half high; and the natural inference drawn is, that those who used it, sat round it on the ground. It is also probable that, when wanted, it served as a kneading-trough. Next come milk-pails and butter-prints, one of which looks as if it would still turn out neat, flower-patterned pats. Of mether-drinking-vessels so called because mead or metheglin was quaffed out of them—this museum boasts twenty—some very ancient indeed. The mether and its handles was always formed of a single piece of wood, but the bottom was separate, and inserted into a groove. In methers of the simplest make, this bottom piece was probably pressed into its place after the vessel had been soaked in water, and secured there by its contraction in drying.

Species four includes several wooden articles of domestic use, all of considerable antiquity, such as candlesticks, beetles, bodkins, stamps, &c.; many of them found in craunoges. It is with some of the information Mr Wilde supplies on this head that we shall conclude our present article; but first we must notice, under the head of domestic use, an ancient waxed tablet-book of pine, found in one of the bogs of Derry, on the four sheets of which the letters are traced with a sharp point, and still very legible in places. The character is Irish, but the language Latin. After all the trouble of deciphering it, it appears to have been 'little better than mere scribbling'—'Exercises in grammar and dialectics.' Possibly the scholar of the eleventh century, to whom these tablets may have belonged, did dream of immortality for some work of his, but he could never have supposed that these memoranda would, after six centuries, excite the interest of posterity!

To return to craunoges. These were stockaded or little wooden islands, many of which have come to light during the general drainage of late years; the agriculturist, without in the least intending it, having proved himself a most valuable labourer in the field of archæology. These craunoges, though alluded to as early as in records of the ninth century, and as late as in those of the seventeenth, were never examined till about twenty years ago. Craunoges are chiefly found in the clusters of small lakes in Roscommon, Leitrim, and Monaghan, and are not, strictly speaking, artificial islands, but clay islets enlarged and fortified by timber piles, and in some cases by stone-work. A few were approached by

causeways, but they were generally insulated. These beaver-like habitations afford several indications of the changes that have taken place in the face of the country between their day and ours: their submerged condition shewing us how great the spread of water has been; while from additions made to the height of the stockades, and from traces of fire at different elevations, it may be inferred that this spread had, owing to the decrease of timber and increase of bog, begun during their period of occupation.

The first craunoge ever examined was one at Lagore, near Dunshaughlin, county Meath. Looking into the authorities, we find this craunoge to be the first alluded to. Loch Gabhair is said to have been one of the nine lakes which burst forth in Ireland, 3581 A.M.* Its discovery in 1839 was accidental—as we phrase it—in looking for one thing, another was found. The lake around had been drained within the memory of man, and the craunoge bore the appearance of a circular mound of about 520 feet in circumference. Some labourers having met with several large bones while clearing the stream-way, the fact became known; bone-collectors came, and so the craunoge, with its vast collection of antiquities, was revealed. Structures very similar in character have been discovered in the lakes of Switzerland in the year 1853-4, where, the winter having been unusually dry and cold, the lake-level was depressed in proportion; and one or two have also been described as existing in Scotland.

With the vegetable materials, the first volume of Mr Wilde's invaluable catalogue ends, and rejoicing to hear that the remainder of it is in progress, we close our present survey of the Irish Academy Museum.

JOHN BULL'S DINNER AT NING-PO.

We are all familiar with the story of the Englishman who interrogated his Chinese host as to the character of a relishing dish on which he was feeding, by a significant repetition of the words, 'Quack, quack, quack?' and how the mandarin replied by simply pronouncing, with a gesture of negation as to the hypothesis, the expressive monosyllables, 'Bow, wow, wow!'—thus tracing the agreeable viand to a canine instead of an anserine origin.

Again, our ordinary idea of a Celestial breakfast, dinner, or supper, is expressed by the formula, 'boiled rice, and hunger for sauce.' Looking at it in a general way, this may not be so far wrong; but there is more than this to be told about the culinary arrangements of our tea-producers on the other side of the globe.

If we are to judge in this matter from a report in a recent number of the *Times*, the Chinese 'cooking animal,' man, has often something better to do than merely boiling rice and stewing dog's meat. According to the shewing of 'Our Special Correspondent,' Paris itself must yield the palm to Ning-po, and Very hide his diminished head before the superior merit of mine host of 'the Gallery of the Imperial Academicians' in that famous city. Acknowledging, then, our deep obligations to the ingenious writer alluded to, and tendering him our best thanks for the information conveyed in his letter, we shall proceed to give our own report on his report, with a few observations thereupon.

Our author begins with some severe strictures on our English methods of cookery, and by so doing raises the whole question as to the salubrity of baking and stewing as compared with roasting and boiling in general.

Our space will not allow us to take up formally the gauntlet thus thrown down, or to enter the arena to fight out à l'outrance this battle of the spit and gridiron against the stew-pan and baking-dish. We would only observe that, in all such cases, climate, early habit, the age and state of health of the party—we had almost said the patient—and, last not least, the quality of the provisions supplied, must enter into and greatly modify the consideration of such questions as this.

No man will say that it is wise, in a culinary point of view, to roast a sirloin cut from the back of a ten-year-old ox, well accustomed to the yoke; or that a pickled round of such beef will be juicy and tender; or that a goat's haunch, with turnips, will be as satisfactory as one which our own South Downs or Black Faces can supply. If you have a certain sort of meat to dress, you must dress it so that it shall be eatable; and the soup and bouilli, or the disintegrated stew, enriched with a strong and spicy gravy, is, in a great many instances, far preferable to what could be produced were the same meat to be sent to table à l'Anglaise.

We believe that the objection made by this ingenious writer against English cookery would apply much more to the excessive quantity which the excellence and succulency of the national food induces our countrymen to eat, than to any particular mode of preparation. He speaks of 'a slice of red flesh from a joint,' as if the eating of such a thing were an act only one degree removed from cannibalism; but we can inform him that raw flesh, when sent to table, must always look purple or blue, and that the very fact of redness shews that it is cooked enough; and we can bring at least one set of digestive organs to testify that it is much lighter and more easy of assimilation in that state, than when it has passed into that of being what is called 'well done.'

We attach, however, no especial importance to any particular mode of cookery. If one method is found to be more conducive to health and comfort than another, by all means let it be adopted; and we will go so far as to add, that if men must *cram* when they dine, we should think it a less injurious process, on the whole, for them to do so with a variety of dishes, and many of them what we should call over-cooked, than with meat from one simple joint; while, at the same time, we cannot agree that to eat a moderate share of our own 'rare' and juicy mutton or beef, is equivalent to bringing the civilised man down to something like the level of the savage or the wild beast, both of whom, it must be confessed, have a fancy for 'joint-meat,' and prefer it, if anything, a little under-done.

We shall not enter further here into this culinary controversy, but return at once to our notice of the dinner at the 'Gallery of the Imperial Academicians' at Ning-po.

'Our Correspondent,' it seems, had learned that matters gastronomic were managed in a superior manner at the above-named hostelry; and he accordingly resolved to bring the report to the test, in a sensible, practical sort of way, as a true Englishman should. So he issued invitations to a select circle of friends, English and Chinese, for a banquet to be there provided. With each invitation, a chop-stick—to be used, we presume, as a fork—was sent to each guest. In due time the day arrived; the party assembled; and now, 'to dinner with what appetite we may!'

The first course was merely a prelude—a sort of light fencing with chop-sticks, intended to excite rather than to gratify the cravings of hunger. It consisted of 'a small square tower, built of slices from the breast of the goose; a tumulus of thin square pieces of tripe; hard-boiled eggs, which had been

preserved in wine, and the excellence of which was supposed to be in proportion to their antiquity; berries and other vegetable substances, preserved in vinegar; a curious pile of some unknown shell-fish, taken from the shell, and cut in thin slices; prawns in their natural, or rather in their artificial red state; ground nuts, ginger, and candied fruits.' 'Everything,' we are informed, 'was excellent in its kind'—the unknown shell-fish especially so. 'I am afraid to say,' adds the writer, 'that the tripe was a creditable piece of cookery. It was boiled to almost a gelatinous consistence;' but 'many Englishmen' known to the author, would, he doubts not, 'have devoured the whole small heap, as it stood, with avidity.' For our part, we should quite think so.

A certain doubtfulness was observable in the approaches of the strangers at first; but this soon gave way to complete confidence before the more serious attack commenced.

The 'trifles' above enumerated being despatched, we are informed that the real business of the day was fairly begun. Each guest was furnished with a porcelain spoon and saucer; knives were altogether needless, and their chop-sticks they brought themselves. A folded towel, just saturated with hot water, was placed beside each saucer, and two tiny metal cups, not so large as egg-cups, were allotted to each person.

The first dish, according to all precedent, was of course *birds-nest soup*. To our surprise, our friend professes not to know what these nests are. We believe they consist of the dwellings of a particular species of swallow, and are composed of a gelatinous sea-weed, which is recommended by its viscous quality to these ingenious constructors, as an excellent building material. Unluckily for the peace and security of their domestic arrangements, John Chinaman has found out that it is more convenient to plunder the poor swallows than to collect and prepare the sea-weed with his own hands, just as we do by taking the honey from our bees instead of seeking it 'from flower to flower' for ourselves.

Our author does not write enthusiastically about this celebrated dish. The presence of the birds-nests, it seems, is apparent from a glutinous substance which floats upon the top of the soup. Below this is a white liquid, and lower still is chickens' flesh, altogether an insipid affair enough, we have no doubt; but as a variety of prepared sauces and spices were at hand, by following the example of the Chinese, who excel in the use of such condiments, this insipidity was in great measure removed, and the swallows' nests are got rid of with tolerable ease.

The next course is, a *stew of sea-slugs*. At Macao, these are white; at Ning-po, they are green: at both places they are excellent eating. They are difficult, we are told, to catch with the chop-stick, as they slip about with much alacrity on the china saucer. When caught, however, they are well worth the trouble; for it is said they resemble, and are quite equal to, the 'green fat' of the turtle. Here is a hint for our own aldermanic banquets; and after this, let no man, while devouring oysters, cockles, and mussels, venture to sneer at a mess of sea-slugs.

But now the plot thickens. Our next dish is a grand affair: it consists of *sturgeons' skull-caps*. This is a rare and expensive dainty, as of course the sturgeon has to be killed, like an Indian warrior, for his *scalp*; or as fowls sometimes are in France, for the sake of their combs and gills, to fill up a *vol au vent*; or again, as the poor unhappy Strasbourg goose is for her liver. It may, however, be hoped that all the *refuse* portions of these animals are turned to some account, and may be applied to the sustentation of the ordinary sort of men, although a contrary impression, so far as it relates to the sturgeon, seems to

have been produced on the mind of Our Correspondent. No doubt, after the Gallery was served with the cap, other people would be glad to take up with the remainder of the royal fish.

As to flavour, the skull-caps seemed to eat very much like the birds-nests, gelatine being decidedly in the ascendant in both cases.

After this came 'a soup composed of balls of crab.' This is too vague to satisfy our curiosity. Was the soup made on a 'stock' of shin of beef, or chine of dog, and then merely added to and decorated with the 'balls of crab,' as our own mock-turtle is with little imitation eggs? Further information would be desirable, and we hope the next dispatches will be more explicit.

All this time, there appears to have been a great preponderance of the rich and luscious sort of viands; and we felt quite astounded at the discovery that neither bread nor other farinaceous matter was supplied as an absorbent. This is 'against the statute' in Chinese feasts; and we venture to suggest as a reason, that the 'corners' are too precious as stowage for choicer morsels, to be wasted upon such common affairs as rice or bread. Our English friends, however, could not go on swallowing all this mucilaginous matter without something of the kind; and so, as a special favour, some bread was conceded to them; and we really feel a sort of relief ourselves as we record the fact: such is the force of sympathy in generous minds.

While all this was going on, nectar was supplied by Celestial Ganymedes, in the shape of warm wine, with which the tiny cups were repeatedly filled. The favourite variety with our countrymen was something closely resembling sherry negus, and pronounced very fair drink in its way, when better could not be had.

We are next introduced to a stew of preserved fruits; then comes a dish of some sort of vegetable of a hairy description, resembling that species of endive which in France is called *barbe du capucin*. After that, stewed mushrooms from Manchouria; and then we relapse into a series of *entrées* of various sorts, in which a root, 'something between a turnip and a horseradish' (the black radish?) meets with much approbation.

And now, reader, would have been the moment for the interrogatory 'quack, quack?' noticed at the beginning of this paper, according to all the rules of dramatic propriety; for the next dish is nothing less than 'a bowl of ducks' tongues,' to which, no doubt, ample justice was done; and here again is a delicacy which we in our wisdom throw away.

The 'royal and imperial dish' follows next. This is a *compote of deers' tendons*. On reading this, our first impression was a doubt as to the power of any cooking to bring such a material into an eatable condition; but we are told that, on the contrary, it appeared in a tender and gelatinous form, 'after probably a week's boiling' to produce the desired result. These sinews come, it is said, from Tatary, and form—like the *pietra dura* of Italy, which they somewhat resemble in one respect, and the Gobelin tapestry of Paris—material for royal presents; and when a great man receives a consignment of the catgut, he usually celebrates the joyous event by some grand festivities. We need but to observe, further, that, cooked as it was, this dish only added a little more gelatine to the quantity already sent down 'red lane' by the guests whose progress we are thus faithfully recording.

The royal dish being despatched, there appears on the scene one composed of what we should have thought better eating—'earshell fish'; but as everything here below must have its limits somewhere, the guests found themselves at this juncture *hors de combat*.

A very sensible mode of declaring when people have eaten enough, has, it seems, been adopted in China since the days of *Confusion*, as we once heard the Chinese philosopher injuriously called. Thus, it is understood that no more food is needed when a dish is sent away untouched. This was, therefore, the signal for the close of the feast, for the earshells were reluctantly declined, waistcoat buttons being already on the strain to a rather perilous extent.

But, what have we said? Do our eyes inform us rightly, when we read that, after all this, the guests partook of 'plain boiled rice, confectionary, candied fruit, and acanthus berries steeped in spirits?' It is even so, and confirms the adage that we do not know what we can do till we try.

It deserves to be recorded to the credit of the Chinese *maitre d'hôtel*, that he had in reserve some dozens more of the triumphs of his art, fully as *recherchés* as those already chronicled here; but which, for the reason stated, did not appear. What they were, therefore—from what region procured—what portion they may once have been of the organism of fish, flesh, or fowl, remains only as a subject of ingenious and interesting speculation.

So ended John Bull's dinner at Ning-po. We should have liked to call next morning, and ask how he felt himself; but our anxiety was quite dissipated by his own assurance, that the guests of the banquet we have been describing met the same evening and made a hearty supper, at the house of one of their number. We therefore take leave of them, trusting that they all had, in the words of our poet—adapted to the occasion by a slight change in the punctuation—

A fair, good, night;
With pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.

For our own part, we must confess that we live with the fear of *dyspepsia* before our eyes, and that, unwarlike—cowardly, if you will—as we are, we should almost as soon have clutched a musket at the siege of Delhi as have been forced to stand to it, chop-stick in hand, beside our countrymen on this memorable occasion. Had we tried our gastro-dynamic powers to the same extent as they did, we should have had a nightmare of no ordinary sort, and our visions would doubtless have been influenced by the events of the day. Huge sturgeons, like scalped Indians, would have grinned at us, and with horrid grimaces, called on us to restore their skull-caps. Flocks of melancholy and reproachful swallows would have fluttered round us, and pecked at our eyes as the ruthless plunderer who had not only stolen, but actually eaten their houses. We should have been afflicted with a 'cruel conscientiousness' that we had the missing property somewhere about us; that we were willing to make restitution, but could not, for the life of us, lay our hands upon it for the purpose. Crabs would have nibbled at our toes, and sea-slugs would have trailed their slow and slimy length over our shuddering body. We should have had a ride in the Mazepa fashion, on the back of a Tartar deer—the first time that a man's *dear* and his *tartar* were identified. We should have been 'found drowned' in an ocean of gluey mucilaginous soup; and a whole regiment of ducks would, in spite of the apparent impossibility of speaking while deprived of the very organ of speech, have clamoured for their tongues in a polyglot and most deafening chorus of 'quack! quack!'

Such being the case, it is just as well, gentle reader, that we should be quietly penning these lines in an attic region, while digesting our solitary mutton-chop, eaten with a German-silver fork for a chop-stick, and with a roasted potato, a modicum of bread, a pickled gherkin for condiment, and a moderate irrigation of half a pint of bitter beer.

We must confess that Our Correspondent has

shewn us that a gelatinous dinner can be digested, if we had ever doubted the fact: but although he has made a good move, and taken one of our best pieces, we cannot give up the game, or allow that we are as yet check-mated; but the controversy must now be let fall into abeyance, not for want of matter, but for lack of space to carry it further at the present moment.

ENGLISH HEARTS AND HANDS.

THIS is the title of a very remarkable little book lately published, and already widely circulated. Its object is twofold: to place a long dreaded and despised race of men, according to the phrase of one of their number, 'straighter with other people;' and to shew how much power for good lies latent within the grasp of 'men and women placed by God's providence in another position of life.' The book itself we owe to the fact that, 'early in the year 1853, nearly three thousand railway excavators were gathered from different parts of the kingdom to work at the grounds of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham,' and that of these men, 'two hundred lodged in the village of Beckenham,' the home of the writer.

Railways have run down many a prejudice in their unswerving track: landowners who once protested against them as a wrong, have long learned to welcome them as a boon; the profit, convenience, social interests of a neighbourhood, are all on their side; nay, our sense of beauty even has accommodated itself to their intrusion into some of our most picturesque scenes; but it was reserved for these pages effectually to dispel the still lingering impressions that no large bodies of this hitherto Pariah race could be quartered in a country neighbourhood without injury to its peace and respectability; to shew us that actually 'two or three hundred navvies could take up their abode in a country village for two winters, and instead of spreading moral contagion, set a good example to many of its inhabitants.'

Looking over the touching narrative before us, we find, as indeed we usually do, that a great work had a small beginning. It was on Sunday, the 13th of March 1853, that the writer first attempted to seek the navvies out. 'About seven in the evening' she went to 'a cottage where several were lodging, and asked for one of the family, as an easy introduction to the strangers.' Undaunted by the announcement that they were a 'lot of rough uns,' she entered, 'inquired if any of them had been at church—not one of them had thought of it!'—gave them an account of the morning's sermon; spoke of the important subjects most closely intertwined with every conviction of her own mind, every feeling of her own heart; linked these as they had never been linked before with the wants and spiritual instincts of those whom she addressed; and, in short, concluded this introduction, by melting them to tears, and left them her fast friends and loyal subjects! From that time forward, meetings for similar intercommunications were held on Sunday evenings, and twice in the week, and these were soon attended by the navvies in large numbers. Nor were their pleasures unthought of. A tea-party was devised. 'The school-room was decorated with festoons of flowers, and a button-hole bouquet of geranium and jessamine tied up with blue ribbon, and laid upon each plate.' We do not wonder that 'long afterwards some of these flowers were seen carefully preserved in books!' A pleasant sight that school-room must have afforded that summer-day! 'To a minute, our friends arrived, each man looking as clean as a baby on its christening-day. They quietly and quickly seated themselves, and no gentlemen in the united

kingdom could have conducted themselves more admirably.'

Nor was the softening, elevating, refining influence unexerted even when distance removed 'their lady' from her true-hearted friends. Letters were frequently exchanged, and numbers are given in the book before us, simple, earnest, manly—such letters as do honour to England's working-men.

'On the last day of 1853, the sergeant of police stationed at Beckenham called to return thanks for the interest that had been taken in these noble fellows. He said that his duty had never been so easy before in Beckenham, for their example had restrained the wilder young men of the place, and even shamed a few into attendance at public worship.'

The good work went on throughout 1854. More and more stout hearts were bent beneath the same spell. We read of many a victory over the working-man's direct temptation, drunkenness. We read, it is true, of relapses into the cruel hold of the inveterate habit; but the fallen are not forsaken—they are followed after, reclaimed by tenderness and tears: the gentle hand, strong to rescue, is stretched out again and again, and most of the strugglers triumph in the end. Several of the Crystal Palace navvies having enlisted, we have a number of letters given from different barracks, all expressing a grateful remembrance of Beckenham influences, and shewing how permanent these were in new scenes and under new forms of temptation.

In 1855, we read: 'A new interest sprung up for us in the gathering of the Army Works Corps. This corps, formed by the suggestion, and under the arrangement of Sir J. Paxton, amounted from first to last to nearly 4000 men—railway labourers, artisans of various kinds, smiths, stone-masons, bricklayers. The first ship was to sail early in July, the last about the middle of December.' 'News was brought to the Beckenham rectory on the 19th of May that several strangers had arrived to look for lodgings in the village.' The time was short, indeed, but to such a one as the writer of the book before us, this was no reason for giving up the work, but rather for the doing it with all her might. The new-comers, indeed, were described as 'the roughest lot as ever came to Beckenham.' 'At the first words addressed to them, they looked surprised, and somewhat disposed to look away;' but they were no more proof than their predecessors had been against the magic of an exquisite sympathy, and the unerring tact of a wise and loving heart. In her own words, always the best: 'We met them with friendly interests; they returned it with generous sympathy.'

The impression thus made was so strong, that the poor fellows longed to communicate it to others. One, after conferring with his friends, remarked: 'I wish the whole lot could hear these things. We're all together outside the Crystal Palace at seven of a morning, and the paymaster says we're the finest lot he ever saw, and the mildest—just like four hundred roaring lions.'

The following morning at the early hour named, a carriage from Beckenham was on its way to the ground, where about fifty men were already gathered. The carriage was sent away. 'Conversation easily followed, and by the time the remainder of the four hundred began to make their appearance, the first fifty had become our firm friends; not one uncivil word was said, not one unwilling hand received the prayer.'

This drive to the 'place appointed for the roll-call each morning,' became a regular thing. Invitations to 'cottage-readings' were given, a parting breakfast-party arranged, friendships formed. The ship not sailing at the time appointed, a 'round robin' was

addressed to their benefactress by the navvies, pressingly requesting her return from Essex, whither she had gone, 'to give them some more good advice before they should go away from their own country, perhaps never to return.' This perfect confidence in her 'care for them' is surely very touching. On the 18th of June, an early visit was paid to the Crystal Palace grounds; not only to take leave, but to 'take charge of any portion of their large wages which they chose to empower me to receive during their engagement in the Crimea. . . . Not only wives and children were thus provided for, but amongst the majority, who had no such ties, an aged mother, an infirm father, a widowed sister, a sickly brother, or orphan niece, were remembered with a generous care for their comfort.' Stamped receipts for money-orders being given to the men, they were 'flung back by common consent, with something like a shout of disdain, at the supposition that they could possibly require such a pledge from a friend and a lady.'

From that time till their departure, these men 'visited the rectory at all hours on their pecuniary matters,' and many an opportunity of quiet inter-communion was thus afforded its inmates. On the morning of the 21st of June, on the occasion of the final visit to the Crystal Palace grounds, the writer tells us: 'After shaking hands with each man, I took my leave, but was requested by an official to return, to hear the subject of a communication which had been passing from the men to the foremen of the corps. It was to express the united wish of these warm and grateful hearts that I should go out with them to the Crimea, to keep them straight, and to be with any of them who should die out there in their last hours. And they humbly begged to know if they might take the best place on board for me, and pay for it amongst themselves. It went to my heart to refuse them. . . . But when I explained to them the sacred home duties which withheld me from leaving England, they recognised them at once as paramount claims, and satisfied themselves by asking for a promise of one more farewell visit on board their ships.'

These farewell visits were paid upon the occasion of the sailing of each ship that bore away the Army Works Corps. Of these ships, the *Jura* was the last; she left England on the December of 1855, with her complement of five hundred men. A very touching incident in connection with this final visit well deserves to be given in full. Two men having borrowed half a sovereign each, came to the rectory to repay it the evening before their departure. 'Are you sure, my friends,' said their benefactress, 'that you can afford to give it back?'

'Quite sure, and thank you, ma'am, a thousand times.'

'When we met on board ship, we found that whilst other men had been laying out from ten to twenty shillings apiece in warm vests, John and James had been obliged to do without them, to enable them to repay their debts. . . . It was not to be borne. So, early in the day, we despatched a messenger for four warm knitted vests from London. Five o'clock came—our messenger had not returned. There was plainly some mistake. . . .

'The colder blew the night-breezes about us, as we drove through Deptford, the more unbearable was the thought of these two men suffering for their high and delicate sense of honour towards us. . . . At the fifth shop searched, the articles of clothing which we wanted were obtained. But who was to take them back to the ship? No shopman could be spared.

'Beneath a lamp in the street stood a group of boys; its light fell on a face which seemed to introduce the sort of messenger I desired. The story was told

him. "Now, my boy, we are strangers, and I do not want to know your name or where you live. You might take these vests, and sell or give them away as you choose, I should never send the police after you; but my confidence in the honour of English boys, which stands so high now, would be broken down, and those two nobly honest men would suffer, and might take cold, and go into consumption and die, and their wives and children break their hearts about them."

'The boy's eyes flashed under the lamp-light, and snatching the parcel, he said: "Trust me. I'm the boy for it."

'Eighteenpence happened to be the worldly all we had with us, after paying for the vests. I told him how sorry I was for this.

'It's a plenty. Father's a waterman. I shall get his boat for nothing. All's right!" and off he ran. . . .

'The next day passed, and the next, but no letter from the *Jura*. We read in the *Times* that she had sailed on Thursday morning. The day-posts of Saturday arrived, but brought no news of the parcel.

'My trust failed. "My boy is dishonest," I said; "and my confidence in human honour can never be the same again."

'But by the last post on Saturday evening came a note to say that about seven o'clock on Wednesday evening a boy had brought a parcel on board, and had requested permission to deliver it to James P— and John M—.

'Having discharged his duty, the last sound heard amidst the splashing of his oars as he left the ship's side was the shout: "Tell that 'ere lady I kept my word, and the jackets was in time."

They were gone then, the last of this bold, brave, yet tender-hearted band; gone without their guardian angel, to face the many toils and dangers of the camp before Sebastopol. But the strong silken ties of protecting and of grateful love were not overstrained by distance. 'The correspondence with the men themselves began to average about fifty letters a week from the Crimea;' and the receipts arising from the men's money-orders averaged about £500 a month. Many died in that far-off land—and we have touching accounts given in letters from their mates of some who remembered Beckenham teaching to the very last. On the 8th of May 1856, the *Cleopatra* brought 600 men of the Army Works Corps safely back to English ground. 'From that time,' says the narrator, 'until the last detachment of working-men landed from the Crimea, we were in the habit of keeping open house for their visits. . . . Pleasant was it to hear their short strong statements of not having forgotten us in the Crimea.' 'Once we heard as you was dead, and nigh two thousand of us ran together and prayed God it wasn't true.' And again: 'Whenever any more comed over, we said first thing: "Been to Beckenham, mates? How was they?"'

We conclude this short abstract by a few remarks. Plainly the influence we have seen exerted by a refined and accomplished woman over large bodies of men of the roughest class was remarkable both in kind and in degree. What was its secret? We answer in her own words: 'The working-man values your courtesy above your liberality, and your friendship most of all. Shew him your interest in his welfare, your desire for his improvement, your care for his happiness, and, above all, your trust in his honour. Let him feel that he can give back as much as he gains. . . . Allow him the glorious equality of being able to repay friendship with friendship.'

A word to the many who will read this book with beating heart and tearful eyes, and a sudden and enthusiastic yearning to exercise a like influence. It

is not to discourage that we would say to such: Before you can do what the author has done, you must be what she is: your convictions must be as intense, your experience as confirmatory of them. 'The tone of seeking is one thing, the tone of having is another.'

One word, too, to our working-brothers: Give us credit for much unexpressed sympathy. We often stand aloof, not because our hearts are cold, but because they are timid. We yearn for closer kindredship than we venture to seek. Our minds are narrowed by conventional restrictions; we feel powerless to arrest your attention or to win your confidence. But we have blessed our more gifted sister as we have read of what she has done; and we appreciate to the full the rich reward she meets with in the affection of natures so noble and so tender as yours.

O Ç E O L A:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE FINAL ASSEMBLY.

THE spectacle of yesterday was repeated: the troops in serried lines of blue and steel—the officers in full uniform with shining epaulettes—in the centre the staff grouped around the general, close buttoned and of brilliant sheen; fronting these the half-circle of chiefs, backed by concentric lines of warriors, plumed, painted, and picturesque—horses standing near, some neighing under ready saddles, some picketed and quietly browsing—Indian women in their long *ammas*, hurrying to and fro—boys and babes at play upon the grass—flags waving above the soldiers—banners and pennons floating over the heads of the red warriors—drums beating—bugles braying; such was the array.

Again the spectacle was imposing, yet scarcely so much as that of the preceding day. The eye at once detected a deficiency in the circle of the chiefs, and nearly half of the warriors were wanting. The assemblage no longer impressed you with the idea of a multitude—it was only a respectable crowd, with room enough for all to gather close around the council.

The absence of many chiefs was at once perceived. King Onopa was not there. The coronet of British brass—lackered symbol of royalty, yesterday conspicuous in the centre—was no longer to be seen. Holata Mico was missing, with other leaders of less note; and the thinness in the ranks of the common warriors shewed that these chiefs had taken their followers along with them. Most of the Indians on the ground appeared to be of the clans of Omatia, 'Black Dirt,' and Ohala.

Notwithstanding the fewness of their following, I saw that Hoitle-mattee, Arpiucki, negro Abram, and the Dwarf were present. Surely these stayed not to sign?

I looked for Oçoola. It was not difficult to discover one so conspicuous, both in figure and feature. He formed the last link in the now contracted curve of the chiefs. He was lowest in rank, but this did not signify, as regarded his position. Perhaps he had placed himself there from a feeling of modesty—a well-known characteristic of the man. He was in truth the very youngest of the chiefs, and by birth-right entitled to a smaller command than any present; but, viewing him as he stood—even at the bottom of the rank—one could not help fancying that he was the head of all.

As upon the preceding day, there was no appearance of bravado about him. His attitude, though stately and statuesque, was one of perfect ease. His arms were folded over his full chest—his weight resting on one limb, the other slightly retired—his

features in repose, or now and then lit up by an expression rather of gentleness. He seemed the impersonation of an Apollo—or, to speak less mythologically, a well-behaved gentleman waiting for some ceremony, of which he was to be a simple spectator. As yet, nothing had transpired to excite him; no words had been uttered to rouse a spirit that only seemed to slumber.

Ere long, that attitude of repose would pass away—that soft smile would change to the harsh frown of passion.

Gazing upon his face, one could hardly fancy such a transformation possible, and yet a close observer might. It was like the placid sky that precedes the storm—the calm ocean that in a moment may be convulsed by the squall—the couchant lion that on the slightest provocation may be roused to ungovernable rage.

During the moments that preceded the inauguration of the council, I kept my eyes upon the young chief. Other eyes were regarding him as well; he was the cynosure of many—but mine was a gaze of peculiar interest.

I looked for some token of recognition, but received none—neither nod nor glance. Once or twice, his eye fell upon me, but passed on to some one else, as though I was but one among the crowd of his pale-faced adversaries. He appeared not to remember me. Was this really so? or was it, that his mind, pre-occupied with great thoughts, hindered him from taking notice?

I did not fail to cast my eyes abroad—over the plain—to the tents—towards the groups of loitering women. I scanned their forms, one after another.

I fancied I saw the mad queen in their midst—a centre of interest. I had hoped that her *protégée* might be near; but no. None of the figures satisfied my eye: they were all too *equus-like*—too short or too tall—too corpulent or too *maigre*. She was not there. Even under the loose *hanna* I should have recognised her splendid form—if still unchanged.

If—the hypothesis excites your surprise. Why changed, you ask? Growth?—development?—maturity? Rapid in this southern clime is the passage from maiden's form to that of matron.

No; not that, not that. Though still so young, the undulating outlines had already shewn themselves. When I last looked upon her, her stature had reached its limits; her form exhibited the bold curve of Hogarth, so characteristic of womanhood complete. Not that did I fear.

And what then? The contrary? Change from attenuation—from illness or grief? Nor this.

I cannot explain the suspicions that racked me—sprung from a stray speech. That jay bird, that yestreen chattered so gaily, had poured poison into my heart. But no; it could not be Maïmeé? She was too innocent. Ah! why do I rave? There is no guilt in love. If true—if she—hers was not crime; he alone was the guilty one.

I have ill described the torture I experienced, consequent upon my unlucky 'eaves-dropping.' During the whole of the preceding day, it had been a source of real suffering. I was in the predicament of one who had heard too much, and too little.

You will scarcely wonder that the words of Haj-Ewa cheered me; they drove the unworthy suspicion out of my mind, and inspired me with fresh hopes. True, she had mentioned no name till I myself had pronounced it; but to whom could her speech refer? 'Poor bird of the forest—her heart will bleed and break.' She spoke of the 'Rising Sun': that was Oçoola. Who could the 'haintclitz' be? who but Maïmeé?

It might be but a tale of bygone days—a glimpse of the past deeply impressed upon the brain of the

maniac, and still living in her memory. This was possible. Haj-Ewa had known us in those days, had often met us in our wild wood rambles, had even been with us upon the island—for the mad queen could paddle her canoe with skill, could ride her wild steed, could go anywhere, went everywhere.

It might be only a souvenir of these happy days that caused her to speak as she had done—in the chaos of her intellect, mistaking the past for the present. Heaven forbid!

The thought troubled me, but not long; for I did not long entertain it. I clung to the pleasanter belief. Her words were sweet as honey, and formed a pleasing counterpoise to the fear I might otherwise have felt, on discovering the plot against my life. With the knowledge that Maimee had once loved—still loved me—I could have dared dangers a hundredfold greater than that. It is but a weak heart that would not be gallant under the influence of love. Encouraged by the smiles of a beautiful mistress, even cowards can be brave.

Arens Ringgold was standing by my side. Entrained in the crowd, our garments touched; we conversed together!

He was even more polite to me than was his wont—more *friendly*! His speech scarcely betrayed the habitual cynicism of his nature; though, whenever I looked him in the face, his eye quailed, and his glance sought the ground.

For all that, he had no suspicion—not the slightest—that I knew I was side by side with the man who designed to murder me.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CASHIERING THE CHIEFS.

To-day the commissioner shewed a bolder front. A bold part he had resolved to play, but he felt sure of success; and consequently there was an air of triumph in his looks. He regarded the chiefs with the imperious glance of one determined to command them; confident they would yield obedience to his wishes.

At intervals his eye rested upon Ogeola with a look of peculiar significance, at once sinister and triumphant. I was in the secret of that glance: I guessed its import; I knew that it boded no good to the young Seminole chief. Could I have approached him at that moment, I should have held duty but lightly, and whispered in his ear a word of warning.

I was angry with myself that I had not thought of this before. Haj-Ewa could have borne a message on the previous night; why did I not send it? My mind had been too full. Occupied with my own perils, I had not thought of the danger that threatened my friend—for in this light I still regarded Powell.

I had no exact knowledge of what was meant; though, from the conversation I had overheard, I more than half divined the commissioner's purpose. Upon some plea, *Ogeola was to be arrested.*

A plea was needed; the outrage could not be perpetrated without one. Even the reckless agent might not venture upon such a stretch of power without plausible pretext; and how was this pretext to be obtained?

The withdrawal of Onopa and the 'hostiles,' while Omatla with the 'friendlies' remained, had given the agent the opportunity. *Ogeola himself was to furnish the plea.*

Would that I could have whispered in his ear one word of caution!

It was too late: the toils had been laid—the trap set; and the noble game was about to enter it. It was too late for me to warn him. I must stand idly by—spectator to an act of injustice—a gross violation of right.

A table was placed in front of the ground occupied by the general and staff; the commissioner stood immediately behind it. Upon this table was an ink-stand with pens; while a broad parchment, exhibiting the creases of many folds, was spread out till it occupied nearly the whole surface. This parchment was the treaty of the Oclawaha.

'Yesterday,' began the commissioner, without further preamble, 'we did nothing but talk—to-day we are met to act. This,' said he, pointing to the parchment, 'is the treaty of Payne's Landing. I hope you have all considered what I said yesterday, and are ready to sign it?'

'We have considered,' replied Omatla for himself and those of his party. 'We are ready to sign.'

'Onopa is head-chief,' suggested the commissioner; 'let him sign first. Where is Miconopa?' he added, looking around the circle with feigned surprise.

'The mico-mico is not here.'

'And why not here? He should have been here. Why is he absent?'

'He is sick—he is not able to attend the council.'

'That is a *lie*, Jumper. Miconopa is shamming—you know he is.'

The dark brow of Hoitle-mattee grew darker at the insult, while his body quivered with rage. A grunt of disdain was all the reply he made, and folding his arms, he drew back into his former attitude.

'Abram! you are Miconopa's private counsellor—you know his intentions. Why has he absented himself?'

'O Masser Ginral!' replied the black in broken English, and speaking without much show of respect for his interrogator, 'how shed ole Abe know the 'tention ob King Nopy? The mico no tell me ebberting—he go he please, he come he please—he great chief; he no tell nobody his 'tention.'

'Does he intend to sign? Say yes or no.'

'No, den!' responded the interpreter in a firm voice, as if forced to the answer. 'That much ob his mind Abe *do* know. He no 'tend sign that ar dockament. He say no, no.'

'Enough!' cried the commissioner in a loud voice—'enough! Now hear me, chiefs and warriors of the Seminole nation! I appear before you armed with a power from your Great Father the President—he who is chief of us all. That power enables me to punish for disloyalty and disobedience; and I now exercise the right upon Miconopa. *He is no longer king of the Seminoles!*'

This unexpected announcement produced an effect upon the audience similar to that of an electric shock. It startled the chiefs and warriors into new attitudes, and all stood looking eagerly at the speaker. But the expression upon their faces was not of like import—it varied much. Some shewed signs of anger as well as surprise. A few appeared pleased, while the majority evidently received the announcement with incredulity.

Surely the commissioner was jesting? How could he make or unmake a king of the Seminoles? How could the Great Father himself do this? The Seminoles were a free nation; they were not even tributary to the whites—under no political connection whatever. They themselves could alone elect their king—they only could depose him. Surely the commissioner was jesting?

Not at all. In another moment, they perceived he was in earnest. Foolish as was the project of deposing King Onopa, he entertained it seriously. He had resolved to carry it into execution; and as far as decrees went, he did so without further delay.

'Omatla! you have been faithful to your word and your honour; you are worthy to head a brave nation. From this time forth, you are king of the Seminoles. Our Great Father, and the people of the United

States, hail you as such; they will acknowledge no other. Now—let the signing proceed.'

At a gesture from the commissioner, Omatla stepped forward to the table, and taking the pen in his hand, wrote his name upon the parchment.

The act was done in perfect silence. But one voice broke the deep stillness—one word only was heard uttered with angry aspirate; it was the word 'traitor!'

I looked round to discover who had pronounced it; the hiss was still quivering upon the lips of Oçola; while his eye was fixed on Omatla with a glance of ineffable scorn.

'Black Crazy Clay' next took the pen, and affixed his signature, which was done by simply making his 'mark.'

After him followed Ohala, Itolasse Omatla, and about a dozen—all of whom were known as the chiefs that favoured the scheme of removal.

The hostile chiefs—whether by accident or design I know not—stood together, forming the left wing of the semicircle. It was now their turn to declare themselves.

Hoitle-mattee was the first about whose signing the commissioner entertained any doubt. There was a pause, significant of apprehension.

'It is your turn, Jumper,' said the latter at length, addressing the chief by his English name.

'You may jump me then,' replied the eloquent and witty chief, making a jest of what he meant for earnest as well.

'How? you refuse to sign?'

'Hoitle-mattee does not write.'

'It is not necessary; your name is already written; you have only to place your finger upon it.'

'I might put my finger on the wrong place.'

'You can sign by making a cross,' continued the agent, still in hopes that the chief would consent.

'We Seminoles have but little liking for the cross; we had enough of it in the days of the Spaniards. *Huhook!*'

'Then you positively refuse to sign?'

'Ho! Mister Commissioner, does it surprise you?'

'Be it so, then. Now hear what I have to say to you.'

'Hoitle-mattee's ears are as open as the commissioner's mouth,' was the sneering rejoinder.

'I depose Hoitle-mattee from the chieftainship of his clan. The Great Father will no longer recognise him as a chief of the Seminoles.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' came the scornful laugh in reply.

'Indeed—indeed! And tell me,' he asked, still continuing to laugh and treating with derision the solemn enunciation of the commissioner, 'of whom am I to be chief, General Thompson?'

'I have pronounced,' said the agent, evidently confused and nettled by the ironical manner of the Indian; 'you are no more a chief—we will not acknowledge you as one.'

'But my people?—what of them?' asked the other in a fine tone of irony; 'have they nothing to say in this matter?'

'Your people will act with reason. They will listen to their Great Father's advice. They will no longer obey a leader who has acted without faith.'

'You say truly, agent,' replied the chief, now speaking seriously. 'My people will act with reason, but they will also act with patriotism and fidelity. Do not flatter yourself of the potency of our Great Father's advice. If it be given as a father's counsel, they will listen to it; if not, they will shut their ears against it. As to your disposal of myself, I only laugh at the absurdity of the act. I treat both act and agent with scorn. I have no dread of your power. I have no fear for the loyalty of my people. Sow dissension among them as you please;

you have been successful elsewhere in making traitors—here the speaker glared towards Omatla and his warriors—'but I disregard your machinations. There is not a man in my tribe that will turn his back upon Hoitle-mattee—not one.'

The orator ceased speaking, and folding his arms, fell back into an attitude of silent defiance. He saw that the commissioner had done with him, for the latter was now appealing to Abram for his signature.

The black's first answer was a decided negative—simply 'No.' When urged to repeat his refusal, he added:

'No—by Jovah! I nebber sign de d—paper—nebber. Dat's enuf—ain't it, Bossy Thompson?'

Of course this put an end to the appeal, and Abram was 'scratched' from the list of chiefs.

Arpiucki followed next, and 'Cloud' and the 'Alligator,' and then the dwarf Poshalla. All these refused their signatures, and were in turn formally deposed from their dignities. So, likewise, were Holata Mico and others who were absent.

Most of the chiefs only laughed as they listened to the wholesale cashiering. It was ludicrous enough to hear this puny office-holder of an hour pronounce edicts with all the easy freedom of an emperor!*

Poshalla, the last who had been disgraced, laughed like the others; but the dwarf had a bitter tongue, and could not refrain from a rejoinder.

'Tell the fat agent,' cried he to the interpreter—'tell him that I shall be a chief of the Seminoles when the rank weeds are growing over his great carcass—ha, ha!'

The rough speech was not carried to the ears of the commissioner. He did not even hear the scornful cachinnation that followed it, for his attention was now entirely occupied with one individual—the youngest of the chiefs—the last in the line—Oçola.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE SIGNATURE OF OÇOLA.

Up to this moment the young chief had scarcely spoken; only when Charles Omatla took hold of the pen, he had hissed out the word traitor.

He had not remained all the time in the same attitude, neither had his countenance shewn him indifferent to what was passing. There was no constraint either in his gestures or looks—no air of affected stoicism—for this was not his character. He had laughed at the wit of Jumper, and applauded the patriotism of Abram and the others, as heartily as he had frowned disapproval of the conduct of the traitors.

It was now his turn to declare himself, and he stood, with modest mien, in the expectation of being asked. All the others had been appealed to by name—for the names of all were well known to the agent and his interpreters.

I need hardly state that at this crisis silence was on tiptoe. Throughout the ranks of the soldiery—throughout the crowd of warriors—everywhere—there was a moment of breathless expectancy, as if every individual upon the ground was imbued with the presentiment of a scene.

For my part, I felt satisfied that an explosion was about to take place; and, like the rest, I stood spell-bound with expectation.

The commissioner broke silence with the words:

'At last we come to you, *Powell*. Before proceeding further, let me ask—Are you acknowledged as a chief?'

There was insult in the tone, the manner, the

* The United States government afterwards disapproved of this absurd dethronement of the chiefs; but there is no doubt that Thompson acted under secret instructions from the President.

words. It was direct and intended, as the countenance of the speaker clearly shewed. There was malice in his eye—malice mingled with the confidence of prospective triumph.

The interrogation was irrelevant, superfluous. Thompson knew well that Powell was a chief—a sub-chief, it is true, but still a chief—a war-chief of the Redsticks, the most warlike tribe of the nation. The question was put for mere provocation. The agent tempted an outburst of that temper that all knew to be none of the gentlest.

Strange to say, the insult failed in its effect, or it seemed so. They who expected an angry answer were doomed to disappointment. Oçeola made no reply. Only a peculiar smile was observed upon his features. It was not of anger, nor yet of scorn: it was rather a smile of silent, lordly contempt—the look which a gentleman would bestow upon the blackguard who is abusing him. Those who witnessed it were left under the impression that the young chief regarded his insulter as beneath the dignity of a reply, and the insult too gross, as it really was, to be answered. Such impression had I, in common with others around me.

Oçeola's look might have silenced the commissioner, or, at least, have caused him to change his tactics, had he been at all sensitive to derision. But no—the vulgar soul of the plebeian official was closed against shame, as against justice; and without regarding the repulse, he pressed on with his plan.

'I ask, are you a chief?' continued he, repeating the interrogatory in a still more insulting tone. 'Have you the right to sign?'

This time his questions were answered, and by a dozen voices at once. Chieftains in the ring, and warriors who stood behind it, shouted in reply:

'The Rising Sun?—a chief! He is a chief. He has the right to sign.'

'Why call his right in question?' inquired Jumper, with a sneering laugh. 'Time enough when he wishes to exercise it. He is not likely to do that now.'

'But I am,' said Oçeola, addressing himself to the orator, and speaking with marked emphasis. 'I have the right to sign—I shall sign.'

It is difficult to describe the effect produced by this unexpected avowal. The entire audience—white men as well as red men—was taken by surprise; and for some moments there was a vibratory movement throughout the assembly, accompanied by a confused murmur of voices. Exclamations were heard on all sides—cries of varied import, according to the political bias of those who uttered them. All, however, betokened astonishment: with some, in tones of joy; with others, in the accents of chagrin or anger. Was it Oçeola who had spoken? Had they heard aright? Was the 'Rising Sun' so soon to sink behind the clouds? After all that had transpired—after all he had promised—was he going to turn traitor?

Such questions passed rapidly among the hostile chiefs and warriors; while those of the opposite party could scarcely conceal their delight. All knew that the signing of Oçeola would end the affair; and the removal become a matter of course. The Omatlas would have nothing more to fear; the hostile warriors, who had sworn it, might still resist; but there was no leader among them who could bind the patriots together as Oçeola had done. With his defection, the spirit of resistance would become a feeble thing: the patriots might despair.

Jumper, Cloud, Coa Hajo, and Abram, Arpiucki, and the dwarf, seemed all equally stricken with astonishment. Oçeola—he on whom they had reposed their fullest confidence—the bold designer of the opposition—the open foe to all who had hitherto advocated the removal—he, the pure patriot in whom all had believed—whom all had trusted, was now

going to desert them—now, in the eleventh hour, when his defection would be fatal to their cause.

'He has been bribed,' said they. 'His patriotism has been all a sham; his resistance a cheat. He has been bought by the agent; he has been acting for him all along. *Holywaugus! Iste-hulwa-stchay.*' 'Tis a treason blacker than Omatla's!'

Thus muttered the chiefs to one another, at the same time eyeing Oçeola with the fierce look of tigers.

With regard to Powell's defection, I did not myself know what to make of it. He had declared his resolution to sign the treaty; what more was needed? That he was ready to do so was evident from his attitude: he seemed only to wait for the agent to invite him.

As to the commissioner being a party to this intention, I knew he was nothing of the kind. Any one who looked in his face, at that moment, would have acquitted him of all privy to the act. He was evidently as much astonished by Oçeola's declaration as any one upon the ground, or even more so; in fact, he seemed bewildered by the unexpected avowal; so much, that it was some time before he could make rejoinder.

He at length stammered out:

'Very well, Oçeola! Step forward here, and sign then.'

Thompson's tone was changed: he spoke soothingly. A new prospect was before him. Oçeola would sign, and thus agree to the removal. The business upon which the supreme government had deputed him would thus be accomplished, and with a dexterity that would redound to his own credit. 'Old Hickory' would be satisfied; and then what next? what next? Not a mission to a mere tribe of savages, but an embassy to some high court of civilisation. He might yet be ambassador? perhaps to Spain?

Ah! Wiley Thompson! thy castles in the air (*châteaux en Espagne*) were soon dissipated. They fell suddenly as they had been built: they broke down like a house of cards.

Oçeola stepped forward to the table, and bent over it, as if to scan the words of the document. His eyes ran rapidly across the parchment; he seemed to be searching for some particular place.

He found it—it was a name—he read it aloud: 'Charles Omatla.'

Raising himself erect, he faced the commissioner; and, in a tone of irony, asked the latter if he still desired him to sign.

'You have promised, Oçeola.'

'Then will I keep my promise.'

As he spoke the words, he drew his long Spanish knife from its sheath, and raising it aloft, struck the blade through the parchment till its point was deep buried in the wood.

'That is my signature!' cried he, as he drew forth the steel. 'See! Omatla! it is through your name. Beware, traitor! Undo what you have done, or its blade may yet pass through your heart!'

'Oh! that is what he meant,' cried the commissioner, rising in rage. 'Good. I was prepared for this insolence—this outrage. General Clinch!—I appeal to you—your soldiers—seize upon—arrest him!'

These broken speeches I heard amidst the confusion of voices. I heard Clinch issue some hurried orders to an officer who stood near. I saw half a dozen files separate from the ranks, and rush forward; I saw them cluster around Oçeola—who the next moment was in their grasp.

Not till several of the blue-coated soldiers were sent sprawling over the ground; not till guns had

been thrown aside, and a dozen strong men had fixed their gripe upon him, did the young chief give over his desperate struggles to escape; and then apparently yielding, he stood rigid and immobile, as if his frame had been iron.

It was an unexpected *dénouement*—alike unlooked for by either white men or Indians. It was a violent proceeding, and altogether unjustifiable. This was no court whose judge had the right to arrest for contempt. It was a council, and even the insolence of an individual could not be punished without the concurrence of both parties. General Thompson had exceeded his duty—he had exercised a power arbitrary as illegal.

The scene that followed was so confused as to defy description. The air was rent with loud ejaculations; the shouts of men, the screams of women, the cries of children, the yells of the Indian warriors, fell simultaneously upon the ear. There was no attempt at rescue—that would have been impossible in the presence of so many troops—so many traitors; but the patriot chiefs, as they hurried away from the ground, gave out their wild ‘Yo-ho-eh-eh’—the gathering war-word of the Seminole nation—that in every utterance promised retaliation and revenge.

The soldiers commenced dragging Oçoola inside the fort.

‘Tyrant!’ cried he, fixing his eye upon the commissioner, ‘you have triumphed by treachery; but fancy not that this is the end of it. You may imprison Oçoola—hang him, if you will—but think not that his spirit will die. No; it will live, and cry aloud for vengeance. It speaks! Hear ye yonder sounds? Know ye the “war-cry” of the Redsticks? Mark it well; for it is not the last time it will ring in your ears. Ho—yo-ho-eh-eh! yo-ho-eh-eh! Listen to it, tyrant! it is your death-knell—it is your death-knell!’

While giving utterance to these wild threats, the young chief was drawn through the gate, and hurried off to the guard-house within the stockade.

As I followed amid the crowd, some one touched me on the arm, as if to draw my attention. Turning, I beheld Haj-Ewa.

‘To-night, by the *we-wa*,’* said she, speaking so as not to be heard by those around. ‘There will be shadows—more shadows upon the water. Perhaps’—

I did not hear more: the crowd pressed us apart; and when I looked again, the mad queen had moved away from the spot.

BIRDS AS OBSERVED BY ME.

In my early days, birds of every kind were my friends, and much of my time was taken up watching them. I never studied much of their learned classification, nor did I ever care much about having any of my own; I simply was fond of them, and liked to watch their habits. I have often, when I ought to have been at school learning my lessons, stolen away to the wood, at the back of our house, to watch the motions of the titmice, or try to discover the exact tree whereon the cuckoo sat. And when I succeeded in getting a good view of the cuckoo, I found its attractions quite resistless, and would be chained to the spot as long as that strange bird remained on the tree. I was surprised at first—but I soon became accustomed to it—to find that the cuckoo uttered a low, harsh, grating sound, something like a gurgle in the throat, before giving forth the clear, dreamy *Ku-koo, Ku-koo*;

and I also noticed that when she left the tree, her flight seemed to be zigzag and uncertain, as if she could not make up her mind which tree to light on next. Soon after she left the tree, too, several little birds would twitter off, and follow the stranger wherever she went.

I had always thought—and I don’t know why I should have thought it—that the cuckoo frequented the neighbourhood of trees only; but I found her as frequently on the hillside, perched upon some stone, and calling *Ku-koo, Ku-koo*, just as she did in the wood. At first, I thought she must have strayed or been hunted by other birds from the woods; but when I afterwards saw other cuckoos on the hillside, I knew that she frequented both. I never saw a cuckoo far in the wood, but generally on the outskirts: tall elm-trees bordering parks or gardens seemed to be preferred to the middle of woods, and never very far from houses, which made me think the bird liked to be within sight of our dwellings.

During all my watchings, I never found the cuckoo molesting other birds, as the hawk does, and yet I could not help seeing that she was no favourite with her feathered brethren. This jealousy or natural spite was at times carried to great lengths; and I have seen a cuckoo’s enjoyment sadly marred by a little army of persecutors, and the very life of the bird endangered. It seemed to me that these tiny assailants took periodical fits of anger; for I have listened to a cuckoo in full song, when numerous little birds were in the neighbourhood, and observed that none of them noticed her presence excepting her body-guard—a pair of marsh-tits. On the other hand, during some days, a whole army of little birds would spend hours in pursuing their helpless victim, the air ringing with their screams of defiance and rage. Even at those times, the cuckoo occasionally emitted her notes while on the wing—not plaintively uttered, but just as usual, which always gave me the idea that the bird enjoyed the fun, and rather wished to lead her tormentors a gay chase, than hide herself from such overwhelming odds. These attacks took place, so far as ever I saw, only in the neighbourhood of trees. Her life was certainly more enjoyable amongst the hills: there, she flitted about from one stone to another, her flights usually extending to several hundred yards, at the same time accompanied or followed by her faithful friends, the marsh-tits.

Why they attended her, I never could quite find out, unless they acted as guards to warn the cuckoo of the intrusion of enemies, or as purveyors to supply her with food. I dare say if I had been a reader, I should have seen why the cuckoo was molested by many birds, why she was carefully guarded by some, and spitefully entreated by others; but I hated reading, and liked watching: so it was many a day before I found out the wonderful truth, that she lays her eggs in the nests of other birds. The first nest occupied by a young cuckoo which fell to my notice, was the water-wagtail’s: here I found the intruder one day in June. I was unprepared for any such discovery, and at first I did not know what to make of it; and it was not until his feathers began to come to maturity, that I ascertained the fact, and knew that the two wagtails already deprived of their rightful progeny, were toiling from morning till night to supply the voracious appetite of the young cuckoo. Nor did their cares cease when the bird left the nest; for I noticed that for some time afterwards, the foster-parents fetched food, which was eagerly devoured by this adventurer.

This is about all I can remember of the cuckoo; and many a holiday have I spent in her company. I was more led to watch her habits than those of any other birds, because they always appeared so strange and mysterious. Moreover, I loved to listen to the quiet notes, stealing through the warm air of June or July. I have said that I often stole a day from school to spend

* Spring, pond, or water.

among the copses and woods: these days were generally in June or July; and to this day I never can hear the notes *Ku-koo, Ku-koo*, without associating them with a certain guilt, felt long ago when I (too often) played truant.

Of all birds, I always thought the tits the most indefatigable in their search for food. They are not shy birds, but allow one to remain within a very few yards when they are at work. I remember they were fond of the silver birch-tree, and seemed to prefer a young or moderate-sized one to the full-grown tree. And of all the varieties of blue, greater, lesser long-tailed, and cole, the blue titmouse or ox-eye was the most active. Several kinds would often claim equal right to one tree, and each pursued its avocations without disturbing, or even noticing its neighbours. The blue tit preferred the branches to the stem, and the smaller sprays to the branches; and when one began searching its spray, it never left it till the search was complete. Back downwards was the favourite position; and every little chink in the bark was tried, tapped, and plundered. The plunder was minute insects, their eggs, chrysalles, and tiny caterpillars.

I used to suspect the tits were fond of seeds also, but of this I never was certain. From where the small branch sprung from the greater, and along its entire length, clung, traversed, and pecked, this tiny bird, accompanying the action with sundry low, shrill notes or squeaks; and when several tits were at work on one tree, these notes were constant. Their motions were very quick: a branch several feet long could be examined and plundered in a very few minutes—varying from half a minute to about four usually; and they reminded me of bees, for a few seconds sufficed to shew new-comers whether the branch had been previously visited by others. Their claws are well adapted for clinging, and their necks are very supple; so much so that the bird, while hanging to a horizontal branch of an inch or two in diameter, can twist its head round to the upper part, and examine and probe it, without changing its position. It generally confines itself, however, to the under part and sides of the branch.

The nest of the tit used to be an object of much delight to me. I never harried one, but seldom could resist putting my finger into the small hole at the side, to find if there were eggs or young birds. Such a colony—some dozen or more in one nest not larger than a cricket-ball: no wonder the parent tits require to make the best of their time to supply food for all at home. However, they manage to rear their numerous brood; but that would be impossible were both birds not constantly engaged in getting food. They may both stay away, too, from the nest for some time at a stretch, for it does not require the heat of the parent to keep the young ones warm in their dry ball of feathers.

Another little bird (the least of British birds, I believe), the wren, or katy-wren, as we used to call it, was strange in its habits. I always found it in hedgerows, or close to drains or small streams. Unless for its shrill note, I should seldom have noticed its whereabouts, for the colour of the wren is too dark to admit of the bird being easily seen. I never saw the wren feed. Its motions were very quick, and it seemed an easily scared bird. Its favourite resorts were up drains, or amongst the tangled briers that fringed the sides of some tiny brook: there it would sit, or hop from one little spray to another, emitting its sharp note, so loud for a bird of its size; and if startled from its retreat, would seek the nearest drain-mouth, and vanish. I always deemed the wren a shy bird, and cannot say it was ever a great favourite; but it had its mystery, too, for I never saw it feeding.

It puzzles one to remember the Latin names of

birds; and I always prefer home titles, such as the mavis, the robin, the ox-eye or yellow yorlin, to following them up with hard Latin words, such as *Troglodytes vulgaris*, which I have carefully copied from a book as the name given by naturalists to the katy-wren!

LOOKING EAST:

IN JANUARY 1858.

'Lover and friend hast Thou put far from me, and hid mine acquaintance out of my sight.'

LITTLE white clouds, where are you flying
Over the sky so blue and cold?
Fair faint hopes, why are you lying
Over my heart like a white cloud's fold?

Little green leaves, why are you peeping
Out of the mould where the snow yet lies?
Toying west wind, why are you creeping
Like a child's breath across my eyes?

Hope and terror by turns consuming,
Lover and friend put far from me—
What should I do with the bright spring's coming
Like an angel over the sea?

Over the cruel sea that parted
Me from mine—is't for evermore?
Out of the woful East, whence darted
Heaven's full quiver of vengeance sore.

Day teaches day—night whispers morning,
'Hundreds are weeping their dead, and thou
Weepest thy living! Rise, be adorning
Thy brows, unwidowed, with smiles.'—But how?

O had he married me—unto anguish,
Hardship, sickness, peril, and pain,
If on my breast his head might languish,
In lonely jungle or burning plain:

O had we stood on the rampart gory,
Till he—ere Horror behind us trod—
Kissed me, and killed me, and with his glory
My soul went happy and pure to God!

Nay, nay—God pardon me, broken-hearted,
Living this dreary life in death;
Many there are far wider parted
Who under one roof-tree breathe one breath.

But we *that loved*—whom one word half broken
Had drawn together close soul to soul,
As lip to lip—and it was not spoken,
Nor may be, while the world's ages roll.

I sit me down with the tears all frozen:
I drink my cup, be it gall or wine:
I know, if he lives, I am his chosen;
I know, if he dies, that he is mine.

If love in its silence be greater, stronger
Than hundred vows, or sighs, or tears,
Soul, wait thou on Him a little longer
Who holdeth the balance of thy years.

Little white clouds, like angels flying,
Bring the young spring from over the sea:
Loving or losing, living or dying,
Heaven, remember—remember me!

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THE WILD WHITE MAN.

In the year 1803, the British government, observing the successful progress of the convict settlement at Port Jackson, fitted out an expedition for the formation of a similar establishment on the southern coast of Australia. The great inland bay of Port Phillip had been explored during the previous year by Captain Flinders, in the *Investigator*; and his favourable report of the surrounding country greatly influenced the government in their choice of a locality.

The command of the expedition was given to Colonel Collins. The convicts—367 in number—were all males. Of these, only seventeen received permission for their wives to accompany them; and with the exception of seven little ones, who were too young to be left behind, their children were forbidden to undertake the long and dangerous voyage, which was then regarded with extreme distrust. A detachment of about fifty soldiers, with three lieutenants, formed the military guard; and various civil officers, four surgeons, and a chaplain and seven soldiers' wives, completed the *matériel* of the new settlement.

In these days of breathless enterprise, when our countrymen hurry to and fro over the whole earth, and undertake a voyage to the antipodes, or an expedition to the north pole, with equal coolness, it is interesting to note the gloomy forebodings of these early voyagers to the southern world. The means of so doing are furnished by the diary of the Rev. Robert Knopwood, chaplain to the expedition. 'The land behind us,' he writes, 'is the abode of civilised people; that before us, the residence of savages. When, if ever, we shall enjoy an intercourse with the world, is doubtful and uncertain. We are leaving the civilised world behind us to enter upon a career unknown.'

The expedition sailed from Plymouth in the month of April, but it was not until October that the shores of Australia were descried. Collins and his officers chanced to land on a sterile and desolate portion of the coast; and after sundry disappointments, arising from the absence of fresh water, the barrenness of the soil, and other causes, a spot without the Heads—as the rocky barriers at the entrance of Port Phillip are termed—was selected as the site of the intended settlement. A more unfortunate choice could scarcely have been made; it was found impossible to subsist in such a locality; nor were they successful in their endeavours to discover a favourable district. Acting, therefore, on the discretionary powers wherewith he was invested by the government, Colonel Collins

decided on abandoning Port Phillip, and steering across Bass's Strait. He eventually founded the penal colony of Tasmania.

But before this removal occurred, eight of the prisoners absconded. Five of these were subsequently recovered; but the others never returned, and were supposed to have perished of hunger, or to have been slain by the natives.

For thirty-two years, Port Phillip remained unsettled, and, in fact, was supposed to be unfit for the habitation of civilised man. In the interval, however, sundry partial explorations had taken place. Hume and Hovell had penetrated overland to the Geelong country; and the Sydney government had failed in a second attempt at convict colonisation. Sturt had discovered the source and embouchure of the Murray River; M'Killop had ventured to Lake Omeo, and gazed upon the eternal snows of the Australian Alps; and Henty had established a whaling-station at Portland Bay. But the honour of practically demonstrating the capabilities of Port Phillip belongs to John Batman. In May 1835, this gentleman sailed from Launceston, in Tasmania, and landing on the western shores of the bay, at a point named by him Indented Head, he at once observed that the land in that region was excellently adapted for either tillage or pastoral uses. The natives were also very friendly; and having, by the aid of interpreters, been made to comprehend the object of the white man's visit, they cordially welcomed and granted him a large tract of land.

Delighted with the successful result of his enterprise, Batman returned to Tasmania for seeds and implements, leaving six of his men, with three months' supply of provisions, in charge of his newly acquired property. During his temporary absence, a strange event occurred.

The natives were so little alarmed at the presence of the whites as to mix freely with them, and often assisted them by various friendly offices, which were requited in kind. One day, however, a savage of fiercer aspect than usual made his appearance. He was very tall, and of monstrous bulk; his matted hair hung wildly about his shoulders, and his features were nearly hidden by the profuse growth of his beard. A loose 'rug' or wrapper, made of the skins of the kangaroo, was his sole garment; and in his hand he carried a long and formidable spear, constructed of the close-grained wood of the country, and its point and rows of inverted teeth hardened by the action of fire.

As this uncouth being approached the tents, their inmates perceived with astonishment that his skin

was of a tawny hue; whereas all the natives whom they had yet seen were black. This caused them to surmise that he might possibly be of European origin; and as he stood before them, evidently labouring under strong excitement, and apparently striving to speak, yet uttering no sound, one of them offered him bread, at the same time pronouncing its name. The poor fellow mechanically seized the proffered food, and endeavoured to repeat the word. After reiterated efforts, and as many failures, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. His eyes brightened, he cast away his spear, and stretching out his arm, with eager gestures, invited their attention to something marked thereon. On examination, this proved to be two letters, 'W. B.,' rudely pricked out and stained, sailor-fashion. These they sought to decipher. 'W,' said they for William. He smiled and nodded. 'B' for Burges. He shook his head. Brown, Bruce, Ball—every name commencing with the second letter of the alphabet that they could think of, was tried, with the like result; till at length, as by a mighty effort, their strange visitor burst into speech, and exclaimed, with a genuine English accent: 'W. for William, B. for Buckley.'

Then they knew that it was one of their own countrymen who stood in that wretched guise before them.

On Batman's return to Port Phillip, he was informed of this discovery, and being a man of kindly disposition and feeling heart, he at once assumed the protection of the white savage. His first care was to shave and clean his *protégé*—a process which appears to have considerably lessened the duskiness of the latter's complexion. The kangaroo skins were dispensed with, and a more civilised costume substituted; but it was long ere he could walk in shoes without much discomfort. His first shirt—sewn by Miss Batman—was of Brobdignagian proportions, consisting of an incredible quantity of linen; and when he was set on horseback to accompany his protector, it was discovered that the stores of the settlers could not furnish stirrups sufficiently large to accommodate his huge feet.

By slow degrees, the reclaimed man recovered the use of his native language, and was enabled to communicate his history and adventures. It must not be supposed, however, that his reminiscences assumed the form of a connected narrative; on the contrary, they were extracted from him, not without difficulty, at various times. To the last, he was sullen and reserved, usually answering in monosyllables; and not unfrequently he manifested great anger on being questioned of his past life. He is also said to have varied considerably in his account of some particulars; but his habitual taciturnity, and imperfect command of language, probably caused him to be misunderstood by the retailers of his conversation.

His history, divested of the romance wherewith it has sometimes been clothed, is as follows:

William Buckley—for such was indeed his name—was born at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, in 1780. In early life, he followed the occupation of a stone-mason; but his great height—which is stated at six feet six inches—and stalwart proportions attracting the notice of a recruiting sergeant, he was easily induced to exchange the trowel for the musket, and accordingly enlisted in the 4th regiment. He had served but a short time in his new capacity, when he robbed one of his comrades; for which offence—such was then the severity of our laws—he was sentenced to transportation for life. This occurred in 1803, in the twenty-third year of his age; and it thus happened that he became an unwilling member of Colonel Collins's abortive expedition to Port Phillip. When the order for removal to Tasmania was issued, Buckley, and two others, named respectively Pye

and Marmon, feeling doubtful of their ultimate fate, effected their escape from the camp, as previously stated; and the vessels sailing shortly after, nothing more was heard of them.

What became of Pye and Marmon has never been satisfactorily ascertained. Buckley himself always evinced great dislike to being questioned about them, and seemed to regard the inquirer with much suspicion. It appears that the course taken by the fugitives was around the head of the bay; and Mr Wedge, in his report to the Geographical Society of Tasmania, dated 1835, says that Buckley assured him, that in their flight, Pye became exhausted, and was left behind at the Yarra River; and that Marmon quitted him at Indented Head, with the avowed intention of returning to the camp. But there are many different versions of this affair. Sometimes Buckley averred that they were killed by snakes, and at others that they had lost themselves in the bush, and were never seen by him after. But the Australian wilds furnish no indigenous fruits capable of affording sustenance to man; and it is generally believed that hunger, and the difficulty of procuring food, induced a repast at which humanity shudders. Be this as it may, no vestige of their remains has ever been discovered.

After parting from his companions, Buckley appears to have remained alone some time. One day, however, disgusted alike with his solitary life, and the precariousness of his means of subsistence, he wandered on the beach, anxiously endeavouring to deary some vessel, which happily might rescue him from his vast prison. His shoes had long since abandoned his feet, which now therefore left their imprint on the soft sand. As he strolled listlessly along, he picked up a fragment of a spear, and with this he waded amongst the rocks in search of shell-fish, now his principal food. Whilst thus engaged, he was observed by three native women, who, creeping stealthily down to the beach, imagined that they beheld in him their lost chief Murragak, whom Buckley appears to have resembled in size and stature. The illusion was increased by the circumstance of his carrying the broken spear of the deceased warrior; and the colour of his skin excited but little surprise, being readily ascribed to the potent influence of the grave.*

The Delilahs of the forest having, in a manner, captured this ungainly Samson, brought him, nothing loath, to the men of their tribe, who, in fact, had seen his footprints on the sand, and were already in search of him. He was immediately surrounded by a mob of yelling savages, and doubtlessly imagined that he was destined to be carved into collops for the gratification of his epicurean captors; but again his resemblance to the great chief befriended him. They examined his feet and hands—they eagerly scrutinised the spear, of which he had fortunately retained possession; and when they discovered on his side a scar, similar in appearance to one which had marked the body of Murragak, they deemed the evidence of his identity complete. Buckley, meantime, mistook their very animated gestures for so many tokens of their pleasure at his fleshly condition. A long conversation ensued, during which the name of Murragak was incessantly repeated. It ended, very much to his satisfaction, in their feeding, instead of eating him; and he was given to understand, by signs, that thenceforth he was never to quit his savage entertainers.

Accordingly, although treated with great respect,

* The superstition here alluded to is very prevalent amongst the Australian aborigines, who imagine that the whole of the white population are their deceased brethren. For a supposed restored friend, they testify great affection; but it is very unpleasant, and not a little dangerous, to be mistaken for a departed enemy.

he was scrupulously watched by day and night. He was never suffered to fatigue himself with the exertions of the chase, nor to perform that infinitesimal amount of labour to which the natives of Australia unwillingly submit. His ganyah was reared for him, and his larder stocked with unwonted extravagance, by his savage friends. The daintiest morsels of the kangaroo, and the most juicy of opossums, the sweetest portions of the wombat, the whitest grubs of the mimosa, and the largest of gum-balls, were his. His also the largest eggs and the finest fish—the richest berries and the most delicate roots. The rarest pigments were devoted to his use, and the warmest skins were added to his wardrobe.

Thus, from a state of abject misery and utter loneliness, Buckley was suddenly elevated to a species of savage royalty, and held in reverential awe as the restored Murrargark. For some time, the only perceptible fluctuation of public opinion was the occasional outburst of cannibal propensities, when his wild subjects seemed to survey his colossal form with much peculiar admiration.

Buckley's domestic comfort was also duly considered, and a dusky, but buxom young widow was assigned to him, by the general consent of the tribe, as his lubra, or spouse. For a time the pair enjoyed the utmost felicity of which two such strange turtle-doves were capable. But this lasted not long; for, according to Buckley, the honeymoon was scarcely over, when his hut was one night invaded by sundry native gentlemen, who, claiming a prior right, forcibly carried off the bride. Much violence does not appear to have been offered, nor were the husband's feelings greatly lacerated by this stroke of fortune. He acknowledged, indeed, that his lubra went very willingly, and that he did not 'make a fuss about the loss.' But the natives seem to have taken a widely different view of the affair; for, irritated probably at this practical disparagement of their own judgment, at the lady's faithlessness, and the injury inflicted on their white friend, they speared both the frail one and her lovers.

But if Buckley's first companion was insensible to his charms, there were other hearts more tender and more true. A gentle damsel, of the same tribe, of her own accord visited his solitary home, and sought to soothe and please the forsaken stranger. Nor were her efforts unsuccessful. Buckley, at various periods, had many wives, but he always expressed himself in more favourable terms of his second partner than of any other. On the sea-shore, near Point Lonsdale, is a natural cavern, in the limestone rock, which is said to have been the abode of the wild white man and his mate during this portion of his eventful career.

It has been doubted whether Buckley had any children. By those who knew and conversed with him, this point is diversely stated; some declaring positively that he was childless, but others, and the majority of evidence is on this side, speak of sons and daughters. When reclaimed, in 1855, he had with him two lubras, and a boy and girl; but he always spoke of these as adopted children.

Many other particulars were at sundry times extracted from him, and have been worked up, by Mr Morgan of Hobart-town, into a long and interesting narrative. In it are numerous details of native feasts and fights, of huntings and corroborees; but, as might be expected, there is a great paucity of actual events. Occasionally, he seems to have lost a portion of the influence he ordinarily exerted over his black friends. Whether their faith in his involuntary personation of Murrargark sometimes became weak, or was overpowered by hunger, we know not; but he avowed that for some years he constantly expected death. The young men, he said,

were for killing him; but the elders of the tribe always interfered to save his life. He appears to have taken matters very coolly; and if he possessed, he certainly never attempted to exert the magic of civilised intellect, nor sought, by the communication of useful arts, to improve the condition of his savage associates: on the contrary, contented apparently with the gratification of his animal appetites, he willingly sunk to the dead and dreary level of Australian barbarism. Like his untutored friends, he fed on raw or semi-roasted flesh, clothed himself in the skins of beasts, and acquiring the native dialect, ceased even to think in his mother-tongue, until, as we have seen, he had totally forgotten its use. Once or twice, he said, he saw ships enter the bay; but he does not appear to have made the slightest effort to attract the attention of their inmates, nor in any way to extricate himself from the degrading position into which he had fallen, until Batman firmly planted his foot upon the soil.

Such was the poor lost creature whom, after thirty-two years of savage life, the early colonists of Port Phillip restored to civilised society; and, it is proper to add, that his own delight, when he was enabled to comprehend the change, was unbounded. 'Nothing,' says Mr Wedge, 'could exceed the joy he evinced at once more feeling himself a free man, received again within the pale of civilised society.'

However he may have been deficient in other qualities, ingratitude was clearly not one of Buckley's faults. Both Batman and Wedge concur in stating that he exerted himself greatly in maintaining amicable relations between the natives and the colonists. To the former gentleman—his constant friend and patron—he was much attached; and when informed of his death, it is recorded that 'he threw himself on the bed and wept bitterly.'

Buckley's subsequent career is soon told. A free pardon was, at his own urgent desire, procured for him from Colonel Arthur, the governor of Tasmania; and he was appointed native interpreter, with a salary of £50 per annum. In this capacity, his services were in great request; and when Sir Richard Bourke came down from Sydney to survey the new colony, Buckley was selected to accompany him in his tour through the country. But his position soon became uncomfortable. Serious disputes broke out between the settlers and the native population. The latter committed many robberies, and at length speared two of their white neighbours, whose graves, on the Flagstaff Hill, near Melbourne, are still religiously preserved. We have no record of offences on the other side, but doubtless the whites were not blameless. Buckley, who could not forget the kindness of his old friends, refused to interpose between the contending parties, declaring that the hostility of the blacks was solely attributable to the misconduct of the colonists. Fearing, therefore, that he might relapse into barbarism, Batman resolved to send him out of Port Phillip; and accordingly, in 1836, he was induced to embark for Hobart-town, where he resided, during the remainder of his life. His figure and strength obtained for him the post of constable, which he held many years. Subsequently, he was employed as assistant-storekeeper at the Immigrant's Home, and, later still, as gate-keeper of the Female Nursery.

In his sixtieth year, Buckley, again venturing on matrimony, contracted a union with the widow of an immigrant. In 1850, the Tasmanian government bestowed on him the insignificant pension of £12 per annum; and in the following year, Victoria having been separated from New South Wales, and erected into an independent colony, its legislature voted an additional annuity of £40.

Endowed by nature with an iron constitution,

which his wild life no doubt materially assisted to strengthen, Buckley enjoyed vigorous health almost to his latest hour. His death was occasioned by accident. In January 1856, he was thrown from a vehicle, and received such severe injuries in the fall, that in a few days he breathed his last sigh, at the advanced age of seventy-six.

LONG BALL-PRACTICE.

TEN years ago, large guns and small were the simplest things imaginable. A tubular orifice driven not quite through the length of a metallic bar; a very much smaller tube bored at right angles to the aforesaid, near to its closed extremity, thus serving as a touch-hole—and, behold, a gun! The axial bore might be a little tube, it might be a big tube, without disturbing our ideas in the least degree as to what should constitute a gun. Except in reference to that particular sort of gun known as 'the rifle,' the philosophy of firearms, as they were in England some twenty years ago, is soon exhausted. Since that period, extraordinary developments have arisen in the construction of firearms, all of them very beautiful, and some of them very curious. A few special cases have been touched upon by us in these columns already. For example, on the occasion of the Russian war, we presented our readers with rudimentary knowledge of a department of conchology not much studied even in these days of sea-side ramblings and marine aquaria. *Martial conchology* we would be understood to signify, explanatory of the difference between common and shrapnel shells, together with several other matters of the sort. We also said our say anent that very curious specimen of no-tailed war-rocket devised by Mr Hale. Colt's pistols and Minié bullets have also passed under our review; so now, keeping well *au courant* in the projectile art, we purpose acting as master of the ceremonies to certain other candidates for public approbation in the man-killing, wall-splitting, gunpowder-consuming line.

Banishing for a moment all names and designations, let us look at the requirements of the projectile art of war; and, firstly, of small-arms. The simplest classification of these is into pistols, cavalry carbines, and muskets; by which latter term we will understand all infantry firearms, whether rifled or non-rifled. In each of these three, there have been great improvements during late years; to some of which we shall advert.

Firstly, in respect of pistols, the revolver principle has fairly beaten all others out of the field. As to the antiquity of that principle, there may be now seen in the Tower of London a revolver firearm made for the special use of Henry VIII. If that bluff monarch, with tender conscience and delicate sensibilities, had fired the weapon pretty often, it might have fared better with a few of his queens. Our meaning is, that the arm would have inevitably gone off at the wrong end, so roughly is it constructed. Indeed, not all the latest improvements of flint-locks could enable the manufacturer to turn out a perfectly reliable revolver; to the successful construction of which the detonating or percussion principle is absolutely necessary.

Having all the useful phases of revolving firearms well under view, we do not hesitate to say that Colonel Colt was the first person who succeeded in turning out of hand a revolver perfectly efficient and reliable, adapted for all the exigencies of war to which a pistol can be applied. For many years this celebrated weapon maintained a distinguished precedence over all others, notwithstanding that an English firm—Deane and Adams—constructed revolving pistols which admitted of being discharged with greater

rapidity than Colt's. The American pistol requires to be cocked by the thumb, like any ordinary firearm; when cocked, the line of aim is clear, and discharge may be effected by as light a touch at the trigger as the shooter may desire. The English revolver *required*—we speak of the past—no special cocking, the trigger-pull acting that part. Necessarily, a trigger-pull performing this function must be somewhat dead and heavy; so that at very close quarters the English pistol undoubtedly possessed advantages over its American competitor, yet Colt's revolver was better adapted to the taking of steady aim. An officer, whose name at this instant we forget, was surrounded at the battle of Inkermann by six Russians; possessing one of the self-cocking English revolvers, he shot four, and testified to the manufacturers that had there been a necessity for cocking the pistol by thumb in the ordinary way, his life would have been taken. Still the dead trigger-pull incidental to cocking was in some cases a disadvantage. It has been obviated. The British revolver may now be caused to discharge itself by mere trigger-pull as formerly, or it may be cocked by thumb and exploded like any ordinary firearm.

The revolver principle has succeeded well in the construction of pistols, as we have seen. Has it answered in respect of cavalry carbines and infantry muskets? No, it has not; and we think there is but little chance of its thus succeeding. By this we would wish to be understood as expressing our belief that although tolerable weapons of the carbine and musket classes admit of being made by adoption of the revolver principle, still much better weapons of the same classes admit of construction by adopting other types. This for several reasons. Firstly, inasmuch as a cavalry carbine has to be shouldered and discharged with one hand, it should be light; and seeing that inasmuch as one barrel must be necessarily lighter than five or six, though they be only rudimentary barrels, as we find them in revolver pistols, *therefore, ceteris paribus*, a one-barrelled carbine must be best. But a functional objection exists to the adoption of the revolver principle by any kind of firearm larger than a pistol; and we beg the reader's attention to it, inasmuch as the remark applies with still greater force to artillery. *By increasing the calibre of a gun, the strength of its parts relative to gunpowder, decreases in a rapidly increasing ratio.* Wherefore it happens, that, though in pistols the breech-joints necessary to carry out the revolver principle may be made practically tight, there comes a maximum bore at last, with which such tightness is impossible. Developing still the size of our ideal gun, there comes finally a bore beyond the diameter of which, though no joints are involved, the mere cohesive strength of material used forbids the manufacturer to go; for, curiously enough, it is a well-demonstrated fact, that after a given thickness of material, varying according to the cohesive strength of material employed, no mere addition to thickness adds to strength or power of resistance. Slightly anticipating another part of our subject, we may here indicate that the limit of strength for cast iron, fashioned into long pieces of ordnance, capable of projecting with safety solid balls, corresponds with about eight inches diameter. True, cast-iron long-guns are now made of ten, and even eleven inches diameter, but they are only strong enough to be used for projecting shells or hollow shot.

Though the revolver principle seems barely compatible with the necessities of a cavalry carbine, yet in no description of firearm is the want of some efficient breech-loading contrivance more pressing. Even with all the facilities of loading which the conoidal expanding principle has given, as exemplified in the Minié and Enfield rifled muskets, still, the

operation of charging a cavalry carbine by the muzzle, and on horseback, at all, is most inconvenient. Various attempts have been made to obviate this inconvenience; some answering well enough with low charges, others with high charges, in careful hands; but very, very few complying with all the requisitions of common cavalry practice. In the improvement of carbines, no less than of pistols, our American cousins have been foremost. The cavalry carbine of Colonel Greene is a breech-loader. It is charged with an ordinary paper-cartridge, and has the remarkable peculiarity of causing the explosive force of the charge to contribute to the tightness of the joint. We hardly know whether we shall succeed in rendering intelligible the manner by which this is done. Firstly, the piece, though one-barrelled, has two triggers; one being pulled, liberates the barrel, which now admits of being pulled out of a catch, and turned towards the operator's right, in such manner that a paper-cartridge holding powder and ball admits of being slid in; the use of a common cartridge indeed being a great point gained. The cartridge is neither bitten nor broken; but the act of replacing the barrel in its catch forces a sort of pointed perforated steel tooth—something like a snake-fang, though straight—into the very middle of the cartridge, which is thus ready to be fired as soon as a percussive blast rushes through the tubular orifice of the fang. This is accomplished by the very ingenious contrivance known as the Maynard primer, and universally employed now in all American non-revolving military small-arms. If we turn aside from our main object to describe such a collateral thing as the Maynard primer, we shall never have done. The reader will therefore be so good as to excuse our stating more on that head than the general principle subserved. The Maynard primer is a little magazine of some fifty or sixty percussion patches brought successively, by the act of cocking, quite over the nipple, so that the niggling act of capping the piece is obviated. From the Maynard primer let us now go back to the piece itself, and trace out the destiny of the cartridge. Though placed within the barrel, it does not touch the latter, but is surrounded by a sort of tightly sliding, short internal chamber, larger anteriorly than posteriorly, and terminating on the latter aspect by a sharpish edge. The interior of the sliding-chamber is, in point of fact, a truncated cone; its exterior being cylindrical, and tightly fitting the barrel, save where the posterior face of the chamber is ground away to a bluntish edge, the latter bearing upon a flat plate of iron. Now, owing to this configuration, it follows that when the powder within the cartridge explodes, a backward pressure will be exerted upon the short sliding truncated conoidal chamber, the posterior cutting edge of which will be thrust against the flat iron bearing. We have been thus particular in describing the construction of Colonel Greene's carbine, because of its approval in British military circles, and its partial adoption by the British cavalry.

Sharpe's is another American invention in the way of breech-loading carbines. In charging this firearm, an ordinary paper-cartridge is also used, of which the posterior aspect is ripped off in the act of closing the breech-opening. The objectors to Sharpe's American rifle affirm that it nips off an uncertain quantity.

And now, before passing on to the consideration of muskets, some few matters must be taken for granted as lying within the sphere of the reader's cognizance, otherwise we shall never get to the end of our tale. Firstly, we will assume that every reader—except a lady-reader perhaps—is aware of the fact that gun-barrels are either rifled or non-rifled. Secondly, that except for fowling, no person one shade more civilised than a Dahomey grenadier will ever use a non-rifled,

alias small-bored, small-arm again. Thirdly, that all civilised rifle-balls are, and have been these few years past, more or less like *sugar-loaves* in form.

Before passing to *fourthly*, pause we a while to contemplate our Hibernicism. To speak of a ball shaped like a sugar-loaf, is indeed startling; but surely *bullet* is no better. One may say *projectile*, but it is abominably pedantic, and *conoid* is hardly to be recommended. Cousin Jonathan's inventive genius is not only strong in gun-making, but in the coining of new words out of the old tongue. He calls the sugar-loaf shaped balls to which we have been adverting, *pickets*. A very good word it is too. We shall adopt it, and commend it to the favourable notice of all dictionary compilers. *Fourthly*, we take it for granted that everybody knows how a rifle-picket spins through the air, point foremost; whereas a ball proper, fired from an ordinary non-rifled gun, simply rolls whilst flying through the air, as a marble might roll upon the ground. Fifthly and lastly, as it seems, we will assume every reader to be aware that whereas the bullet of a common gun fits the bore loosely, a rifle-picket, ball, or other projectile must—at least at the moment of discharge—fit its barrel with all possible accuracy and tightness; a rifle bore is, in point of fact, a hollow screw, and the projectile within it is a solid one.

Two distinct principles of facilitating rifle-practice suggest themselves—that is, breech-loading, and expanding pickets. Of these, the Prussians have adopted a variety of the first in their celebrated needle-gun. Ourselves, the French, and Austrians, have adopted varieties of the second, one or the other of which is now perhaps in course of adoption by every civilised nation. The self-expanding picket system consists in fashioning the picket in such a manner that dropping loosely into the gun at the time of charging, it becomes expanded and tightly fitting by the force of gunpowder discharge, either directly applied, as in Lancaster's celebrated oval-bore sporting rifle, or indirectly, as in the Minié rifle and the Enfield weapon now adopted by our own service. Into the base of the Minié picket an iron thimble is inserted, which, receiving the blow of explosive discharge, is driven far up into the middle of the leaden picket, which it consequently expands; sometimes too completely indeed, for instances are not unfrequent of the thimble shooting quite through the picket, which latter remains as a leaden tube, lining the gun-barrel. Liability to the accident here adverted to is a weak point of the celebrated Minié weapon, which has mainly led to the substitution of the Enfield rifle in our military service. In this latter weapon, a hard wooden plug is substituted for the iron thimble.

The first requisition for a military rifle is, in the opinion of non-military people, extreme length of range; but there are qualities in subservience of which length of range becomes a secondary consideration, and must, if necessary, be abandoned. A good military small-arm must be able to shoot often without fouling. This is essential; otherwise the arm, however long its range, is a failure. Now, the conditions for imparting a maximum rifle-range are perfectly well known; they are, *maximum length of picket, involving minimum of calibre*. In sporting rifles, these conditions are carried out to the extent of diminishing the calibre to half an inch bore. In the construction of military rifles, so small a diameter is not thought expedient. To shew how little advantageous an extremely long range of rifle-shooting is regarded by military judges, the Enfield rifle, which carries more than 1000 yards with accuracy, is only sighted up to 700 yards. There is something *ad captandum* in the idea of an extremely long range, which may beget wrong impressions. The public have heard a

good deal about rifles which will shoot farther than the Enfield. True; but the Enfield rifle, for reasons mentioned, was limited as to the dimensions of its bore. The public, too, have been startled by the vast penetration of a certain rifle-picket; but the inventor omitted to state the all-important fact, that the projectile was made of hard metal, not lead, and therefore could never have been successfully employed in military service.

The greatest popular misapprehension exists as to rifled ordnance. To adapt the rifle system to ordnance at all is a problem of great difficulty; but for the sake of argument, we choose to regard it done. Well, once impart the rifle-spinning motion to an artillery projectile, instead of the ordinary rolling motion, and it is incapacitated for all purposes save one—to go straight at its object in one direct unbroken flight. What more can be reasonably expected of cannon? the reader will possibly ask. Much, very much. If a cannon-shot had the invariable task assigned it of going straight at the object, a rifled piece of ordnance would always assuredly be best. But cannon are expected to be versatile things; and the versatility of their adaptations adds much to their deadliness. A non-rifled projectile admits of being gently bowled out of a gun, when it hops along very much like a cricket-ball. This is called ricochet practice, and is very destructive. Taken all in all, it is worth more against men, and ships, and even fortifications, than direct firing. Once let a rifle projectile touch ground or water, and its original line of flight is gone: whirling on one side, it is almost useless. Again, the very deadliest applications of cannon to man-killing are the projection of grape and canister shot, and shrapnell shells—all repugnant to the rifle system.

If all gun-projectiles were round, made solid of similar material, and filled with proportionate charges, the largest balls would range furthest. Therefore—excluding the rifle principle—the range of ordnance, *ceteris paribus*, would be directly proportionate to their calibre. But *ceteris* are *non paribus*. In proportion as the calibre of a gun increases, the largest possible charge of gunpowder decreases, and also the weight of projectile; so that a cast-iron gun of more than 8-inch bore can hardly be used with safety for the projection of solid shot. Nevertheless, there is a craving for larger cannon strong enough to project solid shot; and, strangely enough, the proposition by which this is sought to be accomplished is no less than the one of returning to the hoop-and-stave system of ordnance manufacture, or, at any rate, a modification of it, as employed in the earlier days of cannon manufacture. In this direction the Americans, under the guidance of Treadwell, are working; so is Mallet in our own country. The latter gentleman has come prominently before the public of late in connection with the built-up 36-inch iron mortar, which, although no very long range has yet been got out of it, has succeeded well enough to establish the soundness of the principle. We stood on the 18th of December last not more than 100 yards distant from the spot where one of the monster shells of this mortar fell, and plunged so deeply into stiff clay-land that the longest shell-probes failed to reach it. The depth to which each of these shells probably sinks after a flight of 16,000 feet may be over twenty-five feet. Of course, on an experimental occasion like that adverted to, the shells were not charged; but the effect of their mere dead weight and impetus is something marvellous. Hissing through the air, they fall each with a dull loud explosion almost louder than the discharge of the mortar itself as heard by one standing close to it. Huge lumps of clay are now shot aloft, and stones fly about in all directions. Presently, when these

fragments have cleared away, and the observer looks upon the spot of impact, a veritable crater is seen, black and yawning. For a depth of some eight feet, a huge ragged pit is seen to be delved out, extending from the lower part of which is a hole proportionate to the size of the shell. What this shell, if charged, would accomplish, may be left to the imagination. One can form a good notion of what 480 pounds of powder would do if ignited some twenty feet or more below the earth's surface. As regards the construction of Mr Mallet's mortar, it resembles that of ancient stave-cannon, with the following difference: The staves of ancient cannon were all in one circular row, as also the hoops which surrounded them; whereas the staves and hoops respectively of Mr Mallet's compound mortar are in more rows than one; and as for the hoops, each concentric layer is slipped *hot* over the one underneath, whereby, on cooling, contractile force is exerted, and made to count for strength in the general structure of the gun.

PROCEEDINGS IN BREAKNECKSHIRE.

I AM very much afraid that the Mudbury Coursing Meeting has ruined that eminent metropolitan man of business, our friend Mr Robert Jones.* He is dog-bitten, and, what is worse, horse-bitten, and there is no little apprehension entertained by his country friends of his going turf-mad. Nothing I could urge could prevent him from driving his trusty quadruped Seaman over to Rasperton, fourteen miles away, to see the steeple-chases in the neighbourhood of that town. I could not accompany him myself, having other agricultural business to attend to; but he did me the favour to say, that he could get on very well without me, if I would only lend him my horse and gig.

I should like Sloggard, his junior partner in the oil-and-colour line, to have seen Mr Jones as he left my door on Friday last, equipped for this expedition. I am much surprised if he would not straightway have scraped together all he could, and bought the head of the firm out of the business while it was still a flourishing one. A broad-brimmed but far from Quakerish-looking hat; a green cut-away, blossoming into a red scarf, with a silver horse's foot by way of petal; a piece of a buff-waistcoat; a white pair of what you could scarcely call continuations, they as immediately terminated in a couple of enormous riding-boots—the whole viewed through the dim obscure of the smoke of a cigar—made up the sum of what is known in the City as Jones and Company. Perched upon three driving cushions, with his elbows squared, and a long whip flying by his side, he might have sat for a type of the gentlemen who figure most brilliantly in the Insolvent Court. There was a smack of overtrading and reckless expenditure in the very tones in which he observed, 'Let her go!' to the groom at Seaman's head, as though my favourite brown had been a female. He came back, indeed, from the scene of dissipation in a far different—But I am anticipating; let him tell his steeple-chase experiences after his own fashion.

I had no difficulty whatever—thanks to your accurate directions and Seaman's exemplary conduct—in arriving at Rasperton; and I put him up, according to your advice, at 'The Weasel Asleep.' I got there at twelve o'clock—only thirty minutes before the first race was advertised to be run, so that I thought I would invest a shilling in a conveyance to take me to the course. The flyman, however, to whom I applied charging the modest sum of a

* See Journal, No. 212.

sovereign for that accommodation, I joined the mighty stream of pedestrians who set towards the scene of action, ceaselessly, like a river to the sea—turbid waves of the lower classes of the sporting fraternity—ex-grooms and hangers-on to stable-yards, fringed with a gayer foam of gipsies, and recruits, and card-sellers, in rags of red-coats and shreds of hunting-caps. To judge by the number of us with a straw in our mouths, we must have carried with us at least a couple of ricks in that manner; but what symbolic meaning may attach to the practice, I do not know. Moreover, it appeared that there was a mysterious something connected with the sports of the day, which made us converse sententially or in oracular whispers, as though we had a weight upon our minds not lightly to be communicated. We had also, for the most part, *cupidon* or bow-legs; and when we stood still, we straddled as much as possible, consistent with our putting both our hands in our pockets, as though we were afraid of having them picked; for, although we did not look as if we had so much to lose, we kept up a running-fire of bets of from half-a-crown to half-a-sovereign.

As we neared the racing-ground, the crowd filled all the turnpike-road, and particularly those parts of it which the horses would have to cross in their career; a ditch and hedge on one side, with a steep bank to be surmounted, and on the other side 'a drop,' as my sporting friends euphoniously termed it, but which I should call a precipice. In the field where the grand stand was built, were horseless carriages of all sorts standing outside the ropes, and filled with beauty and fashion, as upon ordinary race-courses; but there were no Bounding Brothers of Byzantium, or portable theatres, or 'Now you have my grandmother's night-cap, and here you have Nicolas the hex-Hemperor of all the Roosias, and there you have the Great Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one'—all made out of a paper fan. The aspect of the place was gay, but business-like; we were all come there in earnest, either to do or to be done. The view from the grand stand was certainly very brilliant, and the shouting and confusion of sounds that came up thither mellowed by distance, was as music to written words. The course lay mapped out before us in a circle of about two miles and a half, by means of white and yellow flags, and included more than a dozen fences. Of these there was but one artificial fence immediately opposite, consisting of hurdles heightened by furze. There being still considerable time to spare before the races began—one of the peculiarities of proceedings in Breakneckshire being their postponement for at least two hours after the advertised hour of starting—a device, I believe, to benefit their principal subscribers, the innkeepers—I spent that period in making a tour of the course. The first jump after the hurdles was into the road and out of it; next came some very heavy water-meadows, with a broad brook or two with bad taking-off; a bank of stony earth, with a hedge at the top of it; a wall; then another part of the road, with the obstacles, of course, in reverse order, 'the drop' being upon the contrary side; more water-meadows, with ditches; and last of all, a broadish leap, with stunted bushes growing upon the further bank—the worst place of the lot, perhaps—after which was a flat run to the front of the stand. Of my own free-will, I would not have ridden at one of these impediments for fifty pounds; I might have been induced to attempt the whole course, perhaps, if I had been blindfolded, and securely fastened on to the saddle—and not otherwise—for a thousand pounds; but my son would most probably have enjoyed the money.

The bell now rang for saddling: out of thirty horses entered for the first race, twelve only are going to start, whose numbers, as printed on the

cards, are published conspicuously upon a black board erected for that purpose. The sun shines upon their glossy coats, as upon a mirror: scarlet, and white, and orange, and blue and yellow, with variegated scarfa, and combinations of all these colours, are the riders—a goodly show indeed. One of them, the scarlet, has but one arm to guide his fiery steed over that perilous course! Once, if you please, gentlemen, over these hurdles before you start, that the noble sportsmen in the stand may back you or the reverse, according to their judgments. Beautifully ridden, scarlet; if you had been Briareus, instead of single-handed, as you are, you could not have cleared it cleaner! Ah, purple, balking at your first jump; see that you play no such tricks as these in the real race, or you will get the spur indeed! Clumsy yellow, to knock the hurdle down! Nefarious green, to prefer the gap thus offered to him to the fence! Good, orange! agile violet! Now back again, to where the neat and well-appointed clerk of the course is beckoning with his hat; there is your starting-point. 'Fall into line, gentlemen; there is room enough for all.' The murmur of the multitude ceases; the venders of 'Cigar and a light,' of 'Pine-apple toffy,' of 'Three heaves at the Chiney ornaments for a penny,' are for the moment silent; the gipsy has broken off in her splendid promises of an heiress and four in hand to the young man sitting in the gig, and stands up on the wheel herself to watch the start. Everything is hushed, except those hoarse cracked voices in the ring, unlovely tones which bespeak the character of their proprietors: 'Three to one that nobody names the winner; five to one against Melpomene' (meaning Melpomene).

The flag is dropped; the twelve are off upon their rapid but hazardous journey; they near the hurdles; 'You may cover them with a handkerchief,' exclaims my right-hand neighbour—say a carpet, and it really seems as if you may—all together, so closely, that we wonder they do not hustle one another; they rise at the fence, and clear it like a flying rainbow. Beautiful sight, indeed! They slacken their speed because they are coming to the leap into the road. Well cleared, agile violet, and well cleared again into the meadows. The green is down! the scarlet is over him! the rest are safe! See how the dense crowd closes in upon the struggling men and horses! My numerous sporting friends who could not command five shillings for the stand, took there their post, being well aware that those two fences would afford them some gratification. The one-armed man is in the saddle again and after the others; the green and his unfortunate animal disappear from the public eye altogether.

Proceedings in Breakneckshire are becoming unpopular as it is, and the spectacle of shooting a horse had better be, in these mawkish days, a private one. As for the rider, he has only a shattered rib or two, and is accustomed enough to be carried home on shutters and other hard conveyances; he considers himself in luck to-day, for he has met with a straw hurdle. I am forgetting, in these miserable considerations, the continuance of the race itself.

The next brook has been cleared by all; nay, there are but ten where there should be eleven competitors; but still there are plenty to look at. Clumsy yellow is leading, and has knocked down the wall for the rest of them. If some inhuman tyrant should have forced me, under pain of death, to have ridden this steeple-chase, I would have stuck behind clumsy yellow like a leech. Another brook, and the field is reduced to seven; and now comes that terrible road again. Agile violet leaping well on to it over the bank and hedge, slips on the muddy path, slides backward as black is about to spring; two horses down, three horses, four horses down! White, however, and orange, are both over, and clumsy yellow

has got upon the right side also, plastered from ears to tail with specimens of every soil in Breakneckshire. Slowly over the heavy meadow-lands, slowly over the brooks, and well in hand and all together at the last fence of all; there, too, has arrived one-armed scarlet, whom a fall rather refreshes than otherwise; and at no great distance comes the agile violet, making up not quite half of the dozen who started. Orange, as well he may, swerves from the stunted bushes; scarlet, with only one arm to hinder it, must needs swerve also, and refuses. 'White,' says my right-hand neighbour, 'is bound to be in if he don't ride harder at it than that;' and he redeems his bond by going in accordingly. Only clumsy yellow of the four gets over it, with the exception of his hind-legs, which, after a struggle, he drags out and connects them with the others in the usual way, and so would have come in an easy winner; but cantering home too carelessly, clumsy yellow is overtaken, headed, and after a sharp struggle, defeated at the post by agile violet. Let us make one of the cheering crowd which accompanies the fortunate moustached rider to the weighing-machine: eleven stone, with saddle and bridle and spurs, as he was before the race, quite regular, and as he should be. But see, what have become of his magnificent moustaches? They are off, and in his pocket; and now that he has changed his clothes, you would never recognise agile violet in the quiet-looking young spectator in black. We are respectable and domestic young men in private life, and do not care to be known as gentlemen-riders at a steeple-chase, that is all. Nothing, not even a pair of moustaches, is what it pretends to be in these proceedings in Breakneckshire. For instance, are there refreshments under the grand stand? Certainly. Anything else? Oh, dear no; all gambling is contrary to the law. Only a smiling, smooth-shaven gentleman just lifts a crimson curtain as we enter into the luncheon-tent, and 'Roulette, gentlemen?' says he, as innocently as though he were requesting us to partake of ginger-beer. Within the ring, the betting has now commenced in earnest, for the great race of the day, the open steeple-chase, takes place immediately, and the horses are mostly well-known favourites of the sporting public.

'I'll bet against Hyacinth,' cries a disbeliever in that noble animal, running the three first words into one, so rapidly are they delivered; but accenting the name of the mare with great distinctness. 'I'll bet against Bluebonnet; I'll back Brimstone against the Field.' What anxiety in those roving eyes—what cautiousness in those unsmiling lips! To judge, indeed, from this portion of the tribe of Ishmael here assembled, whose hand is against every man's, and every man's hand against them, this trade of betting-book-making must be, I fancy, very far from a pleasant one.

Certainly the professional jocks have the advantage of the amateurs in point of appearance; a nobleman may, and often does divest himself of every vestige of his class, in his attempts to emulate his groom; but, after all, the groom looks his own character better than he who would play it. Never did I see a finer set of party-coloured centaurs than those who started for the open Rasperton. 'Neat, sir; devilish neat, sir,' acquiesced my right-hand neighbour, as I made this observation; and he looked down upon the half-sovereign which formed the head of his scarf-pin, as much as to add that that was devilish neat also, and rather a happy fancy. After seeing the whole array fly, bird of Paradise-like, over the hurdles, I hurried away with this gentleman to a certain position by one of the broadest of the brooks, where 'we were safe,' he said, 'to see a purl or two; and if we had luck, it might be half-a-dozen.' Presently there came a rushing noise and a shaking of the heavy morass

about us; then one, two, three apparitions of flying men and steeds; and fourthly, a thud and plunge in the water, that wetted us through, even where we stood. The jock, a mere lad, was upon the bank in an instant; but the beautiful animal which he had bestridden lay in the brook without the power to extricate itself. A crowd closed round it, so that we saw no more; but I heard the shrill, small voice say: 'Well, I'm sorry for it; but get the saddle and bridle off at once, will ye, for I have to ride Saladin for the next race.'

As for his late steed, it was all over with him then and there. 'Broke a vessel,' answered a stable-boy carelessly, of whom we inquired what had happened.

'A blood-vessel, I suppose he means?' said I.

'He means you to think so,' replied my astute companion. 'People begins to say them steeple-chase jumps is too much for a horse's stride, as, indeed, they often are; so those that likes the sport to go on, gives out that they break a vessel, when in reality they break their backs.'

Besides being wet through, and therefore desirous of getting home, this piece of information disinclined me to witness any more steeple-chasing; so I hurried away as fast as I could to Rasperton.

When I got to the Weasel Asleep, it was already dusk, and I had to pick trusty Seaman out from about a hundred other animals; by that uncertain light, all horses not absolutely white are brown, and it seemed to me as if I had driven a whole drove of Seamen into Rasperton. Even in broad noonday, I have always a difficulty in recognising a horse, unless its colour happens to be particularly marked, such as a pie-bald; and therefore it is not to be wondered at that I mistook Lord Scattertin's tandem leader, which would have kicked the old gig to atoms in five minutes, and then Farmer Whityer's colt, which would not have got me home till daybreak, for my borrowed quadruped. Each of these misfortunes, however, was prevented by the hostler, who, upon bringing out the real Simon Pure, seemed to look at me a little askance, as at one who had made a couple of attempts at felony.

'You're sure you've got him right now, sir?' inquired he.

'Yes,' said I, making a little inventory of his principal features: 'short tail, thin neck, bit of gray on his mane. All right this time. Thank you, my man.'

There was a slight fog prevailing, but the moon was large and bright enough to make my road perfectly visible; moreover, I remembered it with great exactness, and was therefore exceedingly astonished when the horse refused to take a turning to the left hand, about three miles from Rasperton. I conquered him, indeed, but not till after a struggle; and instead of the slapping pace at which he had come hitherto of his own accord, he crawled along without even heeding my frequent applications of the whip. Gig after gig, four-wheel after four-wheel passed me, and when I got to Blewourn, a village about half-way home, there was a great array of vehicles in front of the public-house—their proprietors were of course drinking within—and as the fog was by this time getting down my throat pretty thickly, I thought I would take a little something stronger and warmer to mix with it. There was a jovial company of yeomen in the bar-parlour, and I happened to enter just as one of them was concluding an amusing story.

'So the major is going this way with one pistol, and his brother the other with the fellow to 't. Neither of them are the sort of folks to lose a horse without paying out the chap as took it. His favourite trotter, too, with the white nose.'

'How came the man at the Weasel Asleep to let

the horse go?' inquired one. 'Why, that's a very old trick.'

'Ay, old enough,' resumed the narrator; 'but the scoundrel acted, it seems, so natural-like—pretended so innocently to be in search of a horse of his own, that poor Jem was clean taken in. Howsoever, it will be the worse for master Clever if the major do come up wi' him; he is taking the Downs road, I hear, in a proper passion.'

I swallowed my brandy-and-water at a gulp, and ran to the gig. Good heavens! the horse had a white nose; it did not look in the least like Seaman! No wonder it had not liked to turn to the left.

'I see you have the major's nag, sir,' observed the helper gaily. (How frightfully recognisable some horses are! However, it was clear this man could not as yet have heard of the robbery, and if I could only hinder him from going into the inn, all might yet be well.)

'Yes,' said I coolly; 'he's lent it to me. Look here, my good fellow: I have left a pocket-book at the inn, a mile and a half down the road; here is a sovereign for you if you will start at once and ask for it while I wait here.'

No sooner had the hostler's hobnails ceased to beat pit-a-pat upon the frosty road, than I was in the driving-seat, and going at some fifteen miles an hour towards home. Three miles beyond Blewboorn, I came upon an empty cart-house, and there I took out the horse, and put up the gig. I rode the animal for a mile further along the highway, and then fastened him to a tree by the roadside, where he could be easily seen. I did not wish them to think that you, who had so kindly lent me Seaman and the gig, were the thief, you know. Then I left the turnpike-road, and ran a little steeple-chase, all by myself, across the fields, because of the major, to your door.

And that was how Mr Robert Jones came home from the races upon foot, and why I had to send next day for my horse and gig.

NORTHERN SUPERSTITIONS.

In Sweden and Norway, and probably too in Denmark, there are some curious superstitions which the civilisation and enlightenment of the present century have not yet eradicated from the beliefs and memories of the peasantry. They are nearly all of a harmless, somewhat poetical character, though many of them may be traced back to pagan times, and most of the rest to a period when paganism was beginning to give way before the force of Christianity. There is no telling strictly how old they are, nor how they came originally to be believed. No doubt the rugged and massive scenery of the Scandinavian country had something to do with their creation; desolate rocks and mountains, precipices and torrents, lonely lakes and interminable forests, being naturally suggestive of invisible and mysterious powers, and tending to impress beholders with a sense of awe and wonder. Be this as it may, the northern mind, familiar through long ages with awe-inspiring objects and phenomena, has shaped the feeling of dread and mystery so engendered into sprites, fairies, elves, and mountain-monsters, spirits of fells and cataracts, demons of storms and hurricanes, and the wandering ghosts of men and women too sinful to be admitted into heaven. There are other appearances, of a partly human, and partly monstrous nature, which seem to represent certain spiritual and moral contrasts, and reflect the popular conceptions of the supernatural consequences

of good and evil actions. Our information on these matters is not very extensive, but we have gathered lately, from reading Mr Brace's book on *The Norse Folk*, some few singular particulars which will probably be entertaining to the most of our readers.*

One of the most fearful phantoms to a peasant benighted on a lonely mountain road, is the *Aasgaardreia*, or the 'Wild Riders,' who, should a storm be going on, are apt to gallop by with a horrible glee, enough to terrify all hearts but the stoutest. These are the spirits of drunkards, and ale-house fighters and perjurers, who, having been considered hardly bad enough for the depths below purgatory, are compelled to ride over the world till doomsday. They are mounted on coal-black steeds, with eyes of fire, and red-hot iron bridles; and the clanking and rush they make as they sweep over lake and mountain, may be heard at the distance of many miles. They appear to be more commonly heard than seen. They ride most at Christmas time, and especially like to frequent scenes of drunken fightings and carousals, or places where murder is being planned or perpetrated. If they drop a saddle on the roof of a house, the inmates may expect death. Whosoever meets them, should throw himself flat on his face, till the clanking, cursing crew have passed by, in which case he will probably not be hurt. This is said to be one of the oldest beliefs in Norway, dating before the introduction of Christianity. One may suppose it to have originated in some one's taking fright during a tempest.

The story of 'Gertrud's Bird' is a curious superstitious legend, which travellers in Norway are apt to inquire about from frequently hearing it alluded to. Thorpe, a writer quoted by Mr Brace, gives it as it passes current among the peasants. 'In Norway,' says he, 'the red-crested, black woodpecker is known under the name of Gertrud's Bird. It came to be so called from the following extraordinary circumstance: When our Lord, accompanied by St Peter, was wandering on earth, they came to a woman who was occupied in baking; her name was Gertrud, and on her head she wore a red hood. Weary and hungry from their long journeying, our Lord begged a cake. She took a little dough, and set it on to bake, and it grew so large that it filled the whole pan. Thinking it too much for alms, she took a smaller quantity of dough, and again began to bake, but this cake also swelled up to the same size as the first; she then took still less dough, and when the cake had become as large as the preceding ones, Gertrud said: "You must go without alms, for all my bakings are too large for you!" Then was our Lord wroth, and said: "Because thou gavest me nothing, thou shalt, for punishment, become a little bird, shalt seek thy dry food between the wood and the bark, and drink only when it rains." Hardly were these words spoken, when the woman was transformed into the Gertrud bird, that flew away through the kitchen chimney; and at this day she is seen with a red hood and black body, because she was blackened by the soot. She constantly pecks the bark of trees for sustenance, and whistles against rain; for she always thirsts, and hopes to drink.'

This is strange enough as a piece of natural history; but it seems to shadow forth a certain moral meaning which is tolerably obvious. The poorest understanding may gather from it that one ought to avoid greed; that in bestowing charity, it is not proper to be stingy, but what is given should be given with a free and ready hand. A significant moral meaning seems also to be figured in the anomalous creature called the *Huldra*, in whose material existence there is a very widely spread

* *The Norse Folk; or a Visit to the Homes of Norway and Sweden.* By Charles Loring Brace. London: Bentley.

belief. This creature looks like a beautiful woman, but is disfigured by a cow's tail and udder. Being in the habit of attending country-weddings, it sometimes happens during the dancing that her tail betrays her; and very much offended she is if she finds it noticed. Polite people accordingly avert their eyes as much as possible, but take care not to remain long in her company. She is pictured as a sad and pensive being, with a face of wondrous loveliness; and her song, which is often heard in lonely places among the hills, has a tone of melancholy which excites sympathy and pity. The belief respecting her is very ancient, and seems to personify the moral disfigurement which arises from the inseparable union of the animal nature with the higher spiritual qualities when the propensities have been predominantly developed. The mixture of loathsomeness with beauty is thought to proceed from, and be a fitting punishment of sin.

The notion of a supernatural influence affecting a person's fortune, and being the cause of his success or non-success in life, appears to be very prevalent among the northern people. Two peasants, let it be supposed, start in life with equal blessings; each has his rich grain-fields, his patch of wood, his red house, his horses, and his cattle. One thrives from the beginning, and always goes on thriving; his stacks are fuller every day, his crops better, his live-stock healthier, his house constantly protected from storms and the effects of winter. With the other, it is just the contrary. The roof of his house leaks, his barns decay, the wheat mildews, the hay rots, the land grows every season poorer. What is the reason of this difference? Manifestly, the first has his *Tomte*, or little attendant spirit. The last has offended this friendly guardian. The *Tomte*, as every peasant knows, is the spirit of some poor heathen slave, who must work out his salvation by kindly services to human beings before the day of judgment. He is a repulsive, deformed little fellow, hardly larger than a baby, with a shrivelled, shrewish old face, and is fantastically dressed in a red cap, gray jacket, and wooden shoes. The unlucky peasant had seen him at the usual time of his appearance, the broad moonday, dragging wearily along an oat-straw to the stack, or one ear of wheat to the barn, and scorned him, and railed at him, saying he might as well bring nothing as such trifles. Then the *Tomte*, feeling hurt at the treatment, has gone over sadly to the other, who now becomes rich, while the first sinks into poverty. If the *Tomte* brings only an acorn to the barn, he must not be despised. A proverb says: 'The woodman holds the axe, but the *Tomte* fells the tree.' One sees that the virtue of thrift, the duty of being careful of small things, is here allegorically inculcated. Let every man, and no less every woman, take heed to cultivate the favour of the *Tomte*.

The superstition about the *Puks* is more commonplace, but may be noticed in passing. He is a kitchen elf, who is apt to leave offensive traces of his presence about the milk-vessels. Certain old women, it is said, are accustomed to sell themselves to the devil, in order to get possession of these elves, as then they will have as much milk and cream as they desire. If any one wishes to discover these old women, the litter left by the *Puke* must be collected and burnt with bits of wood from nine different trees, at a spot where three roads meet, and then the old ladies will appear. The *Puke*, if traced to his hole, might perhaps be found to be a mouse; but one does not see how the possession of such a sprite could tend to increase the products of the dairy. Does the fable point satirically to some ancient practice of adulteration among milk-dealers, presumably now obsolete—to some 'cow with an iron tail,' for instance, whose 'profits,' by judicious mixture with the produce of the more authentic cattle, may be supposed to have occasioned the aug-

mentation? One troweth not. Such a theory would account for the increase of the milk, but how about the cream? There needs another theory to account for that; and so we must leave the *Puke* in his original state of mystery.

Many of the Swedish superstitions have a specially characteristic tone—a more sober and religious element than the superstitions of other European peasantry. This is particularly true of those which appear to have sprung out of the struggle between heathenism and Christianity. The mysterious spirits of the streams and mountains are not merely fairies—creations of pleasant fancy; they are the unfortunates who did not enjoy, in their mortal lives, the light of Christianity, and are now awaiting the Redemption. They are often mournful, almost despairing creatures; and the passing traveller may wound them bitterly by hinting reckless opinions respecting their condemnation. A plaintive melody is sometimes heard about the shores of lakes, which is attributed to the *Necken*. This being is described in different forms; sometimes as a young man with bestial extremities, representing the power of animal passion, which has brought him to this deformity; sometimes as a forlorn old man; but more often as a sad and solitary youth playing a harp upon the water. The best offering that can be made him is a black lamb, accompanied by hopeful expressions with regard to his salvation; the matter about which he is understood to be most concerned. To tell him that he is cut off from all chances in this direction, is the way to overwhelm him with sorrowful consternation. Two boys are reported to have once said to one of them: 'What dost thou profit by sitting here and playing? Thou wilt never gain eternal happiness;' an unfeeling taunt, which threw him into a passion of weeping. Among the stories related of the *Neck*, Thorpe quotes a beautiful one as follows: 'A priest, riding one evening over a bridge, heard the most delightful tones of a stringed instrument, and on looking round, saw a young man, naked to the waist, sitting on the surface of the water, with a red cap and yellow locks. He saw that it was the *Neck*, and in his somewhat intemperate zeal addressed him thus: "Why dost thou so joyously strike thy harp? Sooner shall this dried carcass that I hold in my hand grow green and flower, than thou shalt obtain salvation." Thereupon the unhappy musician cast down his harp, and sat bitterly weeping on the water. The priest then turned his horse, and continued his course. But lo! before he had ridden far, he observed that green shoots and leaves, mingled with most beautiful flowers, had sprung from his old staff. This seemed to him a sign from Heaven, directing him to preach the consoling doctrine of redemption after another fashion. He therefore hastened back to the mourning *Neck*, shewed him the green flowery staff, and said: "Behold how ray old staff is grown green and flowery, like a young branch in a rose-garden; so likewise may hope bloom in the hearts of all created beings, for their Redeemer liveth!" Comforted by these words, the *Neck* again took up his harp, the joyous tones of which resounded along the shore the whole night long.' A pretty story, surely, and one suggestive of charitable sympathies and hopeful considerations touching the fate of the fallen and the lost.

There are some curious legends connected with particular localities and striking natural objects, which obtain extensive credence, not only among the northern peasantry, but even to some extent among the more refined and educated classes. At a certain old castle in the southern parts of Sweden, Mr Bruce was shewn an antique drinking-horn and a little bone or ivory whistle, which are reported to have come into possession of the family through a very remarkable circumstance. The legend runs, that there was once

a terrible giant who lived in a mountain at some distance from that neighbourhood, and who took great offence at the erection of a church by some pious Christians about fifty miles off near the sea. Though so far off, it seems the giant could not help hearing the singing of the nuns; and it grieved him. Every morning and evening his peace of mind was disturbed by the holy chantings, until at length he grew very angry, and took up a great stone, as large as a considerable house, and threw it with all his might at the pious edifice. The stone, however, broke in two without reaching it, and one piece fell not far from the aforesaid castle. It lies there in the shape of a large boulder near the village. For a long time, no one observed anything wonderful about this stone, and it was not suspected that the wicked little mountain folk, called the *Trolls*, came there; but in the course of ages, stories got abroad that these fantastic little elves were in the habit of raising the stone on golden pillars, and dancing under it. A grand old lady lived at the castle then, and when she heard of this, she became possessed with a great desire to know something of the habits of the fairies; so she promised gold and jewels to any one of her huntsmen who should visit this giant's stone when the *Trolls* were there. The *Trolls*, you should be informed, always dance on Christmas-morning, between cock-crowing and the break of day. At first, no one ventured to go, but finally a brave young huntsman volunteered, and on the Christmas-eve rode forth to the stone. 'When he came near by, he heard the noise of music and dancing, and he saw the great rock raised up on golden pillars, and bright lights underneath. And there was a host of beautiful little fairies, dancing, and singing, and drinking, as if mad; they wound about among each other, and flew and whirled like the leaves in a whirlwind; and there was one of them who was the most beautiful creature ever seen. She had a diamond crown, and a little whistle in her hand: it was the queen of the elves.' Seeing the bold huntsman, she ran towards him and welcomed him; and he was so charmed with her, that he hardly knew what he was doing. Telling her servants to offer him drink, they brought him a hornful of some not very pleasant-looking liquor. He was just on the point of tasting it, when his good angel whispered to him that if he did so, he would straightway forget everything in his past existence, and become transformed into an elf; so he dashed the drink on the ground, snatched the whistle from the queen, and spurred his horse away. Where the drops fell on his horse from the horn, the hide was burnt. The elves followed him close, shrieking and crying fearfully, like the witches after Tam o' Shanter. Had they caught him, it may be supposed he would have fared worse than Tam's gray mare. Luckily, the direction he had taken was the way homewards. As he approached the castle, he found the portcullis down, and the lady and her guards standing waiting for him. They knew if he could only get over the moat, the *Trolls* could not injure him. Galloping up with the speed of the wind, he barely escaped being overtaken. At length, however, he sprang upon the bridge, got safely over, and it was drawn up after him. Then there stood on the other side great numbers of the little elves, moaning and crying piteously: 'Give us our horn and our whistle! Oh, do give them back to us!' And the elfin queen came forward, and offered countless diamonds and stores of gold to the lady if she would be pleased to give them up. But the lady replied: 'Thou wicked imp! thou shalt never have thy horn and whistle again. They shall remain here; and thou mayest cry till ye all come to judgment at doomsday!' Thereupon the queen said that if they persisted in keeping those elfin things, they must guard them carefully; for should they be at any time taken away, the castle would be burnt

down. And the lady answered: 'Begone, ye goblins! In the holy name, begone!' and at that word they all vanished into the air, and were never seen any more; though sometimes now the servants think they hear them round the castle. The horn and whistle were kept and shewn to visitors; but in a few days the bold huntsman who got them, and the horse he rode on, both died very suddenly. Nothing happened to the horn and whistle until many years afterwards, when the Danes, during an invasion, attacked the castle, and among other plunder, carried them off; and then it came to pass, as the fairy-queen had prophesied, that the castle was burned down. Subsequently, the things were brought back, and remained in the restored castle a long while; but being objects of great curiosity, they were visited and touched by so many people, that they became a little worn and injured, and were sent away to be mended, when suddenly, through some accident, the castle was burned down again. A third time, a hundred years later, people forgot the elfin queen's warning, and sent away the relics for some unknown reason; and the building was burned down once more. The family that owned them finally died out; and now they are in the possession of another family, and are kept in a glass case, so that nobody can touch them. The relics are allowed by scholars to be genuine antiquities; and the date assigned to the story in a printed narration is about the year 1490. Such a legend, however, is likely to have been the product of a much earlier period. Things of this sort require time to *grow*; and less than four hundred years seems hardly long enough, considering that the ascribed date of the huntsman's foray is more recent than the invention of the art of printing.

There are so many superstitions about the *Trolls*, and they appear to have reference to so remote an antiquity, that some antiquarian scholars have thought it possible the primeval inhabitants of Sweden might have survived, in some of the deep forests, till modern times. The boulders and rocking-stones, so common on the plains throughout the country, are always attributed to the *Trolls*. Usually, it is their supposed hatred to Christianity which led them to throw these at some newly erected church. There are a number of families still believing they derive their descent from the mingling of the children of men with these creatures. Many of the *Trolls* are said to be seen on the uninhabited rocks and islands which abound on the coast of Sweden, whither they were driven by the early Christians. 'Some sailors belonging to Bohuslan,' relates Thorpe, 'when once driven on a desert shore by a storm, found a giant sitting on a stone by a fire. He was old and blind, and rejoiced at hearing the northmen, because he was himself from their country. He requested one of them to approach and give him his hand, "that I may know," said he, "whether there is yet strength in the hands of the northmen." The old man, being blind, was not sensible that they took a great boat-hook, which they had heaved in the fire, and held out to him. He squeezed the hook as if it had been wax, shook his head, and said: "I find the northmen now have but little strength in their hands compared with those of old." A noble family in Sweden, the *Trolls*, derive their name from a bold deed of one of their ancestors, who struck off the head of a *Troll* queen that offered him magic drink in her horn. This horn, we are informed, was long preserved in the cathedral of Wexiö. It is supposed that the offspring of the *Trolls* are countless, but that they die when it thunders.

It would be hardly proper to close this article without noticing some of the *ghost-stories* which pass current among the Norse Folk. Not only are the lakes, and streams, and mountains infested with a supernatural population, but human habitations, as elsewhere, are liable to be haunted by the spirits of the departed.

'A lady,' says Mr Bracc, 'who is descended from the famous family of Oxenstiern, told me that while in her castle at W—, she observed one day the workmen making some repairs in the walls of one saloon, at the command of her father, and that they had placed a valuable painting on the floor. She was fearful some injury might happen to it, and she directed the workmen to hang it on an unoccupied nail in her chamber. The picture was a portrait of the old Chancellor Oxenstiern. On the other side of her chamber, though she did not then observe it, hung a portrait of Queen Christina. Now, as is well known, there was between these two during life a most bitter feud, which was never reconciled. This did not occur to her, however, and she undressed and retired to her bed as usual. In the night, she was aroused suddenly by a curious rustling; she listened, and it evidently came from the wall where the picture hung. She raised her head, and gazed at the old portrait by the light of the night-lamp, when she heard distinctly proceeding from it a deep hollow groan—then another—and then a third. She was fearfully alarmed, but really had not strength to shriek; and her room was at a distance on one wing of the castle, where she could only arouse people by an alarm-bell. She thought of arising and fleeing to her maid, when suddenly again came the sepulchral groans. She could not stir; her voice failed, and at length she fell back exhausted to sleep. The next morning, nothing seemed moved or different in the picture; "but I assure you," said she, "I removed the portrait at once to another room, and I have never been troubled with anything of the kind since."

Any one acquainted with nightmares, will have had experiences which will probably enable him to account for the origin of such stories. The singular thing about them is, that they are related, and evidently believed in, by intelligent persons. But such beliefs are so very common in Sweden, as to excite no surprise among any classes of society. 'I do not think,' said a Swedish gentleman to Mr Bracc, 'that out of every ten people you meet you could find one who had not encountered such adventures. Before I was in public life, I was a great deal among the peasantry. Many and many a night have I been called up to see or hear the *spökeri* (witchcraft or ghostcraft). The peasants would recount that in an upper room they had distinctly heard the spirits throwing the tin vessels and the chairs at each other—then a violent struggle between the demons, and then all would be quiet. At other times, regular steps would be heard passing over the floor, or lights be seen; sometimes the cattle and horses are attacked, and they stamp and neigh in an unaccountable manner. I always went at once, no matter what hour of the night, to the place which was haunted, to break up the delusion among the people. Sometimes in an attic I would find a cat sitting quietly in one corner; sometimes rats would run over the floor—more generally everything was still, and there were not the slightest signs of anything being moved.

The natural explanations which are sometimes found for the supposed supernatural appearances that occur among the northern people, do not materially tend to weaken the belief in their reality. There is a superstitious tendency in the Norse imagination which, fostered as it has been by natural circumstances for many ages, is extremely difficult to eradicate. The clergy find it one of their greatest obstacles to the inculcation of rational instruction, and hitherto their teachings appear to have had little or no effect upon it. No doubt, as education advances, and correct knowledge respecting nature and her processes becomes more general among the people, these superstitions will give way; but it is not unlikely they may maintain their ground in many places for another century or two; and, at any rate, we may be assured they will never finally die out, until the general mind of the

population shall have reached the stage of cultivation at which superstitions become naturally incredible. In the meanwhile, so long as they last, a certain curiosity may be expected to prevail concerning them; and in the information here collected and presented, a slight effort has been made to gratify it.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XL.—'FIGHTING GALLAGHER.'

THE prisoner was confined in a strong, windowless block-house. Access to him would be easy enough, especially to those who wore epaulets. It was my design to visit him; but, for certain reasons, I forbore putting it in execution, so long as daylight lasted. I was desirous that my interview should be as private as possible, and therefore waited for the night.

I was influenced by other reasons: my hands were full of business; I had not yet done with Arne Ringgold.

I had a difficulty in deciding how to act. My mind was a chaos of emotions: hatred for the conspirators—indignation at the unjust behaviour of the agent towards Opeola—love for Mathias—now fond and trusting—anon doubting and jealous. Amid such confusion, how could I think with clearness?

Withal, one of these emotions had precedence—anger against the villain who intended to take my life was at that moment the strongest passion in my breast.

Hostility so heartless, so causeless, so deadly, had not failed to imbue me with a keen desire for vengeance; and I resolved to punish my enemy at all hazards.

He only, whose life has been aimed at by an assassin, can understand the deadly antipathy I felt towards Arne Ringgold. An open enemy, who act under the impulse of anger, jealousy, or fancied wrong, you may respect. Even the two white wretches, and the yellow runaway, I regarded only with contempt, as tools pilant for any purpose; but the arch-conspirator himself I now both hated and despised. So acute was my sense of injury, that I could not permit it to pass without some sort of retaliation, some effort to punish my wronger.

But how? Therein lay the uncertainty. How? A duel?

I could think of no other way. The criminal was still inside the law. I could not reach him, otherwise than by my own arm.

I well weighed the words of my sable counsellor, but the faithful fellow had spoken in vain, and I resolved to act contrary to his advice, let the hazard fall as it might. I made up my mind to the challenge.

One consideration still caused me to hesitate: I must give Ringgold my reasons.

He should have been welcome to them as a dying souvenir, but if I succeeded in only *half* killing him, or he in half killing me, how about the future? I should be showing my hand to him, by which he would profit; whereas, unknown to him, I now knew his, and might easily foil his designs.

Such calculations ran rapidly through my mind, though I considered them with a coolness that in after-thought surprises me. The incidents I had lately encountered—combined with angry hatred of this plausible villain—had made me fierce, cold, and cruel. I was no longer myself; and wicked as I may appear, I could not control my longings for vengeance.

I needed a friend to advise me. Who could I make the confidant of my terrible secrets?

Surely my ears were not deceiving me? No; in

was the voice of my old school-fellow, Charley Gallagher. I heard it outside, and recognised the ring of his merry laugh. A detachment of rifles had just entered the fort with Charley at their head. In another instant we had 'embraced.'

What could have been more opportune? Charley had been my 'chum' at college—my bosom-companion. He deserved my confidence, and almost upon the instant, I made known to him the situation of affairs.

It required much explanation to remove his incredulity: he was disposed to treat the whole thing as a joke—that is, the conspiracy against my life. But the rifle-shot was real, and Black Jake was by to confirm my account of it; so that my friend was at length induced to take a serious view of the matter.

'Bad luck to me!' said he, in Irish accent: 'it's the queerest case that iver came accraast your humble frind's experience. Mother o' Moses! the fellow must be the devil incarnate. Geordie, my boy, have ye looked under his instip?'

Despite the name and 'brogue,' Charley was not a Hibernian—only the son of one. He was a New-Yorker by birth, and could speak good English when he pleased; but from some freak of eccentricity or affectation, he had taken to the brogue, and used it habitually, when among friends, with all the rich garniture of a true Milesian fresh from the 'sod.'

He was altogether an odd fellow, but with a soul of honour, and a heart true as steel. He was no dunce either, and the man above all others upon whose coat-tail it would not have been safe to 'trid.' He was already notorious for having been engaged in two or three 'affairs,' in which he had played both principal and second, and had earned the bellicose appellation of 'Fighting Gallagher.' I knew what his advice would be before asking it—'Call the schoondrel out by all manes.'

I stated the difficulty as to my reasons for challenging Ringgold.

'Thru, *ma bohill!* You're right there; but there need be no trouble about the matter.'

'How?'

'Make the spalpeen challenge you. That's better—besides, it gives you the choice of waypons.'

'In what way can I do this?'

'Och! my innocent gossoon! Shure that's as ay as tumblin' from a haycock. Call him a liar; an' if that's not sufficiently disagreeable, twake his nose, or squirt your tobacco in his ugly countenance. That'll fetch him out, I'll be bail for ye.'

'Come along, my boy!' continued my ready counsellor, moving towards the door. 'Where is this Mister Ringgold to be sarched for? Find me the gint, and I'll shew you how to scratch his buttons. Come along wid ye!'

Not much liking the plan of procedure, but without the moral strength to resist, I followed this impetuous son of a Celt through the doorway.

CHAPTER XLI.

PROVOKING A DUEL.

We were scarcely outside before we saw him for whom we were searching. He was standing at a short distance from the porch, conversing with a group of officers, among whom was the dandy already alluded to, and who passed under the appropriate appellation of 'Beau Scott.' The latter was aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, of whom he was also a relative.

I pointed Ringgold out to my companion.

'He in the civilian dress,' I said.

'Och! man, ye needn't be so particular in your identification: that sarpint-look spakes for itself. Be my sow! it's an unwholesome look altogether.

That fellow needn't fear wather—the say'll niver drown him. Now, look here, Geordie, boy,' continued Gallagher, facing towards me, and speaking in a more earnest tone: 'Follow my advice to the letter! First trid upon his toes, an' see how he takes it. The fellow's got corns: don't ye see, he wares a tight boot? Give him a good scrouge; make him sing out. Or coorse, he'll ask you to apologise—he must—you won't. Shurely that'll do the bizness without further caremony? If it don't, then, by Jabus! hit him a kick in the latter end.'

'No, Gallagher,' said I, disliking the programme. 'It will never do.'

'Bad luck to it, an' why not? You're not goin' to back out, are ye? Think man! a villain who would murder you! an' maybe will some day, if you let him escape.'

'True—but'—

'Bah! no buts. Move up, an' let's see what they're talking about, anyhow. I'll find ye a chance, or my name's not Gallagher.'

Undetermined how to act, I walked after my companion, and joined the group of officers.

Of course, I had no thought of following Gallagher's advice. I was in hopes that some turn in the conversation might give me the opportunity I desired, without proceeding to such rude extremes.

My hopes did not deceive me. Arens Ringgold seemed to tempt his fate, for I had scarcely entered among the crowd, before I found cause sufficient for my purpose.

'Talking of Indian beauties,' said he, 'no one has been so successful among them as Scott here. He has been playing Don Giovanni ever since he came to the fort.'

'Oh,' exclaimed one of the newly arrived officers 'that does not surprise us. He has been a lady-killer ever since I knew him. The man who is irresistible among the belles of Saratoga, will surely find little difficulty in carrying the heart of an Indian maiden.'

'Don't be so confident about that, Captain Roberts. Sometimes these forest damsels are very shy of us pale-faced lovers. Lieutenant Scott's present sweetheart, cost him a long siege before he could conquer her. Is it not so, lieutenant?'

'Nonsense,' replied the dandy with a conceited smirk.

'But she yielded at last?' said Roberts, turning interrogatively towards Scott.

The dandy made no reply, but his simpering smile was evidently intended to be taken in the affirmative.

'O yes,' rejoined Ringgold, 'she yielded at last; and is now the "favourite," it is said.'

'Her name—her name?'

'Powell—Miss Powell.'

'What! That name is not Indian?'

'No, gentlemen; the lady is no savage, I assure you: she can play and sing, and read and write too—such pretty *billets-doux*. Is it not so, lieutenant?'

Before the latter could make reply, another spoke:

'Is not that the name of the young chief who has just been arrested?'

'True,' answered Ringgold; 'it is the fellow's name. I had forgotten to say she is his sister.'

'What! the sister of Ocoola?'

'Neither more nor less—half-blood like him too. Among the whites, they are known by the name of Powell, since that was the cognomen of the worthy old gentleman who begot them. Ocoola, which signifies "the Rising Sun," is the name by which he is known among the Seminoles; and her native appellation—ah, that is a very pretty name indeed.'

'What is it? Let us hear it; let us judge for ourselves.'

'Maumee.'

'Very pretty indeed!'

'Beautiful! If the damsel be only as sweet as her name, then Scott is a fortunate fellow.'

'Oh, she is a very wonder of beauty: eyes liquid and full of fiery love—long lashes; lips luscious as honeycombs; figure tall; bust full and firm; limbs like those of the Cyprian goddess; feet like Cinderella's—in short, perfection.'

'Wonderful. Why, Scott, you are the luckiest mortal alive. But, say, Ringgold! are you speaking in seriousness? Has he really conquered this Indian divinity? Honour bright—has he succeeded? You understand what I mean?'

'Most certainly,' was the prompt reply.

Up to this moment I had not interfered. The first words of the conversation had bound me like a spell, and I stood as if glued to the ground. My brain was giddy, and my heart felt as if the blood passing through it was molten lead. The bold enunciations had so staggered me, that it was some time before I could draw my breath; and more than one of the bystanders noticed the effect which the dialogue was producing upon me.

After a little, I grew calmer, or rather more resolute. The very despair that had passed into my bosom had the effect of steeling my nerves; and just as Ringgold uttered the flippant affirmative, I was ready for him.

'Liar!' I exclaimed; and before the red could mount into his cheek, I gave it a slap with the back of my hand, that no doubt helped to heighten the colour.

'Nately done!' cried Gallagher; 'there can be no mistake about the maynity of that.'

Nor was there. My antagonist accepted the act for what it was meant—a deadly insult. In such company, he could not do otherwise; and, mattering some indistinct threats, he walked away from the ground, attended by his especial friend, the lady-killer, and two or three others.

The incident, instead of gathering a crowd, had the contrary effect: it scattered the little group who had witnessed it; the officers retiring indoors to discuss the motives, and speculate as to when and where 'the affair would come off.'

Gallagher and I also left the ground; and, closeted in my quarters, commenced preparing for the event.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE CHALLENGE.

At the time of which I write, duelling was not uncommon in the United States army. In war-time, it is not uncommon yet, as I can testify from late experience. It is contrary to the regulations of the American service—as I believe it is of every other in the civilised world. Notwithstanding, an infringement of the *code militaire* in this regard is usually looked upon with leniency—more often 'winked at' than punished. This much I can affirm—that any officer in the American army who has received the 'lie direct,' will find more honour in the breach of this military rule than in its observance.

After all that has been said and written about duelling, the outcry against it is a sad sham, at least in the United States of America—nothing less than a piece of superb hypocrisy. Universal as has been this condemnation, I should not like to take shelter under it. I well know it would not protect me from 'being called by that ugly appellation, 'politreen.' I have noticed over and over again, that the newspapers loudest in their declamations against duelling, are the first to fling 'coward' in the teeth of him who refuses to fight.

It is even so. In America, moral courage, though

much bepraised, does not find ready credence. A refusal to meet the man who may challenge you is not thus explained. It is called 'backing out,' 'shewing the white feather;' and he who does this, need look no more upon his lady-love: she would 'flog him with her garters.'

More than once have I heard this threat, spoken by pretty lips, and in the centre of a brilliant circle. His moral courage must be great who would provoke such chastisement.

With such a sentiment over the land, then, I had nailed Arens Ringgold for a meeting; and I joyed to think I had done so without compromising my secret.

But ah! it was a painful provocation he had given me; and if he had been the greatest coward in the world, he could not have been more wretched than I, as I returned to my quarters.

My jovial companion could no longer cheer me, though it was not fear for the coming fight that clouded my spirits. Far from it—far otherwise. I scarcely thought of that. My thoughts were of Matinee—of what I had just heard. She was false—false—betraying, herself betrayed—lost—lost forever!

In truth was I wretched. One thing alone could have rendered me more so—an obstacle to the anticipated meeting—anything to hinder my revenge. On the duel now rested my hopes. It might enable me to disembarass my heart of the hot blood that was burning it. Not all—unless he too stood before me—he the seducer, who had made this misery. Would I could find pretext for challenging him. I should do so yet. Why had I not? Why did I not strike him for that smile? I could have fought them both at the same time, one after the other.

Thus I raved, with Gallagher by my side. My friend knew not all my secret. He asked what I had got 'against the aid-de-camp.'

'Say the word, Geordie, boy, an' we'll make a four-handed game ov it. Be Saint Patrick! I'd like mightily to take the shine out of that purty pay-cock!'

'No, Gallagher, no. It is not your affair; you could not give me satisfaction for that. Let us wait till we know more. I cannot believe it—I cannot believe it.'

'Believe what?'

'Not now, my friend. When it is over, I shall explain.'

'All right, my boy! Charley Gallagher's not the man to disturb your saycrets. Now, let's look to the bull-dogs, an' make shure they're in barking condition. I hope the escampe won't blab at head-quarters, an' disappoint us after all.'

It was my only fear. I knew that arrest was possible—probable—certain, if my adversary wished it. Arrest would put an end to the affair; and I should be left in a worse position than ever. Ringgold's father was gone—I had ascertained this favourable circumstance; but no matter. The commander-in-chief was the friend of the family—a word in his ear would be sufficient. I feared that the aid-de-camp Scott, instructed by Arens, might whisper that word.

'After all, he daren't,' said Gallagher; 'you driv the nail home, an' clinched it. He daren't do the dirty thing—not a bit ov it: it might get wind, an' thin he'd have the kettle to his tail; besides, as *bohll*, he wants to kill you anyhow; so he ought to be glad of the fine handy chance you've given him. He's not a bad shot, they say. Never fear, Geordie, boy! he won't back out this time: he must fight—he will fight. Ha! I told you so. See, yonder comes Apollo Belvidere! Holy Moses! how Phobos shines!'

A knock—'Come in'—the door was opened, and the aid-de-camp appeared in full uniform.

'To arrest me,' thought I, and my heart fell.

But no; the freshly written note spoke a different purpose, and I was relieved. It was the challenge.

'Lieutenant Randolph, I believe?' said the gentleman, advancing towards me.

I pointed to Gallagher, but made no reply.

'I am to understand that Captain Gallagher is your friend?'

I nodded assent.

The two faced each other, and the next instant were on rapiers; talking the matter over cool as cucumbers and sweet as sugar-plums.

From observation, I hazard this remark—that the politeness exhibited between the seconds in a duel cannot be surpassed by that of the most accomplished courtiers in the world.

The time occupied in the business was brief. Gallagher well knew the routine, and I saw that the other was not unacquainted with it. In five minutes, everything was arranged—time, place, weapons, and distance.

I nodded; Gallagher made a sweeping salaam; the aid-de-camp bowed stiffly and withdrew.

I shall not trouble you with my reflections previous to the duel, nor yet with many details of the affair itself. Accounts of these deadly encounters are common enough in books, and their sameness will serve as my excuse for not describing one.

Ours differed only from the ordinary kind in the weapon used. We fought with *rifles*, instead of swords or pistols. It was my choice—as the challenged party, I had the right—but it was equally agreeable to my adversary, who was as well skilled in the use of the rifle as I. I chose this weapon because it was the deadliest.

The time arranged was an hour before sunset. I had urged this early meeting in fear of interruption; the place, a spot of level ground near the edge of the little pond where I had met Haj-Ewa; the distance, ten paces.

We met—took our places, back to back—waited for the ominous signal, 'One, two, three'—received it—faced rapidly round—and fired at each other.

I heard the 'hist' of the leaden pellet as it passed my ear, but felt no stroke.

The smoke puffed upward. I saw my antagonist upon the ground; he was not dead: he was writhing and groaning.

The seconds, and several spectators who were present, ran up to him, but I kept my ground.

'Well, Gallagher?' I asked as my friend came back to me.

'Winged, by japers! You've spoilt the use of his dexter arm—bone broke above the elbow-joint.'

'That all?'

'Arrah, sowl! aren't it enough? Hear how the hound whimpers!'

I felt as the tiger is said to feel after tasting blood, though I cannot now account for my ferocity. The man had sought my life—I thirsted for his. This combined with the other thought had nigh driven me mad.

I was not satisfied, and would make no apology; but my antagonist had had enough; he was eager to be taken from the ground on any terms, and thus the affair ended.

It was my first duel, but not my last.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE ASSIGNATION.

Our opponents passed silently away—the spectators along with them—leaving my second and myself upon the ground.

It was my intention to stay by the pond. I remembered the invitation of Haj-Ewa. By remaining, I should avoid the double journey. Better to await her coming.

A glance to the western horizon shewed me that the sun had already sunk below the tree-tops. The twilight would be short. The young moon was already in the heavens. It might be only a few minutes before Haj-Ewa should come. I resolved to stay.

I desired not that Gallagher should be with me; and I expressed the wish to be left alone.

My companion was a little surprised and puzzled at the request; but he was too well bred not to yield instant compliance.

'Why, Geordie, boy!' said he, about to retire, 'shurely there's something the matter wid ye? It isn't this thrifling spurt we've been engaged in? Didn't it indintirely to your satisfaction? Arrah, man! are ye sorry you didn't kill him dead? Be my trath, you look as milancholic an' downhearted as if he had killed you!'

'Dear friend, leave me alone. On my return to quarters, you shall know the cause of my melancholy, and why I now desire to part from your pleasant company.'

'Oh, that part I can guess,' rejoined he with a significant laugh: 'always a petticoat where there's shots exchanged. Niver mind, my boy—no saycrets for Charley Gallagher: I'm bad at keepin' them. Ov coorse, you're going to meet better company than mine; but laste you might fall in with worse—an' by my sowl! from what ye've towld me, that same isn't beyond the bownds or probability—take this little cheeper. I'm a great dog-braker, you know.' Here the speaker handed me a silver-call which he had plucked from his button. 'If anything inconvenient or disagreeable should turn up, put that between your lips, an' Charley Gallagher will be at your side in the minton of Jack Robison's name. Cupid spade ye with your lady-love! I'll go an' kill time over a tumbler ov nags till ye come.'

So saying, my warm-hearted friend left me to myself.

I ceased to think of him ere he was gone out of sight—even the bloody strife, in which I had been so recently engaged, glided out of my mind. Matinee—her falsehood and her fall—alone occupied my thoughts.

For a long while, I made no doubt of what I had heard. How could I, with proofs so circumstantial?—the testimony of those cognizant of the scandal—of the chief actor in it, whose silent smile spoke stronger than words. That smile of insolent triumph—why had I permitted it to pass without challenge, without rebuke? It was not too late—I should call upon him to speak plainly and point-blank—yes or no. If yes, then for a second duel more deadly than the first.

Notwithstanding these resolves to make my rival declare himself, I doubted not the damning truth; I endeavoured to resign myself to its torture.

For a long while was my soul upon the rack—more than an hour. Then, as my blood grew more cool, reflections of a calmer nature entered my mind; and at intervals, I experienced the soothing influence of hope; this especially, when I recalled the words of Haj-Ewa, spoken on the preceding night. Surely the maniac had not been mocking me? Surely it was not a dream of her delirious brain? A distorted mirage of memory—the memory of some far-away, long-forgotten scene, by her only remembered? No, no; her tale was not distorted—her thoughts were not delirious—her words were not mockeries!

How sweet it was to think so!

Yes—I began to experience intervals of placid thought; more than placid—pleasant.

Alas! they were evanescent. The memory of those bold meretricious phrases, those smiling innuendoes, dissipated or darkened them, as cumuli darken the sun. 'He had succeeded,' 'She was now his favourite,' 'Most certainly'—words worse than death. Withal it was a foul testimony on which to build a faith.

I longed for light, that true light—the evidence of the senses—that leaves nought uncertain. I should seek it with rash directness, reckless of the result, till it illumined her whole history, proving the past a disgrace, the future a chaos of utter despair. I longed for light; I longed for the coming of Haj-Ewa.

I knew not what the maniac wanted—something, I supposed, concerning the captive. Since noon, I had little thought of him. The mad queen went everywhere, knew every one; she must know all, understand all—ay, well understand: she, too, had been betrayed.

I repaired to our place of meeting on the preceding night; there I might expect her. I crossed the little ridge among the stems of the palmettoes; it was the direct route to the shadowy side of the tank. I descended the slope, and stood as before under the spreading arms of the live-oak.

Haj-Ewa was before me. A single moonbeam, slanting athwart the leaves, shone upon her majestic figure. Under its light, the two serpents glittered with a metallic lustre, as though her neck and waist were encircled with precious gems.

'Hinklas! pretty mico! you are come. Gallant mico! where was thine eye and thine arm that thou didst not kill the *Iste-hulwa*?'*

Ah! the hunter of the deer—
He was stricken so with fear
When he stood before the wolf,
The gaunt wicked wolf,
When he saw the snarling wolf,
He trembled so with fear
That unharmed the fierce wolf ran away.

Ha, ha, ha! was it not so, brave mico?'*

'It was not fear that hindered me, Ewa. Besides, the wolf did not go unscathed.'

'Ho! the wolf has a wounded leg—he will lick himself well again; he will soon be strong as ever. *Hulwak!* you should have killed him, fair mico, ere he bring the pack upon you.'

'I could not help my ill-luck. I am unfortunate every way.'

'Cooree, cooree—no. You should be happy, young mico; you shall be happy, friend of the red Seminole. Wait till you see'—

'See what?'

'Patience, *chepawnee!* To-night, under this very tree, you will see what is fair—you will hear what is sweet—and perchance Haj-Ewa will be revenged.'

This last phrase was spoken with an earnest emphasis, and in a tone that shewed a strong feeling of resentment against some one unknown. I could not comprehend the nature of the expected vengeance.

'His son—yes,' continued the maniac, now in soliloquy, 'it must be—it must: his eyes, his hair, his form, his gait, his name; his son and hers. O Haj-Ewa will have revenge.'

Was I myself the object of this menace? Such a thought entered my mind.

'Good Ewa! of whom are you speaking?'

Roused by my voice, she looked upon me with a bewildered stare, and then broke out into her habitual chant:

'Why did I trust to a pale-faced lover?
Ho, ho, ho!' &c.

Suddenly stopping, she seemed once more to remember herself, and essayed a reply to my question.

* Literally, bad man—villain.

'Whom, young mico—of him the fair one—the wicked one—the *Wykome hulwa*.* See! he comes, he comes! Behold him in the water. Ho, ho! it is he. Up, young mico! up into thy leafy bower: stay till Ewa comes! Hear what you may hear—see what you may see; but, for your life, stir not till I give you the signal. Up, up, up!'

Just as on the preceding night, half lifting me into the live-oak, the maniac glided away amidst the shadows.

I lost no time in getting into my former position, where I sat silent and expecting.

The shadow had grown shorter, but there was still enough to shew me that it was the form of a man. In another moment, it vanished.

Scarcely an instant had elapsed, ere a second was flung upon the water, advancing over the ridge, and as if following the track of the former one, though the two persons did not appear to be in company.

That which followed I could trace in full outline. It was the figure of a woman, one whose upright bearing and free port proved her to be young.

Even the shadow exhibited a certain symmetry of form, and gracefulness of motion, incompatible with age. Was it still Haj-Ewa? Had she gone round through the thicket, and was now following the footsteps of the man?

For a moment I fancied so; but I soon perceived that my fancy was astray.

The man advanced under the tree. The same moonbeam, that but the moment before had shone upon Haj-Ewa, now fell upon him, and I saw him with sufficient distinctness: he was the aid-de-camp.

He stopped, took out his watch, held it up to the light, and appeared to be inquiring the hour.

But I heeded him no further. Another face appeared under that silvery ray—false and shining as itself: it was the face that to me seemed the loveliest in the world—the face of Maimee.

AT BELTON, LINCOLNSHIRE:

JUNE 18, 1857.

'Twas night: the crescent moon from out the west,
Over a bank of clouds looked forth, and shed
A gentle brightness o'er the woods and fields;
A lulling murmur from the river came,
And quiv'ring zephyrs toyed with leaf and flower.
When roused by the beetle's birring hum—
Where brooded o'er their young his loving mate,
In covert low edged round with buds and flowers—
Up rose the nightingale: first from his throat
Came flute-like forth his opening notes,
Then swelling into rapture, fell and rose
In jocund song. Now ringing echo-like,
He note to note replied in octave bright,
'Till in his ecstasy, full forth he poured
His jug, jug, jug. Then lower fell his song,
As if in converse with his mate he spoke,
In tones of fond caress, how warm within
He felt the burden of his love to be.
Catching her quick response, his triumph rang,
In loud soprano, till the air and trees
Were full of melody and sparkling notes
Caught by the echo near, then bounding back,
Came leaping into listening ears like hail.

Grantham.

JOHN HAWKINS.

* The spirit of evil.

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MRS B.'S ALARMS.

Mrs B. is my wife; and her alarms are those produced by a delusion under which she labours, that there are assassins, gnomes, vampires, or what not in our house at night, and that it is my bounden duty to leave my bed at any hour or temperature, and to do battle with the same, in very inadequate apparel. The circumstances which attend Mrs B.'s alarms are generally of the following kind. I am awakened by the mention of my baptismal name, in that peculiar species of whisper which has something uncanny in its very nature, besides the dismal associations which belong to it, from the fact of its being used only in melodramas and sick-rooms;

'Henry, Henry, Henry.'

How many times she has repeated this, I know not; the sound falls on my ear like the lapping of a hundred waves, or as the 'Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe' of the parrot smote upon the ear of the terrified islander of Defoe; but at last I wake, to view, by the dim fire-light, this vision: Mrs B. is sitting up beside me, in a listening attitude of the very intensest kind; her night-cap (one with cherry-coloured ribbons, such as it can be no harm to speak about) is tucked back behind either ear; her hair—in paper—is rolled out of the way upon each side like a banner furling; her eyes are rather wide open, and her mouth very much so; her fingers would be held up to command attention, but that she is supporting herself in a somewhat absurd manner upon her hands.

'Henry, did you hear that?'

'What, my love?'

'That noise. There it is again; there—there.'

The disturbance referred to is that caused by a mouse nibbling at the wainscot; and I venture to say so much in a tone of the deepest conviction.

'No, no, Henry; it's not the least like that: it's a file working at the bars of the pantry-window. I will stake my existence, Henry, that it is a file.'

Whenever my wife makes use of this particular form of words, I know that opposition is useless. I rise, therefore, and put on my slippers and dressing-gown. Mrs B. refuses to let me have the candle, because she will die of terror if she is left alone without a light. She puts the poker into my hand, and with a gentle violence is about to expel me from the chamber, when a sudden thought strikes her.

'Stop a bit, Henry,' she exclaims, *'until I have looked into the cupboards and places;'* which she proceeds to do most minutely, investigating even the short drawers of a foot and a half square. I am at length dismissed upon my perilous errand, and

Mrs B. locks and double-locks the door behind me with a celerity that almost catches my retreating garment. My expedition therefore combines all the dangers of a sally, with the additional disadvantage of having my retreat into my own fortress cut off. Thus cumbrously but ineffectually caparisoned, I perambulate the lower stories of the house in darkness, in search of that disturber of Mrs B.'s repose, which, I am well convinced, is behind the wainscot of her own apartment, and nowhere else. The pantry, I need not say, is as silent as the grave, and about as cold. The great clock in the kitchen looks spectral enough by the light of the expiring embers, but there is nothing there with life except black beetles, which crawl in countless numbers over my naked ankles. There is a noise in the cellar such as Mrs B. would at once identify with the suppressed converse of anticipative burglars, but which I recognise in a moment as the dripping of the small-beer cask, whose tap is troubled with a nervous disorganisation of that kind. The dining-room is chill and cheerless: a ghostly arm-chair is doing the grim honours of the table to three other vacant seats, and dispensing hospitality in the shape of a mouldy orange and some biscuits, which I remember to have left in some disgust, about — Hark! the clicking of a revolver? No; the warning of the great clock—one, two, three. . . . What a frightful noise it makes in the startled ear of night! Twelve o'clock. I left this dining-room, then, but three hours and a half ago; it certainly does not look like the same room now. The drawing-room is also far from wearing its usual snug and comfortable appearance. Could we possibly have all been sitting in the relative positions to one another which these chairs assume? Or since we were there, has some spiritual company, with no eye for order left among them, taken advantage of the remains of our fire to hold a reunion? They are here even at this moment perhaps, and their gentlemen have not yet come up from the dining-room. I shudder from head to foot, partly at the bare idea of such a thing, partly from the naked fact of my exceedingly unclothed condition. They do say that in the very passage which I have now to cross in order to get to Mrs B. again, my great-grandfather 'walks;' in compensation, I suppose, for having been prevented by gout from taking that species of exercise while he was alive. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, I think as I approach this spot; but I do not say so, for I am well-nigh speechless with the cold—yes, the cold: it is only my teeth that chatter. What a scream that was! There it comes again, and there is no doubt

this time as to who is the owner of that terrified voice. Mrs B.'s alarms have evidently taken some other direction. 'Henry, Henry,' she cries in tones of a very tolerable pitch. A lady being in the case, I fly upon the wings of domestic love along the precincts sacred to the perambulations of my great-grandfather. I arrive at my wife's chamber; the screams continue, but the door is locked.

'Open, open!' shout I. 'What on earth is the matter?'

There is silence; then a man's voice—that is to say, my wife's voice in imitation of a man's—replies in tones of indignant ferocity, to convey the idea of a life-preserver being under the pillow of the speaker, and ready to his hand: 'Who are you—what do you want?'

'You very silly woman,' I answer; not from unpoliteness, but because I find that that sort of language recovers and assures her of my identity better than any other—'why, it's I.'

The door is then opened about six or seven inches, and I am admitted with all the precaution which attends the entrance of an ally into a besieged garrison.

Mrs B., now leaning upon my shoulder, dissolves into copious tears, and points to the door communicating with my attiring-chamber.

'There's sur—sur—somebody been anoring in your dressing-room,' she sobs, 'all the time you were away.'

This statement is a little too much for my sense of humour, and although sympathising very tenderly with poor Mrs B., I cannot help bursting into a little roar of laughter. Laughter and fear are deadly enemies, and I can see at once that Mrs B. is all the better for this explosion.

'Consider, my love,' I reason—'consider the extreme improbability of a burglar or other nefarious person making such a use of the few precious hours of darkness as to go to sleep in them! Why, too, should he take a bedstead without a mattress, which I believe is the case in this particular supposition of yours, when there were feather-beds unoccupied in other apartments? Moreover, would not this be a still greater height of recklessness in such an individual, should he have a habit of snoring?'

A slight noise in the dressing-room, occasioned by the Venetian blind tapping against the window, here causes Mrs B. to bury her head with extreme swiftness, ostrich-like, beneath the pillow, so that the peroration of my argument is lost upon her. I enter the suspected chamber—this time with a lighted candle—and find my trousers, with the boots in them, hanging over the bedside something after the manner of a drunken marauder, but nothing more. Neither is there anybody reposing under the shadow of my boot-tree upon the floor. All is peace there, and at eleven and seven as I left it upon retiring—as I had hoped—to rest.

Once more I stretch my chilled and tired limbs upon the couch; sweet sleep once more begins to woo my eyelids, when 'Henry, Henry,' again dissolves the dim and half-formed dream.

'Are you certain, Henry, that you looked in the shower-bath? I am almost sure that I heard somebody pulling the string.'

No grounds, indeed, are too insufficient, no suppo-

sition too incompatible with reason for Mrs B. to build her alarms upon. Sometimes, although we lodge upon the second story, she imagines that the window is being attempted; sometimes, although the register may be down, she is confident that the chimney is being used as the means of ingress.

Once, when we happened to be in London—where she feels, however, a good deal safer than in the country—we had a real alarm, and Mrs B., since I was suffering from a quinsy—contracted mainly by my being sent about the house at night in the usual scanty drapery—had to be sworn in as her own special constable.

'Henry, Henry,' she whispered upon this occasion, 'there's a dreadful cat in the room.'

'Pooh, pooh!' I gasped; 'it's only in the street. I've heard the wretches. Perhaps they are on the tiles.'

'No, Henry. There, I don't want you to talk since it makes you cough; only listen to me. What am I to do, Henry? I'll stake my existence that there's—' Ugh, what's that?'

And, indeed, some heavy body did there and then jump upon our bed, and off again, at my wife's interjection, with extreme agility. I thought Mrs B. would have had a fit, but she hadn't. She told me, dear soul, upon no account to venture into the cold with my bad throat. She would turn out the beast herself, single-handed. We arranged that she was to take hold of my fingers, and retain them, until she reached the fireplace, where she would find a shovel or other offensive weapon fit for the occasion. During the progress of this expedition, however, so terrible a caterwauling broke forth, as it seemed, from the immediate neighbourhood of the fender, that my disconcerted helpmate made a most precipitate retreat. She managed, after this mishap, to procure a light, and by a circuitous route, constructed of tables and chairs, to avoid stepping upon the floor, Mrs B. obtained the desired weapon. It was then much better than a play to behold that heroic woman defying grimalkin from her eminence, and to listen to the changeful dialogue which ensued between herself and that far from dumb, though inarticulately speaking animal.

'Puss, puss, pussy—poor pussy.'

'Miau, miau, miau,' was the linked shrillness, long drawn out, of the feline reply.

'Poor old puss, then, was it ill? Puss, puss. Henry, the horrid beast is going to fly at me! Whist, whist, cat.'

'Ps-s-s-s, ps-s-s-s, mian; ps-s-s-s-s-s-s,' replied the other in a voice like fat in the fire.

'My dear love,' cried I, almost suffocated with a combination of laughter and quinsy, 'you have never opened the door: where is the poor thing to run to?'

Mrs B. had all this time been exciting the bewildered animal to frenzy by her conversation and shovel, without giving it the opportunity of escape, which, as soon as offered, it took advantage of with an expression of savage impatience partaking very closely indeed of the character of an oath.

This is, however, the sole instance of Mrs B.'s having ever taken it in hand to subdue her own alarms. It is I who, ever since her marriage, have done the duty, and more than the duty, of an efficient house-dog, which, before that epoch, I understand was wont to be discharged by one of her younger sisters. Not seldom, in these involuntary rounds of mine, I have become myself the cause of alarm or inconvenience to others. Our little foot-page, with a

courage beyond his years, and a spirit worthy of a better cause, very nearly transfixed me with the kitchen-spit as I was trying, upon one occasion, the door of his own pantry. Upon another nocturnal expedition, I ran against a human body in the dark—that turned out to be my brother-in-law's, who was also in search of robbers—with a shock to both our nervous systems such as they have not yet recovered from. It fell to my lot upon a third to discover one of the rural police up in our attics, where, in spite of the increased powers lately granted to the county constabulary, I could scarcely think he was entitled to be. I once presented myself, an uninvited guest, at a select morning entertainment—it was at 1.30 A.M.—given by our hired London cook to nearly a dozen of her male and female friends. No wonder that Mrs B. had 'staked her existence' that night that she had heard the area gate 'go.' When I consider the extremely free and unconstrained manner in which I was received, poker and all, by that assembly, my only surprise is that they did not signify their arrivals by double knocks at the front door.

On one memorable night, and on one only, have I found it necessary to use that formidable weapon which habit has rendered as familiar to my hand as its flower to that of the Queen of Clubs.

The gray of morning had just begun to steal into our bedchamber, when Mrs B. ejaculated with unusual vigour: 'Henry, Henry, they're in the front drawing-room; and they've just knocked down the parrot-screen.'

'My love,' I was about to observe, 'your imaginative powers have now arrived at the pitch of *clairvoyance*,' when a noise from the room beneath us, as if all the fire-irons had gone off together with a bang, compelled me to acknowledge to myself at least that there was something in Mrs B.'s alarms at last. I trod down stairs as noiselessly as I could, and in almost utter darkness. The drawing-room door was ajar, and through the crevice I could distinguish, despite the gloom, as many as three muffled figures. They were all of them in black clothing, and each wore over his face a mask of crape, fitting quite closely to his features. I had never been confronted by anything so dreadful before. Mrs B. had cried 'Wolf!' so often that I had almost ceased to believe in wolves of this description at all. Unused to personal combat, and embarrassed by the novel circumstances under which I found myself, I was standing undecided on the landing, when I caught that well-known whisper of 'Henry, Henry' from the upper story. The burglars caught it also. They desisted from their occupation of examining the articles of *vertu* upon the chimney-piece, while their fiendish countenances relaxed into a hideous grin. One of them stole cautiously towards the door where I was standing. I heard his burglarious feet, I heard the 'Henry, Henry!' still going on from above stairs; I heard my own heart pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat within me. It was one of those moments in which one lives a life. The head of the craped marauder was projected cautiously round the door, as if to listen. I poised my weapon, and brought it down with unerring aim upon his skull. He fell like a bullock beneath the axe; and I sped up to my bedchamber with all the noiselessness and celerity of a bird. It was I who locked the door this time, and piled the wash-hand-stand, two band-boxes, and a chair against it with the speed of lightning.

Was Mrs B. out of her mind with terror that at such an hour as that she should indulge in a paroxysm of mirth?

'Good heavens!' I cried, 'be calm, my love; there are burglars in the house at last.'

'My dear Henry,' she answered, laughing so that the tears quite stood in her eyes, 'I am very sorry; I

tried to call you back. But when I sent you down stairs, I quite forgot that this was the morning upon which I had ordered the sweeps!'

One of those gentlemen was at that moment lying underneath with his skull fractured, and it cost me fifteen pounds to get it mended, besides the expense of a new drawing-room carpet.

It is but fair to state the primary cause to which all Mrs B.'s alarms, and, by consequence, my own little personal inconveniences, are mainly owing. Mrs B.'s mamma was one of the last admirers of the *Old Manor House* and *Mysteries of the Castle* school of literature, and her daughters were brought up in her own faith: that Mrs Radcliffe was a painter of nature, as it appears on earth; and that Mr Matthew Lewis had been let into the great secret of what was going on—as they say at St Stephen's—'in another place.' So nervous, indeed, did my respected mother-in-law contrive to make herself throughout her lifetime, by the perusal of these her favourite books, that it was rumoured that she married each of her four husbands at least as much from a disinclination to be without a protector during the long watches of the night, as from any other cause. Mrs B. herself was haunted in her earlier years with the very unpleasant notion that she was what I believe the Germans call a *doppelgänger*: that there was a duplicate of her going about the world at the same time; and that some day or other—or night—they would have a distressing meeting. And, moreover, at last they did so, and in the following manner. Her mamma was residing for a few days at Keswick, supping full of horrors in the German division of the late Mr Southey's library every evening, and enjoying herself, doubtless, after her own peculiar fashion, when she suddenly felt ill, or thought she was falling, and sent a post-chaise, express, to fetch her daughter (Mrs B.), who happened to be staying at that time with some friends at Penrith. The long mountain road was then by no means a good one; and it may be easily imagined that nothing but filial duty would have induced my *doppelgänger* to have started upon such a journey at dusk—although it was sure to be a fine moonlight night—and alone. Mrs B., however, being warm and comfortable, went off to sleep very soon, like any boulder, nor did she wake until the chaise had skirted Ullswater, and was within a few miles of home. She had looked carefully under both seats, and even into the side-pockets of the carriage before starting, to make sure that there was no other passenger: and yet there was now a form sitting upon the opposite cushions—a female form, muffled up in much clothing, but with a face pale in the moonlight, with eyes half shut, yet with a look of haggard meaning in them, steadily fixed upon her own. It was herself! It was Mrs B.'s double! The dreadful hour was come. The poor girl closed her eyelids to keep off the horrid sight, and tried to reason with herself upon the impossibility of the thing being really there, but in vain. She had been thoroughly awake, she was sure; the vision was not the offspring of a dis-tempered brain, for she felt collected, and even almost calm. Venturing to steal another look at it, there it still sat, peering with half-shut eyes into her face with the same curious anxiety as before. Not even when they rambled over Keswick stones, nor until she felt herself being lifted out in the post-boy's arms, did she trust herself to look forth again. The carriage she had just quitted was empty. 'There was something sitting there, man,' said she solemnly, pointing to the vacant cushions. 'Yes, miss,' replied he, pointing to a huge package on the ground beside them; 'I promised to bring it on for a poor man, a cabinet-maker at Pooley Bridge, and seeing you were asleep when we stopped there, I made bold to put it upon the opposite seat. I hope it did not

inconvenience you, miss. It was only a looking-glass; and as I know pretty young ladies don't object to seeing themselves in looking-glasses, I turned its face towards you.'

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AND RECOGNITION.

A SKETCH OF LITERARY HISTORY.

In the latter half of the last century, the university of Leipzig was twice honoured in a way that is seldom the privilege of the same seat of learning: in the year 1765 Wolfgang Goethe, and in 1781 Friedrich Richter, matriculated in it. No further merit, however, belongs to Leipzig, either in the case of Goethe or of Jean Paul. A striking parallel is offered in the academic lives of the two poets at the Saxon university. The son of the Frankfurt patrician was designed for the study of jurisprudence, without either choice or opposition on his part; and with just as little personal preference the son of the widow of Hof was devoted to the study of theology. Both, at first, regularly attended certain lectures, rather, however, as critics than as students; both were accustomed, though yet mere lads, to regard themselves as equal to the men whom age and experience, office and distinction, had placed far above them, and to try their strength with every authority, fearless of an overthrow. Where is the wonder that the religious awe, with which they ought to have regarded such high dignitaries, had dwindled down to nothing? Both Goethe and Richter quickly separated themselves from all learned circles and companions, their original plans of study were abandoned, their intended professions—the law of the one, and the divinity of the other—were renounced in favour of a multitude of other objects; both worked hard in all directions, read books, and wrote poems, excerpts, and notices; neither of them received or expected any guidance from the university, but each laboured, by rigorous self-culture, to lay the foundation of his own intellectual life. Both roamed the fields and the woods, had a seeing eye and a sensitive mind for the beautiful and the living, recognised the great and the whole in the minute and the particle; both greatly preferred the blue heavens, the misty heights at morning dawn, the green forest, and silent nature in her peaceful majesty, to the speaking professors on their wooden chairs, and the choking atmosphere and dust of a lecture-room: on which account both were regarded as bad students. When young Goethe returned to his native city, many a tongue was eager to defame him; and in whatever company he appeared, whispers began to circulate about him as a wild and riotous youth. The scandal-mongers of Hof acted in just the same manner towards Richter, when he fancied he could go on with his writing just as well at his mother's, as in Leipzig, where he met with nothing but hunger and hardship: for years he was regarded as a wild and unbridled genius. Twice ten years afterwards, the best and noblest spirits of the time listen to the words of the sage of Weimar as to an oracle; and ladies of quality are found crowding the antechamber of the author of *Titan*, begging a lock of his hair.

In the features presented, Richter's residence in Leipzig bore a perfect resemblance to that of Goethe; in others, the most striking distinctions are apparent. The university men set up a loud laugh at the Frankfurt freshman, on account of his old-fashioned wardrobe; but at the same time they secretly envied him for the large remittances and letters of credit with which he was furnished. Jean Paul met with no ridicule on account of his large wardrobe, but with plenty because of his poor and torn attire; instead of having credit at the bankers, he was only too happy when he could earn his dinner from day to day. Goethe

took private lessons of painters and artists for recreation and pleasure; Richter gave them, 'because the prison fare of bread and water depended upon them.' From Oeser's studio Goethe sauntered to the drawing-room of the Breitkopf family, or gossipied at the Clavier with Corona Schröter, or dined and danced at the hotel at Dölitz with mine host's amiable daughter, or wrote songs for Annette Schönpf, and played them with her. Jean Paul lodged in an out-of-the-way garret, and the only visits he paid were to beg: if they had only been successful! Bankruptcy was advancing with rapid strides upon the finances of the young theologian, every prop of his house was failing, the widow was alone with her infant children, and under the pressure of extreme destitution, wrote bitter lamentations. Fate seemed to have let her blood-hounds loose upon our hero. It was not that poverty which Horace admonishes the Roman youth to accustom themselves to look upon, which had burst upon him—

Angustam, amice, pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militia puer
Condiscat—

poverty not in the form of hardness and abstemiousness, but in the shape of ghastly, hollow-eyed destitution. He pressed his suit among the professors, but the professors had amanuenses and *famuli*, native lads of the town, and most diligent attendants at lectures, whose exemplary virtues secured them the preference. The situations were few, and the applicants many. Strangers coming to Leipzig found the local charities reserved for local purposes.

The battle-field tries the quality of our armour. Weak souls bend before the first storm of adversity; not so, however, the brave spirits that have within them an unconquerable strength and freedom of will, and proud hearts, that nothing can crush. Richter, perhaps, was fired with some thoughts of ambition when he exchanged the solitude of his quiet village for the driving bustle of Leipzig; dreamy fancies hovered round him when he was in company with distinguished men of science, and a gentle voice whispered to him that he would one day be as famous as any of them. The day of hope had dawned brilliantly on his horizon, but as rapidly as a dream its glow vanished before the rough realities of the world. Jean Paul was not disposed, however, to admit that evening had come down upon his soul. It is true, dark thoughts did at times steal upon him, but a livelier, loftier stoicism taught him to overcome them. He possessed a bold, elastic humour; and all his unsuccessful suits, vain toils, and thick-coming misfortunes, he used to welcome with a quiet and severe irony. 'Misfortune,' he used to say, 'is like a nightmare—the moment you begin to fight with it, or to bestir yourself, it is gone. What is poverty? Where is he that complains of it? The pain is only like the piercing of a maiden's ears, in order to hang jewels in the wounds.' A youth who feels and reasons in this way, and who studies his reasonings with such poetry, will find or make a way for himself in the world. 'Viam aut inveniam aut faciam!' as his motto expresses it.

He set out with the conviction that the only successful plan of resisting sufferings, destitution, and starvation, was downright uninterrupted work. He began, mindful of his maxim, by preparing for fight. He had now finally abandoned theology; literary labours must henceforth be the stay of his life. In his little bow-windowed chamber, the philosopher of nineteen thinks and writes night and day. The *Greenland Processes* are ready. The manuscript is taken to the nearest bookseller, and in an hour is returned to its author. A second, a third proposal, with like results. Now he goes about among the publishers, imploring them, as he had before done the professors, and wit-

the like invariable refusals. How ignorant of the world this scribbler must be, to fancy that a publisher who knows what he is about, will, in circumstances so unfavourable to the bookselling craft—which indeed always exist!—undertake, as soon as he is asked, the printing of a work whose author has never been heard of, whom no one patronises, no one recommends! What prodigious assumption, too, to expect payment! If the work had been of a popular nature, and he had said nothing about twenty louis-d'ors, the case might have been different, but a book like that, and a price!

The *Greenland Processes* continued to wander from one office to another, from this city to that, their author in the meanwhile having to solve the problem, whether it were possible to live upon nothing, and how? At length a Potosi was discovered in Berlin: an adventurous speculator, Voss by name, purchased the right, for sixteen louis—a reduction of four from the twenty—of bringing Jean Paul into the market!

I scarcely know with what to compare the feeling of a young writer who holds his first printed essay in his hands: a joy, a pride overpowers him—an ecstacy that swells all the higher from the consciousness (whether he will confess it or not) that he has taken the first step towards immortality. The critics take care to dispel all such pleasing illusions. A letter from his mother did the work as effectually in the mind of the author of the *Greenland Processes*. The good woman, hearing that her son had published a book, began to believe it at last possible that he might actually produce a sermon; so she wrote to Friedrich, desiring him to come to Hof, where there was a chance of his being permitted to preach in the Hospital Church. Such a proposal operated like a cold bath on any remains there might have been of the author's self-satisfaction. Jean Paul's answer shews he thought no better of his private critic than modern writers do of official reviewers. 'What is a sermon,' returned he, 'but something every student can make and deliver? But do you suppose that all your clergymen in Hof can understand a line of my book, to say nothing of being able to write it?'

Unfortunately for Richter, the speculation Voss embarked in did not succeed: the *Greenland Processes* was printed, but nobody bought or read the book. The world had something better to do; far greater trifles claimed its attention. The Cagliostroians and Rosicrucians occupied the attention of politicians; the fashionable world was just then horrified at the wife of one of the court-councillors passing the lady of the president without greeting her. In another rank, a dreadful tale was going the round of the tea-tables: the comptroller's wife, forgetful of her station, had given orders for a new velvet mantle with a broad fringe! A new actress had appeared in one of the theatres, or some syren's bell-like voice was to be heard; to-day there was to be a procession, and to-morrow a deserter was to be shot. How, in the face of so many comedies and tragedies, could time or inclination be found for reading the *Greenland Processes*? Just as the public ignored the work, so did the critics. Editors and reviewers disdained to notice a writer who had neither contributed to nor corresponded with them. A solitary scribe in Leipzig condescended, with an undisguised sneer, to notice the work in these terms: 'Much, perhaps all, the author has written with great bitterness against literature, theology, wives, coxcombs, &c., may be true, but we have no doubt whatever that the attempt at wit, which is evident on every page, will excite disgust in the mind of the rational reader, and lead him to throw the book aside with contempt.'

A potosi of sixteen louis-d'ors is very soon exhausted; a fresh shaft must be sunk. The *Selections from the Papers of the Devil* was tried; but Voss declined the publication, vehemently protesting that he had

suffered quite enough loss by the *Greenland Processes*. The manuscript travelled over all Germany, and from every journey returned with the invariable reply: 'We thank you for your esteemed offer, but regret that our time and resources are fully engrossed by other undertakings.'

A ship is dashed to pieces on a rock; the crew are drowning; boards and planks, spars and masts, are drifting about amid the waves; from the surging flood a hand is thrust up; it grasps a beam, and holds fast by it, and the elements lose one of their victims. The demons of the sea are laughing; sure of their prey, they mock the struggle of the swimmer: 'Look, poor wretch; stare your very eyes blind; wave your white signal in the wind, and burst with your wail of anguish: but no sail comes in sight. Tremble, and say your last prayer, if you can; for see, there swims the shark: a moment, and all is over with you!' The situation has often been represented in smaller or larger paintings: it was the situation of Richter. He had shouted himself hoarse, and the only answer to his cry had been the murmur of the waves; he had looked himself blind, and the white sail—the letter that announced the acceptance of his manuscript—had never hove in sight. The shark swims towards him—the prospect of disgrace and destitution! Are his lips uttering their last prayer? No! Richter will fight with the shark for life or death.

Weeks and months rush past us like the wind; we see not from whence the whirlwind comes nor whither it goes. A morning chases away the evening; to-day replaces yesterday; we complete another year, we know not how, we whose lives are happy, or even tolerably so. But the poor, the unfortunate? Time flies with rapid wing over plenty and enjoyment, but slowly the days and hours of poverty drag their lengths along. In winter, spring is longed for on account of its lengthening days and greater warmth; in summer, the shorter days of autumn are looked forward to, which yield a few hours more rest to the weary body. In this manner, during his three years' residence in Leipzig, Jean Paul told off his evil hours and dreary days; he deluged the journals and newspapers with essays and treatises, wrote verses to order, also congratulations and wedding-eve jokes, and filled whole chests with the extracts he had made from borrowed books. By this means, indeed, he became possessed of a library, for books he did not possess. A vehemence, but yet measured, heat burned within him. Necessity and destitution had lost their sting for him; he has looked despair in the face, and found that it has nothing maddening for him. His philosophy consoles him with the assurance that hunger and nakedness, perils and contempt, yea oftentimes the cross and the poisoned cup, have been the reward the world has given for wisdom. In all ages and countries the world has neglected its benefactors and persecuted its poets and instructors: Roger Bacon and Galileo pined away in the prisons of the inquisition; Torquato Tasso was confined in the cell of a madhouse; Camoens died in the streets of Lisbon, a beggar; and Burns, a thoroughbred steed of Phœbus, was compelled to drudge all his days in the gear of a cart-horse. But the gold that is thrown into the hottest melting-pot comes out the purest, and the canary-bird sings all the sweeter the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage.

Jean Paul betook himself to literature, in the first instance, as the only means of providing himself with a living; he wrote, in fact, to get money—to live. In the further prosecution of this course, the material aim gradually began to disappear. Jean Paul will labour on, and think and feel, and will still demand, and at length receive recognition; literature ceases to be a means, and becomes an end with him; the struggle for existence merges in a struggle for recognition.

Many years ago, at Paris, in the early dawn, a young

man was discovered hanging under the eaves of a house, close by the trellis of a window. A thin silken cord tightly twisted round his throat, had done the hangman's work. The scene quickly attracted all the curious and the idle. The noble, aristocratic features of the dead, the delicate white hands, plainly showed that the unfortunate man had at one time occupied a higher position than the tattered clothes in which he was concealed would lead one to suppose. His person was searched for papers that might throw some light upon the event; nothing was found, however; he had kept everything to himself like a true philosopher. Passers-by at length identified him. This suicide in rags was one of the most distinguished and brilliant geniuses of modern French literature, whose wit threw every saloon and boudoir into ecstacy—Gerhard de Nerval. In order that he might live, he also had grasped the pen, and had looked hopefully forward to recognition and distinction. He had been living a long while dissatisfied and miserable; by night, he roamed through the streets of the great city like a runaway dog; his desk and seat were the table and bench of the commonest tavern; he frequently sought sleep and oblivion in the most wretched dens, side by side with thieves and the most reprobate of beings, the scum of humanity. Thus had he been thrust about till, all hopes being now at an end, he bethought him that dying was perhaps a little better than living. He had looked for a home, and now the great quartermaster, death, had at length assigned him an abode.

Whatever may be thought of this suicide, it is unquestionably the nobler heroism which enables a man to endure, without rest or weariness, to the last. That Jean Paul, in his darkest hours when crushed to the lowest extremity by the miseries of the world, never lost faith in himself, never listened to the gloomy tempter, but 'laughed so long in the face of fortune that it began to smile upon him in return'—this indeed commands admiration as a rare and worthy heroism.

He left Leipzig in 1784, and went to live with his mother, in Hof; here he found a night's lodging, at least free of cost, and here he could go about without being pointed to as a beast broken loose from a menagerie, when he walked the streets without a wig, with open breast, and no neck-tie. In this respect, the people of Hof were more tolerant than a certain Leipzig magister, who—probably not remembering how the cynic Diogenes, in tattered garb, had trodden the pride of Plato under foot—had written to the wigless and collarless youth in peremptory terms, demanding the immediate discontinuance of the public nuisance.

A student has to accommodate himself to his needy circumstances as well as he can. 'Nowhere,' as we read in Richter's own day-book, 'does one collect poverty's siege-coins more merrily and philosophically than at the university. The academic citizen proves how many humorists and cynics Germany contains.' But it is doubly painful when the man of mature age has to pass year after year enduring the same, or it may be even greater hardships; of this, Jean Paul had a torturing experience after his settlement at Hof. On the posts of his doors he wrote in large characters: 'Dear Christian friends, you perceive that I have not much money, what inference do you draw from it?' On passing the door, one entered a narrow chamber, at the window, sitting on a wooden stool, was our hero, thinking and labouring; the rest of the apartment was occupied with the washing his mother had taken in. At another time, the mother is seen busily plying her distaff. An account of what mother and son earned in this way was carefully kept; a little account-book, relating 'how much we gained by spinning,' has been preserved. According to this, the receipts of the family, in March 1796, amounted to 2 florins, 51 kreutzers,

3 pence; in April, to 4 florins, 2 kreutzers; in May, to 4 florins, 9 kreutzers, 2 pf., &c., &c. Against the entry of 2 florins, 1 kreutzer, the sum received in September 1794, it is observed that, on the 9th of this same month of September, a new pair of boots was purchased for the youngest son Samuel, 'which cost 3 thalers, about the whole quarter's income.'

A writer will be pardoned for anything but tediousness. I fear I shall become tedious, or shall weary the patience of the reader, if I devote one page to tell how the tears of Richter's mother fell down upon her web or into her wash-tub—how affliction and silent grief preyed upon the heart of the aging woman like a gnawing worm, as her first-born son, whose laborious industry she watched, began to sicken; the lion who fought with royal courage became a lamb; her son had discontinued his usual and regular walks, his pleasure in life seemed to be extinguished, and the mirthful sally with which he used to deal out consolation was silent; the gentry of Hof affirmed that he was half-crazy, and the judgment was rapidly and universally endorsed.

His quietness, however, which pained his mother, was not an unstringing of his spirits or the submissiveness of despair, nor was his resignation the coldness of apathy; he had made a bargain with the longings of his heart, had made his peace with the world. Agony has ceased to make him complain. 'There is not a case in which I have not deserved my affliction. Every unpleasant sensation is an indication that I am untrue to my resolutions. Epictetus was not unhappy.' What does it matter to him what may be the opinions of his worship the mayor, or of his reverence the parson? 'Men for the most part judge very pitifully; why are you so anxious for the praise of children or of fools? No man honours you in a beggar's coat; be not therefore proud of the respect that is shown to your clothes.' How just! We to the man who has no appeal from the judgment of the world! he is a lost man! 'Let one,' as a certain critic remarks, 'observe the public in a theatre: the life of a man is here compressed within a period of three hours; it is played upon the open stage with brilliant lights and with all the appliances that human art and oratory can suggest to render it clear and simple, and still, after the curtain falls, how diversified are the opinions the public pass upon both the hero and the play.' But now let it be supposed that the drama is not concluded in three hours, but that it lasts during a man's whole lifetime, that it is not represented with any effort towards clearness, that upon many episodes no streams of daylight fall, and that we have no clue to many situations, no motive for many actions; and that the world or the critical public during the representation is occupied in diverse ways, bestowing its attention for a moment now here, and now there. Where is the wonder, then, if that world condemn where the drama cannot be reviewed according to the common gauge of the three Aristotelian unities, but must be measured by its own particular rules—or, metaphor aside, when the object of criticism is a man of original genius and character?

The soul of the Doric hero rose all the clearer, and more unconquerable from the depth of its sorrows and oppressions, its humiliation and deprivations, after the twelve labours. The angry goddess is appeased; an Æta commences the apotheosis of the son of the gods. For Jean Paul, also, the hour strikes when the inexorable forces of destiny at length cry 'Hold!' In the year 1798, the startling story of *Desiree* issued from the little washing and spinning chamber: it obtained for its author, in all the states of Germany, that for which he had laboured—recognition. 'What a god-genius,' writes the octogenarian Gleim, 'is our Friedrich Richter! Here is more than Shakespeare, I say to myself, in more than fifty passages I have

underlined. I am perfectly enraptured at the genius from which these streams, these rills, these Rhine-falls, these Blandusian springs issue and irrigate humanity, and if I am displeased to-day at some sentences such as the muses have not inspired, or even with the plan itself, I shall not be so to-morrow.'

The fight for existence and recognition is fought out; sunlight breaks through the clouds; henceforth the star of Jean Paul shines brightly in the heavens.

YOUNG BENGAL.

Amidst all the shortcomings of our western civilisation in British India, but more especially in Bengal—amidst all our disappointments, and our regrets at the barren crop of results from the labours of a century, we may point to one small section of the native community, who, if they be not with us, are certainly not against us: we allude to 'Young Bengal.' Readers who have heard of 'Young England,' of 'Young France,' and other juvenile embodiments of national movements, will at once perceive who are intended by the term Young Bengal; though they may hitherto have been in complete ignorance of the existence of such a class of persons in this part of British India.

Amongst the natives of Hindostan, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, we find men of all ages who are advanced in their ideas, who have imbibed certain notions more or less tinged by civilisation, who possess a certain taste for European things. There are many rajahs of Bengal who ape European life and habits, who are driven by English coachmen, furnish their mansions in English style, read English books and newspapers, and seek English society. The rajah of Bithoor, the Nena Sahib of infamous notoriety, was one of this class of men. Civilisation had indeed reached him, but it had come too late; it had exerted no softening influence on his heart or his mind: he was the same fanatical, bigoted Mussulman as ever. Civilisation had not even taught him worldly wisdom, or he must have felt how unequal, how hopeless the contest with British power.

Such as these are not comprised in the term Young Bengal. The class of Hindoos we allude to, though perhaps not of more promise to a superficial observer than such as the above, are, in our opinion, the men who shall hereafter do much for India; men who cannot stand still, who must progress, even though not in the true path. This class of young men is by no means small, nor contemptible; and though they have as yet made but small demonstration, though they must be sought for if to be found, it is beyond a doubt not an unimportant part they will enact at no distant day.

Whence come they? Of what class are they? They have sprung from the class-rooms of the government colleges. They are of no particular caste, or class, or section of native society; amongst them may be found the sons of rajahs, of zemindars, of baboos, of shroffs, of brokers and traders. But this one fact must be borne in mind—they are all descended from the *Brahminical* race. Not one Mussulman, not a single follower of the Prophet of Mecca is to be found in their ranks. Those stiff-necked, stubborn disciples of the Koran remain as they were a thousand years ago, and as they will be found a thousand years hence. They never change or progress; they are neither softened nor civilised; they have still the

same undying hate for every 'dog of a Christian,' for every unbelieving Feringhee, as of old; and though they may seldom find it convenient or prudent to make manifestation of their true feelings, we must not the less be on our guard against these fanatics, who deem it a matter of high and holy merit to murder an unbeliever. There are scores, nay, hundreds of such men as these who have gained much learning at the government expense, who are tolerably deep-read in much of our literature, and to some extent in science; but all this is coveted merely as a means of obtaining employment in official positions. In this they have been wondrously successful, and the Indian executive have for a long time past omitted no opportunity of promoting these fluent plausible Mohammedans even to the exclusion of Christians. Well, the government have sown the storm, and they have reaped the whirlwind. The foremost men in the present murderous rebellion are Mohammedans. Every Mussulman official in Upper Bengal and in the North-west Provinces has turned against us, has obeyed the dictates of his faith, and drawn his sword upon us 'dogs of unbelievers.' We shall look in vain amongst this class of men for one to join the swelling ranks of Young Bengal.

The government of the East India Company found themselves assailed, some time since, for sluggishness in the cause of education. They resolved that the reproach should no longer attach to them, and accordingly an order went forth for large grants for educational purposes. Colleges were built, philosophical 'chairs' were established, professors with strange names and huge beards were imported, highly paid inspectors were appointed, and annual reports drawn up and placed in type for England's satisfaction; and the cry is now: 'See what we have done!' Well, they have at least succeeded in rearing Young Bengal; but beyond that one first result, it is hard to lay one's hand upon any perceptible effect upon the vast masses of the people of India. The bulk of the population, indeed, has not been reached; we, and our schools, and our books, are as much strangers to them as we were fifty years since.

But what of Young Bengal? The government colleges and their professors have between them wrought a great change in the thoughts and dispositions, and even in the career of most of the young students. At a cost of about eighty or ninety pounds sterling per annum for each pupil, the Company has managed to instil large quantities of classical and British literature into the minds of the Hindoo scholars. An acquaintance with pure science has been less general, very many young lads contenting themselves with a knowledge of general literature, devouring with much zest Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Moore, and our long range of prose writers, from Dr Johnson to Douglas Jerrold. Anything more solid than this they appear to have systematically eschewed as indigestible food. They were content to catch ideas, to be able to quote freely high-sounding sentences, without any practical application.

The peculiar qualities of the Bengalee mind—its elasticity, its pliability, its susceptibility—fitted it especially for the reception of theories, for the appreciation of poetical adornments; and thus at the end of a student's career in the chief Calcutta college, he came out in no way fitted for an active career,

in no way prepared to become a useful member of society, even as so-called society there exists, but replete with much to render him discontented, and too frequently unhappy.

Nothing could possibly exceed the magnificence and extent of the government educational establishments in Calcutta for rearing Hindoo atheists. The ease, the comfort, the luxury of the spacious apartments and halls of these 'godless colleges,' cannot by any means be excelled. The audience-chamber of the ancient Mogul kings of Delhi, the spacious courts of the old Assyrian palaces, the dwelling-places of Belus and Nimrod, the amphitheatres of Athens and Rome, were not more noble than the great halls and lecture-rooms of the City of Palaces. There, in those cold shady recesses, far removed from the glare, the dust, and the scorching heat of a Bengal day in September, the young rajahs and incipient baboons reclined beneath grateful punkahs, upon soft inviting cushions, listening with half-closed ears, with drowsy eyes and nodding head, to the oft-repeated verses, the well-conned chapter, but too glad when the hour approached for their departure, when the evening drive and the nightly carouse came to wind up the daily routine of their listless student-life.

Young Bengal is not so very young but that he has a wife. In India, however, marriages take place at about the age at which in England young gentlemen would be breeched; and young Hindoo ladies are not unfrequently betrothed immediately after cutting their last teeth, so that it does not amount to much to say that all our college students of the first and second classes are married. Most of them drive to college in carriages that would not discredit Hyde Park; some few drawn by valuable 'pairs'; but some also borne along by the real Hindoo hack, all bone and skin, whilst tattered red curtains are fluttering wildly from the windows. With this singular race, there is but one step from the magnificent to the mean, from the princely to the paltry. They recognise nothing like respectability; they know nothing but the extremes of luxury and dirt.

We have said that these young students—the hope of their country—are married; and in this we at once find one certain evil result of their own highly finished half-education. Cultivated as their tastes may be far above the old-caste prejudices of their race, these men have all married women utterly unlettered; for to this time, education is all but unknown amongst the females of the higher classes of natives; it has made some way amongst lower castes, but there it has remained. So long accustomed to the highly seasoned intellectual food of the colleges, Young Bengal turns with indifference, if not with disgust, from her who should be his best and constant companion and helpmate, to find the solace, the wit, the thought, the knowledge of passing events in some less legitimate acquaintance—in one who has made it her study to minister to the vitiated tastes of the frequenters of the gay mansions in Durrumtollah and the Circular Road. The wife who was good enough for one of this class of Hindoos before education lifted him from his former place in native society, is no longer to be tolerated; hence a wide schism in the houses of the race, where the evenings and the nights of Young Bengal are but too seldom passed.

It is not difficult to ascertain the creed of this school of Hindoos. Amongst their own families and friends, they are still disciples of Brahma and Vishnu. The Rhat Jatra, the Doorga Poojah, and other great Hindoo festivals, find them foremost in the ranks of devotees; they are still the same faithful, constant attendants at the temples of their forefathers. But question them on their belief in the scenes and ceremonies they are taking a part

in, and they will not hesitate to tell you how completely they despise the old creed of Siva and Vishnu; how thoroughly their European studies have taught them the folly and absurdity of faith in any such vain religion; and that they attend the Hindoo festivals merely to please their mothers or their wives.

No member of the fraternity of Young Bengal has yet found courage to speak out boldly before the world and tell their unbelief. They shrink from the consequences; they dare not take a step which, whilst it would assuredly entail upon them the anathemas of their families, and banishment from all Hindoo society, would at the same time procure them no admission within European circles. In British India, the line of demarcation between white and black, between European and Asiatic, has been so unmistakably drawn, so rigidly enforced, as to be impassable. There is something, however, more fatal even than colour or caste tending to exclude Young Bengal from any sympathy from Europeans: it is their scepticism. With but very few exceptions, these young men are atheists, and to us openly, avowedly so. The teachings of the government professors have indeed destroyed the old superstitions of the land, but they have failed in replacing them with anything more worthy of belief. They have learned so thoroughly to despise the ancient creed of their ancestors, that knowing nothing of the one living faith, they have flung themselves into the arms of unbelief, swearing by the words of Voltaire and Tom Paine.

No Epicureans of the ancients ever revolved in more enervating luxury and voluptuous ease and idleness than the upper ranks of Young Bengal. Their private life reads like the chronicles of Nineveh, the diary of some imperial Roman. The early indolence of the morning; the late and costly breakfast; the mid-day bath; the lounging on soft couches, and listening to melodious poetry; the evening drive; the lamp-lit meal, the music and gay female company, the late wine-cup and midnight song—such is but a faint though truthful picture of the everyday life of Young Bengal.

But let us not forget to except some few more honourable men than such as these. We can count up half a score of names of Hindoos who, amidst all their learning, have not run wild, nor rushed into vicious excesses, who ply their pens, and though not as rightly so as we could wish to see, still use them honestly and vigorously. One of the most able weekly journals of Calcutta is not only conducted, but written throughout by a young Hindoo pupil of the government college. The articles from his pen, though sometimes errant, are, on the whole, able and instructive. He is a Brahmin of high family, and has to this time remained true to his family faith.

It is impossible not to regard this enlarging class of young men with interest. It remains to be seen what their children will become, and whether, feeling their own want of sympathy from uneducated wives, they will have courage to give their daughters instruction not less than their sons. This is already happening in some few instances; let us hope the example may be widely followed; and from that time may be dated a new and brighter era for British India. None care they who have dwelt in the far east, and who have known the Hindoo in his home, can say truly how servile and debased is the career of such a man's wife. Her mind left a barren waste without one single elevating or generous principle, what can be expected from her, and what can be hoped from the rising generation intrusted to her care for so many long years!

The great work of enlightenment, of Christianising, must be done through the wives and daughters of

Young Bengal. Once admit the light of day into the private chambers of the Hindoos, and we shall quickly behold a wondrous change. Until that can be done, we but labour in vain—we do but as yet sow the seeds of unbelief, of domestic discord and unhappiness.

DIPSOMANIA.

In the progress of events, new scientific terms are continually making their appearance; the last is perhaps Dipsomania—a craving for intoxicating liquors which partakes of the character of insanity; the term being compounded of the Greek words for *thirst* and *madness*. Whether thirst, in the usual meaning of the word, has anything to do with the maddened propensity for drinking, is of no consequence. The name now given to the disease will do as well as any other; and under whatever phraseology, we are glad to find that the medical world is at length concerning itself with one of the most distressing forms of mental derangement.

Tipplers, hard-drinkers, men who go off on a drunken ramble, as it is called, for days or weeks, are nothing singular. We have all seen or heard of such persons—an annoyance they are to society, a discredit to themselves. These, however, are not dipsomaniacs. Applying to the subject the nomenclature of natural history, the genus drinker consists of two species—he who, with intervals of common-sense, relieved at worst with short fits of delirium, still puts a good face on affairs, and conducts himself on the whole pretty fairly; and he who, by a peculiar condition of brain, sinks under a chronic and uncontrollable appetite for intoxicants: this last being the dipsomaniac proper. The law, which always drags heavily at the heels of general intelligence, has not yet been able to make any distinction in the drinking species; and accordingly, however far a man be gone in dipsomania, however confirmed in this kind of madness, and however incapable of thinking or acting correctly—in fact, if he should fall into ruin himself, and ruin all about him—still, legally, he is not insane; and in defiance of common sense, he goes at large, no magistrate being authorised to grant a warrant for his apprehension and confinement.

So very extraordinary a stretch of respect for 'the liberty of the subject' is beginning to attract attention. An improved knowledge of mental disease now makes it evident that the dipsomaniac is as completely an irresponsible being as he who is affected by other forms of lunacy. It may be that, in the first instance, he has brought his disease on himself; he has, perhaps, in that eager pursuit of business and desire to be rich, which is the scandal of the present age, greatly overtasked his brain—worked hard all day, mistimed his meals, sat up late, taken no outdoor exercise, kept his mind on the rack, and to sustain nature, resorted to stimulants. So much may be admitted: we may look on the victim as self-immolated; but what then? From whatever cause men become maniacs, it is surely the duty of society to see that they are restrained from committing grievous wrong, and subjected to a humane and remedial mode of treatment.

A perusal of the lately issued pamphlet of Dr Alexander Peddie of Edinburgh,* ought to remove any doubts which may be entertained respecting the actual nature of the drinking insanity. Speaking of the diseased state of the dipsomaniac, this writer observes: 'I consider that his condition is strictly one of combined moral and mental insanity, and the consequence of a vicious impulsive propensity—for I cannot in such a case denominate it simply as a vice;

and I regard it as rendering him incapable of the exercise of social duties and civil rights; and not merely so, but as lessening and altering the nature of his culpability in reference to crime, and thereby his liability to punishment of the same kind, or to the same extent, as the other members of the community. That the excessive uncontrollable desire for intoxicating drinks is a disease, and that it is symptomatic of some abnormal cerebral condition which gives it the character of a form of insanity, cannot be doubted; and it should be always kept in mind that this condition is not so much produced by intoxicating drinks, as it is by that which created the desire for them.' As to the manifestation of insanity, it may be 'addictedness to drinks, as well as to hallucination of ideas. To declare whether it is so, or not, is as much a question for medical skill in the former case as in the latter. But medical observation has declared that dipsomania is a physical proof of mental disorganisation, and therefore it appears to me that such cases stand exactly on the same footing as other forms of insanity; and that, as it never has been questioned that government may deal with insanity, it seems to be equally within its province to deal with dipsomania. Surely, viewed in the light of common sense, and sifted and scrutinised by the strictest rules of induction, the confirmed dipsomaniac ought to be regarded as of "unsound mind," or, as I would rather call it, "diseased mind," *non compos mentis*, and should be taken care of for his own sake, for the welfare of his family, and for the good of society.'

The remarkable thing about the dipsomaniac is his want of power to restrain himself. With certain faculties still active, he knows that he ought not to drink, yet he cannot help drinking. In medical language, the crave is upon him. 'The main desire of his life is how to obtain liquor; his capacity for business is confined to the means of gratifying his leading desire; moral control has lost its sway over him; he has no power to resist the propensity whenever gratification is within his reach; he has, in fact, become the involuntary slave of the vice, and would sacrifice his last sixpence or his shirt, or sell his soul to the devil, for one drop more, rather than be disappointed. Yet, strange to say, the poor creature, in this condition, has no pleasure in drinking. He takes it, not sippingly and with gusto, enjoying it as the *bon vivant* does, socially or convivially, but gulps it down in large quantities, away from society and observation, and even as it were a drug; and the only satisfaction derived from the act is, that it secures blunted feeling, insensibility to the wretched state of mind which prompts the desire, and an escape from the fancied miseries of his existence. When this has gone on for some time, although a suspension of the use of stimulants be imposed by the interference of friends, or by the occurrence of an attack of either of the two resulting forms of delirium, yet his mind has suffered so materially, that, unless continued control be exercised over him, and this for a very considerable time—which is not often practicable in the present usages of society, and is contrary, as I have shewn, to the common law of the land—he returns immediately like the dog "to his vomit, and like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire;" and his progress towards some incurable form of insanity, or to an early death from some other superinduced disease, is certain. His moral faculties become more and more diseased, his intellectual powers weakened, disturbed, or at last even annihilated. He becomes either facile or wasteful, or incapacitated for transacting the ordinary business of life, or he is mischievous, and commits homicide or suicide; these various results being induced according as his natural disposition and passions may urge, or his hereditary predisposition may incline, or some previous injury of the head or

* *The Necessity for some Legalised Arrangements for the Treatment of Dipsomania.* By Alexander Peddie, M.D. 1868.

disease of the brain may precipitate him. That such, more or less, is the condition of the dipsomaniac, and that these consequences may, and do, frequently result, cannot be disputed. And yet, because the unhappy victim of this disease does not fall strictly under the present legal definition of unsoundness in mind, he is permitted to go at liberty; any interference in the shape of control is illegal, and his nearest and best friends, and he himself, are deprived of the only means by which his cure could be effected, and his restoration as a useful member of society accomplished. He is thus permitted, without any barrier being placed, or allowed to be placed, in the way, to hurry himself on to ruin, reducing his own family, it may be, to beggary, perhaps even to disgrace, and at last to accomplish his own sad death, or be convicted and punished for some criminal act committed in an hour of intoxicated madness, for which he is nevertheless held responsible in the eye of the law. In the latter case, indeed, the total neglect of the law to provide for this humiliating disease, is well illustrated by its viewing that very circumstance, which had deprived the criminal of self-control, to be, not a palliation, but an aggravation of his guilt.

The remedy proposed for this deliberate injustice and inhumanity, is the establishment of asylums, distinct altogether from those for ordinary lunatics, to which, by medical certificates under proper authority, the unfortunate class of dipsomaniacs may be consigned. It is believed that in a variety of instances, a short retirement would have the effect of so restoring a healthy state of brain that the maniacal appetite for liquor would disappear, and the patient be either sent home effectually cured to his friends, or allowed to assume the management of his affairs within the limits of the asylum. When the public mind is more fully awakened to the benefits of this mode of treatment, we may expect that legislation will be brought to bear on the subject.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLIV.—AN ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

THUS were the shadows upon the water promised by Haj-Ewa—black shadows upon my heart.

Mad queen of the Micoosau! what have I done to deserve this torture? Thou too my enemy! Had I been thy deadliest foe, thou couldst scarcely have contrived a keener sting for thy vengeance.

Face to face stood Maimee and her lover—seduced and seducer. I had no doubt as to the identity of either. The moonbeam fell upon both—no longer with soft silvery light, but gleaming rude and red, like the chandeliers of a bagnio. It may have been but a seeming—the reflection of an inflamed imagination that influenced me from within; but my belief in her innocence was gone—hopelessly gone; the very air seemed tainted with her guilt—the world appeared a chaos of debauchery and ruin.

I had no other thought than that I was present at a scene of assassination. How could I think otherwise? No signs of surprise were exhibited by either, as they came together. They met as those who have promised to come—who have often met before.

Evidently each expected the other. Though other emotions declared themselves, there was not the slightest sign of novelty in the encounter.

For me, it was a terrible crisis. The anguish of a whole life compressed into the space of a single moment could not have been more unendurable. The blood seemed to scald my heart as it gashed through. So acute was the pang, I could scarcely restrain myself from crying aloud.

An effort—a stern determined effort—and the throes were over. Firmly bracing my nerves—firmly grasping the branches—I clung to my seat, resolved to know more.

That was a fortunate resolution. Had I at that moment given way to the wild impulses of passion, and sought a reckless revenge, I should in all likelihood have carved out for myself a long lifetime of sorrow. Patience proved my guardian angel, and the end was otherwise.

Not a word—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do?

My situation was like his of the suspended sword. On second thoughts, the smile is both trite and untrue: the sword had already fallen; it could wound me no more. I was as one paralyzed both in body and soul—impervious to further pain.

Not a word—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do?

The light is full upon Maimee; I can see her from head to foot. How large she has grown—a woman in all her outlines, perfect, entire. And her levelness has kept pace with her growth. Larger, she is lovelier than ever. Demon of jealousy! art thou not content with what thou hast already done? Have I not suffered enough? Why hast thou presented her in such witching guise? O that she were scarred, hideous, hag-like—as she shall yet become! Even thus to see her, would be some satisfaction—an anodyne to my chafed soul.

But it is not so. Her face is sweetly beautiful—never so beautiful before. Soft and innocent as ever—not a line of guilt can be traced on those placid features—not a gleam of evil in that round, rolling eye! The angels of heaven are beautiful; but they are good. Oh, who could believe in crime concealed under such loveliness as hers?

I expected a more meretricious mien. There was a scintillation of cheer in the disappointment.

Do not suppose that these reflections occupied time. In a few seconds they passed through my mind, for thought is quicker than the magnetic shock. They passed while I was waiting to hear the first words that, to my surprise, were for some moments unspoken. To my surprise: I could not have met her in such fashion. My heart would have been upon my tongue, and my lips—

I see it now. The hot burst of passion is past—the spring-tide of love has subsided—such an interview is no longer a novelty—perhaps he grows tired of her, foul liberties that he is! See! they meet with some shyness. Coldness has arisen between them—a love quarrel—fool is he as villain—fool not to rush into those arms, and at once reconcile it. Would that his opportunities were mine!—not all the world could restrain me from seeking that sweet embrace.

Bitter as were my thoughts, they were less bitter on observing this attitude of the lovers. I fancied it was half-hostile.

Not a word—not a motion—not a breath. What will they say?—what do?

My suspense came to an end. The *aid-de-camp* at length found his tongue.

'Lovely Maimee! you have kept your promise.'

'But you, sir, have not yours? No—I read it in your looks. You have yet done nothing for us!'

'Be assured, Maimee, I have not had an opportunity. The general has been so busy, I have had no chance to press the matter upon him. But do not be impatient. I shall be certain to persuade him, and your property shall be restored to you in due time. Tell your mother not to feel uneasy: for your sake, beautiful Maimee, I shall spare no exertion. Believe me, I am as anxious as yourself; but you must know the stern disposition of my uncle; and,

moreover, that he is on the most friendly terms with the Ringgold family. In this will lie the main difficulty, but I fear not that I shall be able to surmount it.'

'O, sir, your words are fine, but they have little worth with us now. We have waited long upon your promise to befriend us. We only wished for an investigation; and you might easily have obtained it ere this. We no longer care for our lands, for greater wrongs make us forget the less. I should not have been here to-night, had we not been in sad grief at the misfortune—I should rather say outrage—that has fallen upon my poor brother. You have professed friendship to our family. I come to seek it now, for now may you give proof of it. Obtain my brother's freedom, and we shall then believe in the fair words you have so often spoken. Do not say it is impossible; it cannot even be difficult for you who hold so much authority among the white chiefs. My brother may have been rude; but he has committed no crime that should entail severe punishment. A word to the great war-chief, and he would be set free. Go, then, and speak that word.'

'Lovely Mañmee! you do not know the nature of the errand upon which you would send me. Your brother is a prisoner by orders of the agent, and by the act of the commander-in-chief. It is not with us as among your people. I am only a subordinate in rank, and were I to offer the counsel you propose, I should be rebuked—perhaps punished.'

'Oh, you fear rebuke for doing an act of justice?—to say nought of your much-offered friendship? Good, sir! I have no more to say, except this—we believe you no longer. You need come to our humble cabin no more.'

She was turning away with a scornful smile. How beautiful seemed that scorn!

'Stay, Mañmee!—fair Mañmee, do not part from me thus—doubt not that I will do all in my power'—

'Do what I have asked you. Set my brother free—let him return to his home.'

'And if I should'—

'Well, sir.'

'Know, Mañmee, that for me to do so would be to risk everything. I might be degraded from my rank—reduced to the condition of a common soldier—disgraced in the eyes of my country—ay, punished, perhaps, by imprisonment worse than that which your brother is likely to endure. All this would I risk by the act.'

The girl paused in her step, but made no reply.

'And yet all these chances shall I undergo—ay, the danger of death itself—if you, fair Mañmee—here the speaker waxed passionate and insinuating—'if you will only consent.'

'Consent—to what, sir?'

'Lovely Mañmee, need I tell you? Surely you understand my meaning? You cannot be blind to the love—to the passion—to the deep devotion with which your beauty has inspired me'—

'Consent to what, sir?' demanded she, repeating her former words, and in a soft tone, that seemed to promise compliance.

'Only to love me, fair Mañmee—to become my mistress.'

For some moments, there was no reply. The grand woman seemed immobile as a statue. She did not even start on hearing the foul proposal, but, on the contrary, stood as if turned to stone.

Her silence had an encouraging effect upon the ardent lover; he appeared to take it for assent. He could not have looked into her eye, or he would there have read an expression that would have hindered him from pressing his suit further. No—he could not have observed that glance, or he would hardly have made such a mistake.

'Only promise it, fair Mañmee; your brother shall be free before the morning, and you shall have everything'—

'Villain, villain, villain! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!'

In all my life, I never heard aught so delightful as that laugh. It was the sweetest sound that ever fell upon my ears. Not all the wedding-bells that ever rang—not all the lutes that ever played—not all the harps and hautboys—the clarions and trumpets—in the world, could have produced such melodious music for me.

The moon seemed to pour silver from the sky—the stars had grown bigger and brighter—the breeze became filled with delicious odours, as if a perfumed censer had been spilled from heaven, and the whole scene appeared suddenly transformed into an Elysium.

CHAPTER XLV.

TWO DUELS IN ONE DAY.

The crisis might have been my cue to come down; but I was overpowered with a sense of delightful happiness, and could not stir from my seat. The arrow had been drawn out of my breast, leaving not a taint of its poison—the blood coursed pleasantly through my veins—my pulse throbbed firm and free—my soul was triumphant. I could have cried out for very joy.

With an effort, I held my peace, and waited for the *dénouement*—for I saw that the scene was not yet at an end.

'Mistress, indeed!' exclaimed the bold beauty in scornful accent. 'And this is the motive of your proffered friendship. Vile wretch! for what do you mistake me? a camp-wench, or a facile squaw of the Yemassee? Know, sir, that I am your equal in blood and race; and though your pale-faced friends have robbed me of my inheritance, there is that which neither they nor you can take from me—the honour of my name. Mistress, indeed! Silly fellow! No—not even your wife. Sooner than sell myself to such base love as yours, I should wander naked through the wild woods, and live upon the scorn of the oak. Rather than redeem him at such a price, my brave brother would spend a lifetime in your chains. Oh, that he were here! Oh, that he were witness of this foul insult! Wretch! he would smite thee like a reed to the earth.'

The eye, the attitude, the foot firmly planted, the fearless determined bearing—all reminded me of Oçoola while delivering himself before the council. Mañmee was undoubtedly his sister.

The *soi-disant* lover quailed before the withering reproach, and for some time stood shrinking and abashed.

He had more than one cause for abasement. He might feel regret at having made a proposal so ill received; but far more at the disappointment of his hopes, and the utter discomfiture of his designs.

Perhaps, the moment before, he would have smothered his chagrin, and permitted the girl to depart without molestation; but the scornful apostrophe had roused him to a sort of frenzied recklessness; and probably it was only at that moment that he formed the resolve to carry his rudeness still further, and effect his purpose by force.

I could not think that he had held such design, anterior to his coming on the ground. Professed libertine though he was, he was not the man for such perilous emprise. He was but a speck of vain conceit, and lacked the reckless daring of the raviager. It was only when stung by the reproaches of the Indian maiden, that he resolved upon proceeding to extremes.

She had turned her back upon him, and was moving away.

'Not so fast!' cried he, rushing after, and grasping her by the wrist; 'not so fast, my brown-skinned charmer! Do not think you can cast me so lightly. I have followed you for months, and, by the god Phœbus, I shall make you pay for the false smiles you have treated me to. You needn't struggle; we are alone here; and ere we part, I shall'—

I heard no more of this hurried speech—I had risen from my perch, and was hurrying down to the rescue; but before I could reach the spot, another was before me.

Haj-Ewa—her eyes glaring fiercely—with a wild maniac laugh upon her lips—was rushing forward. She held the body of the rattlesnake in her extended hands, its head projected in front, while its long neck was oscillating from side to side, shewing that the reptile was angry, and eager to make an attack. Its hiss, and the harsh 'skirr-rr' of its rattles could be heard sounding at intervals as it was carried forward.

In another instant, the maniac was face to face with the would-be ravisher—who, startled by her approach, had released his hold of the girl, and falling back a pace, stood gazing with amazement at this singular intruder.

'Ho, ho!' screamed the maniac, as she glided up to the spot. 'His son, his son! Ho! I am sure of it, just like his false father—just as he on the day he wronged the trusting Ewa. *Hulwak!* It is the hour—the very hour—the moon in the same quarter, horned and wicked—smiling upon the guilt. Ho, ho! the hour of the deed—the hour of vengeance! The father's crime shall be atoned by the son. Great Spirit! give me revenge! *Chitta mico!* give me revenge!'—

As she uttered these apostrophic appeals, she sprang forward, holding the snake far outstretched—as if to give it the opportunity of striking the now terrified man.

The latter mechanically drew his sword, and then, as if inspired by the necessity of defending himself, cried out:

'Hellish sorceress! if you come a step nearer, I shall run you through the body. Back, now! Keep off, or, by —, I shall do it!'—

The resolution expressed by his tone proved that the speaker was in earnest; but the appeal was unheeded. The maniac continued to advance despite the shining blade that menaced her, and within reach of whose point she had already arrived.

I was now close to the spot; I had drawn my own blade, and was hurrying forward to ward off the fatal blow which I expected every moment would be struck. It was my design to save Haj-Ewa, who seemed recklessly rushing upon her destruction.

In all probability, I should have been too late, had the thrust been given; but it was not.

Whether from terror at the wild unearthly aspect of his assailants, or, what is more likely, fearing that she was about to fling the snake upon him, the man appeared struck with a sudden panic, and retreated backward.

A step or two brought him to the edge of the water. There were loose stones strewed thickly along the shore; among these his feet became entangled; and, balancing backward, he fell with a splash upon the pond!

The water deepened abruptly, and he sank out of sight. Perhaps the sudden immersion was the means of saving his life; but the moment after, he rose above the surface, and clambered hastily up on the bank.

He was now furious, and with his drawn sword, which he had managed to retain hold of, he rushed

towards the spot where Haj-Ewa still stood. His angry oaths told his determination to slay her.

It was not the soft yielding body of a woman, nor yet of a reptile, that his blade was to encounter. It struck against steel, hard and shining as his own.

I had thrown myself between him and his victim, and had succeeded in restraining Haj-Ewa from carrying out her vengeful design. As the assailant approached, his rage, but more, the water half-blinding him, hindered him from seeing me; and it was not till our blades rasped together, that he seemed aware of my presence.

There was a momentary pause, accompanied by silence.

'You, Randolph!' at length he exclaimed in a tone of surprise.

'Ay, Lieutenant Scott—Randolph it is. Pardon my intrusion, but your pretty love-scene changing so suddenly to a quarrel, I deemed it my duty to interfere.'

'You have been listening?—you have heard?—and pray, sir, what business have you either to play the spy on my actions, or interfere in my affairs?'

'Business—right—duty—the duty which all men have to protect weak innocence from the designs of such a terrible Blue Beard as you appear to be.'

'By —, you shall rue this.'

'Now?—or when?'

'Whenever you please.'

'No time like the present. Come on!'

Not another word was spoken between us; but, the instant after, our blades were clinking in the fierce game of thrust and parry.

The affair was short. At the third or fourth lunge, I ran my antagonist through the right shoulder, disabling his arm. His sword fell jingling among the pebbles.

'You have wounded me!' cried he; 'I am disarmed,' he added, pointing to the fallen blade. 'Enough, sir; I am satisfied.'

'But not I—until you have knelt upon these stones, and asked pardon from her whom you have so grossly insulted.'

'Never!' cried he; 'never!'—and as he uttered these words, giving, as I presumed, a proof of determined courage, he turned suddenly; and, to my utter astonishment, commenced running away from the ground!

I ran after, and soon overtook him. I could have thrust him in the back, had I been sanguinarily inclined; but instead, I contented myself with giving him a foot-salute, in what Gallagher would have termed his 'postayriora,' and with no other adieu, left him to continue his shameful flight.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A SILENT DECLARATION.

'Now for the love, the sweet young love,
Under the *tala* tree,' &c.

It was the voice of Haj-Ewa, chanting one of her favourite melodies. Far sweeter the tones of another voice pronouncing my own name:

'George Randolph!'

'Maimee!'

'Ho, ho! you both remember?—still remember? *Hinklas!* The island—that fair island—fair to you, but dark in the memory of Haj-Ewa. *Hulwak!* I'll think of't no more—no, no, no!

Now for the love, the sweet young love,
Under —

It was once mine—it is now yours: yours, *mico!* yours, *haintchits!* Pretty creatures! enjoy it alone; you wish not the mad queen for a companion? Ha,

ha! *Cooree, cooree*. I go; fear not the rustling wind, fear not the whispering trees; none can approach while Haj-Ewa watches. She will be your guardian. *Chitta mico, too. Ho, chitta mico!*

Now for the love, the sweet young love;

and again renewing her chant, the strange woman glided from the spot, leaving me alone with Maimee.

The moment was not without embarrassment to me—perhaps to both of us. No profession had ever passed between us, no assurance, not a word of love. Although I loved Maimee with all my heart's strength, although I now felt certain that she loved me, there had been no mutual declaration of our passion. The situation was a peculiar one, and the tongue felt restraint.

But words would have been superfluous in that hour. There was an electricity passing between us—our souls were *en rapport*, our hearts in happy communion, and each understood the thoughts of the other. Not all the words in the world could have given me surer satisfaction that the heart of Maimee was mine.

It was scarcely possible that *she* could misconceive. With but slight variation, my thoughts were hers. In all likelihood, Haj-Ewa had carried to her ears my earnest declaration. Her look was joyful—assured. She did not doubt me.

I extended my arms, opening them widely. Nature prompted me, or perhaps passion—all the same. The silent signal was instantly understood, and the moment after, the head of my beloved was nestling upon my bosom.

Not a word was spoken. A low fond cry alone escaped her lips as she fell upon my breast, and twined her arms in rapturous compression around me.

For some moments we exchanged not speech; our hearts alone held converse.

Soon the embarrassment vanished, as a light cloud before the summer sun: not a trace of shyness remained; and we conversed in the confidence of mutual love.

I am spared the writing our love-speeches. You have yourself heard or uttered them. If too commonplace to be reported, so also are they too sacred. I forbear to detail them.

We had other thoughts to occupy us. After a while, the transport of our mutual joys, though still sweet, assumed a more sober tinge; and, half-forgetting the present, we talked of the past and the future.

I questioned Maimee much. Without guile, she gave me the history of that long interval of absence. She confessed, or rather declared—for there was no coquettish hesitation in her manner—that she had loved me from the first—even from that hour when I first saw and loved her: through the long silent years, by night as by day, had the one thought held possession of her bosom. In her simplicity, she wondered I had not known of it!

I reminded her that her love had never been declared. It was true, she said; but she had never dreamt of concealing it. She thought I might have perceived it. Her instincts were keener: she had been *conscious of mine!*

So declared she, with a freedom that put me off my guard. If not stronger, her passion was nobler than my own.

She had never doubted me during the years of separation. Only of late; but the cause of this doubt was explained: the pseudo-lover had poured poison into her ears. Hence the errand of Haj-Ewa.

Alas! my story was not so guileless. Only part of the truth could I reveal; and my conscience smote me as I passed over many an episode that would have given pain.

But the past was past, and could not be re-enacted. A more righteous future was opening before me; and silently in my heart did I register vows of atonement. Never more should I have cause to reproach myself—never would my love—never could it—wander away from the beautiful being I held in my embrace.

Proudly my bosom swelled as I listened to the ingenuous confession of her love, but sadly when other themes became the subject of our converse. The story of family trials, of wrongs endured, of insults put upon them—and more especially by their white neighbours, the Ringgolds—caused my blood to boil afresh.

The tale corresponded generally with what I had already learned; but there were other circumstances unknown to public rumour. He too—the wretched hypocrite—had *made love to her*. He had of late desisted from his importunities, through fear of her brother, and dared no longer come near.

The other, Scott, had made his approaches under the guise of friendship. He had learned, what was known to many, the position of affairs with regard to the Indian widow's plantation. From his relationship in high quarters, he possessed influence, and had promised to exert it in obtaining restitution. It was a mere pretence—a promise made without any intention of being kept; but, backed by fair words, it had deceived the generous trusting heart of Oçoola. Hence the admission of this heartless cur into the confidence of a family intimacy.

For months had the correspondence existed, though the opportunities were but occasional. During all this time had the *soi-disant* seducer been pressing his suit—though not very boldly, since he too dreaded the frown of that terrible brother—neither successfully: he had *not* succeeded.

Ringgold well knew this when he affirmed the contrary. His declaration had but one design—to sting me. For such purpose, it could not have been made in better time.

There was one thing I longed to know. Surely Maimee, with her keen quick perception, from the girlish confidence that had existed between them—surely she could inform me. I longed to know the relations that had existed between my sister and her brother.

Much as I desired the information, I refrained from asking it.

And yet we talked of both—of Virginia especially, for Maimee remembered my sister with affection, and made many inquiries in relation to her. Virginia was more beautiful than ever, she had heard, and accomplished beyond all others. She wondered if my sister would remember those walks and girlish amusements—those happy hours upon the island.

'Perhaps,' thought I, '*too well!*'

It was a theme that gave me pain.

The future claimed our attention; the past was now bright as heaven, but there were clouds in the sky of the future.

We talked of that nearest and darkest—the imprisonment of Oçoola. How long would it last? What could be done to render it as brief as possible?

I promised to do everything in my power; and I purposed as I promised. It was my firm resolve to leave no stone unturned to effect the liberation of the captive chief. If right should not prevail, I was determined to try stratagem. Even with the sacrifice of my commission—even though personal disgrace should await me—the risk of life itself—I resolved he should be free.

I needed not to add to my declaration the emphasis of an oath; I was believed without that. A flood of gratitude was beaming from those liquid orbs; and the silent pressure of love-burning lips was sweeter thanks than words could have uttered.

It was time for parting; the moon told the hour of midnight.

On the crest of the hill, like a bronze statue outlined against the pale sky, stood the mad queen. A signal brought her to our side; and after another embrace, one more fervid pressure of sweet lips, Madmee and I parted.

Her strange but faithful guardian led her away by some secret path, and I was left alone.

I could scarcely take myself away from that consecrated ground; and I remained for some minutes longer, giving full play to triumphant and rapturous reflections.

The declining moon again warned me; and, crossing the crest of the hill, I hastened back to the Fort.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Among the Friday-evening lectures which have been delivered at the Royal Institution, there is one especially worthy of notice. Those lectures, by the way, are more or less popular expositions of the progress of science, highly interesting to those who have the good-fortune to hear them; but the two in question are of the kind not easy to be followed by a general auditory. Neither can we do more here than make brief mention of them; but that will answer our purpose of recording the advances made by science. One on 'Molecular Impressions by Light and Electricity,' was by Mr Grove, who is well known as a philosophical savant of a high order; and it demonstrates that the science of molecular physics, though rich in results gained within the past fifty years, is yet richer in promise for the future. In the case of light and electricity, their effect on bodies with which they come in contact depends on the molecular structure of those bodies. 'Carbon, in the form of diamond, transmits light, but stops electricity. Carbon, in the form of coke or graphite, into which the diamond may be transformed by heat, transmits electricity, but stops light. All solid bodies (approximately speaking) which transmit light freely, or are transparent, are non-conductors of electricity, or may be said to be opaque to it; all the best conductors of electricity, as black carbon and the metals, are opaque or non-conductors of light.' Every one knows the effect of insolation, or exposure to the sun, on colours and on plants—one is bleached, the other becomes green, and Mr Grove thinks that had he given his lecture in the summer, he could have shown that it was really possible to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. The science of Laputa is therefore not all fallacious.

The old philosophers would have scouted the idea of the imponderables materially affecting the ponderables; but modern science finds reason to believe that all bodies are, in a greater or less degree, changed by the impact of light. Here a hygienic question comes into play, and an important one, looking at the registrar-general's bills of mortality, and the recently published report upon the health—or rather the neglect of it—of the army; and the means whereby barrack-life in England has been rendered more fatal than service in the field. Mr Grove says: 'The effect of light on the healthy growth of plants is well known; and it is generally believed that dark rooms, though well heated and ventilated, are more *closer* or

less healthy than those exposed to light. When we consider the invisible phosphorescence which must radiate from the walls and furniture—when we consider the effects of light on animal tissue, and the probable ozonizing or other minute chemical changes in the atmosphere effected by light, it becomes probable that it is far more immediately influential on the health of the animate world than is generally believed.'

Then, as regards electricity: gaseous atmospheres are changed by passing a current of electricity through them: letters cut from thin paper, placed between two sheets of electrified glass, leave an impression which becomes visible by breathing on them, or permanently fixed by exposure to the vapour of hydrofluoric acid: a proof that some molecular change is produced on the surface of the glass. In connection with these phenomena, Mr Grove suggests an important application of photography to astronomy, derived from the fact that, by means of the electric lamp, photographs of the moon may be made to give an image six feet in diameter, with details and lights remarkably distinct. Observers, even with the best instruments, are always baffled in making out the minute features of a distinct object for want of sufficient light. Mr Grove's suggestion is, that if a photograph of the object were taken, and illuminated indefinitely by adventitious light, the image might then be examined microscopically. 'In other words, is the photographic eye more sensitive than the living eye, or can a photographic recipient be found which will register impressions which the living eye does not detect, but which, by increased light or by developing agents, may be rendered visible to the living eye?' There is something highly suggestive in all this; it creates quite a new world of thoughts concerning the operations of nature.

Mr Lassell is finishing a forty-feet reflecting telescope, which he intends to take to Malta, and then devote himself to three or four years' observations of the nebulae. He has already explored the sky from that island with a twenty-feet reflector, and to good purpose; but we shall hear of yet greater achievements with the forty feet. As for little planets, they will soon become a drug in the astronomical market: the number is now fifty-two; and no sooner are they noted, than their orbits are calculated, and their movements accurately determined; and yet a certain rector in Saxony declares the Copernican system to be false, and maintains that the earth does not move round the sun.

There is something to record of photography which can hardly be described as otherwise than wonderful. It is a discovery made by that skilful pioneer of photographic art, Niepce de St Victor, some four or five months ago, and now that there is no room to doubt, we give an outline of it. Mr Grove mentioned it in his lecture, as a striking example of the effect of light. Marvellous as it may appear, light can actually be bottled up for use. Take an engraving which has been kept for some days in the dark; expose it to full sunshine—that is, insolate it—for fifteen minutes; lay it on sensitive paper in a dark place, and at the end of twenty-four hours, it will have left an impression of itself on the sensitive paper; the whites coming out as blacks. If insolated for a longer time, say an hour, till thoroughly saturated with sunlight, the image will appear much more distinct. Thus there seems to be no limit to the reproduction of engravings.

Take a tin tube lined with white, let the sun shine into it for an hour, place it erect on sensitive paper, and it will give the impression of a ring, or reproduce the image of a small engraving and of a variety of objects at pleasure—feathers, figured glass, porcelain, for example. Take, moreover, a sheet of

paper, which has been thoroughly exposed to the sun, seal it up hermetically in a dark tube, and the paper will retain the light so effectually, that after two weeks, perhaps longer, it may be used for taking photographs. The Lord Chief Baron, President of the Photographic Society, in his recent anniversary address to the members, might well say of these facts, that 'hardly anything can be more extraordinary.' It is satisfactory to hear that the Society is flourishing, gaining strength as well as experience, fruits of which appear in their *Journal*. We take the opportunity to mention here that the Society's Exhibition is at the South Kensington Museum, where ample space and light are available, and not at Coventry Street, as inadvertently stated in our last.

Photography is now applied to the reduction of the Ordnance Survey maps for engraving; and as the officers of the corps of engineers are instructed in the art, a considerable saving of expense will accrue to the nation. Apropos of this subject, a commission has been appointed to take the Ordnance Survey, the scale on which the maps should be engraved, and other details, into consideration. The names of the commission—Airy, Wrottesley, Roese, Brunel, Vignoles, &c.—are a guarantee that the service required will be well and thoroughly done; and for our part we cannot help hoping that no ignorant member of parliament will be allowed to set aside by a hasty vote the conclusions of men wiser than himself.

A paper by Captain Moorsom, 'On the Practical Use of the Aneroid Barometer,' read before the Royal Society, is worth notice, because of its shewing that the instrument—the aneroid barometer—is still used and in certain cases with manifest advantage. Captain Moorsom used it in a survey for lines of railway in the interior of Ceylon, and found that up to about six thousand feet—the highest points of his survey—its indications might be regarded as trustworthy. As manufactured in London, the aneroid presents an advantage over the French invention by the compensation for temperature which replaces the rigid bar of the index. The Marine Department of the Board of Trade have had the instrument under careful scrutiny for some years with a view to its employment for purposes of accurate observation. At present, it can only be regarded as a not very capricious journeyman to a mercurial barometer.

The Society of Arts announce their tenth annual exhibition of inventions for the month of April; and they offer a special prize of £20 and a silver medal, 'for a writing-case suited for the use of soldiers, sailors, emigrants, &c., which shall combine lightness with smallness of size, durability, cheapness, and the avoidance (if possible) of fluid ink.' Mr Crace Calvert's paper 'On Recent Scientific Discoveries as applied to Arts and Manufactures,' was especially interesting from its practical applications. Coal-tar has been of late a fertile mine of discovery to the chemist; and now from the alkaloids of coal-tar and from naphthalene, substances are obtained which, in dyeing, give a beautiful purple. They are called nitroso-phenylene and nitroso-naphthalene; and their colour has the invaluable property known to economical housewives as 'fast.' But this is not all; the coal-tar yields also safflower pinks and cochineal crimson, with variations into violet, chocolate, and red; and here again the 'imitation of safflower colour stands soap and light, whilst safflower colours do not.' Next, we hear of 'a magnificent crimson colour,' called murexide, obtained from—the reader will hardly guess—from guano! This remarkable result may be said to have been initiated by Proust's discovery of purpate of ammonia in the fæces of serpents: hence years of patient research by the expertest of chemists have been spent in working it out. And for green,

dyers are no longer to be dependent on combinations of blue and yellow, but on a substance new to the English market, imported as 'green indigo,' from China, and in the use of the green colouring matter of plants—chlorophyll, as botanists call it. This product is actually obtained from grass by boiling, and a course of chemical treatment which causes a green precipitate to fall. Another product is 'patent gum,' also for the use of dyers, to be employed instead of the flour and other farinaceous substances which they now have recourse to for thickening their mordants, consuming annually hundreds of tons. 'The patent gum is manufactured by adding to one ton of dry farina sixty gallons of buttermilk, and calcining the whole in the ordinary way.' Mr Calvert further made public a process for preparing sulphurous acid on a large scale without danger, at the rate of thousands of gallons a day if necessary; and he finds that sulphurous acid is an excellent refiner in the manufacture of sugar; and that if brewers will be careful to wash their casks and coolers with a solution of this acid, they will not have to complain of their beer turning sour. These instances will convey a notion of the nature of Mr Calvert's paper, and shew, moreover, what important practical and useful consequences may follow from refined and abstract studies. The philosophical chemist working out subtle conclusions in his laboratory, inspires the genius of application, and in due time commerce and the working population have a new resource. Twenty years ago, M. Gaudin shewed to the Academy of Sciences at Paris specimens of artificial rubies manufactured by himself; he has recently laid before them specimens of artificial sapphires.

The question of steel railway bars is still under discussion: iron rails wear out much too fast; but, except for the 'points' or switches, the harder metal has not come into use. Some engineers contend that its introduction would effect a great economy, as is shewn by instances of another kind. A peculiar sort of steel made in a puddling furnace is now used for steam-boilers, under the name of 'boiler steel' and 'homogeneous metal.' Made into boiler-plates, it is much lighter and stronger than iron; and having been satisfactorily tried on board a war-steamer, three sets of boilers for other government vessels have been constructed at Woolwich. Where quick action is required, the 'homogeneous metal' has a decided superiority; moreover, it does not rust. We hear that the plates for Dr Livingstone's steam-launch are made of it.—Concerning iron: at the last meeting of German naturalists, a piece of fossil iron was shewn; and a fossil tree, found in a floating island off the coast of Sweden, in which the minute cells were replaced by native iron. These are facts of high interest to geologists, especially the latter, as it furnishes additional evidence that iron is an aqueous deposit.

Professor Bailey (United States) brings forward new facts to shew that green-sand is a formation produced by shells of those tiny creatures *Polythalamia*; and in the course of the oceanic survey, it has been discovered that a similar formation is now going on at the bottom of the Atlantic, chiefly in the line of the Gulf Stream. Hence, like coral, green-sand is of organic origin. Another geological fact from the same quarter is that artesian wells have been bored by the army-engineers in the great arid plains between the Mesilla Valley and New Mexico, and with perfect success. When Congress can be persuaded to vote a sufficient sum, wells will be opened all along the line of travel, and the 'manifest destiny' will cease to fear perishing by thirst while accomplishing itself in that direction.

The culture of the vine—viniculture, as some call it—is spreading in the States. There are more than

2000 acres of vineyards in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati alone; and Ohio now produces yearly 500,000 gallons of wine. The most esteemed grapes are the *Catawba* and *Isabella*.—The Academy at Paris offer a prize for an essay on 'Experimental Determination of the Influence exerted by Insects on the Production of Diseases in Plants.' It is wanted for the year 1860.—The *zétout* eaten by the Arabs in Algeria, is found to be the bulb of *Iris juncea*, and fifty times more nutritious than the potato. The *Société d'Acclimation* have introduced it into France, and are trying to cultivate it to a larger size than it arrives at in African soil.—The council of the Royal Agricultural Society state in their Report just published that their last year's exhibition at Salisbury was 'one of the most remarkable assemblages of live-stock ever held in this country.' Chester is to be the place of meeting this year, and it will be characterised by the distribution of a considerable number of local prizes; among which are sums from L.1 to L.10 for dairy-maids and cheese-makers. The Society's Journal contains a continuation of Mr Henfrey's paper on Vegetable Physiology, and a report by Professor Simmonds on the Steppe murrain, or *Rinderpest*—the cattle disease which has for some time past been much dreaded by farmers and graziers. The author suggests an origin in the plague of cattle in Egypt, mentions the murrain of which nearly all the cattle in Charlemagne's dominions died in 810, treats of the symptoms and effects of the disease, and of the precautions to be taken to prevent its importation; and concludes by saying, that 'no definite plan of treatment can be laid down, except it is that of supporting the fleeting vital powers while nature is attempting to rid the system of the poison, and then endeavouring to counteract the ill effects which ensue.'

Dr Stark's address to the Meteorological Society of Scotland bears encouraging testimony to the progress of the science of the weather north of the Tweed. The doctor believes that our prevalent winds have much more to do with the temperature of the island than the Gulf Stream has; he traces the phenomena of atmospheric waves, and discovers the storm period which is one part of their manifestations, from November to March inclusive. Storms, as experience shews, may be looked for about the 20th of November; storms again in February; for the other months, the data are not yet fully made out. He recommends that a barometer should be set up at every fishing-port, under charge of one person competent to note its indications, and advise fishermen accordingly. A fall always tells the passing or approach of the hollow of the atmospheric wave; and it is the hollow, and not the crest, which brings storm and tempest. He touches, too, on the theory of storms, and with a practical application to the seas around our own coasts, and to the Atlantic; we quote the passage for its obvious utility: 'As our winter-storms,' says the doctor, 'seem to be chiefly dependent on an atmospheric wave stretching in a line from north-east to south-west, and moving with very great velocity from the north-west to the south-east, all our great winter-storms will come in the direction of the line of that wave—that is, either from the south-west or north-east. If the mariner, therefore, with a falling barometer, finds the wind setting in from the south-east, and as it increases in strength, veering towards the south, he may expect the storm to burst over him from south-west. If, on the other hand, with the falling barometer, the wind sets in from the south-east, and as it increases in strength, veers towards the east, then he may expect the storm to burst on him from the north-east. In both cases, therefore, he will be brought most speedily out of the storm if he put the head of the ship to the north-west. In every other direction he would only be driving before the storm.'

MY FRIEND.

My Friend has a cheerful smile of his own,
And a musical tongue has he,
We sit and look in each other's face
And are very good company.
A heart he has, full warm and red
As ever a heart I see;
And as long as I keep true to him,
Why, he'll keep true to me.

When the wind blows high, and the snow falls fast,
And the wassailers jest and roar,
My Friend and I, with a right good-will,
We bolt the chamber door:
I smile at him and he smiles at me
In a dreamy calm profound,
Till his heart leaps up in the midst of him
With a comfortable sound.

His warm breath kisses my thin gray hair,
And reddens my ashen cheeks;
He knows me better than you all know,
Though never a word he speaks;
Knows me as well as some had known,
Were things—not as they be:
But hey, what matters? My Friend and I
Are capital company.

At dead of night when the house is still,
He opens his pictures fair,
Faces that are—that used to be—
And faces that never were.
My wife sits sewing beside the hearth
My little ones frolic wild:
Though—Lillian's wedded these twenty year,
And I never had a child.

But hey, what matters? when they who laugh
May weep to-morrow: and they
Who weep be as those that wept not—all
Their tears so long wiped away.
Let us burn out, like you, my Friend,
With a bright warm heart and bold,
That flickers up to the last, then drops
Into quiet ashes cold.

And when you flicker on me, my Friend,
In the old man's elbow-chair,
Or—in something quieter still, where we
Lie down, to arise all fair,
And young, and happy—why then, my Friend,
If other friends ask for me,
Tell them, I lived, and loved, and died
In the best of all company!

UNNATURAL DEATHS IN ENGLAND.

The registrar-general, in his last quarterly return, shews that the mortality for all England and Wales is 22 in the thousand, while in 64 districts throughout the country in which the sanitary conditions are the least unfavourable, it is only 17 in the thousand. 'Without affirming, on physiological grounds, that man was created to live a destined number of years, or to go through a series of changes which are only completed in eighty, ninety, or a hundred years, experience furnishes us with a standard which can only be said to be too high. 17 in 1000 is supplied as a standard by experience. Here we stand upon the actual. Any deaths in a people exceeding 17 in 1000 annually are unnatural deaths. If the people were shot, drowned, burned, poisoned by strychnine, their deaths would not be more unnatural than the deaths wrought clandestinely by disease in excess of the quota of natural death—that is, in excess of seventeen deaths in 1000 living.' By this calculation, it would seem that the number of unnatural deaths last year was 96,520.

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ON SQUINTING AS ONE OF THE ARTS.

OCCASIONALLY in the world's history arts have been lost. Thanks, however, to man's ingenuity, their number is, on the whole, upon the increase. Sometimes they spring up in a night, invented and patented before morning; sometimes they have a long struggle for existence, but win it in the end. Perhaps the most interesting cases are those where despised merit at length makes good its claim, asserting itself until the Society of Arts is forced to open its ranks for a new member. It seems to us that the claims of squinting, to be considered as such, have never as yet been recognised nor even examined. At the best, it has never taken higher rank than as an accomplishment, giving a very limited pleasure to very few, and utterly barren of other results. Certain new ideas, however, have at length brought it into repute, and made it prominent in society as an intellectual relaxation. Not only so, but the power of judicious squinting—a power susceptible of a high degree of cultivation—has become, in the eyes (how we miss the usual phrase, 'in the hands!') of the philosopher, a valuable instrument of scientific investigation.

These are not paradoxes, but simple matters of fact. If we were not continually being reminded, by the history of science, that the simplest secrets are the last to be discovered, it would astonish us to reflect for how long a time men lived in ignorance of the advantage of having two eyes. They would realise, of course, under the contingency of losing one, the convenience of having the other to fall back upon; but not until the second quarter of this century was it clearly seen what other specific purpose was served by a double organisation; or in what respect, except that of beauty, which is after all conventional, the perfect man was superior to the Cyclop. The history of this discovery is wonderfully interesting. It may thus be shortly written: A few ingenious gentlemen squinted thoughtfully and knowingly for a few evenings, and the problem was set at rest. Science was satisfied, but the art of squinting had yet to be popularised. Science, out of gratitude, lent her aid, and invented a stereoscope; thus making a repetition of the original experiment, to which she was so much indebted, to become a charming recreation for all, and teaching, amongst other things beautiful and instructive, how much is gained by the power of judiciously converging our optic axes.

When a one-eyed man looks, as we have seen one look, into a stereoscope, and declares the effect to be wonderful, we feel for him; but delicacy forbids us to expound to him that he has missed the purpose

of the instrument, nor can ever see its true wonders. When a lady, on the other hand, naively declares that the effect is to her improved by closing one eye, we see that she is one who is not living up to her privileges, and proceed gently to shew her that she is sacrificing one of her most important optical advantages. 'Madam,' we say, 'you cannot squint with one eye; and this little instrument was invented simply to assist you to squint—nothing more.' Having startled her to attention, we explain to her that with one eye she was simply looking at a photograph slightly magnified, the objects in which were rendered apparently solid only by the distribution of light and shade, as in an ordinary picture; but that there are two pictures on the slide, which are dissimilar, and that both of these must be seen together, before any real solidity is given. That the lenses do combine these dissimilar pictures into one, is perhaps most simply shewn by covering them over alternately with a piece of white paper on which cross-lines have been drawn; the cross is then seen, on looking into the instrument, to be lying upon the uncovered picture. 'You see then, madam, that one must be placed on the other.' She evidently thinks it in a double sense an imposition.

However, our present purpose is not with the stereoscope, except in so far as it is an appliance which enables thousands daily, without their knowing it, to practise an art whose claims we happen now to be taking under our especial patronage. Squinting, in fact, opens a new source of pleasure, and puts us in possession of a new power absolutely unattainable by any other process. It was invented long since, this art of seeing double; but probably, from being known to be a power often developed under discreditable circumstances, and obtained, it would seem, only in exchange for other more valuable faculties, it has fallen into disrepute, and is rarely practised in sober society. Now, however, that in these our times its practice has become with artificial aid an almost universal recreation, its advocacy can be open to no suspicion.

We are familiar, and men have long been so, with the idea of machinery superseding manual labour; but few realise the fact, that the purpose of an optical instrument can be to save muscular exertion; and yet we may reasonably enough imagine what would have been the consequences of the *non*-invention of the stereoscope. The wonderful results brought to light by squinting would for a time have remained known only to the philosophers. Those few who could appreciate the scientific import of those experiments, to which we have before made reference, would

have repeated them with their proper eyes, and communicated the results to one another. Soon, however, the general world would have caught up the interest; a mania would have set in, and the optic muscles of society at large would have had a hard time of it. Fortunately, a philosopher appeared as a *Deus cum machinâ*, and saved them; so that now those who want only to enjoy the results, and are content to wonder, are spared the necessity of subjecting their optic axes to a tedious drill.

In this case there is a royal road, cheap and expeditious enough. But it is, as it were, a railway cut through a tunnel and between close embankments, and those who travel by it see nothing by the way; so that, for so short a distance, we advise those who like exercise and roadside interest, to walk it.

It was announced, at the time of the first introduction of the stereoscope, that the same results might be produced without the instrument as with it, by the simple convergence of the eyes to a point in front of and between the two diagrams. There were few, however, who tried the experiment with success, and fewer still who arrived at any conclusion as to how the appearance of solidity was produced by these means. Squinting, in fact, with precision is a difficult matter. With most persons, the attempt to bring the eyes to a point at a distance of eight inches in front of the nose, would probably be not attended with immediate success; and to bring that point back or throw it forward an inch at the word of command would require some practice. The fingers, however, must learn to measure on the violin lengths which are calculable with mathematical nicety, before the right note can be sounded; and so, all the other arts presuppose the exercise of a certain amount of mechanical dexterity. If any possess, or have eightiennence to spare upon, the well-known stereoscopic slides which consist of mathematical figures in white lines on a black ground, let him endeavour as hereunder written. Holding one about a foot from him, and directly in front, let him place the point of a pencil in the centre between the two diagrams, and then move it gradually towards his eyes, steadily looking at it. At first, the two diagrams will be seen as four, for no single object appears single to us unless we are looking directly at it, as may be verified by holding a printed page about half a foot behind a candle and trying to read it through the flame, when the flame will be seen double. As the pencil, however, approaches, a point will soon be reached when the four diagrams will have become three, the two middle ones approaching one another, and at last coalescing. Here stop, and looking still at the pencil, suddenly withdraw it, and leave the eyes fixed upon the point where it was. A stereoscopic image is now visible to those who will take a little trouble to see it. Not the same, however, as the same slide will give through the stereoscope, but that reversed. Sixteen out of the twenty-five which form the set are reversible without distortion; the others are simply thrown into Chinese perspective. As we are concerned only to view the middle one, the outside diagrams of the three are in our way; can we not get rid of them? The triple appearance is simply accounted for: the right eye looking at the left-hand picture still sees the other one—just as, though looking at one candle, we still are conscious of another, if it happens to be near it—and the left eye, again, though it is looking across at the other picture, still sees out of its corner that which is immediately in front of it. To shut the obtrusive images out, all that is wanted is a card with a hole in it about an inch square: this held with the middle point of the hole where the pencil was before it was withdrawn, will let the stereoscopic image through, and stop the two others.

A small cardboard box about the size and shape of an ordinary stereoscope, with such a screen as we have described fixed permanently in it at the proper distance—which may readily be found by experiment—and two holes at the top for the eyes, will, we may promise our readers, fully repay the small investment of ingenuity and trouble required for its construction. If across the aperture of the screen a thread is stretched with a small knot in the centre, it will generally direct the eyes even of the uninitiated squinter at once to the precise point at which the stereoscopic effect starts into view. We have thus not only put ourselves out of all obligation to lenses, but we have obtained a most curious and interesting result. The solid image we now see differs, as we have said, from that which the same diagrams produce for us when looked at through the ordinary stereoscope. It seems nearer to the eyes, and smaller than before, and is, besides, reversed, concavities having become convex, a raised pyramid shewing like a hollow box, and a railway tunnel being turned inside out, as one might serve a stocking. Does any one ask the reason, he is in a fit state to receive further instruction. Par-chance, friend, thou knowest not the distinction between fore and aft squinting. The former of these mysteries of the art we have already descanted upon; the latter, though not generally open to neophytes, we are not unwilling to divulge.

There are, we imagine, few persons who can readily converge their eyes to a point further from them than two objects, as two candles, so as to see an image of a third candle between them. It is not, however, by any means an unattainable feat. The first condition of success is that the two objects be nearer together than the two eyes. The ordinary stereoscopic slides are unfit for the purpose of these further experiments, corresponding points upon them being not closer to one another than two inches and a half. Some of those geometrical diagrams which we have mentioned are, however, so simple that they may readily be drawn to a diminished scale. With a pair so drawn, the attempt may be made. A hint to success may be furnished from these considerations. We shall want, as before, to banish the two side-images; but as the eyes are now not to cross in front of the diagrams, the left-hand diagram must be concealed from the right eye, and conversely, so that the eyes may look straight forward at the pictures in front of them respectively. To do this at once will therefore simplify the problem. Place the two diagrams nearly close together upon the table; hold a card vertically as a wall of partition between them, so that the eyes may look each down a different side of the card. Soon a single picture will be seen, or rather, we should say, a solid image produced by the combination of the two pictures. This image will be the same as is produced in the ordinary stereoscope by the same diagrams placed in the same way: so that, if we construct a small box with a vertical wall of partition permanently fixed in it, we have a home-made stereoscope without lenses; its only imperfection being that it is not adapted for viewing pictures of the size of those with which photography now so abundantly supplies us. These may be used with the box we first described, and since that will reverse them, strange and highly curious results will sometimes be produced. The foreground of a landscape, for instance, may retire into the distance, and the objects in the background come forward, while a street may be thrown into perspective that agrees better with Hogarth's caricature than with the rules of the Academy. If we cut a slide in two, however, and make the diagrams change sides, our first box will unite them into a true solid image, while a box of the construction last described would, if the distance between our eyes

were greater than it is, distort them. The lenses of a stereoscope, therefore, aid us in two ways: they give us the advantage of viewing larger pictures; and, again, save us the trouble of finding the right point at which to look, by artificially placing the two pictures together, and leaving us to look at them at our leisure. For our part, gratefully acknowledging this assistance, we yet contend that as long as the optic axes remain uneducated, men will not appreciate at its true value a discovery which throws clear light on part of the mystery of vision, and distinctly gives the nineteenth century a new idea. That we obtain our perception of solidity from the fact, that the two images of a solid body formed in the two eyes are dissimilar, could not be demonstrated otherwise than by recombining two such dissimilar plane images, and obtaining therefrom a perception of solidity. Herein was the art of squinting the hand-maid to science. Most persons, regarding the stereoscope as belonging to the genus 'optical instrument,' are content to set its wonders down to natural magic, or say generally that it is an illusion of the eyes. True; but as it is an illusion which any one, with ten minutes' practice, may reproduce at pleasure without any instrument whatever, and helps, moreover, wonderfully to explain that other illusion of our seeing things as they really are, it is well to try our own powers, and reflect upon what they make manifest to us. Therefore do we advocate an art, through the practice of which a few minds in the present generation have been led up to the discovery of highly interesting truths of science, and the multitude enjoy a pleasure which never would have existed but for that discovery. There must be something in it.

THE SANTA CASA OF LORETTO.*

REASSURED by a night of well-earned sleep, the morning following our arrival in Loretto found us assembled in the general sala of the inn, waiting for breakfast and the return of the V—— family, who, the servants told us, had gone out soon after dawn. They speedily came in with cheerful faces, having fulfilled all the devotional exercises prescribed to devout Roman Catholics on their first visit to the Santa Casa, and were now ready to enter cordially into the survey of the church and all the curiosities it contained.

While we were still at table, we heard a voice in rich oily tones, accompanied by a boisterous laugh, inquiring for the *Signorine Inglese*. Presently a short, stout, very stout, priest entered the room, and apostrophised as *il Signor Canonico*, was greeted by my cousins with unforgotten friendliness. It appeared he had known the family some years before, having been the curate of their parish in Ancona. The exercise of his duties used occasionally to lead him to my uncle's house—at such times, for instance, as blessing it at Easter, or distributing the tickets for confession to the servants—opportunities which he never failed to improve in a little attempt at converting the signorine. Now it would be the present of a life of Santa Filomena, or some other saintly legend, which they were implored to substitute for other reading; or again, a medal or relic to be suspended round their necks, and win them to the fold. These simple devices invariably proving abortive, the poor padre would shake his head, look at them with tears in his eyes, and plunging his hand into a capacious pocket, draw thence a goodly

packet of sugar-plums, in the discussion whereof all controversial bitterness was soon forgotten.

These amicable relations had for some time been suspended, owing to his prospering in the world, and having been translated to a canon's stall at Loretto—evidently an easy and thriving post. As soon as the first expressions of pleasure at this unexpected meeting were over, the canonico was introduced in form to the V——s, the officers, and the *cugina forestiera*, and had a varied compliment for each member of the party; after which, without the slightest modulation of voice, but rather if possible pitching it in a higher key, and with an indescribable play of feature and vivacity of gesture, he began inveighing against his young friends for not giving him timely notice that they were coming to Loretto, when they might have eaten *due bocconi* (two mouthfuls) at his house. Precisely for this reason, they replied, had they determined not to apprise him beforehand, knowing his hospitality would have led to the commission of some *pazzia* or folly upon their account. At this pleasantry he laughed and wheezed till he was nearly black in the face; but on recovering his breath, insisted that, although it was certainly too late to think of preparing a dinner, they should not be let off so easily as they expected, and must therefore, with all the honourable company—making a circular movement with his hands—come at noon and take *la cioccolata* under his poor roof.

The good man was clearly so much in earnest, that it would have been ungracious to decline, and an appointment was accordingly made for that hour. This important business being satisfactorily adjusted, he took his leave, and we set forth to visit the fane where pilgrim-kings have worshipped.

Strangers were evidently no rarity in Loretto, and the admiring gaze of the population did not greet our appearance as at Umana. Simply looked upon as travellers, and legitimate objects of prey, we were soon beset by the vendors of the trinkets peculiar to the place, and imposed on without mercy. I have no hesitation in saying that the *corone*, or chaplets, with which the midshipmen persisted in filling their pockets, and the bracelets of ten beads called *corone alla moda*—an indefinite supply whereof *l'officier marié* seemed to consider indispensable to his wife—were charged them at least three times their value. The main street, already noticed, opens upon a spacious square, adorned by a fountain and two handsome colonnades, and flanked by the palace of the bishop and the Jesuits' College; at the upper end, on a rising ground, stands the church of the Santa Casa, a large and commanding edifice.

The interior is profusely decorated, and contains numerous side-chapels enriched with pictures in mosaic; but the object on which the eye first rests on entering is a structure of an oblong form of white Carrara marble, completely incrustured with statues, Corinthian columns, and exquisite bass-reliefs, placed on a platform accessible by three or four broad steps, immediately beneath the cupola. This is the far-famed Holy House, or, more properly speaking, the costly building raised over the reputed cottage of Nazareth, at once to impede its future migrations, and preserve it for the edification of the faithful. Passing into the sacred tabernacle, a gorgeous vision strikes upon the senses—golden lamps suspended from the ceiling, shed a mellow but subdued light upon an altar, where jewelled chalices, crucifixes, and candelabras are arrayed in glittering profusion, surmounted by an image, whence literally a blaze of diamonds is radiating. Here prostrate forms are always seen, and brows bent low in penance or adoration; and here many a guilt-worn wretch, coming from distant realms, in penury and toil, has sunk rejoicing on his knees, and deemed his pardon won!

* See Journal No. 305, *From Ancona to Loretto*. The present article forms the sequel of a somewhat remarkable series of papers descriptive of life and manners in Italy, written by an English lady brought up in an English family, but in the heart of native society. In the preceding one, the authoress, accompanied by a party, already introduced to the reader, proceeded from Ancona to Loretto; and this contains a description of the Holy House of that place. Another article, giving an amusing account of a notable Carmelite convent, will conclude the series.

Above, around, on every side, are evidences of the piety and liberality of the princely votaries to the shrine, whose offerings were pointed out with conscious pride by the young priest who had attached himself to our party. The figure of the Madonna and Child, rudely carved in cedar, and said to be the workmanship of St Luke, is absolutely covered with gems. The two heads are encircled with tiaras of immense value, and the black velvet in which the shapeless trunk of the image is enwathed, is scarcely discernible amid the ear-rings, necklaces, and chains of the most sparkling brilliants overlaying it. Each jewel, and candlestick, and lamp, has its doocor and its history, all duly registered in printed catalogues annexed to the authenticated relation of the house and its mysterious fittings. This book sets forth how, in the year 1294, the Santa Casa, where the Virgin had weekly dwelt, and watched the childhood of her son, was first lifted from its foundations by angel hands, and borne from Palestine to Dalmatia. After a short interval, the same supernatural agency transported it across the Adriatic to a hill in the vicinity of Ancona; thence, after one or two brief haltings, it was finally conveyed to Loreto, where the speedy erection of a church over the precious deposit, attested the piety of the inhabitants, and secured them the continuance of its presence.

From that time the cottage of Nazareth went on increasing in fame and riches; miracles were wrought by its influence, and princes and pontiffs contended who should do it honour, until 1797, when the sun of its prosperity became clouded. The pitiless exactions of the French compelled Pius VI. to have recourse to the treasures of the Madonna di Loreto to meet his conquerors' demands; and in the following year, the fierce invaders captured the town, and sent the venerated image to Paris. It was restored, however, a few years afterwards, to the joy of all sincere adherents to the church, and was solemnly crowned by Pius VII. with those same diadems whose rainbow lustre dazzles the beholder.

The internal dimensions of the Santa Casa are those of a mere hut—27 English feet in length, 12½ in breadth, and proportionably low. The ceiling is blackened by the smoke of the many lamps which are perpetually burning; the lower walls are covered with plates of silver, gilded and wrought into bas-reliefs, except on one side where a portion of the original masonry is left exposed. It is of course brick-work, discoloured by time, and worn smooth by the kisses continually pressed upon it. The priest pointed to a rude sort of recess, which he told us was the fireplace of the Holy Family, and then produced a cup or bowl called *La Scodella Santa*, from which the Madonna used to drink. All the faithful reverently press their lips to this relic, and then place in it their chaplets, crosses, or medals, to be blessed.

The well-known story of a channel being worn on the pavement immediately surrounding the Holy House, by the knees of pilgrims, is not in the least exaggerated. There are two distinct furrows in the marble, traced there by the thousands who have yearly dragged themselves, in this attitude of devotion, for a given number of times around its walls. At the moment of our visit, several peasant-women were thus shuffling along, seemingly without much inconvenience, with the exception of one, whose attitude and appearance produced a painful impression on my mind. She was working her way round on her hands and knees, drawing as she went a line with her tongue upon the pavement. I know not how long she had been in that position, but it was horrible to view: her face was black and swollen; her eyes starting from their sockets; the veins on her forehead standing out like tight strained cords, and mingled blood and saliva flowing from her mouth. Our conductor looked unconcernedly

at the poor wretch as we passed, and said in an easy, my appealing glance: 'It is only a great pain, you may be sure she richly deserves it: there are many who come here in this way to expiate their sins;' and then walked on, leading the way to the treasury, as if the subject were too commonplace for further consideration.

The *Sala del Tesoro* is a magnificent hall richly painted in fresco, the ceiling representing the death of the Madonna, surrounded by the apostles, and the walls furnished with immense presses with glass-doors, in which are deposited the numerous and yearly increasing offerings to the shrine. Many of these are of great value, although of course not equalling the splendour of those displayed upon and around the image. Some evidence considerable eccentricity in the donors, such as the king of Saxony's wedding-suit, a full court costume of gold and silver brocade, estimated at I forget how many thousand crowns; others, again, are of a devotional type—silver statuettes of saints, crucifixes, and church vessels; but the majority of gifts comprise necklaces, gold chains, rings, brooches, watches, caps, flags, silver hearts—contributions from every nation and every class—from the gemmed *serafes* that lately sparkled in the saloon of the quartier St Germain, to the coral pendants a poor cottager has proffered in gratitude for last year's vintage.

At a moderate computation, the present collection would amply stock a score of jewellers' shops; nevertheless, as a gray-haired asceticism informed us with a sigh, it is not worthy to be named in the same breath with the glories of the ancient treasury.

Thence we were reconducted to the church, to see the mosaic pictures in the side-chapels, full-and admirable copies of celebrated masters, and of course most valuable from the tedium and minuscule requisite in their execution. Besides these there are some originals by Guercino, and other celebrated artists, their subjects mostly referring to different passages in the life of the Virgin, as supplied by legends of the east, the writings of Dionysius the Areopagite, and other traditional sources. But of all the monuments of the piety or ostentation of the Roman pontiffs, who for centuries lavished large sums on the adornment of this edifice, nothing can compare with the marble casing that encloses the Santa Casa. This costly monument of the best times of Italian art, projected by Julius II., was commenced under Leo X.; and in its execution the most eminent sculptors seem to have vied in leaving worthy memorials of their skill. Designed by Bramante—Sansovino, Bandinelli, Giovanni da Bologna, besides others scarcely less illustrious, were employed on the base-reliefs, and those groups of prophets and sibyls, which in majestic beauty still rivet the admiration of the beholder. There is a figure of Jeremiah, by Sansovino, at the angle of the western façade, the sublime mournfulness of which haunts me even now.

We were still engaged in our survey, when we were joined by my cousin's friend the canonico, panting for breath, who had come to remind us of our engagement. Accordingly, we adjourned on horse to his habitation, situated in a very miserable narrow street, or rather lane; and climbing up a steep, dark, and indescribably dirty staircase, arrived at last at the *ultimo piano*, where the door was opened with many courtesies by a middle-aged, demure-looking personage, introduced by the canonico as *La Signora Placida*, his niece and house-keeper.

The entrance-hall was in the usual style of dwellings of this description, with four carved-back settles or benches, some undistinguishable oil-paintings in frames that had once been gilded, a clothes-horse, a broom, and dust-pan—whose offices were more sinescure, to judge by the appearance of the floor—and so on.

From this we were ushered into the *sala*, which contained a horse-hair sofa, so hard and high that one was perpetually slipping off, and six chairs to correspond; a folded card-table whereon stood a silver *lucerna*, and a press with glass-doors, in which a set of cups and saucers was displayed.

To accommodate their numerous guests, our host and his niece brought in a number of chairs from adjoining rooms, and seated us with great bustle and ceremony; an operation diversified by the Signora Placida's continually darting into some obscure region of the house, whence she could be overheard disputing with a shrill-voiced attendant, or energetically clattering glasses and plates, in a manner that singularly belied her name. Meantime, the canonico talked and gesticulated, patted the youngest midshipman on the head, to his evident disgust, entertained Madame V— with the history of his relative, on whose virtues he pronounced a glowing panegyric, and recounted to the consul the latest miracles performed at the Santa Casa, while he shook his finger playfully at my cousins, as if menacing them with a return to their ancient hostilities. Presently the circle received an addition in the shape of another priest, Don Antonio, a great friend of our canonico's, and almost as rosy, and puffy, and jovial as himself, who now came to have his share of the good things and see the *forestieri*.

This was one of those quaint Italian friendships I have so often noticed. It commenced in boyhood at the seminary, had been renewed on our host's establishing himself at Loretto, and would probably continue unbroken till the end of their days. Regularly as clock-work used Don Antonio to come every evening to make *la società*—limited to himself, I believe—play at cards, and discuss the petty scandal of the place. I asked him if they ever read, at which he shrugged his shoulders, and said that after going through the daily office in the breviary, for his part he must own he had had enough of study. This facetious response was loudly echoed by the canonico, and they laughed over it in chorus with a sound more resembling the shaking of stones in a barrel than any human manifestation of hilarity.

The chocolate was now brought in by the *serva*, and handed to us by the two friends and the niece. It was made thick, and served in cups without handles, and tea-spoons not being apparently considered requisite, the uninitiated found some difficulty in discussing it with propriety; but after watching our entertainers, we perceived that the approved method was to steep in it morsels of rusks which had been distributed at the same time, and then convey them daintily to one's lips through the medium of the thumb and forefinger. This was followed by trays of ices and sweetmeats from the *caffè*, the canonico observing significantly, he well remembered the signorine were always fond of *dolci*; and when, to please him, every one had eaten as much as he possibly could, he insisted on pouring all the remaining *bou-bons* into our handkerchiefs, to amuse us, as he expressed it, on our way home.

When it was time to think of going, he declared we must first see the house, and took us into a small adjoining room, containing a writing-table with a dried-up inkstand, and two or three shelves adorned with some very dusty dry-looking folios in parchment covers. This den, he told us, he retired to when he studied or had letters to write—both rare occurrences, it was evident. Next we were shewn the dining-room, with no furniture but a table and rush-bottomed chairs, and opening into the kitchen—a custom also generally followed in houses of higher pretensions, but opposed to all our notions of quiet or refinement; and, lastly, into his and the niece's sleeping apartments, in each a clumsy wooden bedstead, rickety chest of drawers—on which, under a glass shade, stood a figure of the infant St John in wax, with staring blue eyes

and flaxen curls—two chairs, the usual tripod-shaped washing-stand, and an engraving of some devotional subject, with a crucifix, a little receptacle for holy-water, and a palm that had been blessed at Easter, hanging near the pillow. You may enter a hundred bedrooms in families of the middle class in this part of Italy, and see them fitted up after the same pattern; those of the provincial nobility have a little more display in mirrors, or pictures, but no greater comfort.

The introduction of all the visitors into the canonico's chamber was not, I suspect, wholly without design; for our attention was speedily attracted to a *cotta* or alb of fine white cambric lying upon the bed, the most elaborate specimen of the art of *crimping* it was possible to behold. The niece immediately held it up for our closer inspection, while the uncle stood by smiling; and in answer to our praises of the exquisite designs of flowers, leaves, &c., with which it was wrought, entirely by a manual process, told us it was the work of the nuns of a particular order—I forget the name—a very strict one, moreover, who, by way of serving the altar, dedicate themselves to the preparation of this part of the priestly vestments. This marvellous example of fine plaiting, however, was but the least recommendation of the ephod, which was trimmed with a deep flounce of the most magnificent point-lace.

'Look at that, look at that!' chuckled the canonico, rubbing his hands with glee; 'that is the lace which all the ladies of Loretto, and Recanati, and Macerata—yes, all of them together—are envious of, when I walk in the procession of the Corpus Domini! I have been offered five hundred dollars for it by a Russian princess who came here on a pilgrimage; but I could not make up my mind to part with it. Look at that tracery—look at that ground, it is perfect—not a thread broken;' and he descanted on it with the zest of a connoisseur.

When he paused in his raptures—'Signor Canonico,' meekly suggested La Signora Placida, 'may I fetch the stole you have just had worked?'

'Ah, the little vain thing!' was the rejoinder; 'she is so proud of my vestments! It is a trifle though—Well, well, bring it out.' And from a long pasteboard box, duly enveloped in tissue-paper, the Signora Placida drew forth a gorgeous stole, the original texture cloth of silver, but almost concealed by raised embroidery in gold.

'The canonico has not worn this yet; it is for the great *funzione*—that is, church-ceremony—of the Madonna in August,' said the niece, with as much earnestness as if she were a lady's-maid talking of her mistress's preparations for a ball, and disposing it so that it might be viewed to the greatest advantage. It really was beautiful as a work of art, due to the skill, as Don Antonio informed us, of another set of nuns, who exclusively applied themselves to needle-work in gold and silver.

The pleasure this good man took in the display of his friend's possessions, impressed me very favourably. 'Per Bacco!' he exclaimed, handling the vestment with respect—'each time I see it, it strikes me more! It is worth—ss—ss—ss—ss,' emitting a long syllabatory whistle, expressive in the Marche of something unlimited, whether of good cheer, astonishment, money, or so forth.

'Via, via,' said the canonico modestly, 'it is not much a poor priest can do. Still, we may place it at the same value as the lace, and be within the mark.'

Our reiterated admiration evidently enchanted the trio; in fact, it was altogether with the most amicable feelings, and with mutual thanks and protestations, we took our leave, the politeness of our entertainer and Don Antonio leading them to give us their company in visiting the bishop's palace and the Farmacia, or pharmacy of the Santa Casa, the last

renowned for its collection of *majolica*, consisting of three hundred vases coloured from designs by Raphael and his pupils.

No adventures befall us in these perambulations, except that we were more beset and pestered than before, if possible, by the beggars, who followed us in troops, and for whom, I learned with astonishment, no almshouse or refuge of any kind existed. Concluding our sight-seeing with another visit to the Santa Casa, there remained but time for a hasty dinner, ere we set out on our return to Ancona—the state of the neighbourhood, as we were repeatedly reminded, necessitating our departure in broad daylight.

The usual scene of clamour, begging, imprecations, and blessings attended our exit from Loretto, a place which presents the strongest contrast of wealth and poverty it has ever been my lot to witness, or entered my imagination to conceive.

A VOICE FROM BAKER STREET.

'I come from Alabama,' but my father's name being of no sort of importance to the public, I reserve it. Suffice it to say that I am an American citizen who has kept pace with his age. I am not only a transcendentalist, but a spirit-rapper; not only a spirit-rapper, but a *clairvoyant*; and *clairvoyance*, comprehending of course the well-known faculty of understanding the thoughts of animals, is all that at present I have to do with. Concluding to judge for myself upon every institution of which the old country boasts, I was present at the Smithfield show this year, in Baker Street, and observed narrowly—if 'narrowly' can be applied to such animals—the fat cattle, and with the most interesting results. I here subjoin an account of a conversation held, upon the evening of the last day of the show, with an enormously obese, but nevertheless exceedingly intelligent pig. Almost all his brethren had been removed to a place which, from motives of delicacy, we had tacitly agreed to call 'elsewhere,' so that our discourse was quite uninterrupted. I had been putting some leading questions to the animal regarding his personal history, and nothing could exceed the candour and openness of his replies. The following is the substance of his experiences, which—as he is, alas! now no more—I feel no hesitation in giving to the public. On my remonstrating with him, at the commencement of his communication, upon his perpetual use of the monosyllable 'Umgh, Umgh,' he repeated it with some acerbity, and continued as follows:

'Umgh, Umgh! I wish I could set down in writing the sentiment which that expression in the mouth of any one of our much-suffering family conveys to porcine ears. No sigh of lover was ever half so affecting, or cost its utterer one-tenth part of the effort, believe me. I am a swine myself, a porker, a Baker Street prize-pig, and I ought to know. Umgh, Umgh. I don't say it comes from the heart, because, like some other over-fed people I might name, I have no heart worth mentioning; but it comes from that spot which the organ of my softer affections, the home of my early memories, the sacred receptacle of the purest feelings of my nature, *did* once occupy—before it was turned into fat. It emanates—does this "Umgh, Umgh"—from "flabby lungs," with "nodules of the size of a kidney-bean imbedded in them;" and if you don't believe me, why, ask Mr F. G. Gant of the Royal Free Hospital, who saw the very last of my dear brother-in-law, who was at my side but the other day.'

'Who is Mr Gant?' said I, with feeling.

'Mr Gant,' replied the pig, 'is a medical gentleman who has most humanely given a good deal of his time

to an investigation of our wrongs. You may have seen some of his letters, perhaps, in the daily paper. In reply to a *post-mortem* examination by this surgeon, it transpired, that my stout connection—~~as you of a~~ a celebrated Berkshire family, and highly esteemed—had been going about, or at least had been lying down upon one side, for the last six months "with a hypertrophied left ventricle, and a liver of a dark livid colour;" besides which he enjoyed "congestion of the hepatic veins of the left lobe." I overheard this as being in the *Post*, one morning, among the rest of the fashionable intelligence, and it gave me quite a turn; which, considering that I weigh one-and-twenty stone, is not, as you may imagine, a very easy thing to do. What did Mr Gant write there in illustration of the pathognomonic condition of my brother-in-law, and other of his Berkshire relatives, while exhibiting in the Baker Street Bazaar? Why this: "They lay helplessly on their sides, with their noses propped up against each other's backs, as if endeavouring to breathe more easily; but their respiration was bad, suffocating, and at long intervals. Then you heard a short catching snore, which shook the whole body of the animal, and passed with the motion of a wave over its fat surface, which, moreover, felt cold." I protest that, when I heard this, a shudder passed with the motion of a wave over my surface, and I dare say, had you put your hand on me just then, that I should have, moreover, felt cold. Why, this beats anything that one ever heard of aldermen. They have laid their heads together often enough for foolish purposes—that of making wooden pavements, for one—but not "with their noses propped against each other's backs," I do believe.

'They do breathe rather stertorously under their pocket-handkerchiefs after dinner, perhaps, but—"Umgh, Umgh"—the most apoplectic of them has the aspiration of a sleeping infant compared with mine. Turtle even twice a day is no match for oil-ease, you may depend upon it. A certain Devon cow, an acquaintance of my deceased brother-in-law, attracted the benevolent surgeon's attention in this exhibition by looking extremely ill, and "laying her head and neck flat upon the ground like a greyhound." He asked an attendant what was the matter with her, who replied: "I knows nothing of them beasties in particular; but it's the case with many on 'em, I knows that." He might have said, with very little exaggeration, "with all on 'em." There was, for instance, His Grace the Duke of Richmond's fat wether—for I am not making a plea for my own kind only, but for sheep or what not, wether or no, in one common cause—had a heart weighing two and a half ounces. "Its external surface was very soft, greasy, and of a dirty brownish-yellow colour," observes the doctor. "On opening the two ventricular cavities, their external surface and substance were equally soft, greasy, and yellow throughout; an appearance due to the infusion of fat between the muscular fibres of which the heart should chiefly consist. This substitute of fat for muscle is proved (by the microscope) to have ensued; for when examined, the muscular fibres no longer presented the characteristic cross-markings, but the *fibrilla* within the fibres were entirely broken up by bright globules of fat. The healthy structure of the beast had therefore thoroughly degenerated by its conversion into fat." The heart of the Prince-consort's Devon heifer had both ventricles completely turned into fat. "Did you hever?" as my poor master used to observe to the general company, when emperoured at some proof of my superporcine sagacity. It was through his good offices—severe as they at the time appeared to me—that I became a scholar.

'I was once the learned pig of Greenwich and other fairs, too numerous to mention. Those fairs have long been abolished. Those days have fled for ever;

but the remembrance of them is still to me most sad, most sweet. "Tears from the depth of some divine despair," well up as I think of them, from the fatty ventricles about my heart, glimmer at those eyes whose lids I am unable to raise without the aid of my friendly feeder, and trickle down my brown pig's cheeks in silence. Umgh, Umgh! Little did the giants of Kent, in the same caravan with whom I had the honour to travel, imagine that I should ever come to rival her in weight and bulk. I think I see, even now, that magnificent arm of hers, hanging, as if inadvertently, out of the caravan-window, so that the people outside were induced to rush in in crowds to pay their pennies. I should have admired it more myself, had it not been for its extreme resemblance in size and colour to a Bologna sausage—a delicacy which I understand to have at least the flavour of pig-meat. Our very dancing-dog was at that time but little thinner than I. We were at feud with one another from first to last. I bit one of his dog's ears, I remember, during a little difficulty we had concerning the equal division of some edible; and it is to his rapacity that I owe the fact of my being destitute of a tail; but now my bowels yearn—figuratively, that is, for I have no bowels that can be called such, says Mr Gant—towards my sprightly companion of other days. Happy Rigdum Funnidos, or, as we, his intimates, were wont to call him, Happy Rig! Though thou wast half shaven as to thy body, in fanciful and even ridiculous resemblance to the king of beasts, and redder as to thine eyes than the very albino whose rival attractions excited our old master to frenzy at every fair, thou art yet at least safe from Baker Street. Be content with thy lot. Whatever haps to thee, it is not likely that "the apex of thy left ventricle has given way" through extreme obesity; or that "the thin lining of the cavity thus produced alone prevents thy death occurring instantaneously."

'When I was a learned pig, and wise in mine own conceit, I was wont to murmur: "Umgh, for a life of idleness! Umgh (or "Ah!" as a man would say), to lie in the sunshine all the day long, with plenty of food to be got at without the trouble of rising!" At that time, I despised intellect. My occupation of trotting about in a literary circle—that is to say, in a circle of capital letters—seemed to me then to be a round of existence tedious enough. The stopping sagaciously opposite to the young lady who was to be married within the year, and to the young gentleman who had not paid for his boots, and the guessing at the probable number of olive-trees which should bless their union, seemed very hard work indeed. Shaking hands with my proprietor at the conclusion of the performance was to me a most painful manifestation of friendly feeling: bowing to the company three times was a considerable effort; and standing upon my hind-legs was perfect agony. But what were such slight personal inconveniences to the miseries I suffer now? It is only when my friendly feeder lifts my eyelids that, as I have before mentioned, I possess any evidence of having either hind-legs or fore-legs. The notion of my now standing up on two—nay, upon any, however great a number of legs—would set me laughing, only that I am fully aware that the slightest cackinnation would cause my immediate decease. Any attempt at a bow would now be indeed a *congé*, and shaking hands, my final farewell to the world. Judges (*sic*) of what is excellent in pigs, connoisseurs in cattle, umpires of this Baker Street abomination (held, as is most fitting, by the by, under the floor of the Room of Horrors itself), have gloated over me admiringly. They have punched and sounded that delicate ground which lies upon either side and above the spot where my little tail once "gracefully curled." (It is a comfort to reflect that even if this had been spared to me, I could

certainly have never turned round so far as to catch a view of it.) They have highly commended me as "Improved Blankshire Breed;" by way of recompense, perhaps, as they fondly imagine, for my "mouth lying open, and nostrils dilating at each painful inspiration."

'They have given me a gold medal to wear at my breast, as if to hide that spot beneath which play—play indeed? *work*, and work very hard—my congested lungs.

'They have called me with their flattering tongues "a picture," but never bestowed one thought upon what it cost me to be put in such a frame. With my spoiled heart, with my labouring chest, with my vitiated life-fluid, I must be a healthy article of food truly; don't you think so, Brother Jonathan?'

'Poor fat pig,' said I, 'you have my most sincere pity. I calculate that you are going to—a—elsewhere, to-morrow; is it not so?'

'Umgh; yes, I suppose such will be my fate. My hope is, my only recompense will be, this—that they, the judges, the arbiters of the destinies of cattle, may buy many pounds of me at the—in point of fact, at the butcher's (the poor animal uttered this hateful name with an emphasis that almost proved the death of him); and then, ah, then—umgh—won't I just disagree with them!'

FRENCH CRITICISM ON SHAKSPEARE.

THE first attempts one nation makes to understand another are generally of a curious character: only the more salient points, the angularities and apparent eccentricities, will be attended to at first—those things which, taken by themselves, are most likely to be provocative only of laughter and ridicule. Men are always more easily taken by the peculiarities than by the general characteristics of their neighbours; and much more is this the case when the people are of a different nation, speak a different tongue, and have different manners, customs, institutions, and forms of government. This is admirably illustrated by the general and popular notion the English and French nations have of each other. Nothing can be more opposite to the true natures of each than this popular judgment. To Frenchmen we are in general a rough, barbarous, wife-selling, beer-drinking, and beef-eating nation; while to us the French are a light, fickle, grimacing, frog-loving, bowing, fiery, restless, volatile race. Now, both people have in a greater or less degree all these characteristics, and are what these adjectives designate; but these are not their abiding natures, the things which have made it possible for each to become the great and mighty nation it is: we must seek for these below the surface; and find out what is permanent, high, and noble in the hearts of them both before we can understand the causes of their greatness, and read the lessons of their histories aright.

It is not, however, to enter into the philosophical inquiry we write the present paper; our object is not of so large and ambitious a character; nor, if we were inclined to pursue this most interesting course, would our space permit of any analysis that would lead to a profitable result. We confine ourselves to the more pleasing process of shewing our readers what one or two of the noted living ones of France are doing to make their countrymen understand Shakspeare—a labour in which we are sure every Englishman will wish them unbounded success.

Times have changed since Voltaire called Hamlet the best of 'those monstrous farces they call tragedies;' and since he was astonished 'how men's minds could have been elevated so as to look at these plays with transport; and how they are still followed after in a century which has produced Addison's *Cato*!'

Our French philosopher thus sums up the reason for this extraordinary fact. 'The English chairmen, the sailors, hackney-coachmen, shop-porters, butchers, clerks even, are passionately fond of shows: give them cock-fights, bull-baitings, fencing-matches, burials, duels, gibbets, witchcraft, apparitions, they run thither in crowds; nay, there is more than one patrician as curious as the populace. The citizens of London found in Shakespeare's tragedies satisfaction enough for such a tone of mind. The courtiers were obliged to follow the torrent: how can you help admiring what the more sensible part of the town admires. There was nothing better for a hundred and fifty years; the admiration grew with age, and became an idolatry. Some touches of genius, some happy verses full of force and nature, which you remember in spite of yourself, atoned for the remainder, and soon the whole piece succeeded by the help of some beauties of detail.'

Since Voltaire wrote, a new race of critics have arisen in France. They have loved, admired, and in a French fashion, idolized Shakespeare. Some of his best plays have been translated, and (alas!) adapted to their stage. *Hamlet* has been performed without a ghost, and Banquo's has been banished from *Macbeth*. Still, the French are trying to understand and appreciate our great poet. Dumas has played with him; and a greater than Dumas, George Sand, has given a condensed and 'arranged' French version of *As you Like it*. Victor Hugo has translated the sonnets into French prose, and has preceded them by a theory which we shall explain by and by. M. Ernest Lafont has translated into French verse the poems and some of the sonnets; and a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had an able article upon Shakespeare by one of the most learned of modern French pens. In time, we may hope with something of confidence that the French may know a little more about Shakespeare than M. Voltaire taught them.

Place aux dames; and first we pay our devoirs to George Sand. This author's notions of poetic (and dramatic) justice are sadly outraged at the issue of the delightful comedy, *As you Like it*. In a long preface to M. Regnier, she explains her notions in detail. Her ladylike sensibility is shocked at the union of the 'sweet Audrey with the sprightly Touchstone, and the devoted Celia with the detestable Oliver.' She in nowise approves of this, and so she alters it altogether. Of course in real life no devoted Celias ever marry detestable Olivers, nor shall they on the stage, at least not on George Sand's stage; she therefore makes our old favourite, the melancholy Jaques, marry the 'devoted Celia.' We shall quote this curious love-scene, and recommend the perusal of the whole play to our readers. They will see what it is possible for such glorious poetry as the speech, 'All the world's a stage,' to become in French prose. But for the last scene of *As you Like it* by George Sand:

SCENE XIII.—CELIA AND JAUQUES.

Celia (to Jaques, seated on her right hand). Adieu, Jaques!

Jaques (trembling). Adieu, madame!

Cel. (retreating, but always looking at him). Adieu!

Jaq. (without regarding her). Adieu. (He buries his face in his hands.)

Cel. (pausing). You then will remain here all alone!

Jaq. And, I ask of you, what should I do elsewhere? Yes, this cabin which you leave is mine. I shall remain there alone, all alone, for the rest of my life, and I shall love nothing but the trees which have seen you pass under their shade, and the grass on which your feet have trod.

Cel. But ere three months have passed, the trees will lose their foliage, and the grass will not preserve for three days the traces of my steps.

Jaq. Go; it is well as it is: I wish to see you

no more. (Celia comes softly behind him, and puts her two hands upon his shoulders—with passionate despair.) What do you want with me?

Cel. Let us go; let us retrace our steps. Give us this hopeless existence, and follow me.

Jaq. No, madame, I have not sold my soul to you: it was dead! But it is reanimated—it lives—it suffers! It would perish bound to your caprices. It belongs to me: I retake it. What does it matter to you? (He passes to the left.)

Cel. What, then, shall I do with mine, if you abandon me?

Jaq. What say you?

Cel. I say that a loyal woman would not take without giving, and that in wishing to take you, I have delivered up myself.

Jaq. Celia! No—you joke! I am no longer young.

Cel. Do you love?

Jaq. I am poor, melancholy—discontented with all things—

Cel. You do not love then?

Jaq. (transported). Ah! hold! you are right. I am young, I am rich, I am gay, I am happy. Yes, yes; the firmament glows above, and the earth flowers below. I breathe with love a new life, and my eyes open to the truth. Who—I melancholy? No; I am no more impious. Heaven is good, men are gentle, the world is a garden of delight, and woman is the angel of pardon (he falls at her feet), if I do not dream that you love me!

Cel. He still doubts. Jaques, by the roses of spring, by the virginity of the lilies, by youth, by faith, by honour, I love you! Now, will you leave me?

Jaq. Never! for I love thee also. Oh! the most beautiful word that man can say: I love thee!

Cel. Ah, well! since my father is neither rich nor powerful—then, thanks to Heaven, I can be yours—am I!

Let our readers compare this sentimental passage with Shakespeare's termination of the play, and say which he likes best—the French or English poet's notion of poetic justice!

We now turn to M. Victor Hugo's translation of the sonnets. We said above that the translator had a theory. He enters into a careful examination of the sonnets—studies them thoroughly—until, as he thinks, he wrests their secret from them; and in accordance with his own view, he makes a complete change in their existing arrangement. He finds in the sonnets a complete drama, 'in which figure three personages—the poet, his mistress, and his friend. There the poet appears, not under the name which the human race gives him, but under that which he received in private life. It is no more William Shakespeare: it is Will whom we see. It is no more the dramatic author who speaks; it is the friend—the lover.' He finds that Shakespeare loved the woman to whom many of these sonnets are addressed, that for a time she coquetted with him, and then, upon the poet's turning round upon her, and threatening her with a 'declaration of war,' she bends to his will; but in the very moment of his victory, he finds that she has another lover, and that that lover is his own bosom-friend. To him the remainder of the sonnets are addressed. He admits that this friend, the W. H. of the dedication, was Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and this once acknowledged, our translator says: 'The mystery with which the sonnets were published is easily explained. The Virgin Queen was brought in to make up the *dénouement*. She had forbidden this nobleman to marry, and the poet urges him to marry.' Shakespeare, shewing to Southampton how charming is the woman, said to him: 'Marry!' But the queen, shewing him the Tower of London, said to him: 'Marry not!' Here, then, is the knot of the difficulty untied; here is the key to the mystery furnished. We translate M. Hugo's concluding remarks upon this curious view: 'We understand

now why the publishers, in general rather timid, shewed such little eagerness in publishing the sonnets in which this fatal union had been advised, and in which Shakespeare attacked with so much audacity the celibacy commanded by the queen. It was only after the death of Elizabeth, when the terror inspired by the daughter of Henry VIII. had passed away, that the sonnets of Shakespeare found an editor. But then the high position which Southampton held, and many family considerations, would prevent them from giving to publicity without reserve, the intimate drama in which one of the first personages in England figured. To direct the attention of his contemporaries, the editor imagined the mysterious dedication in which the initials of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, were preserved, but inverted: he did better still; he published the sonnets in premeditated disorder, which broke their logical unity, and rendered them almost incomprehensible, leaving to patient posterity the care of divining the enigma. This is the secret which we have now the indiscretion to betray.

This theory of M. Hugo requires a new arrangement of the relation of the sonnets to each other. We shall indicate the complete change this made, when we state that the first sonnet in the French edition is the 135th of the English, and the last in the French answers to the 55th in the English.

The following one, which we copy as a specimen, is the 60th in our editions, and is represented by the 150th in the translation of

VICTOR HUGO.

Comme les vagues qui se jettent sur les galets de la plage, nos minutes se précipitent vers leur fin, chacune prenant la place de celle qui la précédait; et toutes se pressent en avant dans une pénible procession.

La nativité, une fois dans les flots de lumière, monte jusqu'à la maturité et y prend sa couronne. Alors les éclipses tortueuses s'acharnent contre sa gloire et le temps détruit les dons dont il l'avait comblée.

Le temps balaie la fleur de la jeunesse et creuse les parallèles sur le front de la beauté: il ronge les merveilles les plus pures de la création;

Et rien ne reste debout que sa faux ne tranche. Et pourtant dans l'avenir mon vers restera debout, chantant tes louanges, en dépit de sa main cruelle.

And now for

SHAKESPEARE.

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow,
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

We cannot conclude this paper more appropriately than by translating the admirable words of M. Lafond, whose introduction contains some of the best things which any Frenchman has ever written upon Shakespeare. He says: 'If there be a man who has painted humanity with all the shades of passion which agitate and attract it whether for good or evil, it is indeed Shakespeare. He is the confessor of human society. Love, jealousy, friendship, hatred, cold policy, ambition, the intoxication of power, the baseness of the courtier, envy, grandeur of soul, the ignorance of the masses, and their inconstant caprices—whatever has made the heart of man beat in all times, unfolds

itself under our eyes in the most vital and striking tableau; and if we wished to attach a proper name to each of these passions, this name would be that of one of the persons of his dramas.'

Surely, after this, it cannot be said that no Frenchman can understand Shakespeare.

O Ç E O L A :

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLVII.—THE CAPTIVE.

LATE as was the hour, I determined to visit the captive before going to rest. My design would not admit of delay; besides, I had a suspicion that, before another day passed, my own liberty might be curtailed. Two duels in one day—two antagonists wounded, and both friends to the commander-in-chief—myself comparatively friendless—it was hardly probable I should escape 'scot-free.' Arrest I expected as certain—perhaps a trial by court-martial, with a fair chance of being cashiered the service.

Despite my lukewarmness in the cause in which we had become engaged, I could not contemplate this result without uneasiness. Little did I care for my commission: I could live without it; but whether right or wrong, few men are indifferent to the censure of their fellows, and no man likes to bear the brand of official disgrace. Reckless as one may be of self, kindred and family have a concern in the matter not to be lightly ignored.

Gallagher's views were different.

'Let them arrist and cashear, an' be hanged! What need you care? Divil a bit, my boy. Sowl, man, if I were in your boots, with a fine plantation and a whole regiment of black nagers, I'd snap my fingers at the service, and go to raisin' shugar and tobaccay. Be St Patrick! that's what I'd do.'

My friend's consolatory speech failed to cheer me; and, in no very joyous mood, I walked towards the quarters of the captive, to add still further to my chances of 'cashierment.'

Like an eagle freshly caught and caged—like a panther in a pentap—furious, restless, at intervals uttering words of wild menace, I found the young chief of the *Baton Rouge*.

The apartment was quite dark; there was no window to admit even the gray lustre of the night; and the corporal who guided me in carried neither torch nor candle. He went back to the guard-house to procure one, leaving me in darkness.

I heard the footfall of a man. It was the sound of a moccasined foot, and soft as the tread of a tiger; but mingling with this was the sharp clanking of a chain. I heard the breathing of one evidently in a state of excitement, and now and then an exclamation of fierce anger. Without light, I could perceive that the prisoner was pacing the apartment in rapid irregular strides. At least his limbs were free.

I had entered silently, and stood near the door. I had already ascertained that the prisoner was alone; but waited for the light before addressing him. Pre-occupied as he appeared to be, I fancied that he was not conscious of my presence.

My fancy was at fault. I heard him stop suddenly in his tracks—as if turning towards me—and the next moment his voice fell upon my ear. To my surprise, it pronounced my name. He must have seen through the darkness.

'You, Randolph!' he said, in a tone that expressed reproach; 'you too in the ranks of our enemies! Armed—uniformed—equipped—ready to aid in driving us from our homes!'

'Powell!'

'Not Powell, sir; my name is Oçeola.'

'To me, still Edward Powell—the friend of my

youth, the preserver of my life. By that name alone do I remember you.'

There was a momentary pause. The speech had evidently produced a conciliating effect; perhaps memories of the past had come over him.

He replied:

'Your errand? Come you as a friend? or only like others, to torment me with idle words? I have had visitors already; gay gibbering fools with forked tongues, who would counsel me to dishonour. Have you been sent upon a like mission?'

From this speech I concluded that Scott—the pseudo-friend—had already been with the captive—likely on some errand from the agent.

'I come of my own accord—as a friend.'

'George Randolph, I believe you. As a boy, you possessed a soul of honour. The straight aspling rarely grows to a crooked tree. I will not believe that you are changed, though enemies have spoken against you. No—no; your hand, Randolph—your hand! forgive me for doubting you.'

I reached through the darkness to accept the proffered salute. Instead of one, I grasped both hands of the prisoner. I felt that they were manacled together: for all that, the pressure was firm and true; nor did I return it with less warmth.

Enemies had spoken against me. I needed not to ask who these were: that had been already told me; but I felt it necessary to give the captive assurance of my friendship. I needed his full confidence to insure the success of the plan which I had conceived for his liberation; and to secure this, I detailed to him what had transpired by the pond—only a portion of what had passed. There was a portion of it I could not intrust even to the ears of a brother.

I anticipated a fresh paroxysm of fury, but was agreeably disappointed. The young chief had been accustomed to harsh developments, and could outwardly control himself; but I saw that my tale produced an impression that told deeply, if not loudly, upon him. In the darkness, I could not see his face; but the grinding teeth and hissing ejaculations were expressive of the strong passions stirring within.

'Fool!' he exclaimed at length—'blind fool that I have been! And yet I suspected this smooth-tongued villain from the first. Thanks, noble Randolph! I can never repay this act of chivalric friendship; henceforth you may command Ogeola!'

'Say no more, Powell; you have nothing to repay: it was I who was the debtor. But come, we lose time. My purpose in coming here is, to counsel you to a plan for procuring your release from this awkward confinement. We must be brief, else my intentions may be suspected.'

'What plan, Randolph?'

'You must sign the treaty of the Oclawaha.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE WAR-ORY.

A single 'Ugh!' expressive of contemptuous surprise, was all the reply; and then a deep silence succeeded.

I broke the silence by repeating my demand.

'You must sign it.'

'Never!' came the response, in a tone of emphatic determination—'never! Sooner than do that, I will linger among these logs till decay has worn the flesh from my bones, and dried up the blood in my veins. Sooner than turn traitor to my tribe, I will rush against the bayonets of my jailers, and perish upon the spot. Never!'

'Patience, Powell, patience! You do not understand me—you, in common with other chiefs, appear to misconceive the terms of this treaty. Remember,

it binds you to a mere conditional promise—to surrender your lands and move west, only in case a majority of your nation agree to it. Now, to-day a majority has not agreed, nor will the addition of your name make the number a majority.'

'True, true,' interrupted the chief, beginning to comprehend my meaning.

'Well, then, you may sign, and not feel bound by your signature, since the most essential condition still remains unfulfilled. And why should you not adopt this ruse? Ill-used as you certainly have been, no one could pronounce it dishonourable in you. For my part, I believe you would be justified in any expedient that would free you from so wrongful an imprisonment.'

Perhaps my principles were scarcely according to the rules of moral rectitude; but at that moment they took their tone from strong emotions; and to the eyes of friendship and love the wrong was not apparent.

Ogeola was silent. I observed that he was meditating on what I had urged.

'Why, Randolph,' said he, after a pause, 'you must have dwelt in Philadelphia, that famed city of lawyers. I never took this view before. You are right; signing would not bind me—it is true. But think you that the agent would be satisfied with my signature? He hates me; I know it, and his reasons. I hate him, for many reasons; for this is not the first outrage I have suffered at his hands. Will he be satisfied if I sign?'

'I am almost certain of it. Simulate submission, if you can. Write your name to the treaty, and you will be at once set free.'

I had no doubt of this. From what I had learned since Ogeola's arrest, I had reason to believe that Thompson repented his conduct. It was the opinion of others that he had acted rashly, and that his act was likely to provoke evil consequences. Whispers of this nature had reached him; and from what the captive told me of the visit of the aid-de-camp, I could perceive that it was nothing else than a mission from the agent himself. Beyond doubt, the latter was tired of his prisoner, and would release him on the easiest terms.

'Friend! I shall act as you advise. I shall sign. You may inform the commissioner of my intention.'

'I shall do so at the earliest hour I can see him. It is late: shall I say good-night?'

'Ah, Randolph! it is hard to part with a friend—the only one with a white skin now left me. I could have wished to talk over other days, but, alas! this is neither the place nor the time.'

The haughty mien of the proud chief was thrown aside, and his voice had assumed the melting tenderness of early years.

'Yes,' he continued, 'the only white friend left—the only one I have any regard for—one other whom I—'

He stopped suddenly, and with an embarrassed air, as if he had found himself on the eve of disclosing some secret, which on reflection he deemed it imprudent to reveal.

I awaited the disclosure with some uneasiness, but it came not. When he spoke again, his tone and manner were completely changed.

'The whites have done us much wrong,' he continued, once more rousing himself into an angry attitude—'wrongs too numerous to be told; but, by the Great Spirit! I shall seek revenge. Never till now have I sworn it; but the deeds of this day have turned my blood into fire. Ere you came, I had vowed to take the lives of two, who have been our especial enemies. You have not changed my resolution—only strengthened it; you have added a third to the list of my deadly foes: and once more I swear

—by Wykome, I swear—that I shall take no rest till the blood of these three men has reddened the leaves of the forest—three white villains, and one red traitor. Ay, Omatla! triumph in your treason—it will not be for long—soon shalt thou feel the vengeance of a patriot—soon shalt thou shrink under the steel of Opeola.

I made no reply; but waited in silence till this outburst of passion had passed.

In a few moments the young chief became calm, and again addressed me in the language of friendship.

‘One word,’ said he, ‘before we part. Circumstances may hinder us—it may be long ere we meet again. Alas! our next meeting may be as foes in the field of fight—for I will not attempt to conceal from you that I have no intention to make peace. No—never! I wish to make a request; I know, Randolph, you will accede to it, without asking an explanation. Accept this token, and if you esteem the friendship of the giver, and would honour him, wear it conspicuously upon your breast. That is all.’

As he spoke, he took from around his neck a chain, upon which was suspended the image of the rising sun—already alluded to. He passed the chain over my head, until the glistening symbol hung down upon my breast.

I made no resistance to this offering of friendship, but promising to comply with his request, presented my watch in return; and, after another cordial pressure of hands, we parted.

As I had anticipated, there was but little difficulty in obtaining the release of the Seminole chief. Though the commissioner entertained a personal hatred against Opeola—for causes to me unknown—he dared not indulge his private spite in an official capacity. He had placed himself in a serious dilemma by what he had already done; and as I communicated the purposed submission of the prisoner, I saw that Thompson was but too eager to adopt a solution of his difficulty, easy as unexpected. He therefore lost no time in seeking an interview with the captive chief.

The latter played his part with admirable tact; the fierce, angry attitude of yesterday had given place to one of mild resignation. A night in the guard-house, hungered and manacled, had tamed down his proud spirit, and he was now ready to accept any conditions that would restore him to liberty. So fancied the commissioner.

The treaty was produced. Opeola signed it without saying a word. His chains were taken off—his prison-door thrown open—and he was permitted to depart without further molestation. Thompson had triumphed, or fancied so.

It was but fancy. Had he noticed, as I did, the fine satirical smile that played upon the lips of Opeola as he stepped forth from the gate, he would scarcely have felt confidence in his triumph.

He was not allowed to exult long in the pleasant hallucination.

Followed by the eyes of all, the young chief walked off with a proud step towards the woods.

On arriving near the edge of the timber, he faced round to the fort, drew the shining blade from his belt, waved it above his head, and in defiant tones shouted back the war-cry: ‘Yo-ho-eh-ee!’

Three times the wild signal pealed upon our ears; and at the third repetition, he who had uttered it turned again, sprang forward into the timber, and was instantly lost to our view.

There was no mistaking the intent of that demonstration; even the self-glorifying commissioner was convinced that it meant ‘war to the knife,’ and men were hurriedly ordered in pursuit.

An armed crowd rushed forth from the gate, and

flung themselves on the path that had been taken by the *ci-devant* captive.

The chase proved bootless and fruitless; and after more than an hour spent in vain search, the soldiers came straggling back to the fort.

Gallagher and I had stayed all the morning in my quarters, expecting the order that would confine me there. To our astonishment, it came not: there was no arrest.

In time, we obtained the explanation. Of my two duelling antagonists, the first had not returned to the fort after his defeat, but had been carried to the house of a friend—several miles distant. This partially covered the scandal of that affair. The other appeared with his arm in a sling; but it was the impression, as Gallagher learned outside, that his horse had carried him against a tree. For manifest reasons the interesting invalid had not disclosed the true cause of his being ‘crippled,’ and I applauded his silence. Except to my friend, I made no disclosure of what had occurred, and it was long before the affair got wind.

Upon duty, the *aid-de-camp* and I often met afterwards, and were frequently compelled to exchange speech; but it was always of an official character, and, I need not add, was spoken in the severest reserve.

It was not long before circumstances arose to separate us; and I was glad to part company with a man for whom I felt a profound contempt.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

For some weeks following the council at Fort King, there appeared to be tranquillity over the land. The hour of negotiation had passed—that for action was nigh; and among the white settlers the leading topic of conversation was how the Indians would act? Would they fight, or give in? The majority believed they would submit.

Some time was granted them to prepare for the removal—runners were sent to all the tribes, appointing a day for them to bring in their horses and cattle to the fort. These were to be sold by auction, under the superintendence of the agent; and their owners were to receive a fair value for them on their arrival at their new home in the west. Their plantations or ‘improvements’ were to be disposed of in a similar manner.

The day of auction came round; but, to the chagrin of the commissioner, the expected flocks did not make their appearance, and the sale had to be postponed.

The failure on the part of the Indians to bring in their cattle was a hint of what might be expected; though others, of a still more palpable nature, were soon afforded.

The tranquillity that had reigned for some weeks was but the ominous silence that precedes the storm. Like the low mutterings of the distant thunder, events now began to occur, the sure harbingers of an approaching conflict.

As usual, the white man was the aggressor. Three Indians were found hunting outside the boundary of the ‘reserve.’ They were made captives by a party of white men, and fast bound with raw-hide ropes, were confined in a log-stable belonging to one of the party. In this situation they were kept three days and nights, until a band of their own tribe hearing of their confinement, hastened to their rescue. There was a skirmish, in which some Indians were wounded; but the white men fled, and the captives were released.

‘On bringing them forth to the light, their friends

beheld a most pitiable sight'—I am quoting from a faithful history—'the rope with which these poor fellows were tied had worn through the flesh; they had temporarily lost the use of their limbs, being unable to stand or walk. They had bled profusely, and had received no food during their confinement, so it may readily be imagined that they presented a horrible picture of suffering.'

Again: 'Six Indians were at their camp near Kanapaha Pond, when a party of whites came upon them, took their guns from them, examined their packs, and commenced whipping them. While in the act, two other Indians approached, and seeing what was going on, fired upon the whites. The latter returned the fire, killed one of the Indians, and severely wounded the other.'

Exasperation was natural—retaliation certain. On the other side, read:

'On the 11th of August, Dalton, the mail-carrier between Fort King and Fort Brooke, was met within six miles of the latter place by a party of Indians, who seized the reins of his horse, and dragging him from the saddle, shot him dead. The mangled body was discovered some days afterwards concealed in the woods.'

'A party of fourteen mounted men proceeded on a scout towards Wachahonta—the plantation of Captain Gabriel Priest—and when within one mile of the place, they came upon a small hommock, through which some of the party declined passing. Four of them, however, dashed into it, when the Indians suddenly arose from ambush, and fired upon them. The two in advance were wounded. A Mr Foulke received a bullet in his neck, but was picked up by those in his rear, and borne off. The other, a son of Captain Priest, had his arm broken, and his horse shot dead under him. He fled, and sinking his body in a swamp, succeeded in eluding the search of the pursuers.'

'About the same time, a party of Indians attacked a number of men, who were employed cutting live-oak timber on an island in Lake George. The men escaped by taking to their boats, though two of their number were wounded.'

'At New River, on the south-east side of the peninsula, the Indians attacked the house of a Mr Cooley—murdered his wife, children, and a tutor engaged in the family. They carried off twelve barrels of provisions, thirty hogs, three horses, one keg of powder, over two hundred pounds of lead, seven hundred dollars in silver, and two negroes. Mr Cooley was absent at the time. On his return, he found his wife shot through the heart with her infant child in her arms; and his two oldest children also shot in the same place. The girl still held her book in her hands, and the boy's lay by his side. The house was in flames.'

'At Spring Garden on the St Johns, the extensive plantation of Colonel Rees was laid waste, and his buildings burnt to the ground. Sugar-cane, sufficient to manufacture ninety hogsheads, was destroyed; besides thirty hogsheads of sugar, and one hundred and sixty-two negroes were carried off. The mules and horses were also taken. The same Indians destroyed the buildings of M. Depeyster, with whose negroes they formed a *leagus*; and being supplied with a boat, they crossed the river, and fired the establishment of Captain Dummett. Major Heriot's plantation was laid waste; and eighty of his negroes moved off with the Indians. Then on towards San Augustine, where the extensive plantations of General Hernandez were reduced to a ruin—next Bulow's, Dupont's of Buen Retiro, Dunham's, M'Rae's of Tomoka Creek, the plantations of Bayas, General Herring, and Bartalome Solano, with nearly every other from San Augustine southward.'

Simple historic facts. I quote them as illustrating the events that ushered in the Seminole war. Barbarous though they be, they were but acts of retaliation—the wild outburst of a vengeance long pent up—a return for wrongs and insults patiently endured.

As yet, no general engagement had taken place; but marauding parties sprang up simultaneously in different places. Many of those who had inflicted outrage upon the Indians were forthwith repaid; and many barely escaped with their lives. Conflagration succeeded conflagration until the whole country was on fire. Those who lived in the interior, or upon the borders of the Indian reserve, were compelled to abandon their crops, their stock, their implements of husbandry, their furniture, and indeed every article of value, and seek shelter within the forts, or concentrate themselves in the neighbouring villages, around which stockades were erected for their better security.

The friendly chiefs—the Omatlas and others—with about four hundred followers, abandoned their towns, and fled to Fort Brooke for protection.

The strife was no longer hypothetical, no longer doubtful; it was declared in the wild *Yo-ho-chee!* that night and day was heard ringing in the woods.

CHAPTER L.

TRACING A STRANGE HORSEMAN.

As yet but few troops had reached Florida, though detachments were on the way from New Orleans, Fort Moultrie, Savannah, Mobile, and other depôts, where the soldiers of the United States are usually stationed. Corps of volunteers, however, were being hastily levied in the larger towns of Georgia, Carolina, and Florida itself; and every settlement was mustering its quota to enter upon the campaign.

It was deemed advisable to raise a force in the settlements of the Suwanee—my native district—and on this duty my friend Gallagher was despatched, with myself to act as his lieutenant.

Right gladly did I receive this order. I should escape from the monotonous duties of the fort garrison, of which I had grown weary enough; but what was a still more pleasant prospect, I should have many days at home—for which I was not without longing.

Gallagher was as overjoyed as myself. He was a keen sportsman; though, having spent most of his life within the walls of cities, or in forts along the Atlantic seaboard, he had found only rare opportunities of enjoying either the 'fox-chase' or 'deer-drive'. I had promised him both to his heart's content, for both the game and the 'vermin' were plentiful in the woods of the Suwanee.

Not unwillingly, therefore, did we accept our recruiting commission; and, bidding adieu to our companions at the fort, set out with light hearts and pleasant anticipations. Equally joyous was Black Jake to get back once more to the 'ole plantayshun.'

In the quarter of the Suwanee settlements, the Indian marauders had not yet shewn themselves. It lay remote from the towns of most of the hostile tribes, though not too distant for a determined foray. In a sort of lethargic security, the inhabitants still remained at their houses—though a volunteer force had already been mustered—and patrols were kept in constant motion.

I had frequent letters from my mother and Virginia; neither appeared to feel any alarm: my sister especially declared her confidence that the Indians would not molest them.

Withal, I was not without apprehension; and with so much the greater alacrity did I obey the order to proceed to the settlements.

Well mounted, we soon galloped over the forest

road, and approached the scenes of my early life. This time, I encountered no ambuscade, though I did not travel without caution. But the order had been given us within the hour; and having almost immediately set forth, my assassin-enemies could have had no warning of my movements. With the brave Gallagher by my side, and my stout henchman at my back, I dreaded no open attack from white men.

My only fear was, that we might fall in with some straggling party of red men—now our declared enemies. In this there was a real danger; and we took every precaution to avoid such an encounter.

At several places we saw traces of the Indians nearly fresh. There were moccasin prints in the mud, and the tracks of horses that had been mounted. At one place we observed the debris of a fire still smouldering, and around it were signs of the red men. A party had there bivouacked.

But we saw no man, red or white, until we had passed the deserted plantation upon the creek, and were approaching the banks of the river. Then for the first time during our journey a man was in sight.

He was a horseman, and at a glance we pronounced him an Indian. He was at too great a distance for us to note either his complexion or features; but the style of dress, his attitude in the saddle, the red sash and leggings, and above all, the ostrich-plumes waving over his head, told us he was a Seminole. He was mounted upon a large black horse; and had just emerged from the wood into the opening, upon which we had ourselves entered. He appeared to see us at the same time we caught sight of him, and was evidently desirous of avoiding us.

After scanning us a moment, he wheeled his steed, and dashed back into the timber.

Imprudently enough, Gallagher put spurs to his horse and galloped after. I should have counselled a contrary course; but that the belief was in my mind that the horseman was Opeola. In that case, there could be no danger; and from motives of friendship, I was desirous of coming up with the young chief, and exchanging a word with him. With this view, I followed my friend at a gallop—Jake coming on in the rear.

I was almost sure the strange horseman was Opeola. I fancied I recognised the ostrich-plumes; and Jake had told me that the young chief rode a fine black horse. In all likelihood, then, it was he; and in order to hail, and bring him to a halt, I spurred ahead of Gallagher—being better mounted.

We soon entered the timber, where the horseman had disappeared. I saw the fresh tracks, but nothing more. I shouted aloud, calling the young chief by name, and pronouncing my own; but there was no reply, save the echo of my voice.

I followed the trail for a short distance, continuing to repeat my cries; but no heed was given to them. The horseman did not wish to answer my hail, or else had ridden too far away to understand its intent.

Of course, unless he made a voluntary halt, it was vain to follow. We might ride on his trail for a week without coming up with him. Gallagher saw this as well as myself; and abandoning the pursuit, we turned once more towards the road, with the prospect of soon ending our journey.

A cross-path, which I remembered, would bring us by a shorter route to the landing; and for this we now headed.

We had not ridden far, when we again struck upon the tracks of a horse—evidently those made by the horseman we had just pursued, but previously to our having seen him. They led in a direct line from the river, towards which we were steering.

Some slight thought prompted me to an examination of the hoof-prints. I perceived that they were wet—water was oozing into them from the edges; there was

a slight sprinkling of water upon the dead leaves that lay along the trail. The horseman had been swimming—he had been across the river!

This discovery led me into a train of reflection. What could he—an Indian—want on the other side? If Opeola, as I still believed, what could *he* be doing there? In the excited state of the country, it would have been risking his life for an Indian to have approached the Settlement—and to have been discovered and captured would have been certain death. This Indian, then, whoever he was, must have some powerful motive for seeking the other side. What motive? If Opeola, what motive?

I was puzzled—and reflected; I could think of no motive, unless that the young chief had been playing the spy—no dishonourable act on the part of an Indian.

The supposition was not improbable, but the contrary; and yet I could not bring myself to believe it true. A cloud had swept suddenly over my soul, a presentiment scarcely defined or definable was in my thoughts, a demon seemed to whisper in my ears: *It is not that.*

Certainly had the horseman been across the river? Let us see!

We rode rapidly along the trail, tracing it backwards.

In a few minutes it guided us to the bank, where the tracks led out from the water's edge. No corresponding trail entered near. Yes, he had been across.

I plied the spur, and plunging in, swam for the opposite shore. My companions followed without asking any questions.

Once more out of the river, I rode up the bank. I soon discovered the hoof-marks of the black horse where he had sprung off into the stream.

Without pausing, I continued to trace them backwards, still followed by Gallagher and Jake.

The former wondered at my eagerness, and put some questions, which I scarcely answered coherently. My presentiment was each moment growing darker—my heart throbbed in my bosom with a strange indescribable pain.

The trail brought us to a small opening in the heart of a magnolia grove. It went no further. We had arrived at its end.

My eyes rested upon the ground with a sort of mechanical gaze. I sat in the saddle in a kind of stupor. The dark presentiment was gone, but a far darker thought occupied its place.

The ground was covered with hoof-tracks, as if horses had been halted there. Most of the tracks were those of the black horse; but there were others of not half their dimensions. There was the tiny shoe-mark of a small pony.

'Golly! Massar George,' muttered Jake, coming forward in advance of the other, and bending his eyes upon the ground; 'looker dar—dat am tha track ob de leetle white Fox. Missa Vaganny's been hya for sartin.'

THE CITY OF LONDON.

THE long-promised measure for the reform of the corporation of the city of London has recently been brought forward in the House of Commons; and perhaps this may be a suitable time for giving to our readers a sketch of that great corporation, which has hitherto successfully resisted all the attempts that have been made for its reformation, and which has had influence enough, even at the last, to turn away, in a great measure, the destruction which threatened its cherished privileges.

The antiquity of London is undoubtedly very great: it is mentioned by Tacitus as a 'great mart of trade and commerce;' but the corporation, unlike most of the other municipal corporations of the

kingdom, has no definite constitutional charter at all; its rights result from a series of royal grants or charters, from statutes of the realm, and from orders and ordinances of the courts of aldermen and common council. The Anglo-Saxon law of King Athelstan mentions it; and though we do not find it named in Domesday-book, yet a charter of William the Conqueror, addressed to the bishop, the 'Portgerefa,' or chief-magistrate, and the 'Burghwara,' or burghers, recognises it as a city. This is the earliest charter in the possession of the city, the latest is one granted by George II., in the fifteenth year of his reign; and the total number of charters amounts to 120. The boundaries of the city were fixed at a very early period; and the area enclosed by them, as compared with the metropolis generally, is very small; the former comprises little more than a square mile; while that of the latter is, from north to south, about eleven miles; and from east to west, about sixteen miles, or about 176 square miles. Within the last fifty years, the metropolis has nearly doubled its population, the city remaining almost stationary. Besides the city, properly so called, the corporation has exercised a certain jurisdiction over the borough of Southwark. This was granted in the year 1857, in consideration of a yearly rent of L.10. They hold courts-leet for the borough, appointing the steward and other officers, including the high-bailiff and coroner. They also go through the form of holding quarter-sessions. A grand jury is impanelled, and are addressed to this effect: 'Gentlemen, by virtue of certain charters, we have been obliged to call you together; we are happy to tell you there is nothing for you to do.' Then the jury say: 'Why did you then call us together?' The answer given by the late recorder, Mr Law, was: 'Surely it is better to call you together and say: "Now you may go home," than to keep you here two or three days.' This jurisdiction the new bill proposes entirely to do away with, and for the future the borough of Southwark will be constituted in all respects like the other metropolitan boroughs.

The city of London is governed by a lord-mayor, a court of aldermen, and a court of common council, whose full title is, 'The Lord-mayor, Aldermen, and Commoners of the City of London.' The lord-mayor is elected annually; and the form of his election is for the livery in common hall assembled, which is composed of the members of the different city companies, who are also citizens, to nominate two of the aldermen who have served the office of sheriff—usually the two senior ones below the chair—and for the court of aldermen to select one of those presented by the livery. The lord-mayor is the chief-magistrate of the city, is a member of the privy council, though it is doubtful whether he can take his seat, except upon the demise of the crown; and he has an allowance of L.10,000 assigned to him out of the revenues of the city, together with the official residence of the Mansion House, to enable him to keep up the accustomed state and hospitality of the city. The aldermen are twenty-six in number: one elected by each ward of the city, and one for a ward which has now ceased to exist, and to which the senior member of the court usually succeeds by rotation. When elected, they remain in office for life. The title of alderman may be traced back as early as the time of Henry II.; but being a Saxon term, it has probably existed much longer. Each alderman has the government of the ward for which he is elected; and in ancient times, the Watch, then an efficient body, was under his command; and he bore his coat of arms and banner as a baron. The aldermen are all justices of the peace, and attend in rotation the police-courts of the city, and are named in the commission of the central criminal court. They assemble together, and form a court of their own,

but are also members of the court of common council, and ex officio governors of the royal hospitals. The court of common council consists of two hundred and six members, also elected by the different wards, though only for one year, like the popular representatives under every constitution. This court is now the most important, their principal function being their unlimited command over the funds of the city. The court is presided over by the lord-mayor, who has power to dissolve a meeting at any time, by ordering the sword-bearer to take up the sword. The sheriffs are two in number, the shrievalty of London and Middlesex being united in one office. They are elected by the livery in common hall, and not appointed by the crown, as is the case in all other counties. A fine of L.400 is imposed on a person refusing to serve the office; and the sum obtained by the levying of these fines during the first fifty years of the present century, amounted to more than L.86,000. The corporation has several important officers of its own, the recorder being the chief: his duties are chiefly judicial; and by him the city appears whenever any of its customs are called in question. The common serjeant, who is the counsel for the city, also sits as a judge in some of the courts; and the chamberlain, who is the treasurer of the city funds, likewise holds a position of importance and emolument: his office is generally considered as a kind of provision for demoted aldermen.

The funds of the corporation are very large, the revenue for the year 1863 amounting to L.551,971, 8s. 4d. It is derived from the rents of the city's landed estates and house-property, from street-tolls, the coal-duty, the metage of corn, fruit, &c., the harbour-dues of the port of London, and the various rates assessed on the inhabitants. The city has also large estates in the north of Ireland, which they acquired by a grant from the crown in the time of James I. That district was then in a most unsettled and disaffected state, and the rebellion of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel had caused large forfeitures of land there. The king wishing to repeople this part of his dominions, the corporation undertook to settle it at their own expense. Large estates were allotted to each of the companies who had contributed, and the property has continued to be managed by a committee of the corporation. Its revenues are applied partly in grants to the municipal institutions of Londonderry, and partly to charitable and educational purposes in the districts around that town and Coleraine.

The city of London has the power of levying tolls on certain articles, and exercises some other rights corresponding very much with the custom-duties levied by the crown. It claims the right to measure all corn landed within its jurisdiction, and for this, some small toll is charged. It is compulsory; and the city uses its own bushel for the purpose. The exercise of this right alone adds about L.10,000 a year to the revenues; it also extends to all fruit imported from abroad, and all sea-borne oysters. A toll of twopence upon all carts entering the city which do not belong to citizens, is also levied; and this comparatively small toll produces in the course of the year more than L.5000. The city exercises jurisdiction over the navigation of the Thames, from Staines in Middlesex, to Yantlet Creek, in Kent; and these metage rights extend not only to goods landed within the limits of the city, but also to goods landed anywhere within its jurisdiction. The conservancy of the Thames also belongs to the lord-mayor, and has some valuable rights attached to it. There was formerly a metage-duty upon coal, but this has been commuted into a fixed duty on the ton. There are now three duties imposed upon all coal imported either by land or water into a district extending

within a circle of twenty miles from the General Post-office, of the several amounts of one penny, fourpence, and eightpence per ton. The net produce of the three branches of coal-duty in 1852 was L.179,857; but upon this some heavy charges exist, and in the same year the city only was able to apply L.15,805 to its own use. All persons acting as brokers within the city must be admitted by the court of aldermen; and an annual payment of L.5 from each is required; also, no one can exercise any retail trade who is not free of the city; and upon admission to the freedom, a fine is imposed. These are some of the principal rights and privileges now exercised by the corporation of London; and with the exception of the coal-tax, which it is proposed to retain at present, they are all abolished by the new bill.

Some great changes will also be introduced into the constitution of the corporation itself: the number of aldermen will be reduced to sixteen, and their separate court altogether abolished; the number of common councilmen will also be lessened, and they with the aldermen will form only one court; but to them will be intrusted the election of all officers, including the lord-mayor; and for that office all citizens with a small property qualification will be eligible. The aldermen still retain their places as police magistrates, but they and the lord-mayor will cease to sit in the central criminal court.

These are the most important provisions of this bill, the object of which is to administer to the city of London that measure of reform which the other municipal corporations of the kingdom underwent in the year 1835, but which London at the time avoided. At present, nothing seems to have been attempted but the remedy of its most pressing defects.

NANA SAHIB.

As we have no doubt that many of our readers would be glad to be acquainted with the parentage and other antecedents of the man who bears this blood-stained name, we propose, in the present article, to give a brief sketch of him.

Nana Sahib, Rajah of Bithoor—whose correct name is Sree Munt Dhoondoo Punt—is the eldest son, by adoption, of the late Badjee Rao, ex-Peishwa of the Mahrattas.

For many years previous to his death, Badjee Rao had been a dethroned pensioner of the East India Company. When in the fulness of his power, he had, as a native prince, assisted the East India Company in their war against Tippee Sahib, the tiger of Seringapatam; and, as a reward for his doing so, the Company, after years of strife with him—after negotiations and exactions, and treaties, and violations of these treaties on their part—contrived, in 1817, to get hold of his dominions. After numerous and fierce conflicts, Badjee Rao, at the head of 8000 men, and with an advantageous post, was prepared to do battle for the sovereignty of the Deccan; when Brigadier-general Sir John Malcolm, who commanded the British army, sent a flag of truce to him, with proposals for a surrender.

The proposals made on the part of Sir John Malcolm were, that Badjee Rao, the Peishwa of the Mahrattas, should renounce his sovereignty altogether; that he should come, within twenty-four hours, with his family and a limited number of his adherents and attendants, into the British camp; that they should there be received with honour and respect; that he should be located in the holy city of Benares, or in some other sacred place of Hindostan; that he should have a liberal pension from the East India Company for himself and his family; that his old and attached adherents should be provided for;

and that the pension to be settled upon himself and his family should not be less than eight lacs of rupees—that is, L.80,000 per annum.

After long and anxious deliberation with his prime minister and other great officers of state, the Peishwa accepted these proposals—went with his family and adherents into the British camp—and Bithoor was afterwards assigned as his residence. The East India Company, with their usual grasping and illiberal spirit of covetousness, were displeased with Sir John Malcolm for his granting these terms. But they, and the governor-general, Lord Hardinge, could not recede from them; and they took care to limit the stipulated allowance to the smallest sum mentioned in the treaty—namely, eight lacs of rupees, or L.80,000 per annum.

We have stated that the pension was to be conferred upon Badjee Rao and his family. Now, before we proceed further, we must mention, that by the Hindoo Shasters, or scriptures, there is a fearful doom awarded against those who die childless; that doom is, the being consigned, after death, to 'a place called Put, a place of horror, to which the manes of the childless are supposed to go, there to be tormented with hunger and thirst, for want of these oblations of food and libations of water, at prescribed periods, which it is the pious, and indeed indispensable duty of a living son to offer.'

Such are the principles of the Hindoo religion with regard to the want of natural male issue. Now, the same principles, in order to remedy the defect, permit the system of adoption where natural issue fails. It was in accordance with this that Badjee Rao, in his old age, finding himself naturally childless as to male issue, by his will declared Nana Sahib to be his eldest son, heir, and representative.

In his day, Badjee Rao, as chief of the powerful Mahratta nation, had been a great sovereign. He survived his downfall—exercising civil and criminal jurisdiction, on a limited scale, at Bithoor—thirty-five years. On the 28th of January 1851, he died.

No sooner was his death made officially known, than Lord Dalhousie tabled a minute at the council board of Calcutta, ruling that the pension, expressly guaranteed to the great Badjee Rao, and his family, should not be continued to the latter. Nana Sahib, Badjee Rao's widow, and the other members of his family, were naturally stricken with grief and terror. They saw themselves reduced to poverty. They had no other pecuniary resource than some trifling sum which Badjee Rao had left behind him.

On the 24th of June 1851, Nana Sahib forwarded a memorial to the lieutenant-governor of the North-west Provinces of India on the subject. In reply, he was told that the pension could not be continued, but that a certain tract of land would be his for life. The commissioner of Bithoor, a public officer of high rank and standing, and who knew the circumstances and claims of the ex-Peishwa's family, forwarded an urgent appeal on their behalf; but, in a letter from the secretary of the governor-general, of date September the 24th, 1851, he received a severe reprimand for so doing. His recommendation was stigmatised as 'uncalled for and unwarrantable.'

After some further efforts in India, Nana Sahib addressed the Court of Directors, at Leadenhall Street, in England. His appeal to them was dated the 29th of December 1852.

In the eyes of the East India Company, the appeals of native princes of India do not seem to have been matters of much consequence. The Company appear to have considered that it added to their dignity to have the advocates of such princes waiting in their

anterooms. Somewhere about December 1853, the Company sent back Nana Sahib's memorial to the government in India, and the result was, that nothing was done.

It would appear that Nana Sahib, with smooth and gentlemanly manners, unites superior abilities; and that to these abilities he adds passions of the strongest and most vindictive nature. His spirit is high, and his vehemence of the most determined character. At the period of the breaking out of the mutiny which has rendered his name infamous, he seems to have become a monomaniac on the subject of what he believed to be his wrongs.

In the preceding sketch, subject, of course, to correction, we have endeavoured to state facts, not with a view to advocating any cause, but simply for the purpose of communicating to our readers information as to some of the numerous causes which have led to the dreadful events which have recently occurred in the East.

[We have been informed that an Oriental named Azimullah was in London in 1855, for the purpose of making a last appeal in behalf of his employer, Nana Sahib. He lodged in a respectable private hotel in George Street, Hanover Square, where a friend of ours, living in the same house, formed his acquaintance, was entertained by him in gentlemanlike style at dinner, and found him a well-bred, agreeable person, of good intelligence about English matters. Our friend, on lately revisiting the house, learned from its proprietor that the polite Azimullah, before departing from England, shewed symptoms of a moody and soured feeling, and let fall several hints to the effect that England would yet regret the manner in which it had used his master. This same Azimullah has since appeared in the dismal transactions connected with the destruction of the Cawnpore garrison.—Ed.]

AN EXECUTIONER'S LITTLE BILL.

THE following notice of the doings of the hands of justice, in a neighbouring country, in the year 1712, may not be without some historic interest; and certainly it is calculated to make one rather contented than otherwise with the state of Europe in 1858. In the year 1712, it was the custom in Amsterdam to make use of the services of an executioner from the neighbouring town of Haarlem; and in order to avoid the expense of repeated journeys, the worthy magistrates contrived that the various sentences of the criminal law should be carried out as much as possible on the same day. The following is the little bill of the Haarlem Calcraft for the work of a single day:

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 17, 1712.

To account for business done.

	Florins.
To one beheaded,	6
Item for the use of the sword of justice,	3
Item for the cloth,	3
Item for the coffin,	3
To one strangled,	6
Taken down and put into the coffin,	3
To one put on the wheel, with nine strokes, at 3 gulden the stroke,	27
For the strangling,	6
Taken down and carried out of the town,	9
To two hanged with a sword over their heads,	18
One taken down, and carried out of the town,	9
One taken down,	3
To four hung on the gallows, at 6 gulden apiece,	24
One with a sword over the head,	3
Two with letters on their breast,	12
To four-and-twenty scourged, at 3 gulden apiece,	72
Three with the sword over their heads,	9

One fettered, and set in the pillory,	6
One branded on the back,	6
Item wages,	12
Item road-money,	12
Item for the use of the rope,	12
Item for the assistant,	12
Amount,	276

All this, we repeat, was the work of a single day, and it came off in one public place—before the town-house of Amsterdam. The account seems to have suggested to the citizens of the time merely that the hangman-business was a thriving one (*dat zulk eene executie eene goede neering zy*). To us in our day and generation, it is an interesting document, as a fragment, and a genuine one, of the history of those days which people in Holland and Germany, and some other parts of the world too, are wont to call 'the good old times.'

AN OLD MAID'S RETROSPECTIONS.

I LOOK into the dreamy past, and see—what do I see? They look like visions now, but *then*, how real were they to me!

I see my girlhood full of hope, my lover true and brave; In fancy still I hear his vow, as a pledge of truth he gave. It was a ring: he smiling said: 'Twill serve to guard the space

Upon thy finger, till I put another in its place.' That first love-gift, see, here it is—Oh, what a slender band

Though tethered by a golden chain to this poor withered hand.

And it was in that girlish time when I perchance might see

A youthful mother's glance of pride at the babe upon her knee,

I envied her that happiness, and oh, my heart beat wild That I might one day be the matron mother of his child. 'Twas woman's nature in me spoke; but scarcely had the thought

Been formed, ere maiden pride and shame a mingled colour brought:

Vain was the guiltless blush, for though these hopes of mine might seem

So near fulfilment then, alas, they proved indeed a dream.

Too poor to wed, my lover true, left his own native strand, Thinking to win a home for me in a far distant land.

Years passed: he wrote that silver threads were mingling with his hair.

They were in mine—those fruits, from seed sown by the hand of Care.

Now, whiter than the snow-clad hill, or foam that crests the wave,

Are my thin locks; his weary head rests in a foreign grave.

Ay, maidens, you may sigh; God grant that happier be your lot;

For me, no power could make me wish this true-love dream forgot.

But after all my pains, my fears, my visions of the past, One ever-present hope of mine will be fulfilled at last;

And I am happy, for I know my bridal draweth nigh—A union, purer, holier far in realms beyond the sky.

In every dream by night and day I hear again his voice; I fancy that he beckons me, and calls me to rejoice;

That, when my eyes to earth are closed, my truly-loved will be

The first by the Eternal sent to meet and welcome me.

Grimsby. RUTH BUCK.

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POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Men of science are rarely popular characters. Without incurring, as a general rule, much dislike or ill-will from their neighbours, they are not usually favourites, either individually or as a class. They are sometimes objects of a not very friendly curiosity, sometimes of what very nearly approaches to contempt, on the part of the vulgar. The gentleman whose days are spent in roaming over hill and dale in search of a small fern or a rare species of grass, is considered by the wondering rustics to be wasting his time in a strange kind of busy idleness. The chemist's housemaid can barely refrain from despising, while she pities, the master whose life is spent in a close room, amid glass bottles and bad smells. The conventional type of the scientific student, as we find him in novels and in the minds of novel-readers, is generally a subject for good-humoured pity or sarcastic ridicule. Spectacles, a shabby coat, and an unclean shirt-collar, are his outward apparel; the inner man is clothed in stolid indifference to the fate of mankind, and wrapped in devotion to the study of butterflies or the calculation of logarithms. But certain classes of scientific men are liable to yet worse treatment. As each department of knowledge is rescued from the domain of prejudice and conjecture, and made the subject of systematic inquiry, a persecution, social if not legal, is sure to be the doom of the adventurous investigator. So it was in the days of Galileo with the astronomers; so it has been, in more recent times, with the anatomists, whose practice of dissection drew down upon them a storm of popular execration which has hardly yet subsided. But perhaps no science was ever more unpopular, and no body of philosophical writers ever so heartily abused and decried, as political economy and the political economists. Among the vulgar and ignorant of all ranks, indeed, the very name of political economy excites a shout of ridicule or a smile of contempt. Among more earnest and more observant people, there is often found a spirit of bitter and irrational hatred towards this obnoxious science, which argues a strong though unacknowledged suspicion of its truth and importance. The wholly ignorant may indeed sneer at what they cannot understand; but men revile generally what they fear. And there is a certain class of men, prejudiced, obstinate, ill-informed, but earnest and philanthropic withal, to whom the name of economical science is indeed a sound of terror, and in whose eyes an economist is an intolerable abomination. They hate the science, because it reveals to them stern laws and stubborn facts: laws, to which their

systems must, on pain of failure, conform; facts, by which their best laid schemes for the improvement and elevation of mankind must often be baffled and overthrown. Starting in horror from the vision, they turn indignantly upon the prophet, and charge him with an attempt to deceive them—not because they have detected any error in his demonstrations—not because they can convict him of ignorance or misrepresentation—but simply because he would not 'prophecy unto them smooth things.' They accuse him of harshness, selfishness, cruelty, as if he had created the laws which he explains. They denounce him as indifferent to human wretchedness, because he points out the sources from which wretchedness has arisen, and from which, so long as they are suffered to exist, it must continue to arise. And their outcry is echoed by thousands, who are too ignorant to know what it is they are criticising, and too indolent for the labour of mastering a new and difficult study. It does not seem to strike these gentlemen, that, after all, they are only, as the American critic says, 'screaming at the calm facts of the universe.' As little does it occur to the herd of clamourers to inquire into the nature, the purpose, and the sources of the science they denounce and reject.

Political economy is, in very truth, the science of philanthropy. It is the study of human welfare, so far as that welfare depends upon material prosperity—the investigation of the means by which nations attain to wealth, and classes to comfort. It is the exposition, in a word, of those laws of nature which regulate the material condition of communities and individuals—of the causes on which depends the question, whether this man or that body of men shall or shall not have enough to spare of this world's gear—shall or shall not enjoy their fair share of this life's blessings. It is the science which shews how material good may be wrought, and social amelioration effected—which teaches us what objects can be achieved for mankind by human efforts, and in what manner and by what means those objects can be attained. It is perfectly true that it deals only with the grosser conditions of happiness. Except in so far as they bear on those conditions, it leaves education to the schoolmaster, and morality to the pastor. These are no more within the province of the economist, than within that of the physician or the astronomer: his business is simply to explain what are the laws of nature relative to the material wellbeing of mankind, not to discuss the comparative importance of material and moral advancement, or the effect of wealth upon

the intellect and virtue of men and nations. His office is not to teach how men are to be made wise or good; but how they may be supplied with food and raiment. It is not his function to aid and to advise the clergyman or the moralist, but to guide the labours and enlighten the path of the practical philanthropist and the social reformer.

Such being the nature and such the functions of political economy, it is obviously incumbent on every one who aspires to confer immediately solid benefits on his fellow-men, to improve their material condition, to study carefully the laws upon which that condition depends. The physician does not attempt the cure of physical suffering without cautious study, not merely of the individual disease, but of all the ills that flesh is heir to. His youth is a long training in the knowledge of the human frame; he has made himself acquainted with every part of its wonderful mechanism; he has made himself familiar with all its operations; he knows the laws which regulate those operations, and the disturbances to which they are liable. Not until he has acquired this knowledge, not until he has been qualified for the task by this course of laborious study, is he intrusted with the care of patients and the cure of disease. The empiric who disdains this preparation or shrinks from this toil, lays hold of some nostrum, and vaunts it to the world as an infallible remedy for all corporeal diseases. He finds credulous listeners: perhaps he manages to kill a few of them; but for so doing he is liable to severe legal punishment, if his victims have friends more sceptical than themselves. Unhappily, the quack who practises on the social body, is liable to no such penalties: no course of study is thought necessary for him; to see evil, and to be anxious to redress it, is esteemed a sufficient qualification. The results of this empirical philanthropy are every day made manifest in some new form of disastrous blundering. The zealous friends of some distressed class are anxious to alleviate their sufferings—often intolerably severe—sometimes aggravated by gross oppression or neglect on the part of others. Work is terribly hard; wages are shamefully low. These grievances must be redressed; an association is formed, and public meetings are called on behalf of the sufferers. Facts and incidents of appalling distress are brought to light, and humanity is shocked, and benevolence terrified by the revelation. Subscriptions are poured in; a committee is formed; aid is freely given. How is it that distress is so rarely cured? Relieved for the time it may be; but neither public benevolence nor legislative interference can permanently eradicate it; and the earnest and large-hearted men who have been striving for its cure, turn away in sickness of heart, and, according to their temper, marvel at the failure of their labours, or curse political economy, and those who warned them that such failure was all they had to expect. They had set to work with an utter ignorance and disregard of the only method in which their objects could possibly be attained. They had cut off the head of the weed, and left the root in the soil; what wonder that it soon sprouted afresh? They had repressed the symptoms of the disease; they had cooled the fevered skin, and healed up the unsightly sore; but they had not even touched the seat of the evil: they were utterly ignorant of its real nature. Can they marvel if the patient died under their hands? The physician stood by their side, and warned them: they would not hear him. They believed that all social suffering was the result of human wrong, and might be amended by human justice and charity. They obstinately refused to learn that the social condition of mankind depends, in great part, upon laws as certain as those which regulate the motions of the planetary bodies;

that poverty, squalor, starvation, are evils which charity alone can no more eradicate, than it can prevent typhus fever or cholera. Social evils and physical diseases alike may be alleviated or averted by a careful attention to the warnings of science: neither can be mitigated or extirpated by any other means. The laws of social economy are not less certain than those of medical science. It is certain that when in any place population is overcrowded, that place will be unhealthy. It is certain that when in any trade there are more labourers than suffice for the work, there will be low wages, hard work, scant food. These things must be. We cannot remove them by denying them. What wisdom and goodness can do, is only to recognise the consequence, and to attempt the eradication of the cause.

The reason, then, of the unpopularity which attaches to the name of political economy, is simply the popular aversion to painful truths. This aversion manifests itself in an obstinate reluctance to recognise the disagreeable fact, and an angry denunciation of those who enforce its claim to attention. The economist demonstrates to the poor that their poverty arises mainly from causes altogether beyond the control of legislature or aristocracy; and he is denounced as a partisan of existing evil by every agitator whose pet theme is the injustice and oppression of the rich. He explains to the ill-paid labourer that wages are not dependent on the caprice of the employer, but on the condition of the labour-market; and he is hated as an ally of the master and an enemy of the men. He sets forth calmly the nature of the social machinery which regulates the adjustment of supply and demand; and he is cursed by the socialist visionary as the advocate of that terrible ogre and bugbear—Competition. It would surprise many of those who delight in reviling what they are too impatient to study, were they informed that the ablest and most impartial summary of communistic theories and aspirations ever given to the world is contained in an economical treatise by one of the greatest living masters of the science. But Mr John Stuart Mill takes care distinctly to explain what may, and what may not, be hoped from any improvements in the organisation of industry. He indulges in no visions, and gives vent to no rhapsodies. The dreamer revels in a socialistic paradise; the economist points out not only by what steps that vision may be realised, if its realisation be possible, but how many evils there are which no such realisation would remove, and what its actual worth and value would be. But dreamers are ill-pleased with those who thus criticise their illusions; they cannot endure the man who coolly weighs the gold and tests the jewels of their fairyland. It is to the man who is intent rather on doing good than on dreaming of it, that political economy appeals. To him it indicates the means of beneficence; it realises the intentions of the philanthropist, and teaches him how to be charitable without being a patron of vice, and how to make his benevolence a permanent blessing to others, rather than a present gratification to himself. Men who are anxious rather for the praise and pleasure of generosity than for the solid results of beneficence, cannot be expected to study such a science, or to walk by its precepts. Men who, like the ostrich, think to evade the laws of nature by blinding their eyes to their operation, may loudly denounce the exponent of truths unwelcome to them. So in Galileo's day was the revolution of the earth on its axis condemned as heresy, and persecuted as blasphemy. 'Still it does move,' in spite of the inquisitors; and still, in spite of its unpopularity, political economy continues to be a science, and the laws of nature, which it is the function of that science to explain, continue to operate. Only by regarding those laws is there hope of effecting any permanent

improvement in the condition of any class or community; and while they are disregarded, the more good is attempted, the more evil is likely to result. Truth is strong, however; and the economists may appeal with confidence to Time for the justice which popular caprice now denies them, and for the respect due to those who have conscientiously laboured at a task harsh, indeed, and ungrateful, but second to none in human interest, or in importance to humanity.

THE OLD BABY.

TAKING advantage of the facilities afforded by the last transatlantic invention, the Thought-reflector—a boon indeed to those who are too idle, or incompetent, to express their ideas in speech, and a very great improvement upon the rude copying-machine which could only reiterate mere words—I venture to submit to a discerning public the grievance under which not I alone, but the vast majority of my fellow-infants are labouring. Few and favoured are those children-in-arms who have no cause to range themselves under my banner. Blessed is the babe whose parents have preserved the unities in never associating with it a rival and a usurper. Happy indeed is that exceptional infant who has never yet been stigmatised as the Old Baby.

I was born of the masculine gender, with a bald head, like Sir John Falstaff, and partycoloured, precisely three hundred and sixty-four days ago. To-morrow, at 4:30 in the morning, to an instant, I shall have arrived at a year, if not of discretion, at least of human experience. I shall be 'going on' for two years old. This consideration by no means intoxicates me with a boastful joy. To live, as I have already learned, alas! is but another name for to suffer. In this little span of life, what vicissitude of fortune have I even now endured! How Time's inevitable yoke has bowed my little neck and pressed my chin into my bib! I would that it had been permitted to me to remain for ever lobster-red, spotty, fishy-eyed, habitually or with the rarest exceptions naked, cross, smiling (with the wind, and not with joy), exclusively confined to a milk-diet—rather than have grown to what I have become. Where are the comforts of my youth?—the warm soft sponges which were wont to dab me daintily, the scented powders which were scattered over my then respected person, the bottles with soothing liquids that welled through the softest channels to my toothless but far from unappreciating guma. 'Whither are they fled, the glory and the dream?' Where are now the gorgeous habiliments in which, upon festive days, I was then arrayed?—the Brussels lace, the bishop's lawn, the lily train which kept my baby legs so delicately snug, so decently concealed, the embroidered cap, the endless folds of flannel. Where are the troops of young-lady friends who were once so eager to dandle, to caress me, to lay their soft fair cheeks to mine as they replaced me in my couch after these endearments? Did I sob?—they kissed me; did I yell?—and I did holla a bit sometimes, I flatter myself—they kissed me; did I crow?—which was my infant method of expressing satisfaction—they kissed me all the same. My career was, in a word, luxurious, but, alas! it was but brief. Another reigneth in my stead, and I am denominated now, with bitter disrespect, the Old Baby. The late lord mayor, sunk to a nameless alderman; the ex-minister of state, with nothing to give, and despised by every patriot; the last year's *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*; the shoes which one has grown out of, and that through the upper leathers; the type of all things that have seen their day, and will never see another—the Old Baby!

Is it, then, a sin to be old? Is it wrong to have hair, to be of a flesh-colour, to cease to stare like a

stuffed fish, to devote the hours of the night to sleep, and not to gormandising? If not—since in these respects alone have I offended—why have I thus been punished? I am no longer the idol of my once doting mother, the pride of my father, the boast of my nurse.

The conversation which is now addressed to me ceases to be distinguished by those endearing epithets with which it was so liberally garnished, and is no longer studiously couched in terms supposed to be especially suitable to the infant ear:

'Darling, warling; did it dribble then? Dribbley ibley, dribbley ibley, dribbley ibley: tum and look out at the window pindow, and see the red soldiers go by on their gee-gees: ook at the gee-gees! Did they frighten it? (pathetically.) Was it then? Naughty soldiers, naughty paughty; they shall be popped (with vivacity), popped, popped. Was he hungry, and would he have his dindin (two courses of milk, over the second of which I used to get uncommonly drowsy); dindin, dindin (singing), wrap him in a rabbit-skin; baby go to byby, byby, byby.'

Thus was I wont to be apostrophised in my earlier days. Gorgeous spectacles, always of a novel character, were perpetually being submitted to my notice; food was administered to me, if I did but open my mouth; sleep stole upon me, to the accompaniment of slow music and soft Lydian (or other) airs, and, in particular, with a delicious sideways motion which I miss now extremely. It is remarkable how, as we grow older, we lose not only the pleasures themselves, the innocent pleasures of our youth, but even the capacity for enjoying them. It is sad to reflect, for instance, that that rocking of the human frame, which to the tune of 'Hushy pushy, Baby Bunting,' was once so soothing to it, produces, when attempted at a later period, a feeling akin to sea-sickness!

The same venerable female visitors who were wont to call so often about luncheon-time, and at whose arrival I was at once equipped in my most splendid attire, call now—but it is to see the Other, the new arrival; a most grasping and pugnacious babe, with no nose at all, so far as I can see, and a face, indeed, altogether, which, if it were mine, I should be downright ashamed to let people look at. And yet to hear them talk!

'Oh, what a bew-w-tiful baby! What a charming baby! Only six weeks old! Is it possible, nurse? What notice it takes! [This is when it shrieks with terror and bad temper.] What an eye it has! [This is very true; its left eye is always at the western angle of the lid, trying, as it seems to me, to discover a passage under its blob of a nose, by which it may join the other one.] What a duck of a mouth! [It's much more like an oyster.] I suppose its nose will get all right in time. [Ha, ha!] It's rather small at present, is it not? [Rather.] What a chin! [They might just as well say: "What a couple of chins!" for there are two of them. One of the foolish women perhaps lays down her parasol, and offers to take up the little wretch, who resists frantically.] Won't it come to its —? Never mind, then, my loveliest one! [Oh, to see its wrinkled, crabbed, screaming, variegated countenance, at the moment when this epithet is conferred upon it!] Frightened at the bonnetty ponnetty, was it not? Now then; now she has taken her bonnet off, now it will come to its Margery Pargery! Lor bless me, nurse, if it does not think that I am its mamma! Now, isn't that strange?' And if the reader could see Miss Margaret Crabapple, he would think it strange too. It may require some wisdom in a child to know its own papa; but not to know one's own mother is, in my humble opinion, little short of idiotic. Yet I remember when I was young myself—that is to say,

younger—Uncle George's playing off a trick upon mamma, the humour of which I was at that time unable to appreciate. My dear mother was for ever vowing—for ever, that is, until within the last two months—that I was the most extraordinary infant that had come into the world from the earliest times unto the present, and that there could never be such another in the revolving ages that were to come, and for ever boasting, in particular, of how she should be able, on account of my distinguished appearance, to pick me out from among a hundred others at a baby-show. Now, this latter assertion Uncle George denied; and in order to prove himself in the right, he hit upon this device. Upon my being taken out for a constitutional upon a certain morning, he caused me to be equipped in an entirely new suit of raiment, secretly procured at his own expense, and then to be brought back again to my mother in some quarter of an hour's time by the nursemaid of Mrs Brown, our neighbour, who had been herself confined almost simultaneously, in the character of her son Undecimus Brown. Poor dear mamma fell into the snare at once. She allowed that I was a fine enough child, a more than averagely respectable baby, but still that there was something wanting, she couldn't say what, which her particular offspring possessed in an uncommon degree. I did not seem, somehow, quite so intelligent, quite so clear complexioned, quite so sweet tempered. No, it was not her fancy; there was a marked difference: there was a certain flabbiness about my flesh, and a lack of that healthy firmness about the calves, which was indeed a peculiar and touching *spécialité* about her own darling son. When Uncle George burst out a laughing, and disclosed the trick, it was Falettaff and Prince Hal in *Henry IV.* again, and *The Devil to Pay* as well. My mother insisted upon it that she had known it all along. What an absurd idea that she, a mother, should not know her own dear darling child! What a cruel and unnatural uncle the man must be who could thus trifle with the tenderest feelings of our nature; and then hysterics and the governor sent for, and a regular scene.

My uncle is a bachelor, and did not understand that women will bear anything better than a practical joke. I never was deceived, mind. Even at that period, when I was of course comparatively without experience, it was not easy to take me in. But what is the use of intellect to one in my present state? It would be far better for me, indeed, if I had a less keen appreciation of the position in which I now crawl. I use that expression advisedly; I cannot stand yet, even when holding on to the chairs by the tips of my small fingers. This is, however, the accomplishment to attain which I am directing all my infant energies. I find that crawling brings me into currents of cold air from under doors and elsewhere, and that a higher elevation would partly obviate this; besides which, I am apt to get trodden upon, and when I utter my indignant protest against such conduct, the iron of that sarcasm, long since rusted with my tears, is driven into my infant spirit by the remark: 'Oh, never mind; it's only the Old Baby!' It will scarcely be credited, perhaps, that the principal staple of my present nutriment consists of gravy, saved—that is to say, left—from the mutton or beef of the family dinner of the preceding day, mingled with crumbs of bread swept off on the same occasion from the table-cloth—leavings, offal, garbage, in fact, that is my daily food!

I have seen with my own eyes the Other going out for her perambulation in her perambulator (once my property) attired in my private embroidered pelisse, and sheltered under my particular umbrella from the rays of the sun. My complexion is now of no sort of consequence. I may get black and tau—I'd rather be that than red and yellow as the Other is—for all they care, and be exhibited to the public in a cotton dress

without the least ornament of fancy. Deprivation of necessary milk-diet, neglect, and robbery, are the three simple charges which I have to make against the members of my family and household. Also, inhumanity in short-coating me before my time, through which I have suffered severely in my extremities from the late east winds. Also, and lastly, cruelty in not providing me with anything to sit upon, or, more correctly, with any place where I can sit with comfort and satisfaction, now that there is no more room for me upon my nurse's knee. That generation after generation should 'push us from our stools,' as each grows old, is, as the poet has told us, an event to be expected; but to be pushed about from one article of furniture to another, disrowned, throneless, a very Lear of the nursery, is, I think, rather hard upon a superannuated infant. At present, my existence may be said to be, like any approaching marriage in high-life, upon the *tapis*, or Kidderminster only, from which nobody, save Uncle George, ever takes the trouble to pick me up. In a word, out of revenge, I suppose, for having exceedingly little of that feature himself to boast of, the Other has put my nose out of joint. I'm the Old Baby.

THE CARMELITES OF JESI.*

A few days after my excursion to Loretto, I had my last glimpse of real Italian scenes and Italian life, in a visit to Jesi, a small city of great antiquity, about twenty miles distant from Ancona. The circumstances that led us thither hinged upon the acquaintance of my uncle's family with an Irish priest, who belonged to a convent of Carmelites in that place. Father O'Grady was a jovial, burly personage, with a round bullet-head, an athletic frame, and a stentorian voice, that always reminded me of the holy clerk of Copmanhurst in *Ivanhoe*. His great delight in his occasional visits to Ancona, where he always lodged in a monastery of the same order, was to be invited to our house to have 'a real English dinner,' as he termed it, which he dolorously contrasted with the fare provided by the cook at the Jesi convent. Once, too, the provincial of the order, a fine, dignified old man of seventy-five, with a silvery fringe of hair and regular impressive features, like one of Perugino's saints, came to dine with us, attended by another monk, a certain Padre Fiorenzo, as well as Father O'Grady—both of them very much subdued in his presence. Our Hibernian friend, however, always protested himself indemnified for this restraint, by his gratification at the approval the entertainment drew from his superior, who, as the spring advanced, was urgent that we should test the hospitality of Jesi in return.

Some English travelling friends, waiting for the steamer to Trieste, were comprised in this invitation, which my uncle, though not without some sighs at the long hours of *conversazione*, and making the amiable with the brotherhood, which lay before him, was coerced into accepting; and a beautiful morning in the latter part of June saw the two families in motion.

After following the high road towards Senigallia along the curve of the bay for some miles, the way to Jesi turns inland in a westward direction. Long rows of mulberry-trees, connected by ample festoons of vines; cornfields nearly ripe for the sickle, interspersed with plantations of young maize, beans, and olives, equally indicated the fertility of the country and its staple productions. Less hilly and romantic than the scenery near Loretto, it still had no lack of beauty; a background of mountains was never wanting, and gifted with that marvellous brightness and diversity of colouring peculiar to this climate, the landscape rarely sank into monotony.

* See Journal, No. 373—The Santa Casa of Loretto.

Jesi is an interesting little town, of some 5000 inhabitants, tracing its origin to an indefinite number of centuries before the foundation of Rome, and famed in the middle ages as the birthplace of Frederick II., the great emperor of Germany, whose constant wars with the Roman pontiffs and encouragement of literature, render his memory very popular amongst Italian writers. A thriving trade in silk has preserved it from the squalid misery discernible in most of the inland towns of the Marche; and it can boast of some palaces in tolerable preservation, a casino, a very pretty theatre, and several churches, that of the Carmelites being amongst the principal.

Father O'Grady, radiant with joy, was awaiting us in the street, to shew the way to the hotel where we were to take up our quarters—for within the cloister itself no woman may set her foot—until two rooms adjoining the church and sacristy were prepared for the day's festivities. They had been up since day-break, the good man said, but 'the last touch was still wanting.'

The last touch being a lengthy process, and the inn barren of resources, a walk was proposed. We were conducted by the father and Padre Fiorenzo, his great friend, through the market, the principal square, and the main street called the Corso, the worthy pair being evidently desirous the citizens of Jesi should all participate in the novelty of the presence of strangers, for the town, lying out of the general route of travellers, is very rarely visited. After this promenade, somewhat fatiguing under a noonday's sun, we went over the casino. The billiard, conversazione, and ball rooms, all well arranged, and in good taste, incomparably superior to any corresponding establishment in towns of far higher pretensions in England; but then, as Lucy was at hand patriotically to remark, had we not mechanics' libraries, and schools, and charitable institutions, to atone for this deficiency? Admitting all this to its fullest extent, I cannot see why casinos, on the same simple footing as those so common in Southern Italy, should not be advantageously grafted on English county society. In towns too small to have a *casino de' nobili* to themselves, the higher and middle classes are content to waive questions of caste, and meet, as at Ancona, or Macerata, or Jesi, on this neutral territory. Once a week, during Lent or Advent, when there is no opera to serve as a rallying-point, reunions for music and cards draw together the subscribers, without any extravagance in dress on the part of the wealthier ladies, provoking the less affluent to foolish emulation. Two or three times in the course of the year, balls are given, where a greater display is permitted, yet still without the inequalities of fortune thus rendered more apparent leading to any offensive airs of superiority. No refreshments are supplied on these occasions, the low amount of the subscription, twelve dollars a year for each member—inclusive of his family, however numerous—not furnishing funds beyond those necessary for attendance, lights, and music, and keeping up the establishment for the old bachelors and heads of houses, who frequent it regularly every day and every evening the whole twelvemonth round.

We concluded our peregrinations by the inspection of the theatre, Padre Fiorenzo having an acquaintance with one of the *employés*, through whom access to it was obtained. Even with the disadvantages of being seen by daylight, it might be pronounced a very elegant little structure; the columns and ceiling ornamented in white and gold, and the three tiers of private boxes draped with blue silk. Father O'Grady trod the stage with a mock-heroic air, and favoured us with two or three *roulades* of so much effect, that we protested he must often be hearing operas, and hinted he perhaps occasionally ventured there in disguise. At this insinuation, he shook

his portly sides with laughter; but Padre Fiorenzo related with complacency that in fact one night the previous Carnival, they and several others of the brotherhood had been present at a concert given in that same theatre on behalf of the poor, which the bishop permitted all the clergy and *religiosi* to attend; dwelling with the simplicity of a child upon the great enjoyment this had afforded them.

From these mundane resorts—a messenger having come to say all was now in readiness—we adjourned to the church of the Carmelites, where a side-door gave admission to the sacristy, and beyond this to a dark, low-ceiled room, lined with massive walnut-wood presses, in which all the vestments and ornaments for the great religious solemnities were deposited. An iron-barred window looked into the inner quadrangle of the monastery; and through a half-opened door we had glimpses of a long table spread for dinner; around which several dark-robed figures were hovering, the silvery head of the provincial himself now and then discernible as he directed the arrangements.

Father O'Grady being troubled in his mind about a certain plum-pudding, on the manipulation of which the dawn of morning had found him engaged, now ceded his post as chief spokesman and squire to Padre Fiorenzo, who, with two other elderly monks, very gladly engaged to do the honours.

The next half-hour saw the good father revolving perpetually between us and the kitchen, now disputing with the cook, an octogenarian artist, who had no sympathy for such outlandish compounds, now restraining the merriment of some of the younger visitors, for whom the idea of transgressing convent etiquette was irresistibly attractive. A door from the sacristy temptingly stood open, leading down by two or three steps into the court, of which the church and the rooms we occupied formed the southern extremity and barrier. Under pain of the severest excommunication, the monks repeatedly assured us, females were interdicted from proceeding further; the threshold on which we crowded on hearing these particulars, being the utmost boundary. The two blooming, joyous sisters, just out of the school-room, who had accompanied us from Ancona, with a mother too indulgent to act as any check on their spirits, and an elder brother, a barrister, almost as full of sport as themselves, proved amusingly refractory on this occasion. Whenever the provincial—who had come in once or twice to pay his compliments—was out of the way, or my uncle's attention was engaged, they made a feint of dancing down the steps and rushing into the forbidden ground; just for the amusement of being chased back again by the terrified Padre Fiorenzo, and rebuked by Father O'Grady, who evidently enjoyed the joke, though he tried to look serious upon it, with: 'Children dhear, why can't ye remain quiet? Shure, now, it's excommunicated ye'll be! Ah! more's the pity that ye don't care for that! Now jist be asy, and don't turn the house out of windows.' But as the 'children' would not be 'asy,' after one or two more *escapades*, the door was locked; and they were fain to resort to some new device to beguile the time. Visible from the iron-barred window were some of the younger brethren walking up and down the prohibited quadrangle, trying to get a glimpse of the English heretics, whose visit had thrown the whole community into such pleasurable excitement. With black silk scarfs and white handkerchiefs, the delighted mad-caps extemporised some nuns' costumes, in which they took their stations at the window, and confronted Father O'Grady as he was crossing the enclosure on his return from one of his expeditions to the kitchen.

The admiration of Mother Hubbard, in that renowned epic of our infancy, on finding her faithful canine attendant travestied in a court-suit, has its parallel in the father's astonishment and laughter at

this apparition, in which he was chorused by Padre Florenzo and the others; until hearing the provincial approaching, they wiped their eyes, and entreated them to remove their impromptu attire; while to keep them out of further mischief, and provide some employment for the more sober members of the party, they asked the superior's permission to shew us the church vestments. This was graciously accorded; and one after another the presses were opened by the monks; and rich brocades, tissues of gold and silver, silks embroidered in various colours, were successively drawn forth, the provincial himself deigning to explain for what they were designed.

The welcome announcement of dinner still found us thus engaged. We were ushered with great glee—for I cannot repeat too often that, with the exception of the provincial, they all seemed as easily set laughing as a parcel of school-boys—into the next room, where our venerable host and the fathers who had previously been making conversations, took their seats with us at the table. We were waited upon by two lay-brothers, whose broad smiles and occasional remarks, shewed they participated in the general hilarity; the provincial himself playing the courteous attentive host to perfection, seeming to sanction and approve it. To say the repast was seasoned with Attic salt would be a flower of speech; neither was there anything peculiarly droll in the sallies with which Padre Alberto, the *bel esprit* of the convent, sustained, or, in Father O'Grady's opinion, enhanced his reputation; but there was something as pleasant in the intense childlike happiness of these good Carmelites, that it would have been invidious to scan their intellectual attainments at such a moment. Dr Primrose's oft-quoted words were exactly applicable to that party: 'I can't say whether we had more wit among us than usual, but certainly we had more laughing.'

Of the dinner itself, I shall say but little; the readers of these sketches must be by this time familiar with Italian hills of fare. The soup of clear broth, wherein floated little squares of a compound resembling hard custard; the unfailing *lesso*; a *frittura* of brains and bread-crumbs, sprinkled with powdered sugar; larded oysters; a dish of fennel-root, dressed with butter and cheese; roast kid; a pie, of which cookscombe were the principal ingredients, with a sweet crust; a *suppa* *Inglesa*, cake steeped in rum and covered with custard; 'on purpose,' the provincial said, 'for the English ladies, accustomed from childhood to mix spirits with their food;' and, lastly, Father O'Grady's plum-pudding, but, alas! served in a soup-tureen, for the flour had been forgotten in its composition, and no amount of boiling had availed to give it the desired consistency. Still the innumerable jokes this furnished, amply compensated for its partial failure; the young barrister told them it was exactly like the plum-broth served out at Christmas at St Cross's Hospital, one of the most famous institutions in England, he asserted, for good cheer, and incited every one by example as well as precept to do justice to Father O'Grady's culinary achievements. Though he had already shewn himself envious of a boa constrictor's capacity, he now sent his plate for a second supply, compelling Padre Florenzo, as a tribute to friendship, to do the same.

At the conclusion of the banquet, Fra Carmelo, the old cook of whom we had heard so much, and who was declared to have acquitted himself right manfully, was summoned to receive the thanks of the company. The messenger found him playing the guitar, with which he was wont daily to solace himself at the completion of his duties in the kitchen, and triumphantly led him forward. In his brown Carmelite dress, he certainly looked a most interesting cook. Though past eighty, his tall spare figure was only slightly bowed; and there was a vivacity in his light-blue

eyes and ruddy complexion, which led to the conclusion that his alleged occasional shortcomings in his art were more the result of inattention than incapacity.

On rising from table, the provincial offered to *fare due passi*, a great distinction, which was of course accepted. Again the whole party sallied forth, he and my uncle—who won golden opinions, though suffering martyrdom throughout the day—leading the van. We went to see two or three churches, and then, at Father O'Grady's suggestion, were taken to a nunnery, which he knew would be a treat for us. All the sisters crowded to the *parlatorio* to see the strangers. It was not a grating, as in the stricter orders, but simply a large aperture like a wide unglazed window, at which they clustered, talking eagerly to the monks, asking questions about the little world of Jesi, and gazing with unrestrained and delighted curiosity upon us.

Amongst fifteen or sixteen thus assembled, little beauty, less mind, was discernible. I saw but one interesting face—a face that had, or might have had, a history written on it. Indeed, several of these nuns were positively ill favoured, evidently devoted to the cloister because their parents had found it impracticable to get them otherwise disposed of. Some told us they had never left the convent since their first entrance as *educande*, seven or eight years of age; they grew attached to the nuns and their companions, and as the time for returning home drew nigh, estranged by many years' separation from their families, besought that they might not be removed, and passed through their novitiate, and took the veil, without ever going beyond the walls. They all talked as fast as possible, so if to make the most of the opportunity; interspersing whatever they said, or commenting on whatever they heard, with invocations to the Madonna and saints, and ejaculations of simple wonder. I was amused, though, at nothing how well informed they were of all that was passing in Jesi society; their information being derived, the monks told us with an air of pitying superiority, through whatever they could glean from occasional visitors; but especially from the gossip collected at market by the woman charged every morning to purchase their supplies, and who, in consigning the provisions at the convent-wicket, communicates any novelties she has picked up. A single observation denoting deep thought or enthusiasm, I sought in vain to hear; indeed, as I reflected at the time, it would be difficult to convey any notion of their limited capacity. Not tending the sick, not instructing the poor; with only four or five *educande* to bring up till the age of sixteen or seventeen, exactly as they themselves have been educated—embroidery and the making of confectionary filling up all the leisure left after the performance of their stated religious exercises, which call them for several hours daily to the choir, what a dreary unsatisfactory life, according to our notions of existence and its duties, stretches itself before these women. But they said they were happy; and, looking at the bery of English girls before them, lifted up their eyes and hands in sadness to think their hearts were not disposed to follow their example.

It was pleasant to know what delight our visit had afforded them, and to note the earnestness with which they begged us to return to Jesi and come to see them; to have the conviction that we had furnished the whole sisterhood with materials for at least a fortnight's conversation, and several years' reminiscence.

The good Carmelites, too, if our self-pride did not greatly mislead us, marked this day with a white stone; and long after the pursuits and interests of a busier life have dimmed its recollections with the majority of their guests, will continue to treasure every incident of their visit.

My leave-taking of the good monks of Jesi was soon followed by a long farewell to Ancona and its kindly people. In bringing these sketches to a conclusion, I

feel as if the pain of parting were renewed, while many unrecorded traits of courtesy, sympathy, and friendship crowd upon me. If such omissions have arisen, it has been from no spirit of depreciation. In reminiscences like the foregoing, the peculiarities a stranger cannot but fail to remark must be prominently brought forward: those good qualities no impartial observer can deny to the national character being often left in the background, simply because offering less scope for comment or description.

The sole merit of what I have written is its truth. Not an anecdote, not an incident, is here given but what is scrupulously authentic. With a little exaggeration, I might have been much more amusing, but I preferred delineating these things as they really are—in their light and darkness, in their fairness and deformity—in what our pride might stoop to imitate, or our gratitude make us thankful that we differ.

A REMINISCENCE OF FIELD LANE.

FIELD LANE is now a thing of the past. That odd-looking bower of dangling silk-banners, beneath which a colony of filthy Jew-fences with villainous faces, and fat Jewesses stunted in skirt and bare of elbow, burrowed and sweltered in darkness and foul vapours, has at length vanished. London has lost something by the loss of Field Lane. It has not a single alum left to compare with the commercial resorts of Constantinople or Grand Cairo, as Field Lane did, rivalling them in its mingled aspect of brilliancy and squalor, its shady sunlessness, even in the dog-days, and its odours so genuinely Asiatic. But nobody need regret that that delectable Goshen has disappeared from the map of London, unless it be the pickpockets, whose bazaar and sanctuary it was, and who made it so picturesque a garner of their *spolia opima* as to compensate in some degree to the public eye for the solace of which they deprived the public nose. A hundred thousand handkerchiefs per annum, it is said, were bought and sold in Field Lane—all extracted from the pockets of the public by rule of thumb, and all hung up as trophies in that sinuous gallery of banners for the said public to admire, and purchase if they chose. And the public did admire, in their way; that is, they laughed at the impudence of the thing—made of the thief's market a standing joke—in some sense, took a sort of pride in it, and commended it to strangers and country-cousins as a lion of a peculiar species: not the real British animal, of course, but yet a smart, plucky beast that scorned to carry his tail between his legs.

I confess, for my part, I never relished the jokes of which this den of rascality was the standing occasion. I had a reason for it. For more than five-and-twenty years I never came within sight of it without a shudder; and never passed, in all that time, its Holborn outlet without involuntarily quickening my pace until it was at least fifty yards in the rear. I am glad at last to see it razed to the ground. You will hardly wonder at that if you read what I am now going to set down.

In the summer of 1832 I was a young blockhead just turned twenty-one: to be sure, what an ass I was, half fool and all fool! I had served my time down in Suffolk (I shan't say where), and had learned my trade as a hair-dresser, by dint of seven years' practice, tolerably well. At the expiration of my apprenticeship, I came up to town with all my fortune—above a hundred pounds—in my pocket, intending to see the world and enjoy myself before I settled down to business. I bought a fashionable suit, sported cream-coloured gloves, hung a gold guard-chain that cost me ten guineas round my neck,

cocked my Paris beaver on one side, and strutted the streets with a tasselled amber-headed cane. Faugh! I almost deserved what I met with.

Well, I did enjoy myself, notwithstanding. Everything was a pleasure to me in those days—and then, as to Vauxhall, the theatres, the dancing-rooms, the free-and-easies, the shades—I thought them Paradise itself. I made friends with some young fellows as silly as myself, and together we flattered ourselves we 'did the thing'—and many a preposterous and senseless thing we certainly did.

One day, having made an appointment to dine with one of these chance acquaintances, I was proceeding in full costume along Holborn towards the place of assignation, when a mop-headed, ragged urchin ran against me, and nearly tripped me up; and the next moment, I discovered that I had lost my handkerchief from my pocket. I was too green to suspect the little vagabond of having taken it—besides, he had disappeared. The loss was nothing; it was only the trouble of purchasing another. I proceeded onwards on the look-out for a shop, when I came suddenly upon the entrance to Field Lane, which disclosed to my view thousands of handkerchiefs dangling from walls, and lines, and open windows: and up I walked to make my selection. The queer aspect of the place tickled my fancy, and amused me much—the chaffing, squabbling, and bawling—the coarse jokes I heard, the odd faces that peeped out on all sides—the myriads of silken spoils that fluttered around and aloft—all struck me with an agreeable sense of novelty, and, being in no hurry, and thinking I might as well see the whole of it, I wandered from end to end of the lane before troubling myself about the business in hand. The sirens of the place, plump and unctuous, paid me marked attention, and would fain have entrapped me into a bargain, but I was callous to their compliments, and held on my way. Having at length satisfied my curiosity, I retraced my steps, and entering a shop at hazard, demanded to be shewn some of the best of the wares. The shop was a sort of shed-looking chamber, which was almost empty; the whole of the merchandise having been transferred to the lines and poles without, where, as it hung thick as leaves on a tree, it completely obscured the view of what was passing in the lane. The man who rose up from behind the counter in answer to my challenge, seemed to my first view all nose and scrubby hair; but a pair of dark-black eyes twinkled beneath one broad bush of brow that covered them both, and his bristly jaw contorted with a grin as he asked: 'Didg' yer vant de verra pest, ma tear?'

Of course I wanted the best, and was not particular as to price.

The fellow eyed me leisurely all over as I gave him to understand that much, and no doubt he took my measure to a hair. 'Den vill de shentleman shtep into de vareus, an' look at some vot is fast-rate?'

He opened a whitewashed door at the end of the shop, and beckoned me to follow. I obeyed; and threading a dark narrow passage some few paces in length, was shewn into a chamber not more than ten feet square, lighted by a small window in the roof, and totally empty, with the exception of what seemed a huge seaman's chest, a short bench, and some tools and billets of wood lying about, together with a dozen or so of big square paving-stones, which seemed to have been brought in from Holborn, which was then undergoing repair.

The Jew produced a bunch of keys from his pocket, and ejaculating: 'Ha, ha, ma tear! I shall shew yer de pootiful gootsh!' began fumbling at the lock of the chest, to open it. But somehow it would not open, and defied all his efforts, till the fellow began to curse the lock, and work himself into a passion with it. He stamped and bawled, and anathematised some

absent old woman, who, he swore bitterly, had been meddling, and had hampered the lock.

At first, the fellow's antics amused me: but all at once it struck me that the passion was unnatural and feigned; and now the queer reports I had heard of London traps and villainies rushed to my recollection: and I began immediately to suspect that all was not as it should be. I turned towards the door, intending to regain the shop, when it suddenly flew open, and a figure in the guise of an old woman, supporting herself on a crutch, barred the way.

I say, in the guise of an old woman; for if that apparition was of the female sex, then I am the man in the moon. I had mown too many masculine beards during the last seven years to be mistaken on that point: the seeming old woman was a sturdy ruffian of forty, not two hours shaved—I saw it at a glance; and the sight sent all the blood in my veins bounding back to its source.

The Jew launched a torrent of abuse at his confederate, and demanded the key of the chest. I was too much prepossessed to note his acts or to hear much he said. I endeavoured to maintain a careless air, but could not withdraw my gaze from the pretended old woman. I heard the box-lid thrown back, and the voice of the Jew extolling the wares within. I made a feint of turning to look at them; and at the same moment I saw the petticoated ruffian feeling with his left hand for what seemed a fragment of a broomstick, which leaned against the wall behind the door. Something—perhaps my better angel—gave me courage. I dashed at the object myself, and seized it firmly in my grasp—it was a painted bar of iron. My worst suspicions were confirmed in an instant; and at the same moment the villains who had me in their toils, threw off the mask. The bigger ruffian lifted his crutch with both hands, and aimed a savage blow, which I luckily caught on the iron bar, and which slivered the crutch to fragments. Almost at the same moment the Jew grappled me by the throat. I dashed the heel of the bar into his face, and he flew to the end of the room, carrying my lavender-silk neck-tie and diamond pin in his hand. I expected the bulkier assassin would close; but, instead of that, he planted his back against the door—now firmly shut—and shielded himself with the remnant of his crutch. No time was to be lost—the Jew would recover himself, and return to the attack in an instant—heavy tools were lying about—I should be beaten down and slain. Madly I rushed towards the door, and was in the act of poising my weapon for a blow which should crush the skull of the burly ruffian, spite of his fence, when suddenly the whole scene shot upwards into the air; the last thing I saw was the fire-flashing eye and demoniac grin of my opponent—and I was falling, falling in a gulf of pitchy darkness.

Men of genius talk and write very fine things about the wondrous celerity of thought, and the freaks of imagination and memory under certain circumstances. I don't understand that kind of subject myself; but it's all true they say, nevertheless. In those most horrible moments I saw myself a child in arms—a boy at school—an apprentice, shaving my master's customers in the old shop—and, what is more, I saw myself dead and dashed to pieces at the bottom of a frightful dungeon, and my mangled body stripped and plundered, and then packed away in a hole, out of the world for ever.

But this terrible vision was not destined to be realised. Instead of dashing on the floor of a dungeon, I fell some into a mass of filthy fluid, the odour of which informed me at once that I had been hurled into the common sewer. The drain was deep, and I had to exercise some skill as a swimmer before I found my feet. Even then I stood up to the armpits

in the vile liquid, the effluvia of which threatened to poison me with every breath I drew. Happily, I had suffered no serious bodily injury by my fall, the force of which had been neutralised by the water. I looked up just as the trap-door through which I had descended was in the act of closing—saw it raised to its level, and heard the villains slipping the bolt that secured it. What was to be done? I gave myself up for lost. If I cried out, none were likely to hear me save the fiends who had compassed my destruction, which any alarm on my part would only goad them to complete. I had not relinquished the iron bar, but still clutched it mechanically, and I now began groping with it in the dense darkness, to ascertain, if possible, in what direction to proceed, to escape, if it might be, from the ruffians' power. I found that I stood in the centre of the channel, in which a slow current ran in one direction, as I judged towards the river. The water shallowed towards the sides. I crept involuntarily to the side furthest from the trap above my head, where the flood scarcely reached to my knees. A deadly shiver came over me, and I felt about with my hands for some place of rest, as I fancied my senses were leaving me. Thank Heaven, that did not take place! A rough sort of buttress of old brickwork projected from the bank, and in the angle of that I crouched half in the water, and tried to collect my wandering faculties. I was hardly ensconced in this position, when a dull gleam shimmered faintly on the surface of the filthy water. I knew it must come from the trap-door overhead, and waited in horror for what it might portend—half-expecting to see the ruffian masquerader descend, knife in hand, to make sure of his work. I held my breath, for I knew that the villains were listening, and that the slightest sound from me would seal my doom. Then I heard a lumbering noise above, and the next moment down came a shower of the monster paving-stones, which would have crashed the life out of an ox had they fallen upon him. Then the trap closed once more, and again all was darkness.

How long I crouched there, devoured with terror and apprehension, I cannot say. To me it appeared an age; it may not have been a dozen minutes. I had come to the conclusion that there I should die, and rot piecemeal, and never be discovered, and there I should have died, it is my opinion, if a new cause of apprehension had not roused me. While I was in the lowest state of despondency, a red gleam shot along the dark water, from the distance of some thirty feet up the stream. I looked, and there, through a hole in the over-arching arch, caused by knocking out a few bricks, appeared the face of the Jew, still bleeding from the complement I had administered, and wild with mingled rage, pain, and anxiety. The wretch held a horse-pistol in one hand, and in the other a lantern furnished with a bull's-eye, which threw its searching rays to whatever point he turned it. I was sure now that my hour was come; but lo! when the flash was turned in my direction, its full force fell on the interrening buttress, and by lying still as I was, I could remain effectually concealed.

Through a small crevice I watched the face of the Jew, as he turned his piercing eyes in every direction, and I thought I read in it at length his conviction that I had perished—a conclusion to which he may have been helped by the sight of my hat cast up in the shallows on one side. In that case, I asked myself, what would he do? Would he not descend with his comrade to find and plunder my body? I had not a doubt of it—and my only chance lay in making my escape before they executed their purpose. The light which had shown me the Jew's face had shown me also something of the bearings of my prison. I saw that I could not proceed down the stream without getting into deeper water, but that upwards the depth

was nothing—the flow rippling over stones and offal that lay in its course. Therefore, as soon as the Jew had disappeared, I rose cautiously from my position, and groped my way through the rayless gloom against the course of the current. I still retained my weapon, and it stood me in good stead as I held it above my head, by warning me when to stoop and save my bare scalp from the impending brickwork. When once fairly out of hearing and sight-range of my persecutors, a fact of which I was aware from the angular course I followed, my spirits began to revive within me, and something like hope once more dawned upon my mind.

To my great relief, I found as I proceeded that the horrible gloom grew less dense, partly, perhaps, because my sight was becoming habituated to it, but partly also because a few rays streamed in here and there through some of the side-gullies of the drain, the ends of which were separated but by a grating from the street, but which were all too narrow to admit the passage of my body. At first, all I cared for was to hasten on and on, away and still further away from the bloodthirsty assassins. Once or twice the main channel, or what appeared to be such, had branched off into other channels as large or nearly so. This gave me some comfort, as in the case of pursuit my pursuers might elect the wrong track, and thus miss me. I had hurried onwards for some hours, and left the murderous den some miles behind before my limbs began to fail me, and I found myself compelled to stop to recruit my strength by rest. I sat down by a side-drain whence a few rays of light shone in, and resting my head upon my knees, allowed the current to flow under my legs. I could hear above my head the noise of the traffic that rolled along the streets, the rattle of wheels, and the pat, pat of innumerable feet—and the tears now for the first time started in my eyes, as I wondered whether I should ever again be restored to the busy world above. This melancholy temper of mind was, however, put to flight by the teeth of a huge rat, which had fastened on my ankle with the gripe of a vice. I had to crush the fellow with my weapon before he would let go, and the next minute had to do battle with hundreds more, which swarmed upon me from all quarters, dashing at my face and hands, and falling on my neck from the roof, which was too low to permit me to stand upright. I must have smashed fifty of them at least before the troop withdrew from me to regale themselves on their dead companions, and allowed me to pursue my way.

This assault deterred me from proceeding further in the same direction, and I resolved to retrace my steps, and try another turning which I had marked about an hour before. One hope had haunted me all along, since I had shaken off the fear of being murdered. I had seen the day before in that neighbourhood a part of the street ripped up for the repair of the main sewer. If I could find that spot, my deliverance would be effected. I could think of no other chance, and naturally clung to that with the tenacity of despair. With an eye to the rats in my progress, I regained the place I sought, and groped along as fast as I could. From the increased noise overhead, and the almost utter absence of light, owing to the length of the side-drains, I gathered that I was traversing one of the grand thoroughfares of the city. Several times I halted, and shouted at the top of my voice at the embouchure of the tributary drains; but no reply ever reached my ears, and I desisted at length in utter hopelessness of making myself heard. I knew by this time, from the hours I had been under ground, that the evening must be drawing in, and I looked for nothing less than passing the night, which, I was convinced, would be the last of my existence, in this living tomb. I knew that as soon as I succumbed to

fatigue, I should be devoured by the swarms of rats; and already I felt exhausted in every faculty of my body.

Conceive my joy, if you can, when, on a chance look backwards in the direction I had come, I perceived at no great distance, and framed in the black circle of surrounding darkness, the figure of a man carrying an old horn-lantern swung from his neck, with a basket at his back, a bag at his girdle, a cage full of live rats in one hand, and a staff in the other. He was attended by a savage-looking bull-terrier, which came scouring towards me open-mouthed, and seemed inclined to resent my trespass on his warren. Never, perhaps, did mortal man rejoice more devoutly than I did at the presence of this strange and unlooked-for apparition. The man, bare to the hips, was a mass of filth and rags: yesterday, I would not have spoken to him on any consideration to be mentioned; but now, I could have pressed him to my heart, or kissed the tattered hem of his garments. I am not sure I did not do something as foolish the moment my trembling limbs had carried me to his side.

The honest fellow did not at all reciprocate my earnestness. Holding me off at arm's-length, he held up his lantern for a good view, and deliberately surveyed me from head to foot.

'Blest if 't ain't a reg'lar swell!' he ejaculated at length. 'Why, what the doose makes the likes of you down in the shore? an' where's yer dog, man alive?—Come into the shore without ne'er a dog! it's a wonder the rats han't a eat ee hup!'

'I didn't come here of my own accord,' I said. 'Shew me the way out, and I'll pay you well.'

'Well, hang me if I knows what to make on it. Not come in o' yer hone accord! How was it then? You've a been here ever since one o'clock, anyhow.'

'No, I have not—it was after three o'clock when I got here.'

'That's onpossible. Tide was a-comin' in then, an' it ain't gone down yet.'

'Will you guide me out, and take a guinea for your trouble?' I said impatiently.

'In course I guides you out, whether I will or no—cos if you follers me, you gits out when I do; but we can't go out till the tide's gone down, an' that won't be for this hour, I reckon. What I wants to know is how you got in—cos it looks queer, yer see. Here, take a swig o' this here, an' tell us all about it.'

He produced a pocket-flask as he spoke, and glad enough I was to take a pull at the fiery spirit it contained, and which almost in a moment gave me new life.

'That's the sort to keep the stench out of a feller's stomick, ain't it?' he said with a grin as he followed my example. 'Now for it. Let's sit down here—my basket's seat enough for two—an' tell us how the doose a gemman like you comes a shorin' of it.'

Without more ado, I told my story as the reader already knows it, to the unqualified amazement and indignation of the hearer.

I shall not repeat his comments on the narrative. 'The bloody-minded villins!' he concluded; 'won't you hang 'em?'

'That I certainly will, if I can lay hold of them,' was my reply.

'An' I'll go an' see 'em swing—blest if I don't.'

'And you,' said I—'how came you here? You seem to be quite at home in this horrible place.'

'Oh,' said he, 'the place is well enough, if that's all—only wish I had it all to myself, an' no hinterlopers. Yer see, I'm a shore-hunter for many a long year. All a feller finds down here is his own, an' nobody thinks of claimin' it agin—wouldn't git it if they did, I reckon.'

'But what can you possibly find here besides the rats—and what use are they?'

'Ah, that's your high'rants! What can I find! Everythink as comes down—leave me alone to find it—spoons, cheynay, money, silver thimbles. I've found a shillin' an' four pence to-day, only three on 'em's bad uns. I've found many a good sovring in my time, an' more bad uns. Then I snares the rats, an' them's eightpence a dozen for killin' wi' the dogs. Then there's the rags an' linen, lots o' that—an' what d'ye think o' plate? Many's the table-spoon I've had, an' tea-spoons too, an' many a silver snuff-box. I know'd a chap as found a gravy-spoon as weighed six ounces, an' a gold lady's watch worth seven pound. Poor crow, he was too greedy, he was—he got shut in here wi' the tide one night without his dog, an' hanged if the rats didn't eat him bup all but his bones. It's the truth I'm a tellin' yer. I helped to git all that was left of him out myself, an' we had to put the bones in a basket: they was all picked clean in a single night. There! I can't abear to think on it. Poor Bill.'

This sort of revelation did not tend to reanimate my courage, and I was glad when the man rose, and whistling to his dog, proposed to go.

'The tide will be low enough to let us out,' he said, 'by the time we gits to the Thames, so we may as well be trackin' it.'

'And which way do you go?' I inquired.

'The way you came,' he said; 'there is no tother way.'

'I can't, I can't attempt it,' I cried—and I really could not; my flesh crept with horror at the idea.

The man lifted his lantern to my face, and marking my evident terror, began to scratch his head and mutter to himself.

'There is another way,' I said: 'they are repairing the sewer somewhere hereabout—surely you can find the place.'

'Them repairs is done, an' closed up last night. But never say die! You said a guinea, didn't yer?' he asked in a decided way.

'Yes, two. Put me above ground, and the money is yours.'

'Come along, then,' he rejoined. 'Step out arter me, an' I'll make it all right.'

He held up his lantern, and struck into a sort of ambling run. I kept close to his heels, and the dog ran yelping before. We soon came to the main drain—descended it some quarter of a mile, then entered an arch to the right, to traverse which we had to stoop to a sitting posture. After a course of more than half an hour at the best speed we could make, my guide stopped at a low outlet not more than twenty inches in diameter, and divesting himself of his various burdens, began to crawl up the orifice, telling me not to follow him, but to wait his return. In less than a minute he bawled out: 'It's all right;' and the moment after, to my indescribable satisfaction, I heard him talking with some one above ground. I waited with what patience I could, but thought the conference would never have an end. At length my deliverer came sliding back again, heels foremost. His reappearance was followed by the sound of blows and the clang of a crowbar on the grating above. My guide now held out his hand for the promised reward.

'Will you not also escape this way?' I asked.

'No,' said he; 'couldn't git my traps through. Besides, the old ooman 'll be lookin' out for me at the river-side, an' she'll be wondrin' where the dooce I'm got to. You're all right now. Just crawl up the drain, an' there you are: there's enough on 'em, I reckon, up there to fish yer out.'

Having recompensed my deliverer beyond his expectations, I followed his directions, more in a dream

than with any real consciousness of what I was doing. I was hauled out, more dead than alive, at the corner of a narrow lane, among a crowd of people assembled to witness my resurrection. I had barely sense enough to make known the address of my landlord, to whose house I was conveyed, I believe, in a cart, upon a bed of straw, after several drivers of cabs and hackney-coaches had declined the honour of my custom.

It was night before I reached home; and from that hour until full two months after, the day and the night were all alike to me, for I was raging in the delirium of fever, and declaiming horrible narratives of murder, and darkness, and skeleton victims, and rats, and gravy-spoons. My poor old mother had to come up from Suffolk to take possession of me. But at last I got well again, in spite of the doctor who dosed me six times a day, and of the aura, who crammed my mother with the notion that, because in my delirium I talked of rats, I was doomed to death.

The first thing I did when I recovered was to hunt up the ruffians who had thought to murder me. I got officers from Bow Street, and invaded Field Lane with the authority of the law. It was all to no purpose. Not only could I not find the villains themselves, but I could not identify even the scene of their atrocity. A perfect stranger to the place, I could only guess at its precise locality—of course could not swear to it. There was no such inner apartment as I described to be found—no trap-door to be discovered in any of the floors; in fact, the whole scene which my terror had indelibly imprinted on my memory, had all vanished together, and the search had to be given up.

The explanation of this seeming mystery must be referred to the time I had lain on a sick-bed, during which the report of my escape may have reached my intending murderers—and it is likely enough that my deliverer may have talked of his adventure, and so put the assassins on their guard. Thus they had time, and to spare, to effect the metamorphosis of their premises, which deceived the officers of justice, and thus facilitated their escape from the gallows they so richly deserved.

Since then, the doubt has often crossed my mind whether the police of Bow Street really believed the strange story I told them. Be that as it may, the reader may rely upon its accuracy so far as my memory serves me at this distance of time—and he will hardly wonder that I do not regret the final erasure of Field Lane from the list of metropolitan lions.

CONSUMMATION OF SMOKE-BURNING.

INDEPENDENTLY of the desired solution of the smoke-consuming problem as regards our private dwellings, a great interest attaches itself to the progress making in the same direction by those who burn coals on a grand scale, as it will be their experience which ultimately will guide the world at large in getting rid of what may be well called a monster nuisance.

But, in a scientific point of view, and as connected with several important branches of economics—as the supply of fuel from the mines, and the greater cheapness of steam-travelling, &c.—this question of perfect combustion and avoidance of smoke must be watched with intense interest by all reflecting and educated minds; and it is with sincere pleasure that we bring before our readers the new facts which are to form the subject of this paper. We shall only premise that space admits of no more than a cursory view of the details connected with the experiments, by which, as it should seem, this grand and important object has been at last achieved with perfect success in all respects. Some time since, a premium

of L.500 was offered by a body, entitled the 'Steam-coal Collieries Association,' for the best method of applying fuel to a *given* multitubular boiler, so as to consume the fuel, and leave no visible smoke to escape into the atmosphere. The question of breadth of fire-grate was left an open one to each competitor; a drawing of the boiler was furnished to each; the coals to be employed on the trial were drawn from the same pit; the results of each stage of the experiments carefully recorded; the residuary portions accurately weighed, and, in short, everything done so as to insure the most perfect *fairness* in the trials.

Judging from the Report now before us, we should conclude that the four plans selected for actual trial were considered the most likely, *a priori*, to meet the required conditions; and, as such, were tried at the expense of the Association. The other candidates, to the number of ninety-nine, refused to avail themselves of the opportunity which was given them of testing their plans at their own expense. We have, therefore, only to do with the four selected ones—namely, those of Messrs Hobson and Hopkinson, Huddersfield; Mr C. W. Williams of Liverpool; Mr B. Stoney, Dublin; and Mr Robson, South Shields. Of these four, the competitor who was declared by the judges to have satisfied the conditions laid down by the Association, was Mr Williams, a gentleman to whom the public are already very deeply indebted for his researches on subjects of this nature; and who is said, in fact, to have taught us all we know of any moment as to the consumption of fuel upon useful and scientific principles in steam-furnaces. We remember the name in connection with an air-jet some twenty-five years ago, which it was said at the time had been found to produce a conversion of the dense smoke of the marine-boiler furnace into a volume of bright flame, and thus to have achieved a great and double advantage. That steamers at the present day continue to announce their approach, while still far in the 'offing,' by the characteristic cloud of smoke, is no proof that Mr Williams was given in that case more credit than he deserved; for, of all slow-coaches in adopting improvements, steam-companies seem to be the very slowest.

Before explaining the different plans brought to trial, and the causes of Mr Williams's success, we shall dwell a moment on some curious and important scientific facts brought under our notice by the Report.

It would seem that the question of *perfect combustion* is not set at rest by the absence of smoke; invisible gases may be passing away unconsumed from want of oxygen—that is, from want of air; and when air is supplied only through the face of the fire-grate, this, on the production of visible smoke, will be the result. Air, then, must be largely admitted; some think it should be *heated* for the purpose, but the judges very properly observe that the heating of air involves so many inconveniences, that it is in no way to be recommended unless absolutely indispensable. It considerably enhances the merit of Mr Williams's system, that it has nothing to do with heated air, or any other troublesome or expensive complications. Its simplicity, indeed, taken in connection with its perfect success, is one of its greatest merits; for it is evident, upon a moment's reflection, that an object may be attained in the laboratory of the chemist by the application of processes and manipulations of a kind which may be quite inadmissible on a grand scale.

It further appears that the mere passing of gases through a body of burning fuel will not of itself destroy the smoke. On this account, it has been proposed to supply a jet of air to the gases just as they are entering the fire from below. The judges remark upon this, that the destructive effect upon the bars supporting this fire has not been sufficiently considered by projectors. The intense heat generated

by the process speedily destroys these bars; and it has been proposed to obviate this difficulty by substituting for them hollow tubes, filled with air or water. From this, it is replied, even if successful to a certain extent, might arise too many inconveniences, in regard of sea-going ships, to render its adoption desirable. The failure of one such tube—and, in spite of all that can be said, we know that, exposed to an intense heat, failure would be extremely probable—might render the whole boiler useless, and stop the voyage.

Again, the judges disapprove of the introduction of *steam* with air into the furnace, which has likewise been proposed; and, without going into the rather deep science of the matter, it must be obvious that this method would be highly objectionable on the ground of expense and complication.

We now come to a brief description of the competing systems, beginning with that of Mr Robson, which was the first brought to trial.

The principle of this plan is to divide the furnace into two fire-grates, the one at the back being shorter than the other, and at a lower level. This back-grate is quite a separate affair, furnished with separate doors for cleaning and the supply of fuel; this door has a valve in it for the admission of air; and there is also what is called a 'distributing tube,' perforated with holes, to allow air to get at all parts of the fire at once.

The plan of proceeding is, to burn *coal* in the front-grate, and coke or cinders in the second. It was expected that the gases generated in the outer, and forced to pass through and over the bright clear fire in the inner, grate, would be all consumed; but in this the judges found that the object was 'only partially accomplished.' The idea, however, is ingenious and interesting; and very probably may contain the germs of success, after some further improvements, likely enough to be suggested in practice. It appears that air is not admitted directly to the fire in the front-grate, and consequently it can excite no surprise that the mass of fuel there burns slowly, with a loss of effective force in the boiler. This is one of the weak points which may be strengthened in time.

The next plan was that of Messrs Hobson & Co. In this, air is freely admitted in various ways, which we shall not pause to describe. There is here a complication of brick pillars and brickwork to distribute and equalise the currents of air, and effect the mixture of it with the gases. 'As to prevention of smoke, this plan was pronounced efficient, though in hard firing it requires considerable attention from the stoker.' The objection is stated to be, that the brickwork is liable to crack, and get out of order, but the judges do not attach much importance to this, as they consider its efficiency to depend, not on the brickwork, but on the equable diffusion of the gases. They further say, that this system is applicable to all forms of boilers; the combustion is very good, and with moderate firing, it does not depend upon the stoker. They are therefore of opinion that it complies with all the prescribed conditions.

We shall now describe Mr Stoney's plan, although not next in order, reserving that of Mr Williams for the last.

This is 'in principle, as far as the admission of air goes, identical with that of Mr Williams;' and this, we may now observe, differs from the first described in allowing the air to enter through the front door. 'Its peculiarity consists in the adoption of a shelf outside the boiler, forming, in fact, a continuation of the dead-plate outwards.' On this shelf the fuel is placed, partly within and partly without the furnace, the door of which is a sliding one, shutting from above, so that the air passes partly through the coals, and partly through perforations made in the door for the

purpose. The coal is pushed forward to supply the furnace as required; but, as it is declared not to have prevented smoke, we shall not dwell longer on its details.

The successful competitor, Mr Williams, admits air in front, at the bridges, and also by small apertures elsewhere, in order to its complete diffusion, in streams and jets, among the gases. In the plan adopted in the present instance, Mr Williams introduces the air only at the front, by means of cast-iron casings furnished on the outside with shutters, so as to vary the area at will, and perforated on the inside with a great number of small holes. 'The mode of firing consists in applying the fresh fuel alternately at each side of the furnace, so as to have one side bright while the other is black.' The results obtained by this method shew a large increase above the standard in every respect. 'The prevention of smoke,' say the judges, 'was, we may say, practically perfect, whether the fuel burned was 15 pounds or 37 pounds the square foot per hour. Indeed, in one experiment the extraordinary quantity of 87½ pounds of coal per square foot per hour was burned in a grate of 15½ square feet, giving a rate of evaporation of 5½ cubic feet of water per hour, per square foot of fire-grate, without producing smoke.' All readers may not exactly understand this; but it will serve to shew, that according to some of the most competent judges in England, Mr Williams has succeeded, not only in producing the standard quantity of steam in relation to the size of the fire-grate employed, but done very much more than this—involving a much greater consumption of coal, and this *without producing smoke*; or, on the other hand, without leaving any portion of the valuable gases contained in the coal unconsumed.

One short quotation more: 'No particular attention is required from the stoker; in fact, in this respect, the system *leaves nothing to desire*, and the actual labour is even less than that of the ordinary mode of firing.' 'Mr Williams's system is applicable to all descriptions of marine-boilers, and its extreme simplicity is a great point in its favour. It fully complies with all the required conditions.'

The substance of this last quotation is, in our view of it, most important. We know quite enough of stokers and firemen to be well aware that, if the effect depended on any extraordinary care on their parts, a few only could be counted upon for such attention. It is a well-known fact that, even in the ordinary furnaces, a *continuous* and moderate supply of fuel will burn almost without smoke; but it was always heaped on in large quantities at a time, and so *distilled*, to the injury of the proprietors, and the annoyance of the neighbourhood.

The general applicability to marine purposes holds out a hope that, 'at long last,' a characteristic feature of a voyage by steam will no longer be the intrusive presence of small balls of lampblack upon the cheek and forehead of beauty, and that, on the approach of a steamer, we may look out for her hull, and not her smoke.

Again, we feel tempted to ask: 'Is there any chance that "Palmerston's act" will now be something more than a "dash in the pan," puffed into our faces by that astute and experienced political engineer?' At present, every proprietor of a volcano claims a legal fifteen minutes for smoking; and what with one difficulty, and what with another, it requires a more experienced eye than ours to distinguish the difference between 'smoky Brummagem,' Manchester, and Leeds, before or since the passing of 'the act.' Now, it will admit of no excuse; and the persecuted and suffering 'natives' will have only themselves to blame if they do not owe their deliverance to this 'excellent device' of Mr Williams.

We trust they will see this clearly—if they do,

it will be the first thing they have ever seen clearly in their own localities—and that they will bestir themselves accordingly.

If, after this notice, they remain indifferent, wrapped up in 'their sulphurous canopy,' we shall quite despair of the case; and say, as the Yorkshirewoman said when depriving the eels of their external cuticle: 'Let 'em alone; *they likes it*.'

It would be unfair to Mr Williams to omit that he has munificently devoted the sum awarded to him as a prize—namely, £500—to the use of an association of a scientific kind connected with the combustion of fuel on scientific and economical principles. This is justly observed upon as highly honourable to his liberality, since he must have been at great expense in the prosecution of those researches, the result of which promises such extensive advantages to the public—indeed, we might have said the world—at large.

[We have now had smoke-prevention in our own premises, with entire and unflinching success, for nine years, by means of Jukes's patent—gradual introduction of coal by means of revolving bars.—Ed.]

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LI.—WHO WAS THE RIDER?

I FELT faint enough to have reeled from the saddle; but the necessity of concealing the thoughts that were passing within me, kept me firm. There are suspicions that even a bosom-friend may not share; and mine were of this character, if suspicious they could be called. Unhappily, they approached the nature of convictions.

I saw that Gallagher was mystified; not, as I supposed, by the tracks upon the ground, but by my behaviour in regard to them. He had observed my excited manner on taking up the trail, and while following it; he could not have failed to do so; and now, on reaching the glade, he looked upon a pallid face, and lips quivering with emotions to him unintelligible.

'What is it, Geordie, my boy? Do you think the ridskin has been after some dhlrtly game? Playing the spy on your plantation, eh?'

The question aided me in my dilemma. It suggested a reply which I did not believe to be the truth.

'Likely enough,' I answered, without displaying any embarrassment; 'an Indian spy, I have no doubt of it; and evidently in communication with some of the negroes, since this is the track of a pony that belongs to the plantation. Some of them have ridden thus far to meet him; though for what purpose, it is difficult to guess.'

'Massr George,' spoke out my black follower, 'dar's no one ebber ride da White Fox, 'ceptin'—'

'Jake!' I shouted, sharply interrupting him, 'gallop forward to the house, and tell them we are coming. Quick, my man!'

My command was too positive to be obeyed with hesitation; and, without finishing his speech, the black put spurs to his cob, and rode rapidly past us.

It was a manoeuvre of mere precaution. But the moment before, I had no thought of despatching an *avant courier* to announce us. I knew what the simple fellow was about to say: 'No one ebber ride da White Fox, 'ceptin' Missa Vaganny; and I had adopted this ruse to stifle his speech.

I glanced towards my companion, after Jake had passed out of sight. He was a man of open heart and free tongue, with not one particle of the secretive principle in his nature. His fine florid face was seldom marked by a line of suspicion; but I observed that it now wore a puzzled expression, and I felt uneasy. No remark, however, was made by either

of us; and turning into the path which Jake had taken, we rode forward.

The path was a cattle-track—too narrow to admit of our riding abreast; and Gallagher permitting me to act as pilot, drew his horse into the rear. In this way we moved silently onward.

I had no need to direct my horse. It was an old road to him: he knew where he was going. I took no heed of him, but left him to stride forward at his will.

I scarcely looked at the path—once or twice only—and then I saw the tracks of the pony—backward and forward; but I heeded them no more; I knew whence and whither they led.

I was too much occupied with thoughts within, to notice aught without or around me.

Could it have been any other than Virginia? Who else? It was true what Jake had intended to say—that no one except my sister ever rode 'White Fox'—no one upon the plantation being permitted to mount this favourite miniature of a steed.

Yes—there was an exception. I had seen Viola upon him. Perhaps Jake would have added this exception, had I allowed him to finish his speech. Might it have been Viola?

But what could be her purpose in meeting the Seminole chief?—for that the person who rode the pony had held an interview with the latter, there could not be the shadow of a doubt; the tracks told that clearly enough.

What motive could have moved the quadroon to such a meeting? Surely none. Not surely, either; how could I say so? I had been long absent; many strange events had transpired in my absence—many changes. How could I tell but that Viola had grown 'tired' of her sable sweetheart, and looked kindly upon the dashing chieftain? No doubt, there had been many opportunities for her seeing the latter; for, after my departure for the north, several years had elapsed before the expulsion of the Powells from their plantation. And now, that I thought of it, I remembered something—a trifling circumstance that had occurred on that very day when young Powell first appeared among us: Viola had expressed admiration of the handsome youth. I remembered that this had made Black Jake very angry; that my sister, too, had been angry, and scolded Viola—as I thought at the time—for mortifying her faithful lover. Viola was a beauty, and like most beauties, a coquette. My conjecture might be right. It was pleasant to think so—but, alas, poor Jake!

Another slight circumstance tended to confirm this view. I had observed of late a change in my henchman; he was certainly not so cheerful as of yore; he appeared more reflective—serious—dull.

God grant that this might be the explanation!

There was another conjecture that offered me a hope; one that, if true, would have satisfied me still better—for I had a strong feeling of friendship for Black Jake.

The other hypothesis was simply what Gallagher had already suggested—although White Fox was not allowed to be ridden, some of the people might have stolen him for a ride. It was possible, and not without probability. There might be disaffected slaves on our plantation—there were on almost every other—who were in communication with the hostile Indians. The place was more than a mile from the house. Riding would be pleasanter than walking; and taking the pony from its pastures might be easily accomplished, without fear of observation. A great black negro may have been the rider after all. God grant that this might be the true explanation!

The mental prayer had scarcely passed my thoughts, when an object came under my eyes, that swept my theories to the wind, sending a fresh pang through my heart.

A locust-tree grew by the side of the path, with its branches extending partially across. A strip of ribbon had caught on one of the spines, and was waving in the breeze. It was silk, and of fine texture—a bit of the trimming of a lady's dress torn off by the thorn.

To me it was a sad token. My fabric of hopeful fancies fell into ruin at the sight. No negro—not even Viola—could have left such evidence as that; and I shuddered as I spurred past the fluttering relic.

I was in hopes my companion would not observe it; but he did. It was too conspicuous to be passed without notice. As I glanced back over my shoulder, I saw him reach out his arm, snatch the fragment from the branch, and gaze upon it with a puzzled and inquiring look.

Fearing he might ride up and question me, I spurred my horse into a rapid gallop, at the same time calling to him to follow.

Ten minutes after, we entered the lawn and pulled up in front of the house. My mother and sister had come out into the verandah to receive us; and we were greeted with words of welcome.

But I heard, or heeded them not; my gaze was riveted on Virginia—upon her dress. It was a riding-habit: the plumed chapeau was still upon her head!

My beautiful sister—never seemed she more beautiful than at that moment; her cheeks were crimsoned with the wind, her golden tresses hanging over them. But it joyed me not to see her so fair: in my eyes, she appeared a fallen angel.

I glanced at Gallagher as I tottered out of my saddle: I saw that he comprehended all. Nay, more—his countenance wore an expression indicative of great mental suffering, apparently as acute as my own. My friend he was—tried and true; he had observed my anguish—he now guessed the cause; and his look betokened the deep sympathy with which my misfortune inspired him.

CHAPTER LII.

COLD COURTESY.

I received my mother's embrace with filial warmth; my sister's in silence—almost with coldness. My mother noticed this, and wondered. Gallagher also shewed reserve in his greeting of Virginia; and neither did this pass unobserved.

Of the four, my sister was the least embarrassed; she was not embarrassed at all. On the contrary, her lips moved freely, and her eyes sparkled with a cheerful expression, as if really joyed by our arrival.

'You have been on horseback, sister?' I said, in a tone that affected indifference as to the reply.

'Say, rather, pony-back. My little Foxey scarcely deserves the proud title of horse. Yes, I have been out for an airing.'

'Alone?'

'Quite alone—*solus bolus*, as the black people have it.'

'Is it prudent, sister?'

'Why not? I often do it. What have I to fear? The wolves and panthers are hunted out, and White Fox is too swift either for a bear or an alligator.'

'There are creatures to be encountered in the woods more dangerous than wild beasts.'

I watched her countenance as I made the remark, but I saw not the slightest change.

'What creatures, George?' she asked in a drawing tone, imitating that in which I had spoken.

'Redskins—Indians,' I answered abruptly.

'Nonsense, brother; there are no Indians in this neighbourhood—at least,' added she with marked hesitation, 'none that we need fear. Did I not write to tell you so? You are fresh from the hostile ground, where I suppose there is an Indian in every bush; but remember, Geordy, you have travelled a

long way, and unless you have brought the savages with you, you will find none here. So, gentlemen, you may go to sleep to-night without fear of being awakened by the *Yo-ho-ehes*.'

'Is that so certain, Miss Randolph?' inquired Gallagher, now joining in the conversation, and no longer 'broguing' it. 'Your brother and I have reason to believe that some, who have already raised the war-cry, are not so far off from the settlements of the Suwanee.'

'Miss Randolph! Ha, ha, ha! Why, *Mister Gallagher*, where did you learn that respectful appellation? It is so distant, you must have fetched it a long way. It used to be Virginia, and Virgine, and Virginny, and simple 'Gin—for which last I could have spitted you, *Mister Gallagher*, and would, had you not given up calling me so. What's the matter? It is just three months since we—that is, you and I, *Mister Gallagher*—met last; and scarcely two since Geordy and I parted; and now you are both here—one talking as solemnly as Solon, the other as soberly as Socrates! George, I presume, after another spell of absence, will be styling me *Miss Randolph*—I suppose that's the fashion at the fort. Come, fellows,' she added, striking the balustrade with her whip, 'your minds and your mouths, and give me the reason of this wonderful "transmogrification," for by my word, you shall not eat till you do!'

The relation in which Gallagher stood to my sister requires a little explanation. He was not new either to her or my mother. During their sojourn in the north, he had met them both; but the former often. As my almost constant companion, he had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with Virginia; and he had, in reality, grown well acquainted with her. They met on the most familiar terms—even to using the diminutives of each other's names; and I could understand why my sister regarded '*Miss Randolph*' as a rather distant mode of address; but I understood, also, why he had thus addressed her.

There was a period when I believed my friend in love with Virginia; that was shortly after their introduction to each other. But as time wore on, I ceased to have this belief. Their behaviour was not that of lovers—at least, according to my notion. They were too *friendly* to be in love. They used to romp together, and read comic books, and laugh, and chatter by the hour about trivial things, and call each other jack-names, and the like. In fact, it was a rare thing to hear them either talk or act soberly when in each other's company. All this was so different from my ideas of how two lovers *would* act—so different from the way in which I should have acted—that I gave up the fancy I had held, and afterwards regarded them as two beings whose characters had a certain correspondence, and whose hearts were in unison for friendship, but not for love.

One other circumstance confirmed me in this belief: I observed that my sister, during Gallagher's absence, had little relish for gaiety, which had been rather a characteristic of her girlish days; but the moment the latter would make his appearance, a sudden change would come over her, and she would enter with *abandon* into all the idle bagatelle of the hour.

Love, thought I, does not so exhibit itself. If there was one in whom she felt a heart-interest, it was not he who was present. No—Gallagher was not the man; and the play that passed between them was but the fond familiarity of two persons who esteemed each other, without a spark of love being mixed up in the affection.

The dark suspicion that now rested upon his mind, as upon my own, had evidently saddened him—not from any feeling of jealousy, but out of pure friendly sympathy for me—perhaps, too, for her. His bearing towards her, though within the rules of the most

perfect politeness, *was* changed—much changed; no wonder she took notice of it—no wonder she called for an explanation.

'Quick!' cried she, cutting the vine-leaves with her whip. 'Is it a travesty, or are you in earnest? Unbosom yourselves both, or I keep my vow—you shall have no dinner. I shall myself go to the kitchen, and countermand it.'

Despite the gloomy thoughts passing within, her manner and the odd menace compelled Gallagher to break into laughter—though his laugh was far short of the hearty cachinnation she had been accustomed to hear from him.

I was myself forced to smile; and, seeing the necessity of smothering my emotions, I stammered forth what might pass for an explanation. It was not the time for the true one.

'Verily, sister,' said I, 'we are too tired for mirth, and too hungry as well. Consider how far we have ridden, and under a broiling sun! Neither of us has tasted a morsel since leaving the fort, and our breakfast there was none of the most sumptuous—corn-cakes and weak coffee, with pickled pork. How I long for some of Aunt Sheba's Virginia biscuits and "chicken fixings." Pray, let us have our dinner, and then you shall see a change in us! We shall both be as merry as sand-boys after it.'

Satisfied with this explanation, or affecting to be so—for her response was a promise to let us have our dinner—accompanied by a cheerful laugh—my sister retired to make the necessary change in her costume, while my friend and I were shewn to our separate apartments.

At dinner, and afterwards, I did my utmost to counterfeit ease—to appear happy and cheerful. I noticed that Gallagher was enacting a similar *actier*.

Perhaps this seeming may have deceived my mother, but not Virginia. Ere many hours had passed, I observed signs of suspicion—directed equally against Gallagher as myself. She suspected that all was not right, and began to shew pique—almost spitefulness—in her conversation with us both.

CHAPTER LIII.

MY SISTER'S SPIRIT.

For the remainder of that day and throughout the next, this unsatisfactory state of things continued, during which time the three of us—my friend, my sister, and myself—acted under a polite reserve. It was triangular, for I had not made Gallagher my confidant, but left him entirely to his conjectures. He was a true gentleman; and never even hinted at what he must have well known was engrossing the whole of my thoughts. It was my intention to unbosom myself to him, and seek his friendly advice, but not until a little time had elapsed—not till I had obtained a full *éclaircissement* from Virginia.

I waited for an opportunity to effect this. Not but that many a one offered—many a time might I have found her alone; but on each occasion my resolution forsook me. I actually dreaded to bring her to a confession.

And yet I felt that it was my duty. As her brother—the nearest male relative, it was mine to guard her honour—to preserve the family escutcheon pure and untarnished.

For days was I withheld from this fraternal duty—partly by a natural feeling of delicacy—partly by a fear of the disclosure I might draw forth. I dreaded to know the truth. That a correspondence had passed between my sister and the Indian chief—that it was in all probability still going on—that a clandestine meeting had taken place—more than one mayhap—all this I knew well enough. But to what

length had these proceedings been carried? How far had my poor sister compromised herself? These were the interrogatories to which I dreaded the answer.

I believed she would tell me the truth—that is, if entreated; if commanded, no.

Of the last, I felt satisfied. I knew her proud spirit prouder of late. When roused to hostility, she could be capable of the most obstinate resistance—firm and unyielding. There was much of my mother's nature in her, and little of my father's. Personally, as already stated, she resembled her mother; intellectually, there was also a similitude. She was one of those women—for she now deserved the title—who have never known the restraint of a severe discipline, and who grow up in the belief that they have no superior, no master upon earth. Hence the full development of a feeling of perfect independence, which, among American women, is common enough, but in other lands can only exist among those of the privileged classes. Uncontrolled by parent, guardian, or teacher—for this last had not been allowed to 'rule by the rod'—my sister had grown to the age of womanhood, and she felt herself as masterless as a queen upon her throne.

She was independent in another sense—one which exerts a large influence over the freedom of the spirit—her fortune was her own.

In the States of America the law of entail is not allowed; it is even provided against by statute. Those statesmen-presidents who in long line succeeded the Father of the Republic, were wise legislators. They saw lurking under this wicked law—which at most appears only to affect the family relations—the strong arm of the political tyrant; and therefore took measures to guard against its introduction to the land. Wisely did they act, as time will shew, or indeed has shewn already; for had the congress of Washington's day but sanctioned the law of entail, the great American republic would long since have passed into an oligarchy.

Untrammelled by any such unnatural statute, my father had acted as all men of proper feeling are likely to do; he had followed the dictates of the heart, and divided his property in equal shares between his children. So far as independence of fortune went, my sister was my equal.

Of course, our mother had not been left unprovided for, but the bulk of the patrimonial estate now belonged to Virginia and myself.

My sister, then, was an heiress—quite independent of either mother or brother—bound by no authority to either, except that which exists in the ties of the heart—in filial and sororal affection.

I have been minute with these circumstances, in order to explain the delicate duty I had to perform in calling my sister to an account.

Strange that I reflected not on my own anomalous position. At that hour, it never entered my thoughts. Here was I affianced to the sister of this very man, with the sincere intention of making her my wife.

I could perceive nothing unnatural, nothing disgraceful in the alliance—neither would society. Such, in earlier times, had done honour to Rolfé, who had mated with a maiden of darker skin, less beauty, and far lighter accomplishments than Maimee. In later days, hundreds of others had followed his example, without the loss either of *caste* or character; and why should not I? In truth, the question had never occurred to me, for it never entered my thoughts that my purpose in regard to my Indian *fiancée* was otherwise than perfectly *en règle*.

It would have been different had there been a taint of *African blood* in the veins of my intended. Then, indeed, might I have dreaded the frowns of society—for in America it is not the colour of the skin that condemns, but the blood—the blood. The white

gentleman may marry an Indian wife; she may enter society without protest—if beautiful, become a belle.

All this I knew, while at the same time I was slave to a belief in the monstrous anomaly that where the blood is mingled from the other side—where the woman is white and the man red—the union becomes a *mésalliance*, a disgrace. By the friends of the former, such a union is regarded as a misfortune—a fall; and when the woman chances to be a *lady*—ah! then, indeed—

Little regard as I had for many of my country's prejudices regarding race and colour, I was not free from the influence of this social maxim. To believe my sister in love with an Indian, would be to regard her as lost—fallen! No matter how high in rank among his own people—no matter how brave—how accomplished he might be—no matter it were Oçeola himself!

CHAPTER LIV.

ASKING AN EXPLANATION.

Suspense was preying upon me; I could endure it no longer. I at length resolved upon demanding an explanation from my sister, as soon as I should find her alone.

The opportunity soon offered. I chanced to see her in the lawn, down near the edge of the lake. I saw that she was in a mood unusually cheerful.

'Alas!' thought I, as I approached full of my resolutions—'these smiles! I shall soon change them to tears. Sister!'

She was talking to her pets, and did not hear me, or pretended she did not.

'Sister!' I repeated in a louder voice.

'Well, what is it?' she inquired drily, without looking up.

'Pray, Virginia, leave off your play, and talk to me.'

'Certainly that is an inducement. I have had so little of your tongue of late, that I ought to feel gratified by your proposal. Why don't you bring your friend, and let him try a little in that line too. You have been playing double-dummy long enough to get tired of it, I should think. But go on with the game, if it please you; it don't trouble me, I assure you.'

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,

Tally high ho, you know!

Won't strike to the foe while the sky it is blue,

And a tar's aloft or a-ow.

Come now, little Fan! Fan! don't go too near the bank, or you may get a ducking, do you hear?'

'Pray, sister Virginia, give over this badinage: I have something of importance to say to you.'

'Importance! What! are you going to get married? No, that can't be it—your face is too portentous and lugubrious: you look more like one on the road to be hanged—ha, ha, ha!'

'I tell you, sister, I am in earnest.'

'Who said you wasn't? In earnest? I believe you, my boy.'

'Listen to me, Virginia. I have something important—very important to talk about. I have been desirous of breaking the subject to you ever since my return.'

'Well, why did you not?—you have had opportunities enough. Have I been hidden from you?'

'No—but—the fact is'—

'Go on, brother; you have an opportunity now. If it be a petition, as your looks appear to say, present it; I am ready to receive it.'

'Nay, Virginia; it is not that. The subject upon which I wish to speak'—

'What subject, man? Out with it!'

I was weary with so much circumlocution, and a little piqued as well; I resolved to bring it to an end. A word, thought I, will tame down her tone, and render her as serious as myself, I answered:

'Oceola.'

I looked to see her start, to see her cheek turn alternately red and pale; but to my astonishment no such symptoms displayed themselves; not the slightest indication of any extraordinary emotion betrayed itself either in her look or manner.

She replied almost directly, and without hesitation:

'What! the young chief of the Seminoles? our old playfellow, Powell? He is to be the subject of our discourse? You could not have chosen one more interesting to me. I could talk all day long about this brave fellow!'

I was struck dumb by her reply, and scarcely knew in what way to proceed.

'But what of him, brother George?' continued my sister, looking me more soberly in the face. 'I hope no harm has befallen him?'

'None that I know of: the harm has fallen upon those nearer and dearer.'

'I do not understand you, mysterious brother.'

'But you shall. I am about to put a question to you—answer me, and answer me truly, as you value my love and friendship.'

'Your question, sir, without these insinuations. I can speak the truth, I fancy, without being scared by threats.'

'Then speak it, Virginia. Tell me, is Powell—is Oceola—your lover?'

'Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!'

'Nay, Virginia, this is no laughing matter.'

'By my faith, I think it is—a very capital joke—ha, ha, ha!'

'I want no trifling, Virginia; an answer.'

'You shall get no answer to such an absurd question.'

'It is not absurd. I have good reasons for putting it.'

'Reasons—state them, pray!'

'You cannot deny that something has passed between you? You cannot deny that you have given him a meeting, and in the forest too? Beware how you make answer, for I have the proofs. We encountered the chief on his return. We saw him at a distance. He shunned us—no wonder. We followed his trail—we saw the tracks of the pony—oh! you met: it was all clear enough.'

'Ha, ha, ha! What a pair of keen trackers—you and your friend—astute fellows! You will be invaluable on the war-path. You will be promoted to be chief spies to the army. Ha, ha, ha! And so, this is the grand secret, is it? this accounts for the demure looks, and the old-fashioned airs that have been puzzling me. My honour, eh? that was the care that was cankering you. By Diana! I have reason to be thankful for being blessed with such a chivalric brace of guardians.'

In England, the garden of beauty is kept

By the dragon of prudery, placed within call;

But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,

That the garden was carelessly watched after all.

And so, if I have not the dragon prudery to guard me, I am to find a brace of dragons in my brother and his friend. Ha, ha, ha!'

'Virginia, you madden me—this is no answer. Did you meet Oceola?'

'I'll answer that directly: after such sharp espionage, denial would not avail me. I *did* meet him.'

'And for what purpose? Did you meet as lovers?'

'That question is impertinent; I won't answer it.'

'Virginia! I implore you—'

'And cannot two people encounter each other in

the woods, without being charged with love-making? Might we not have come together by chance? or might I not have had other business with the Seminole chief? You do not know all my secrets, nor do I intend you shall either.'

'Oh, it was no chance encounter—it was an appointment—a love-meeting: you could have no other affair with him.'

'It is natural for you to think so—very natural, since I hear you practise such *duettos* yourself. How long, may I ask, since you held your last *tête-à-tête* with your own fair charmer—the lovely Maumee? Eh! brother?'

I started as if stung. How could my sister have gained intelligence of this? Was she only guessing? and had chanced upon the truth?

For some moments, I could not make reply, nor did I make any to her last interrogatory. I paid no heed to it, but becoming excited, pressed my former inquiries with vehemence.

'Sister! I must have an explanation; I insist upon it—I demand it!'

'Demand! Ho! that is your tone, is it? That will scarcely serve you. A moment ago, when you put yourself in the imploring attitude, I had well-nigh taken pity on you, and told you all. But, *demand* indeed! I answer no demands; and to shew you that I do not, I shall now go and shut myself in my room. So, my good fellow, you shall see no more of me for this day, nor to-morrow either, unless you come to your senses. Good-bye, Geordy—and as *revolt*, only on condition you behave yourself like a gentleman.'

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,

Tally high ho, you know!

Won't strike to the foe, &c. &c.

And with this catch pealing from her lips, she passed across the parterre, entered the verandah, and disappeared within the doorway.

Disappointed, mortified, sad, I stood riveted to the spot, scarcely knowing in what direction to turn myself.

BURIED TO-DAY—

FEBRUARY 23, 1853.

BURIED to-day!

When the soft green buds are bursting out,

And up on the south wind comes the shout
Of the village boys and girls at play,
In the mild spring evening gray.

Taken away,

Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,

From eyes that drew half their light from him,
And put low, low, underneath the clay,
In his spring—upon this spring-day.

Passes to-day

All the pride of young life begun,

All the hope of life yet to run;

Who dares to question when One saith 'Nay!'
Murmur not! Only pray.

Enters to-day

Another body in churchyard sod,

Another soul on the life in God.

His Christ was buried, yet lives away—
Trust Him, and go your way.

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THE SPORTING WORLD.

WE who live cleanly, and have eschewed, perhaps never tasted sack, should nevertheless, it is fitting, turn our attention sometimes to the publicans upon whom also the sun is yet permitted to shine, and for whom—rather superfluously—the waters flow; if even with no other purpose than enjoying a pleasant Pharisaic comparison. These publicans are positively very numerous, and form a considerable, and unhappily by no means uninfluential portion of society. Let us with delicate hand, then, lift a corner of the flaring bar-curtain which conceals them, and let in upon them the pure ray serene of our intelligent observation. The Canadian philosopher has observed that 'Life is not all beer and skittles;' but it is quite clear that he did not comprehend in that remark the well-known and popular journal called *Bell's Life*. There is a number of that accredited organ of the sporting world now lying before us, and it is our purpose—having not so much the interests of science (the culture of the fistic art is there so denominated) as the amusement of the public in view—to dissect it.

We find, then, in these annals of a single week, information concerning no less than forty-eight fights, recent or to come; notices of fifty-two pedestrian matches; of fifteen pigeon-shooting engagements; of twelve 'shows' of a canine character; of three rattings; of five matches at quoits; of seven wrestling-matches; of twenty-eight boat-races; of four performances at bowls; of two rabbit coursings; of three swimming-matches; of one effort of bird-fancy; and of five encounters at a game called Nurr and Spell: besides many score descriptions of yachting, of steeple-chasing, of cricket, of chess, and of racing. With these last more legitimate sports, almost all of us, including the ladies, are acquainted. Scarcely a Quaker sister of us Britons but must have heard, for instance, that *Blinkbonny* won the Derby of '57 with plenty in hand; she must surely have some 'wet' Quaker cousin, or cousin no Quaker at all, who is as interested in the spring meetings at Newmarket as her respectable papa is in those at Exeter Hall. Perhaps no well-regulated middle-class family in the metropolis is so fortunate that no single member of it at any period has ever had a bet upon some 'coming event,' even if he may have never dropped into Tattersall's to pick up a thing or two upon a Sunday. We are confessedly a racing nation, from the aristocratic followers of the head of the 'great Conservative party,' down to the no less credulous professional gentry of the ring, who call *Aphrodite*, *Aphrodight*, 'because Mr Davis says so, and he must know.'

We must study *Bell's Life* where it treats of other topics than these familiar ones, to be made aware how numerous and influential—for it has lots of money—the sporting world, the beer-and-skittle population, really is. What enormous concourse of people, it seems, assemble nightly at the *Spotted Horse*, or the *Weasel Asleep*, to see, not a pugilistic encounter (for on an occasion of that sort whole towns are covered with a locust flight of 'the fancy,' and special trains break down with the weight of them), but the mere 'posting' of the third or fourth deposit-money of twenty-five pounds for the great fight for two hundred pounds, between the Lively Butcher and Young Sambo. How much more crowded (we read) the great room at the Lower Welsh Harp is sure to be, on Wednesday next, at the scaling, which is to take place between twelve and one, and whereat neither man must exceed in weight ten stone; where the *venue* or whereabouts of the forthcoming mill will also be disclosed, which may, however, be learnt even now by safe hands at the Bell and Cauliflower, Barbican, or at Jemmy Durdan's, Crown. What really large sums of money seem to be betted upon these events! how flush of the 'needful,' the 'Californian,' the 'stumpy,' our sporting friends appear to be! How great must be the aggregate amount of deposits in the hands of the editor of *Bell's Life* alone, for all these matches, in which the total sums contended for vary from four pounds to five hundred. Possessing, thus, considerable wealth, the sporting world, however, is far from being proud or exclusive, the most distinguished members of it being almost invariably referred to by familiar titles, such as these—Billy Duncan, Young Reed, Doe of Paddington, Nat Langham, and Jem Ward. Of this latter gentleman, we read: 'Jem Ward is again sparkling in his old horizon (King's Arms, Whitechapel Road); he has painted a picture which he has challenged the world for colour, and can be seen at his house.' We do not consider ourselves capable, nor are we desirous, of criticising this passage, only, with the greatest humility, we should so very much like to know what it means.

One great peculiarity of the ring is the anonymous character of almost all its heroes at the commencement of their profession; they seem to be quite content to lose all individuality in a name such as 'the Novice,' or even to do without a name at all. For instance: 'Alec Keene has an old man, fifty-eight years of age, he will back to fight Jesse Hatton for ten pounds, or twenty pounds, a side, at catch-weight.' Our own weight, although we are far from stout, is certainly not what we should understand by 'catch-

weight; so we suppose there must be some non-natural meaning attached to this term; but apart from that, who would like, at fifty-eight years of age, to be Alec Keene's or anybody else's old man? Jesse Hatton himself seems to hold a far from enviable position. There are no less than four challenges besides the above thrown at that athlete in this present number of *Bell*, all of which are couched in contemptuous language. Jammy Walsh, whose money—one hundred pounds—is always ready at the Blue Cow, Spitalfields, will fight him on almost any terms. The *Spider* is astonished at J. H.'s impudence in offering to find a man to fight him at eight stone four pounds, when his (the *Spider's*) weight is well known to be seven stone seven pounds; but he offers to accommodate Jesse Hatton himself with a very great deal of pleasure. Also, a gentleman will be at Mr Short's, Leaping Bar, Old Street, on Monday evening, to back a novice who never fought for a shilling, against Jesse Hatton for twenty-five pounds a side, at his own weight: also, a novice who never won above five pounds, weight about ten stone, will fight Jesse Hatton for another twenty-five pounds; and if articles with a deposit are sent to us (editor of *Bell's Life*), a match will be made. Poor Jesse Hatton! Well for him that 'Jem Cross regrets to state that his novice, Campbell, has left for Australia' (leaving, as it appears, sundry debts incurred during his novitiate, to pay which, a benefit at J. C.'s would be desirable), or he would certainly have had another adversary upon his hands. Any gentleman seems to be at liberty to take to himself a sparring benefit, whenever he chooses. The Caledonian Mouse intends to have one at *The Black Boy and Still* next week, he says, and all of the right sort will of course be there.

How strange it seems that while Mr Benjamin Caunt here is expressing a wish to back his Enthusiastic Potboy against any man in the world at nine stone eight pounds for two hundred sovereigns, Topper Brown, Esq., should be also advertising in the same column his willingness to accommodate any man in the world at nine stone six pounds! Surely this trifling difference of two pounds should not be allowed to keep asunder heroes like these. There is a certain Elastic Potboy—of little less repute—who will afford, next Monday, in donning the gloves with Johnny Walker, 'a treat in himself, independently of all other considerations.' It would be tedious to narrate the many attractions of the boxing-boudoirs here so much extolled, at all of which the *Bibliotheca Pugilistica* is kept for reference; and where *Futians* and the *Fights for the Championship* are to be had at the bar. Tedious, too, to tell where the best sing-songs at the east-end are held nightly, and where are the snuggest snuggeries at the west; where the Lancashire champion step-dancer holds his harmonic meetings; or where the Indian club and Sir Charles Napier feat are imparted upon moderate terms. Let us rather take a glance, once for all, at the ring itself, to which these others are but mere ministers and accessories. What a peculiar phraseology it has, and yet how thoroughly understood of the people! Neither foot-note nor marginal reference is considered necessary to elucidate a statement of the following kind: 'Seventh round—the *Nigger* came up looking five ways for Sunday.'

Now, what was Sunday to the *Nigger*, or the *Nigger* to Sunday, that he should be so superfluous as to look for it in five several directions? One would have thought it would have been about the very last thing with which this gentleman would have concerned himself, and that which he would know least what to do with when he had found! But the phrase is in common use, it seems, to express the confusion and 'all abroadness' consequent upon having

head and eyes punched to excess in the previous rounds. The weakness of the *Nigger* was such, we are told, that he 'could not make a dint in a pound of butter'—also a pugilistic phrase, and not, as might be supposed, the result of an ingenious experiment proposed by his seconds or other interested persons. He 'had his ruby drawn,' and was then caught up and dashed violently upon the ground by his opponent, the *Young Un*, who, however, 'with the greatest generosity, declined to fall upon him.' Honour to the brave! The *Nigger* was so punished (we read on), that had not his bottom been of the very first quality, the sponge would most certainly have been thrown up even at this early period. He had 'to spar for wind!' We have heard of whistling for wind in extreme nautical emergencies, but this picture of a black man so faint with heat that he has to impart a rotatory or fan-like movement to his flats for the sake of air, is really terrible. Perhaps it was for time only in which to recover breath; at all events, he sparred for wind, but 'the *Young Un* got home heavily upon his occiput (there is no place like home), and then knocked him clean out of time by a hit under the left ear.' Does this fearful sentence mean that the younger of the two antagonists destroyed the other's power of discriminating melody, or that he absolutely killed, launched into eternity, as the chroniclers of the executions have it, this poor black person? who, never let us forget, is a man and a brother, when the hat is going round for the beaten man—beaten because he was knocked out of time—and hence perhaps the expression 'knocked into the middle of next week,' or, more poetically, 'wrapped into future times,' and could not recover in the minute allowed between the rounds. The *Young Un*, who was the favourite from the first, must, it is written, have rocked the gold cradle to some purpose, so many of his handkerchiefs having been distributed before the fight began, upon the usual terms—a sovereign if he won, and nothing if he lost.

This, we suppose, must be the somewhat illegitimate offspring of that chivalrous custom of the knights of old, who always got possession, if they could, of their fair ladies' kerchiefs to wear upon their helms; but a pound apiece seems certainly a very long price for them. Besides this graceful distribution of what, we are distressed to say, are elsewhere denominated 'wipes,' there is another curious piece of delicacy in this account of the late fight between Mr Benjamin Caunt and Mr Nathaniel Langham. 'Ben,' we read, 'barring his mug, was a study for a sculptor; his powerful legs being set off to the best advantage by pink silk stockings and well-fitting drawers.' Why, one would think the man was going to dance a ballet, instead of subjecting himself to such excessive ill-treatment as this: 'Nat fiddled him to within due distance,' 'popped his larboard daddie on his jowl,' 'nailed him prettily on the left squinter,' 'got sharply on to his tenor trap,' 'dropped smartly on to his snorer,' 'set his warbler bleeding;' and, in fact, rendered the whole of his features as unrecognisable physically, as they must appear to any exclusive reader of Messrs Addison and Steele. Still, we think, we would rather be even prize-fighters than wrestlers, who are subject to such conditions as these: 'Two back-falls out of three, Lancashire fashion; no hanging allowed, catch as catch can, in pumps and drawers. The spikes not to exceed a quarter of an inch in length.' The generosity of the *Young Un*, before mentioned, in not throwing himself upon his prostrate antagonist, pales, in our opinion, before the humanity of this regulation. Think of 'drawers,' 'spikes of a quarter of an inch long' (only), and 'catch as catch can!'

Of all the societies which we ever heard of, the least interesting, and yet the most extraordinary, must

certainly be a 'Fancy Rabbit Society,' whereof, it appears from *Bell's Life*, there are scores all over England. Mr W., of the Rochester and Chatham F.R.S., is happy to observe, at the last numerous and harmonic meeting of his club, that 'an infusion of new life has entered into the breeders of this society;' and, certainly, these are scarcely too strong terms to apply to its productions—'sooty fawns,' 'blue and whites,' and 'tortoise-shells'—which were placed upon the table for inspection. One female, with her four young ones, was exhibited, 'whose united measurement of ears was no less than 102 inches; the mother's own ear being nearly two feet long!' Even Mrs Candle could scarcely have objected to her husband belonging to a club of this description—it must surely be the very mildest form of rakishness that ever broke out in a domestic man. We cannot but think that a long course of attendance at the meetings of a Fancy Rabbit Society would be the very thing for softening character and removing asperities.

What a strange but significant communication has our friend *Bell* in his very first page, addressed to a Mr De C—: 'Unless Mr De C— pays certain bets lost by him on the Liverpool and Goodwood Cups, without further application, full particulars of the same will be advertised next week.' Again, what delicate evasions of the laws against betting-houses appear in these singular columns under the attractive titles of 'Winning made Certain,' and 'The Golden Secret Gratis.' '*Judicium (sic) vulgaris est fallax*—public opinion is deceptive,' writes the classical H. J., 'especially in selecting winners for any racing event; therefore, apply for advice to the true source alone;' which is, of course, H. J. himself, who has 'several ready hints for the coming Cesarewitch and Cambridgehire.'

A number of these gentlemen also 'execute commissions to any amount,' the position of whom in the sporting world is such that they must needs be always in possession of the very latest intelligence. Crossed cheques or Post-office orders are received indifferently, only, '*N.B.*—No personal interviews can be granted.'

What is Nurr and Spell, at which Tommy Stephenson of Wortley is open to play any man sixty years of age for five pounds a side, providing he will give him ten score in thirty-one rises? Also, is there any man short of a bird-fancier who can translate this? 'J. Arnold, of the Rising Sun, Stoke Newington, will match his goldfinch against any other for five pounds, for the best and most slamming of a goldfinch, also mule one in the month for the same sum.' Mule one in the month! What possible misprint or assemblage of misprints could have produced this? Here is something like a pigeon: 'Thomas Miller's checkered cock will fly R. Wall's black cock, Podgers' sandy cock, or John Dawson's white cock, or will take a quarter of minute's start of Thomas Leech's blue cock, all from North Shields station.' Also: 'Samuel Binns of Bradford is surprised after what has occurred at seeing John Shannik's challenge of Lamberhead Green: if he really means flying, let him send a deposit to *Bell's Life*, and articles to Davy Deacon's at once.'

There are scores upon scores of other sporting matters here referred to, with the very nature of which folks out of the different 'fancies' can know nothing, each evidently exciting considerable interest, and having large sums depending on it. Those who concern themselves with these exploits, seem to be almost as numerous as the fast men, within everybody's observation, who restrict themselves mainly to the turf, and go about whispering solemnly of good things and certainties. Are they then publicans? Are they small trades-people? Are they gentlemen's servants? Or are they the collected

edition of that Idler whom we see at every street-corner with a straw in his mouth?

Here, again, is quite a riddle to anybody unversed in the mysteries of *Bell*: 'James Carey, *alias* Merryman, will run James Jones, *alias* Titler, a hundred yards level, and take two yards of Edwards, *alias* Fake, in a hundred.' How many people are there, and how many run? Here follow a few of the names of the correspondents of the sporting journal. Had we not read already what we have, we should have pronounced them at once to be fictitious; as it is, we know not what to think. Diddleum Dumps, Happy-go-lucky, An Old Lady Cousin, Ipee Dixit, Bolus, Pickaxe, and Campus Martius.

Even the advertisements are not the least like the advertisements of other papers. Who out of the sporting world ever had a fashionable tailor recommended to him in such a manner as this? 'Do you want a well-built pair of Kickseys?' Whoever saw elsewhere such headings to medical advertisements as these: 'Given away for the good of nervous sufferers,' or, 'For the benefit of suffering humanity, gratis?' What a compliment to the taste of our military is presented in this little paragraph: 'In consequence of the interest evinced by gentlemen in the army (many of whom are now quitting this country, unhappily, for India), the great case in fashionable life before Chief Baron Nicholson, at the Coal Hole Tavern, will be repeated every evening for another week.'

The advertisements conclude with the information that 'Mr Thomas Senn can be seen in Arthur Street, Bloomsbury, daily.' Is this gentleman a *lusus nature*, a beast with a bill, an albino, a lawyer, or a physician? Can he be seen gratis? or if we pay for it, is his appearance worth the money?

Among the answers to correspondents, which vary in subject from dynamics to toasting, there are the following:

'W. H., Reading.—Yes, you idiot.'

'Blinky must have been drunk to ask such questions.'

'J. B.—The accent is on the a.'

'W.—Her depth is sixty feet.'

'We do not know what you mean by "Bar the Bottle."' (Think of the editor of *Bell's Life* not knowing an expression of that kind!)

And 'J. R. P. is informed that by a solution of soda, frequently applied, he may get rid of all his warts.'

Finally, where deaths would occur in most journals, the place is occupied in *Bell's Life* by 'scratchings':

'On the 4th instant, at eight p.m., Diggers Daughter, Star of the East, and Cock-a-doodle-do, out of the Triennial.'

Instead of births we find only 'greyhound produce':

'At Newry on the 20th instant, Mr Savage's black bitch Nameless, whelped nine puppies—namely, four dogs and five bitches, all black, to Mr Rageley's black dog, Master Charles, by Bedlamite out of Perseverance.'

While the nearest approach to a marriage seems to us like the breaking off of one: 'On the 1st instant, at eleven a.m., Miss Harkaway, out of all her engagements at Chester.'

Many of our readers will perhaps be surprised to find by the foregoing account how thriving and populous 'the sporting world' still is. They have supposed, and hoped, no doubt, that the particular classes to which we have been referring belonged to another era, and had died out a quarter of a century ago. Nevertheless, there is balm in Gilead for this matter. It is satisfactory to reflect that this portion of the sporting world is now confined to certain limits, represented only by particular organs, and is

not, as was heretofore the case, suffered to intrude itself through countless channels upon respectable society.

MECHANICAL SELF-CONTROL.

THERE is scarcely a spectacle on this round mechanical world more interesting than a huge steam-engine bending its pivot-joints, and plying its iron limbs with a giant's power. The circle of the writer's familiar acquaintance includes a grim Bolton-and-Watt framed Titan of this species, whom it is particularly pleasant to be on visiting terms with. The writer has long been free to lounge into this grim giant's reception-room whenever it pleases him, and has often stood there entranced in gazing at the monster as he heaves his massive spine up and down, and turns a huge twenty-foot wide fly-wheel, weighing, Messrs Bolton and Watt only know how many tons of iron, by the unceasing pressure of his cranky hand. The strength he puts out upon his whirling task, is altogether as prodigious as it seems. The relentless sweep of the rim of that colossal wheel, as it rushes past the eye with a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour, amply tells how fearful a task it would be to have to arrest its progress. The strength of a hundred horses concentrated in the effort, would be of no avail.

The steam-giant under notice is a very contented workman, in his way. When he has been once set going, he does not at all care how long he is kept at his labour; minutes or hours, weeks or years, are all the same to him; he is entirely indifferent about holidays and sleep. All he requires is, that his employers shall feed him well while his limbs are exerted in their service. He never strikes for wages, but he will strike at any time if food is withheld from him when he ought to receive it, and then not another turn can be extracted from his mighty and otherwise willing arm. He is by no means either an epicure or a gourmand, but it has been found to be good policy to have him treated with great consideration in the matter of diet. A trustworthy and experienced attendant is kept to watch the indications of his appetite, and to serve his meals at proper times. If the curious observer goes round into his dining-room, he will see this attendant shovelling food into the giant's yawning mouth, for he does not care to take his own hand from his labour even whilst at his meals. It will be noticed, too, that his food consists of black glistening lumps, and the giant will be heard to roar with satisfaction as each mouthful is pitched into his capacious gullet, and gulped down. All the energies of the Titanic labourer come, in fact, out of that black, glistening food. Having swallowed it, he digests it in his furnace-stomach, and there assimilates it into served power. Since he thus knocks off such a quantity of work, it will be readily conceived that he is somewhat of a hearty feeder. He eats at least three tons of solid food every day!

There is one peculiarity about this Titanic labourer of the iron thews which is worthy of remark. A giant by nature, of noble extraction, he nevertheless condescends to busy himself with operations that seem to be more appropriate occupations for spiders and caterpillars than for his mighty energies. He expends his gigantic force upon a myriad of pigmy movements, which are individually of the most trifling character. His lot has been cast in the yarn-factory of the Messrs Blake of Norwich. It is those gentlemen who feed him, and it is for their advantage that he labours. Those who would see what it is that he is doing for his board, must pass round to the further side of the party-wall of the giant's reception-room; and there they will observe that the axle of the great fly-wheel passes through the wall, and moves a vertical shaft by the agency of a sort of cogged pinion, which, in its turn, sets a series of horizontal shafts revolving in a

number of long rooms packed one over the other. These shafts whirl round other rods and rollers innumerable. The final result is, that the movement of the great wheel is diffused into that of 10,000 spindles, which wind upon themselves fine flimsy threads of woollen yarn after they have been duly drawn out, and slightly twisted. The machinery accomplishes a few other subordinate tasks; but the great item in the account of work done is still the rotatory evolutions of the almost countless spindles. Placed in the form of an equation, the statement would be: 100 horses = 10,000 caterpillars. The power of the 100 horses draws out and winds 10,000 caterpillar-like threads of flimsy wool.

The scattering of great effort into diffused gentle movement, is a notable affair. In mechanical concerns, there is no such thing as the creation of force; all motory effects are merely mutations of exertion. The stream of power may be dammed up until it breaks forth as a cataract, or it may be spread out into a wide, smooth, lake-like reservoir; or it may be twisted and turned into new channels; but it cannot be absolutely originated out of nothing. The 100 horse-power of the steam-engine was primarily accumulated in the black coal, being communicated to it from the atmosphere when the wood, out of which the coal was made, was growing. That 100 horse-power suffices to drive 10,000 spindles, and would, perchance, turn some few hundreds more, but if successive additions were made, there would surely at last come a time when yet another pigmy spindle would be all that was required to arrest the heavings of the mighty giant—when a minute spindle would indeed be the final straw that broke the camel's back. An instructive illustration of this principle of transmutation of power could be seen until recently at the Messrs Blake's yarn-factory. It occasionally chanced that all the spindles contained in one of the apartments of the factory needed to be stopped at once, without arresting the movement of the rest of the machinery. Whenever this was done, the force which had been previously devoted to the driving of those spindles was immediately left in the arm of the giant as redundant strength. In an instant, this redundant power was transferred to the machinery, which still remained at work, and its spindles began to rattle round with a mad speed that threatened dire mischief to the work on hand. It has happened on more than one occasion, that the sudden putting out of gear of the frames in one room of the factory, has occasioned so much alarm to the work-people stationed in the other rooms, as to cause them to rush in frantic terror from their stations, possessed with the idea that the mill was about to be torn down about their ears.

Every casual inequality in the rate of a powerful steam-engine, whose proper work is of this diffusive kind, is attended not only with inconvenience, but also with absolute loss to the proprietors of the concern, from breakage of yarn, and from other analogous results. It hence becomes an affair of the utmost moment that some means should be contrived whereby an even and steadily regulated movement of the engine may be insured. The ordinary rotating governor, composed of the pair of balls on the divergent rods, does act as a bridle upon the machine, but unfortunately this bridle only comes into action when the increased speed has been entered upon; it is the increased speed that causes the centrifugal divergence of the balls. The engine must be tearing on too fast, before the rise of the more rapidly rotating balls can close the throttle-valve which admits the steam to the cylinder. What is especially required is a hand constantly applied to the lever-handle of the throttle-valve, which shall be so ready, and of such exquisite sensibility, that it can almost anticipate the fitful irregularities of the machinery. This requirement

Messrs Child and Wilson have recently actually furnished. They have contrived a sensitive hand of brass and iron, and have patented the contrivance, under the name of the 'Differential-action Governor.' The steam-engine in the Messrs Blake's yarn-factory at Norwich, now works under the tutelage of this controlling hand; and the grim Bolton-and-Watt framed Titan may be there seen comporting itself with a singularly reformed and equable demeanour, under provocation which before would have driven him altogether wild.

The differential-action governor consists of a cogged pinion, with two toothed racks, one at each side, the teeth being pressed against the cogs of the pinion. One rack, which we will call A, comes down from the centrifugal governor balls of the steam-engine, and turns the pinion on a central pivot as it turns up or down; it also so affects a valve beneath, as to let water into a pressure-cylinder beneath, turning it either above or below a piston-plate which traverses there; the water comes from a high cistern, and acts upon the piston by hydrostatic pressure, driving it up or down. The piston-plate ends above in the second rack, which we will call B. The rack B also turns the cogged pinion as it rises or falls. The pinion itself is on the lever-handle of the throttle-valve, and opens or closes the valve, letting steam into or shutting it off from the steam cylinder of the engine when it is lifted or depressed. When the rack A runs down without B being moved, the pinion is rolled on the rack B, and the throttle-valve narrowed. When the rack B runs up without A being moved, B is rolled on the rack A, and the throttle-valve diminished. When A goes up, and B down, *pari passu*, or the reverse, the pinion is rotated on the pivot, and the throttle-valve is neither opened nor closed. The downward pressure of the governor acts on rack A, and the upward pressure of the water on rack B, and this constitutes the 'differential action.' By this very clever contrivance, the steam is cut off at once, when the speed of the engine's movement is augmented in even the slightest degree: the instant sufficient steam is cut off from or admitted into the cylinder, the centrifugal force of the gyrating governor, and the pressure of the water, neutralise each other, and twirl the pinion round on its pivot, without producing any change of position in the throttle-valve, or alteration of capacity in its aperture. The two racks act upon the throttle-valve together, or separately, or even simultaneously in opposite directions, and so the movements of the throttle-valve are practically determined by the 'difference' between the hydraulic pressure and the centrifugal force; that is, by 'differential action' in the phraseology of the patentees. This is how Messrs Child and Wilson have contrived to endow stubborn and strong-willed steam-machinery with the power of self-control.

To illustrate the capabilities of this ingenious little piece of apparatus, the frames of one of the large rooms of the factory were thrown out of gear, while the writer stood, watch in hand, in the engine-room to note the effects. When the extra twenty horse-power was in this way thrown back upon the engine, the hydraulic rack was seen to lift itself through about the third of an inch, as its opposite neighbour was convulsed by a slight tremor, but this was the only discernible effect. The huge fly-wheel, in perfect unconcern, travelled on in its twenty-five revolution per minute pace. The twenty horse-power revulsion was no more to it than a breath of wind. It was all expended in causing the hydraulic pressure to narrow the opening of the throttle-valve. The work-people in the rooms containing the still effective machinery, were entirely unconscious of any change having taken place in the operation of the mill, with the exception of a single individual, who conceived himself to have

a keener perception than his fellows. He declared that he was conscious of the extra strain having been thrown upon the engine; but, unfortunately for his reputation, it proved that when he fancied the frames were thrown out of gear, they were really in the act of being connected with the engine again.

The working of the factory under the superintendence of this beautiful piece of mechanism, is indeed absolutely regular; the revolutions of the fly-wheel are registered upon a dial-plate by the agency of hands, which serve the further purpose of indicating the precise time of the day. The steam-giant now drives the hands of a clock as well as the 10,000 spindles—he is now a *chronometer* as well as a spinner of wool.

SIBERIA AND CHINESE TATARY.*

THE usual idea attaching to Siberia is that of a place of frightful exile in one of the most inhospitable parts of the globe. Now, there is no doubt of the winter being intensely severe, and of the great length of time requisite for communication with Europe; but, in summer, a great deal of it is a land flowing with milk and honey, full of vast mineral and vegetable wealth, and abounding in the most romantic and beautiful scenery. In the penal settlements there is a severe discipline for the convicts, but the mass of the population of Siberia is the most comfortable and best provided for in the Russian Empire, and this region now contains several towns that have the comforts and luxuries of European civilisation.

But the region to the south-east of Siberia, and on the north-western frontiers of China, was, until the travels of Mr Atkinson, a *terra incognita* to the European geographer, and even the volume already published by him comprises only a portion of his vast seven years' exploration of regions concerning which our geographical data are surmise and hearsay of inaccurate Tatars and Chinese. We learn from this interesting traveller, that it was only by being well armed that he overcame opposition, that he daily practised the rifle, and, on one occasion, had to hold his muzzle for ten minutes to a chief's breast before he could proceed. An examination of the sketches in his portfolios procured us one of the pleasantest days we have passed for a long time, and we feel persuaded that what is to follow will prove fully as important and curious as what has already appeared.

In the meantime, the volume actually published takes us from the Ural to Lake Baikal on the east; and on the south, through the Kirghisian Steppe and the Gobi or Great Desert to the Chinese town of Chin Si, at the foot of the Syan Shan Mountains, which never had been seen by any European. Looking anxiously forward to the account of the further prosecution of his journey, we will, in the meantime, give some account of the ground already traversed.

Mr Atkinson says in his preface: 'I have several times looked upon what appeared inevitable death, and have had a fair allowance of hairbreadth escapes, when riding and sketching on the brinks of precipices with a perpendicular depth of 1500 feet below me. With these accompaniments, I traversed much of the hitherto unexplored regions of Central Asia, and produced 560 sketches of the scenery, executed with the moist colours made by Winsor and Newton—invaluable to an artist employed under such circumstances. I have used them on the sandy plains of Central Asia, in a temperature of 50 degrees Réaumur (144 degrees Fahrenheit), and in Siberia have had them frozen as solid as a mass of iron, when the temperature was 43 degrees Réaumur of frost, 11 degrees below the

* Atkinson's *Oriental and Western Siberia*. Hurst & Blackett. 1856.

point where the mercury became solid, and when I could make it into balls in my bullet-moulds. Some of my largest works have been painted with colours that have stood these severe tests; and for depth and purity of tone, have not been surpassed by those I have had fresh from the manufactory. With cake-colours, all my efforts would have been useless.'

Before we begin with a condensation and analysis of selected portions of the work of Mr Atkinson, it may not be amiss to call attention to the more prominent features of the physical geography of the Russian empire. West of the Ural, we find Russia in Europe to consist of the vast region lying between the Black, the Baltic, and the Caspian Seas, the greater part of it being level, and intersected by noble rivers, adjoining corn-producing alluvial regions, and populated, except in the Baltic provinces, chiefly by native Muscovites; but all to the eastward of the Volga—that is to say, in the ancient khanates of Orenburg and Siberia—the substratum of the population is Turkish, or, according to the new ethnological term, Ugrian. The mountain-chain of the Ural separates Russia from Siberia, and the whole of the territory to the east differs essentially from Russia Proper. The rivers Ob, Yenisei, and Lena drain the backbone of Asia, and are lost in the Frozen Ocean. The plains on the north, in the vicinity of the sea, are inhospitable, and unfit for habitation; but all the mountain-regions are full of the most valuable minerals. The Ural abounds in iron and precious stones, and the Altai in gold and silver.

Ekaterinburg, or the City of Catherine, is the capital of the Ural; and here are the vast mechanical works and manufactories established by government for utilising the minerals of the district. They are built upon an enormous scale, and fitted up with machinery from the best makers in England, under the superintendence of an English mechanic. Precious stones are submitted to the art of the lapidary in another department. The jaspers are found in a great variety of colours—the most beautiful deep green, dark purple, dark violet, gray and cream colour; also a ribbon-jasper, with stripes of reddish brown and green. The porphyries are also of most brilliant colours. Orlite of a deep pink colour, with veins of yellow and black, is semi-transparent when made into vases. Here, also, the beautiful malachite vases and tablets are cut and polished. Those who remember the Great Exhibition of 1851, can have an idea of the beauty of this material and manufacture. Magnificent jasper-tables are inlaid with different-coloured stones, in imitation of birds, flowers, and foliage. Several men are employed in these for six successive years; but the wages are exceedingly low: a man engaged in carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled in Europe, did not receive more than 8s. 8d. per month, with thirty-six pounds of rye-flour per month, to make into bread. Meat he was never supposed to eat. A married man with a family receives two poods of black flour for his wife, and one for each child, on which they look well. Mr Atkinson saw another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper of two colours—the ground dark green, and the head yellowish cream-colour, in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. The traveller being an admirable artist, was a judge of such works. He pronounces it to have been a splendid production of art, such as would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe except Russia; and yet his pay was 8s. 8d. per month, with bread.

The great wealth of the Demidoff family comes chiefly from the Ural; their estate there is as large as Yorkshire, and full of iron of good quality. Of course, the population is scanty, and this accounts for the wealth of the Demidoffs not being fabulous. Foreigners talk much of the contrasts of wealth and

poverty in England; but the 8s. 8d. per month to the admirable artist-lapidary, and the Demidoff estate as large as Yorkshire, is a contrast still more striking than any we have in England.

English mechanics have been employed in the Ural from a very early period. Many years ago, a mechanic named Major was sent to Ekaterinburg, and when the Emperor Alexander I. visited the mountain, he was greatly pleased with the works Major had established; and, as a token of his satisfaction, presented him with a piece of land containing about twenty acres, with all the minerals it contained, for gold was known to be deposited there. He then began to excavate it, and wash the gold-sand, which proved lucrative, and the amount was weighed and entered in a book, and delivered to Major every evening, who deposited it in an iron box, which stood in his cabinet, the key of which he carried in his pocket. One Sunday evening, Major and his old housekeeper were alone in the house; he occupied in his cabinet, and she sitting in her own room, not far from the entrance-door. Suddenly her attention was drawn to a noise in the outward lobby, which induced her to leave the room. The moment she got into the entrance, she was seized, and thrown down a staircase leading to some apartments below. Her screams and the noise reached Major in his cabinet, who rushed out with a candle in his hand; a blow from an axe fell upon his head, and he never breathed again. After this the murderers possessed themselves of the box and gold, ransacked the place in search of other treasure, and then departed, closing the doors after them. All this time the old woman was lying at the foot of the stairs in a state of insensibility, quite unconscious of the tragedy which had been enacted in the rooms above. It was not until the morning of the third day after, that one of the officers from the machine-works went to consult Major on some matter of importance, when the murder was discovered.

A strict investigation was commenced. The housekeeper, who was long unconscious, began to revive, but nothing clear could be got out of her, and the police were baffled. She had been seized so suddenly that she could not tell how many men were in the lobby. A merchant was suspected from his dealings in gold, but he proved that he was distant ninety versts from the spot at six o'clock on the morning of the murder. Years passed on without a discovery; but the quantity of gold stolen from the mines, and sent into Tatar and Bokhara, had become so enormous, that the Russian government determined to discover how it was effected. So a spy was sent to Ekaterinburg, disguised as a peasant. Even the police authorities on the spot were not aware of his mission. He ingratiated himself at the public-houses with the characters likely to throw light on the subject, and discovered that there were persons in these gold-robberies far away from Ekaterinburg through whom the precious metal was got out of the country into Tatar. He then proceeded to Omsk, and began to offer gold to the Tatars, but with great caution; and he was soon introduced to the great gold-dealer, whose influence was so great that the Tatars dared not buy gold unless it had passed through his hands. His interview took place in the back-room of a large house, where a man with a long Bokhara dress tied round his waist with a shawl, took his seat at the table, and asked the assumed peasant in a very rude manner how much gold he had stolen, where he came from, and other questions calculated to frighten him. All these were answered in a very submissive tone. The gold was then ordered to be produced, which was done, and the weight of each packet marked thereon. The Tatar was asked to pour out all the gold into a scale, but to this the peasant objected, as it was found to weigh less than the seller knew it to be, but

the receiver said: 'What, thief! thou art not content with robbing thy employers, but thou wishest to cheat me. I shall soon hear of thee in the mines of Siberia.' He then offered an insignificant amount for the gold, saying that he gave him five minutes to consider whether he would take the money or be handed over to the police. The arrest of the gang then took place by the agents of the police who had been called upon by the spy, who, having accomplished his mission in Omsk, started for Ekaterinburg, and procured the arrest of the merchant who had been previously taken up, but acquitted of the murder; his wife now revealed where the gold was buried, and on searching for it, they found the axe with which the murder had been committed. This man had long been engaged in gold-smuggling; he associated with those who stole it from the mines. For this purpose, he required good horses, and possessed one of extraordinary power and speed. As soon as the gold had been secured after Major's murder, he mounted his horse, and in about four hours, rode ninety versts, presenting himself to the director at Kamenakoi. The murder was now proved against all who had been engaged in it; they were sentenced 'to run the gantlet' (that is, to walk between the lines formed by a regiment of soldiers consisting of 8000 men, each man striking the victim with a rod), and died immediately after the punishment. The bands of gold-stealers were broken up; some were sent to the mines in Siberia, and the gendarme returned to St Petersburg to receive a reward for his really dangerous labour.

The Altai is the mountain-range in the south of Siberia, in which the Yenisei, and other large rivers of Siberia, flowing into the White Sea, have their source. Parts of it are covered with dense forests of cedars, with a thick underwood which renders progress slow; other parts are clear of bushes, the ground being covered with grass and plants, and above, gigantic cedars, their gnarled and twisted branches forming a canopy through which the sun scarcely penetrates. This is on the northern slope of the Altai; but the southern slope has very little forest. Here are seen in summer the skeletons of Kalmuck winter-dwellings—the birch-bark is stripped off these conical houses, and only the bare poles remain. At this time of the year, the inhabitants are up in the mountains, where they find plenty of grass for their cattle, and where they are free from the mosquitoes. In autumn, they return to the lower grounds, cover their yurts with new bark, and, in a few days, their winter dwellings are completed. On the river Arakym, Atkinson saw many black squirrels, skipping about in the branches; they enlivened the scene, sitting among the foliage. Their fur is a dark gray in winter, at which season Kalmucks kill them, for the fur is not good in summer. Stags are numerous in these mountains, and the Arakym Valley is a great battle-field of bucks in the rutting season. In summer, they are all in the higher regions near the snow, where the mosquitoes and flies cannot follow them. Even the bears, with their rough shaggy coats, cannot remain in the valleys in summer, where these insects are extremely numerous.

Bear-hunting exploits are common in these mountains. One afternoon, a Cossack officer was quietly strolling through the forest alone and unarmed, when he observed a she-bear and her two cubs playing together. When she became aware of his presence, she growled, drove her young ones into a tree for shelter, and mounted guard at the foot of it to defend them. The Cossack then made a temporary retreat, and selected a birch club, four feet long, the quality of which he tested by blows on a tree. When the old bear saw him, she began to growl and pace about uneasily; but the man advanced over a fine grassy turf, with no shrubs or bushes to entangle

his feet. The bear then made a rush at him, and rising on her hind-legs, intended to give him a settler with her powerful paws, or hug him to death; but he made a sweep with his club, and dealt such a blow that she toppled over. Many rounds were fought, her antagonist keeping clear of her paws. She endeavoured to get behind him, but a blow of the cudgel drove her back, until at last she began a retreat towards the forest; but the moment the Cossack moved to the tree, the bear would rush out, taking care not to come within his reach, the cubs remaining in the branches as spectators. At this time, a woodman, returning to the gold-mine, rode into the glade; his first impulse was to run, but the Cossack ordered him to dismount, take off his saddle-bags, and secure the cubs in them. They then started for the village, followed by the bear, that charged repeatedly, and was as often beaten back by the Cossack with his club, who covered the retreat; each time the bear was laid prostrate, and finally would not approach within striking distance: she returned to the forest, and was never seen again. This was a feat of extraordinary daring, skill, strength, and activity; but, after all, our sympathies are with the poor inoffensive bear.

The bear, however, it must be admitted, is not always the injured party. When at the Lake Baikal, Atkinson mentions that three villagers went to hunt in a forest. His informant lost sight of his two companions, lighted a fire, took his evening meal, and was soon fast asleep. Two or three hours had passed when he was awakened by something near him, and, turning his head, he observed by the light of his fire a large bear going down the bank to the little stream. He divined the object of the brute in an instant. Brain was going for water to put the fire out, that he might then devour his victim; for it is an ascertained fact that a bear will not attack a man when sleeping by a fire, but will first go into the water and saturate his fur, to put out the fire. It was but the work of a moment for the hunter to seize his rifle, and stop the proceedings of the animal with a bullet as it was ascending the bank.

The adventures in Mongolia, particularly in the Gobi, lying between the Siberian Altai and the Chinese mountain of Syan Shan, are highly interesting, and we are introduced to the nomade Kirghisian sultans, who appear to be the purest orientals of the Turkish race, having no tincture of European civilisation, like those of Persia, Siberia, or Turkey proper. Every Kirghisian has his battle-axe hanging from his saddle, as in the days of Genghis Khan; and these so-called sultans live like the patriarchs of the Old Testament, estimating their power by their sheep, their goats, and cattle. There was a commotion as Mr Atkinson approached the *aoul* of Sultan Baspasihan; and the escort guided him to a large cattle enclosure, with a tall spear stuck into the ground at the door, and a long tuft of black horsehair hanging beneath its glittering head. This is an old Turkish custom, whence the dignity of a pacha of one, two, or three tails, who, since the modern reforms in the Ottoman Empire, are called *siva*, *ferik*, and *mushir*, corresponding with the ranks of major-general, lieutenant-general, and full general.

Sultan Baspasihan, who welcomed Mr Atkinson, was a strong ruddy-faced man, dressed in a black velvet tunic edged with sable, and wore a deep crimson shawl round his waist. On his head was a red cloth conical cap trimmed with fox-skin, with an owl's feather hanging from the top, shewing his descent from Genghis Khan. A Bokhara carpet was spread, and two boys entered, bringing in tea and fruit. These were his two sons. Silk curtains hanging on one side covered the sleeping-place, and near this a bearcoote, or large black eagle, and falcon were

chained to their perches, every person keeping at a respectful distance from the feathered monarch. On the opposite side, kids and lambs were secured in a pen; and outside the door was a group of women, with their small black eyes fixed on the stranger. Mr Atkinson says: 'My belt and pistols formed a great attraction. The sultan wished to examine them. Having first removed the caps, I handed one to him, he turned it round in every direction, and looked down the barrels. This did not satisfy him; he wished to see them fired, and wanted to place a kid for the target, probably thinking that so short a weapon would produce no effect. Declining his kid, I tore a leaf out of my sketch-book, made a mark in the centre, and gave it to the Cossacks. He understood my intention; split the end of a stick, slipped in the edge of the paper, went out and stuck the stick in the ground some distance from the yurt. The sultan arose, and all left the dwelling. I followed him out, and went to the target. Knowing that we were among a very lawless set, I determined they should see that even these little implements were dangerous. Stepping out fifteen paces I turned round, cocked my pistol, fired, and made a hole in the paper. The sultan and his people evidently thought this a trick; he said something to his son, who instantly ran off into the yurt, and brought to his father a Chinese wooden bowl. This was placed upside down on the stick by his own hand, and when he had returned to a place near me, I sent a ball through it. The holes were examined with great care; indeed, one man placed the bowl on his head to see where the hole would be marked on his forehead. This was sufficiently significant. The people we were now among I knew to be greatly dreaded by all the surrounding tribes; in short, they are robbers, who set at naught the authority of China, and carry on their depredations with impunity. On looking round, I noticed that a set of daring fellows had been watching my movements.'

The banquet then followed. A small space in front of the sultan was left cleared, the male elders near him, and fifty men, women, and children assembled in front; the boys sat behind the men, and behind them successively, the women, girls, and dogs. After ablutions with warm water, the cooks brought in long wooden trays, piled up with heaps of boiled mutton, garnished with rice, when each man drew his knife and fell to. 'The Kirghis who sat nearest the trays selected the things he liked best, and after eating a part, handed it to the man sitting behind; when again diminished, this was passed to a third; then to the boys; and having run the gantlet of all these hands and mouths, the bone reaches the women and girls, divested of nearly every particle of food. Finally, when these poor creatures have gnawed till nothing is left on the bone, it is tossed to the dogs.'

A hunting excursion then followed in a day or two, the sultan's three hunters leading the van, followed by eagle-bearers. The eagle had shackles and a hood, and was under the charge of two men. They had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of reeds, and bounded over the plain. In an instant, the bearcoote was unhooded and his shackles removed, when he sprang from his perch and soared up in the air. Mr Atkinson watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this he was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height, and seeming to poise himself for a minute, gave two or three flaps with his wings, and swooped off in a straight line to his prey. The deer gave a bound forward, and fell, the bearcoote having struck one talon into his neck, and the other into his back, while he tore out with his beak the animal's liver. Wild goats, wolves, and even foxes are hunted in this

way. The bearcoote is unerring in its flight, unless the quarry can escape into holes in the rocks.

We have many other lively descriptions of life in the Mongolian Steppe, and of sublime scenery in the mountainous regions. The whole territory is among the least known in the habitable globe.

We conclude with a few traits of Barnaul, which is the centre for the administration of the mines of the Altai. The governor, Tomsk, who is chosen from the mining-engineers, is at the head of this department. He resides three or four months of the year at Barnaul, and under him is the chief director of the mines, who must visit every smelting-work in the district once every year, travelling several thousand versts in a mountainous country, or descending rivers in rafts. His power is extensive, and he has a population of about 60,000 miners, peasants, and officers under his charge. It appears that convicts have not yet been sent to work in the mines of the Altai. Every summer, eight or ten young officers are sent into the mountains, each with a party; and the chief in Barnaul assigns to him the valley to be examined by his company. They start in May, with provisions of bread, sugar, tea, and brandy, their animal food being the game they kill. The officer receives a map, and then the experiments commence—the officer noting down how many *tolotniks* of gold can be obtained from the hundred poods of sand. Several places are tried, and on this the director in Barnaul decides what gold is to be worked. While one party are seeking gold in the sand, another party are seeking silver in the rocks. These operations are usually concluded by the middle of October, when they return home to Barnaul.

Barnaul is well stocked with smelting-works, chemical laboratories, public offices, and private dwellings, all connected with the mining operations; and during the winter, which is undoubtedly very severe in point of climate, balls, soirees, and concerts are given. It has also a bazaar, where European articles, fashions, French silks and bonnets, are sold, besides delicacies of the table, comprising English porter, Scotch ale, and French and Spanish wines. There is also a museum at Barnaul, comprising choice specimens of Siberian minerals, and stuffed Siberian animals, including four tigers, which came from the Kirghisian Steppe; their capture having, in two instances, proved fatal to some of the peasants engaged, who had thought to expel the intruder from their farms by pea-rifles and hay-forks. To conclude, such is Barnaul, the capital of the most productive mining district of Siberia.

THE BONSPIEL.

CAN our English readers imagine a Scottish loch or lake in the winter season after four or five days' hard frost—a beautiful white plain surrounded by white heights, and all under the stillness which allows of an ordinary sound being heard at a great distance? The existence of such circumstances in nature has given birth to an appropriate game which might be described generally as *bowls played on ice*, though with certain peculiarities, the chief being the use of flat-bottomed stones to slide, instead of bowls to roll, said stones being furnished with handles to grasp by, much in the manner of smoothing-irons.

The frost having set labour free in some degree, men assemble at the loch, and give the day to this ancient national sport, usually wakening into wild excitement and glee a scene which would otherwise wear the torpor of death. To stand on a height near by, and see the bustle going on below: to hear the

roar of the stones careering along the icy surface, and the shouts and cackinnations of the players as these knock against each other and settle in their respective destinies, is, we can assure our friends, no commonplace amusement. To be, however, an actual player—a curler—'a keen, keen curler,' as the natives phrase it—is something far beyond all this; for there are joys in curling that none but curlers know. How else could it be that there are local clubs, county clubs, and a national association of clubs, binding all ranks and denominations of people together for the enjoyment of this game? How else could it be that curling has its almanacs, its annual, its literature; that, curling is a kind of second freemasonry in Scotland?

There is a kind of piquancy given to this game by the very uncertainty of the means and opportunities of playing it. The curlers watch for a hearty frost, woo it as mariners do a wind, and when it comes, 'snatch a fearful joy.' That no time may be lost in making an appointment, a flag hoisted on a hill-top sometimes informs a district of ten miles' radius that the loch will bear, and the game hold. Then are seen farmers, lairds, village tradesmen, ministers, ploughmen, and shepherds, converging to the rendezvous, all full of charming anticipation. Society is at once convulsed and cheered by the affair. No great regard is paid to common distinctions in making up the game. The laird is glad to have a clever ploughman on his side. Masters and servants often play together. The distinctions most thought of are local: the people of one estate or parish will often play against each other—or it may be county against county—in which cases the match is termed a *bonspiel*. Each man requires at the ice two curling-stones and a broom wherewith to sweep. Two marks, called *tees*, being made on the ice at the distance of thirty-eight yards, and several rings drawn round each, the players arrange themselves, perhaps four, six, or eight on a side; each with two stones to play, and each side having a director or chief called a *skip*. The space of ice between the *tees* is called the *rink*. The object of course, for each side, is to have as many of its stones as possible in positions as near to the *tee* as may be. When a stone fails to reach a certain limit, called the *hog-score*, it is laid aside. On any one, therefore, appearing likely to be laggard, all the players on that side busy themselves in sweeping the way before it. 'Soop, soop!' becomes a great cry among the curlers. An English stranger once remarked that he heard them always crying for soup, but no soup ever came; much, no doubt, to his disappointment. When one side counts thirteen, twenty-one, or thirty-one, as may be, before the other, it has gained the victory.

There was lately a *bonspiel* in a well-known district of the southern Highlands of Scotland, and a characteristic account of it having been obligingly sent to us by one of the players, we hasten to insert it, as perhaps the best means of conveying an idea of this national game. The original language is so appropriate that, notwithstanding its being possibly obscure to some readers, we have left it almost unchanged.

'You remember,' says our correspondent, 'that I promised to send you something of our *bonspiel* with the Mitchell-hill lads, whenever it should be played. Well, it was a bad winter for frost: not aboon two or three days of it till Candlemas; but at last we got

a hard one for about a week, and a' was right. So, one afternoon, two of the Mitchell-hill lads came to us at Blendewan, and asked if we had any objections to meet them next day, providing the frost held. They said they had been at the laird's, and that he was willing to come out, and bring a guest of his—Sir Alexander Gordon—along with him; that the herds of Stanhope and Eildon were to be there; and that Wully Wilson, the wright, and Andrew Blair, the smith, were both keen to give us our revenge for last year's drubbing. So I mentioned that if I could get our side made up in time, we would meet them on the ice by ten o'clock next morning. The two lads were rather crouse about the match, and said they hoped we would not let them win so easy a victory this year as last. I said nothing; but, thinks I, wait a wee, my lads, and we'll see who will crawl the loudest the morn. So away went Johnny Armstrong and Peter Blackstocks back to tell the laird and the rest o' their folk that we would meet them, on the understanding that if anything happened to interfere, I was to send them a line not to come.

'Well, Mr Editor, I ken ye like particulars; so ye see I threw my work bye, put on my cap, and went through the village, speering at the folk if they would be ready to come forrit next morning; and I must add that I was very fortunate too: but who could refuse the chance o' playing a *bonspiel* for the honour o' Blendewan! I soon got the minister to promise, and the precentor too (Jamie Forgrieve, the miller, could not be spared from home); Adam Prentice, the old herd, said he would be our man; Sandy Grieve, the tailor, swithered a wee, but promised at last; so there was five, and we wanted other three—but these I kent where to find. I gaed the length o' the Fairy Knowe, and secured Mr Thompson—a keen hand—and a boarder of his, who was learning farming—another keen hand, and a great wag; and I made up the number with Isaac Melrose, the cadger. Isaac's horse was not sharpit for the frost, and was sair fatigued forbye; so the carrier was glad of the opportunity o' joining us against the Mitchell-hill curlers.

'It was late before I got our side made up, and my wife was beginning to give me up for lost. But ye'll mind Nancy, sir, and ye ken she's no ill to temper down! Well, everything was settled, and I sent two lads to the pond early in the morning, to sweep it clean and make the rink; and just as I was getting my stones ready, the laird and Sir Alexander drove up to my door. I went out and gave them time o' day, and the laird speered at me if we were prepared, as the players on his side were just coming down the road in a cart. I told him we were all ready, and that our chaps had gone down to the pond with the minister a few minutes before. Wi' this, up drove the Mitchell-hill cart with the six rival players; but when they saw the laird and Sir Alexander cracking with me, they never halted, but drove straight on. The laird got me in his dog-cart, and gave me a lift down; and when we got to the ice, his servant drove the gig back to the nearest farmhouse, where the beast was put up.

'Well, Frank,' says the laird, 'what sort of trim are you in?'

'Oh, sir,' says I, 'I'm thinking I'm in kind o' guid trim.'

'That's right, Frank. See and don't let us run away with the match, as we did last year.'

'Well, I think, sir, it will tak a' your pouther to master us this time.'

"Think so, Frank? Why, here's Sir Alexander Gordon on our side, and he's one of the best curlers in the country."

"That may be, sir, but he'll maybe find his match in the cadger."

'In the meantime the minister and two gentlemen were holding a preamble about which side was to be the winner, and I must say the gentry were just as keen as us chaps. But you will better understand how the match was made up if I give you the players' names on each side, in the order of their playing:

Our Side—Blendswan.

1. Rev. Mr. Montgomery.
2. Adam Prentice, the sould
3. John Donaldson, the precentor.
4. Sandy Grievie, the tailor.
5. Mr. Thompson o' the Fairy Knowe.
6. Mr. Robert Shihald, his boarder.
7. Isaac Melrose, the cadger.
8. Myself, Francis Baldwin, souter (skip).

Their Side—Mitchell-hill.

1. Wully Dalgleish, the Stanhope herd.
2. Tam Anderson, the Eldon herd.
3. Wully Wilson, the wright.
4. Andrew Blair, the smith.
5. Johnny Armstrong, the laird's overseer.
6. Mr. Dalrymple, the laird.
7. Sir A. Gordon, a guest at the Ha'.
8. Peter Blackstocks, the laird's forester (skip).

'Well, sir, in about a quarter of an hour the rink was ready, the stones lying a' thegither about the brugh (the brugh, ye'll remember, is the ring round the tee), and every man had his besom in his hand. Just to try the keenness o' the ice, we sent our stones to the other end—of course not counting. Sir Alexander, I must admit, laid on his stones well, and, faith, I began to think he was like to be fashious a wee, from his easy style and curlier-like appearance. In driving his two trial-shots, the laird asked him to tak the wick—which means to strike the stone on the side, and glance off at an angle—o' one o' Tam Anderson's stones; which, faith, he managed; and his second one he drew to the laird's besom, and lay. I saw our chaps looking rather queer when they saw the shots played, but I counselled them never to mind that, for he couldna aye play the same.

"Now, Frank," says the laird, when I was about to play my trial-stones down the rink, "here's a chance for you; raise that stone."

'I played a fine shot; but being out o' practice, I couldna be expected to do very well at first, so, instead o' raising (which, as you know, means just striking it fair—your own stone lying) the stone at the laird's besom, I missed it, and took an outwink on another stone, which sent it close to the tee. Though the laird nickered and laughed at my miss, he wassa aye ready to laugh a while afterwards.

'For the first two or three hours, the spirit of the game was never very high; both sides played tolerably well, but without that roaring fun which I have known to accompany every "end" at curling-matches like ours; in fact, the company was beginning to get a thought dull, though the scoring was even enough to have excited more enthusiasm between rival parties, when a halt was called, the besoms flung down, and half an hour was allowed for bread and cheese. There was a good deal of sport going on while we sat on the banks of the pond, all mixed thoroughlier; the laird and the cadger were holding a confab about something I couldna hear, and Sir Alexander and auld Adam Prentice were smoking their pipes thegither as crouse as ye like.

"Now, Frank," says the laird, "we'll have a dram together. I know that's what you want."

"Weel, laird, may be if we had had one sooner, we might have shewn you more sport; but better late than never, if it's your pleasure!"

'So we all got a dram—a guid ans too, which I must say improved the spirits of the company most

wonderful, and then we commenced to curl in earnest. It was but child's play before: we begood to play like men now.

'I will not take up your time by alluding to the various outs and ins of the game either before the mid-day halt, or up till nearly the finish; but I will go on to relate how we gained the bonspiel after as tough a contest as the Mitchell-hill players would ever wish to have.

'At 8 o'clock, P.M. the game stood thus: Mitchell-hill, 24; Blendswan, 29—the latter wanting but two to be game.

'The closing shots were lost and won thus: Mr. Thompson o' the Fairy Knowe played uncommonly well, and his boarder chield not amiss; and Johnny Armstrong, the forester, and Wully Wilson, the wright were bye-ordinar guid. Wully played his first stone a perfect pat-lid on the tee, and with his second guarded it within two feet. The first remained a pat-lid till the end was played out, though his guard was chippit frae its place. They were unnoo near getting other two forbye this one, and indeed they were three shots in, till my last stone inwicked from one and curled in second. They were now twenty-five to our twenty-nine.

"We're gradually making up on you, Frank," the laird quietly observed. "You'll have to play your best, or we'll be upsides with you yet."

"That'll be seen next end, Maister Dalrymple, or I'm cheated."

'And the next end began by Wully Dalgleish, the Stanhope herd, making a hog. "That's one off the ice, at any rate, says I to our side; and you'll see more o' that kind before the end's played out, for the ice is beginning to be dour. Now, lads," says I, "this end must decide it; there's nae use in hinging on or saying any mair about it: we want but two; the minister's to be first shot this time, and, faith, I'll be second myself."

'And up comes the worthy minister's stone, fine bowe-ice—that's straight along the centre o' the rink, as you know, sir—and lies within three feet o' the tee. The herd's second stone was better than the first, and lay a goodish side-shot. They were on their metal, and playing their very best; sometimes putting in plenty o' pouter when it was needed, and whiles playing gently for a draw when it was needed. Three hogs had been already played through over-caution. Adam Prentice shewed that he was still the sould man, and a swankin' player into the bargain. The tailor and precentor did their best, which, however, was by no means bye-ordinar; but Mr. Thompson and his boarder proved themselves curlers o' the richt sort, and played every shot in grand style. On the other side, the players were just as good—not a hair to judge by, and each man following the skip's direction terrible weel. Well, sir, the stones were lying well about the brugh, and they were two shots in. It was Sir Alexander's turn to play, and fortunately for us, he unintentionally opened up a port—which you know means a clear passage between stones—the very thing they should have avoided, but just what we wanted; and then the cadger stood ready to play.

"Now, Isaac," says I, "ye ken as weel as I, what to play fur. The port is open, and they are two shots in."

'The cadger's stone is delivered, and, for a wonder, he misses the port; however, "She's coming forrit well enough, lads," says I; "scoop her up, scoop her up, so-op her weel—there now—come: that's as good as the port yet. You've positively brought one of the minister's stones in for shot." And great was the consternation on their side at this unlooked-for turn in our favour. However, Peter the skip told them not to mind that, for the port was still open for Sir Alexander's second and last stone. And to that

gentleman's praise I will say, he took the port in first-rate style; and had he given his stone a little less poulder, he would have retrieved: but his stone curled away to the other side o' the brugh, and lay outside.

"Isaac, man, I want you to close that port—draw to my besom; and if you do touch any of the stones, break an egg, and no more, for they're both against us."

"Put your bannet on the ice, where ye want me to lie, Frank."

"I'll do that, my man: there's the verra bit." And by one of the cadger's best strokes, the port was filled.

'It was now Peter Blackstock's turn to play, so the laird acted skip for him.

"Peter, if you'll take an inwick on this stone at my besom, I'll make your wife a present of a new gown."

"I saw the stroke fine, for I ettled [intended] to play it myself when my turn came; and says I to myself: 'Oh for a miss from Peter, though it should lose a gown to the wife!' Peter's hand was trembling with anxiety, and he fairly bungled the stroke altogether.

"Od, laird," says I, "ye shouldna have spoken about the gown till after the stroke was played, for you've fairly dumfounded the forester's nerves!"

"Now, Frank," says the cadger, "I wasna feared for anything the forester could do, for I kent it wasna one o' his kind; but that's not to say I'm frightened for you. Try for the verra same stone; and if ye tak the wick at my besom, we're game."

"Stand awa' from the stone, Isaac, my man. I ken what's wanted: here goes." And up comes the stone. "I believe she has it—no—yes, she has it. Dinna scoop, callants—she's there, she's there, she's there!"

"Frank, you're a gentleman (the first time I was ever called that before, Mr Editor), and no mistake!"

'A kind of unnatural calmness now spread over the laird's countenance; and after the bursts of enthusiasm had subsided on our side, a perfect silence reigned over the rink, for on the forester's last stone depended all their hopes of cutting us out yet; twenty-nine before, we were now thirty-one, or game, unless the forester's last stone should render his side a service by knocking out one, or maybe both, of ours. In a calm, clear voice, the worthy laird informed Peter what he, poor chap, already knew too well—namely, how the game stood.

"There's but one chance left, Peter—a forlorn-hope, and it's do or die. Come up the ice all your force, and take that stone" (pointing to one of ours at some distance in front of the tee).

'The forester eyes with an air of determination the group of close-set stones that close up every road to the tee; he sets himself firmly in his crampets, to the precise posture requisite for a dashing stroke; his stone steadies for an instant in the air behind him, and away it careers with tremendous force.

"Splendid!" cries the laird, the only word he has time to say. "Mind your feet," cries Sir Alexander Gordon, as half-a-dozen stones are sent scattering in all directions. But to no purpose; for though the minister's stone was slightly touched, it still remained first shot, and mine second. "Game—game—GAME!" and up went our bonnets fiesin' in the air.

"Give us your hand, Maister Montgomery," says I, "for you and me's played unco weel;" and the worthy pastor and I shook hands up to the shoulders.

'But you must be tired o' me by this time, Mr Editor; so I will only add that the laird had us all up at the Ha', where we had plenty o' everything, not forgetting beef and greens, and plenty of good ale to synd it over. I'll maybe write another account if we are spared to see another year; and in the meantime,

if you will be good enough to send us a few copies o' the Journal, for the chaps to see their names in, you will oblige your old friend—the SKIR.'

THE CITY OF MEN.

HOLINGSHEAD, in his *History of Mancuniensis*, repeats a prophecy well known to all northern antiquaries:

When all England is aloft,
Weel ar they that are in Christ's Croft;
And where should Christ's Croft be,
But between Ribble and Mersey?

And however learnedly Camden may dispute the etymology which derives the name of Manchester from the English tongue, instead of referring it to a purely British origin, the former will still find favour in our eyes, since, as he tells us, its good people call the city Manchester because it is a 'city of men!' And they are right, those good people; that is a conclusion I have come to from a recent close, however brief, inspection of themselves; and I give my vote accordingly for the English etymology.

If ever a place could apply to itself the account Black Topsy gave of her origin, it would surely be this great capital of the north of England: for when one sees its most important streets, with scarcely two houses together of uniform appearance, and with commerce sitting enthroned at one end to dispense millions of wealth, while at the other the huckster hawks his petty wares from a stall; its princely edifices hustled by mean low-browed shops; its warehouses of palatial vastness and decoration, side by side with factories that are mere brick boxes; and its long, long rows of poor streets, bare, plain, and monotonous as the calico which the inhabitants have spent their lives in producing: he is by no means inclined to question the Topsyman surmise—"pects I growed." Yes, we have here the America of England, not certainly in the shape of a Philadelphia or a Washington, no deliberate brick fulfilment of a paper plan, but a heap of spontaneously formed Smithvilles and Jonesvilles, that have risen up impulsively just when, and where, and how the need of the moment required, each capitalist centre having apparently given birth to its own surrounding accretion, and all together forming an inartificial and unattractive whole.

It is a disappointment, too, to see the coal-born haze ever shutting out heaven's sunshine, and sprinkling all things with its dismal flakes, while the very mud, soot-tempered, seems muddier than even the renowned compound of London. It is a disappointment, because not very long since we were told that these grim furnaces were to be endowed with the saturnian power of devouring everything they generated; and the City of the Thames was admonished to look to the City of Men, and profit by the example. But now while roses even have learned to bloom in the purified Temple atmosphere, smoke, checked but for a time in Manchester, again rears its head, and flings out its serpent-wreaths from nearly every stalk.

There is something repulsive in shops of inferior dimensions, and generally shabby appearance, announcing their ownership and wares in colossal inscriptions, letters three or four feet high, while the legends of vast warehouses and factories, in the modesty of conscious worth, lurk upon door-posts, or peep in smallest type from beneath some deep-arched portal. Yet Manchester streets may be irregular, and its trading inscriptions pretentious, its smoke may be dense, and its mud may be ultra-muddy; but not any nor all of these things can prevent the image of the great city from rising before us as the very symbol of civilisation, foremost in the march of improvement, a grand incarnation of progress. That commerce has

had no unduly materialising influence upon those engaged in it here, that vast building at Old Trafford which rose at their bidding, and whose glorious contents were collected under their auspices, presents sufficient proof; but there is no lack of minor evidence. 'When any of these great cotton-lords gives me a commission for a picture,' observed an artist, a Londoner by birth, but now resident in Manchester, 'they always speak and seem to feel as if it were they who were the obliged party.' There is nothing among them of the too common vulgarity of the petty tradesman, none of that demand for a servile gratitude so often one of the trials most galling to genius. Again, in the rooms of the Royal Institution hangs a picture of an old French abbé, equally attractive on the grounds of its merit and its history. It is the work of a French lady who devotes all the produce of her art to purposes of benevolence, and was originally sent here to an exhibition by native and foreign artists. A gentleman delivering a lecture on this exhibition, commented on the extraordinary excellence displayed in the picture, and regretted, as it was still unsold, that it should be allowed to leave the country. He had no sooner ceased than the appeal was responded to; the picture was at once purchased, and at rather a high price, by one of his hearers, who then observed that he thought he could not do better than present it to the Institution with which they were connected: and, accordingly, there it hangs at this moment on the walls of that noble building. Nor is this spirit confined to the upper classes. On the recent exhibition of the competition-works of students in the schools of art, it was truly gratifying to see what flocks of rough-looking, ill-dressed people crowded in the evening to the rooms, and to observe with what attention they examined the various merits of even chalk-shadings and pencil-outlines; and people like these are hardly to be suspected of affecting an interest they do not feel.

Much has been said—perhaps too much—about the humanising influence of art; but, simultaneously with the fine feeling we have alluded to, the men of the City of Men are unquestionably more than usually devoted to the small amenities of life. An illustration of this may be met with in every street in the polite and painstaking anxiety of the passers-by to direct a stranger on his way. The minute directions, patiently repeated when not understood, will even sometimes be followed up by a long walk *out of the way*, in order to make sure that the road shall not be mistaken; and no touched hat and appealing look at the end of the journey imply that 'your honour's health' was the expected conclusion. The general intelligence, also, of the lower classes is remarkable. A boy in a warehouse, a lad from the factory, will not only readily reply to any inquiries as to the processes going on in his own department, but will shew himself equally conversant with the general details of the business, and in respect to the materials employed, the amount of trade, and the average of wages. Returning once from an excursion to inspect a mill a short distance from Manchester, I happened to remark to one of my companions that a medical friend of mine had been deploring the prevalence of female labour in the factories, on the ground that the feminine character was exclusively adapted for domestic seclusion, and invariably deteriorated in congregations even of her own sex, when a clear though somewhat feeble voice behind begged to be permitted to make a remark upon the subject. I was then in a third-class carriage, for the very purpose of studying the character of the masses, and I turned quickly, and saw the pale thin face and sightless eyes of a man about thirty, neatly but very meanly clad, and evidently of the lower rank. 'You are speaking,' said he, 'of the way the female character is injured in factories: the causes may be

easily traced. The children are the chief workers in a family here; they are regarded according to what their labour will fetch, and as soon as they are old enough, are sent forth to earn. The money-power must always be the ruling power: the parents, therefore, who are often idle, are subordinated to the children, on whose wages they mainly depend; parental authority is overthrown; the harmony of family-life broken up; and the female character of course injured in proportion.'

This was at least the substance of the speech, though it gives but an imperfect idea of the clearness of his argument, or the felicitous language which conveyed it. Our pleased surprise was not lessened when an individual, of equally humble appearance, in another compartment, made some remarks on the comparative characters of the factory-worker and agricultural labourer, and in words more homely than those of the blind speaker, but not less fluent, maintained his view of the question. The subject veering round to the physical differences in different ranks, led to a discovery of his occupation, for on my mentioning having heard that hatters kept assorted sizes of hats for the various classes of society—gentlemen, servants, mechanics, &c.—and that the gentlemen's were usually the largest, he observed that at least the gentlemen's servants were invariably the smallest; adding—'And my opinion may be received as something worth on this subject, for I am a hatter.'

And how is this general intelligence and cultivation to be explained? One cause of the advance, though not of the tendency, may be easily traced. When the question of the free-library system was first discussed, Manchester was one of the first towns to demand the institution; and amid long mean streets, well fitted to supply its readers, stands one of the noblest efforts made in the cause of human culture, the Camp Field Free Library. Here a large and handsome ground-floor hall is filled with desks and tables devoted to periodical literature; and the poorest wanderer may drop in and acquaint himself with the chief events and great discussions of the day. Here, if it be washing-day at home, and the wet linen still hangs in the one room, or the workman is weary with his labour, and his children are ill or noisy, what a resource is within his reach when he can repair to this lofty, well-lit room, with its comfortable seats and unfailing stores of amusement! Here, too, is a circulating library for home-reading, available on presenting a recommendation; while a staircase, profusely adorned with excellent engravings, leads to a large room containing a library of reference, the valuable books of which can be perused only within the room, but are freely handed to any applicant without question or introduction.

But, in addition to the kind of intelligence alluded to, there is a certain completeness in the mind of Manchester, which recognises the mutual dependence of the physical and intellectual nature. Here, for instance, public baths and wash-houses were founded some time before they made their way to London. Even swimming-baths for females have begun to make some progress, at least in principle: at Peel Park, the Gymnasium affords not only to sedentary men and boy-workers an opportunity of healthful exercise, but a secluded portion of the grounds is set apart for girls, to allow them also some small chance of proper muscular development. Might not the authorities of the London Parks take a hint from this great charity, and so enable many a poor girl who sits all day working bugles or quilling blond, or making artificial flowers, to enjoy the means of obtaining stronger limbs and a straighter spine?

Leaving Peel Park, the eye is caught by an announcement at its gates concerning a school in connection with the Salford Institute; and here again a striking fact presents itself. Not only is general

education offered at a very moderate rate, but there are also special classes for instruction in various arts; and among these one, at five shillings a quarter, a class for dress-making. Now, any one who has kept servants can hardly have failed to remark, how important an influence the being able to make a dress for herself, has upon the female domestic—how much neater an appearance she can maintain—how much better able she is to restrict her expenditure to something less than her earnings—and how, besides, as an interesting occupation for her leisure hours, it tends to prevent their being wasted, as is too often the case, on a debasing literature, if it be lawful to give it the name. And the visitor of the poor sees, still more strikingly, the vast difference this knowledge makes in a poor man's home, when his wife is 'handy at her needle,' and out of one old gown can make two new frocks.

As another educational effort pointed out by social science, one mill-proprietor mentioned, that as soon as the buildings for the purpose were completed, he intended to open a school for teaching cookery to girls. This, it is true, has been done in London; but the idea was not born there, for local history informs us, that as long ago as 1720, 'in order to perfect young ladies in what was then thought a necessary part of their education, a pastry-school was set up in Manchester, which was frequented not only by the daughters of the towns-people, but those of the neighbouring gentlemen.' It were well that young ladies in the present century should not deem it a vulgarity to learn to make a digestible pie-crust; but the principle which makes the economical preparation of food a part of a factory-girl's education, is even more important. And considering the fact, that towards the recently completed chapel in connection with these intended schools, the 'hands' of this one factory, in number about 1000, contributed no less a sum than L.300, it need hardly be feared that they will not appreciate any educational advantages.

But social science applies itself not merely to the claims of poverty, it is her part also to see that those who have money to spend shall have their penny's worth for their penny. The Manchester omnibus may be instanced, which provides for its general three-penny fare a lofty, well-ventilated vehicle, with fair room for the lower extremities of all.

It has been admitted that the city's appearance is not very prepossessing; and if this be the case by day, it certainly gains little by night. But all honour to this nocturnal dimness, for it is due to the early closing: and so well is this movement carried out, that a great number of the shops are shut as early as seven; and very few are open after eight. When to this daily margin, reclaimed from the labour-tide, the Saturday half-holiday, now so general here, is added, we may conceive how vast a stock of leisure is gained for all classes, to afford room for social improvement and social happiness.

But it may not be amiss to advert to some of the more latent causes that have led to the advancement of this interesting city. McCulloch, speaking of England at large, says, that 'to excel in machine-making is to excel in what is certainly the most important branch of manufacturing industry. Superiority in any single branch, except this, may exist simultaneously with great inferiority in others; but eminence in the manufacture of machinery is almost sure to lead to eminence in every other department.' We may suppose, then, that the amount of intellect required for the perfecting of the processes here carried on, cannot all be expended on this primary object; and thus a surplus is left to be devoted to other kinds of improvement.

In regard to the handiwork itself, Mr Stevenson, in the article on 'English Statistics,' in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, lays much stress on the practice, almost

universal in factories, of piece-work payment, as giving the workmen an interest in industry, and an inducement, to execute the greatest amount of work in the least space of time; such an influence even reacting upon day-labourers by rousing their emulation, and inducing them, in order to avoid invidious comparisons, to make exertions unknown in other countries.

Dr Ure, again, in his *Philosophy of Manufactures*, thus comments on the kind of employment here chiefly followed: 'Occupations which are assisted by steam-engines, require for the most part a higher, or at least a steadier species of labour, than those which are not; the exercise of the mind being then partially substituted for that of the muscles constituting skilled labour;' and this, as he adds, is always paid more highly than unskilled. He also observes, that 'of all the common prejudices with regard to factory-labour, there is none more unfounded than that which ascribes to it excessive tedium and irksomeness above other occupations, owing to its being carried on in conjunction with the unceasing motion of the steam-engine. In an establishment for spinning or weaving cotton, all the hard work is performed by the steam-engine, which leaves for the attendants no hard labour at all, and literally nothing to do in general, but at intervals to perform some delicate operation, such as joining the threads, &c.' His remarks apply especially to the children, of whom three-fourths of the number employed are engaged in piecing; at which he computes that a child working even twelve hours a day, and attending two mules, would yet have six hours of inaction, occurring at periods of three-quarters of a minute or more at a time, and mentions that 'spinners sometimes dedicate these intervals to the perusal of books.' This, one would suppose, can scarcely be generally or easily done, but at least such snatches of leisure occurring so largely and regularly, must afford favourable opportunities for cultivating the reflective faculties; and that they are thus made use of, seems to be proved by the general intelligence which prevails.

While, then, this wondrous city, this giant of the English north, is thus advancing with seven-leagued strides in the path of progress, let no mere adventitious circumstances cause it to be viewed unfavourably; let no unworthy jealousy prevent the full recognition of that foremost position it is pressing forward to. That it is a powerful rival in the race, even compared with the proud metropolis, must be admitted when we consider all it has done and is doing for social amelioration and national prosperity; its devotion at once to commerce and industry, to science and art; its fostering of kindly feeling and cultivation of intellect; its attention to the requirements of those who can afford to purchase comfort, and the wants of those who have nothing to pay; its provision for every bodily demand, and every mental and moral need. Herein, indeed, in this universality of genius which cares for everything, and overlooks or neglects nothing, lies the great secret of its success. One of the most eminent inhabitants of the city, accompanying a party in the inspection of one of its great establishments, introduced them to the steam-engine which keeps in motion all the machinery on the premises, with the exclamation: 'Here is the real Manchester Man!' It may at least symbolise him. Making its energy felt throughout every part, its influence as active in the remotest corner as in its immediate neighbourhood; not putting forth its efforts in one mode of operation only, but doing whatever is to be done, lifting or pressing in one place, rolling or stamping in another, taking in here, sending out there, just as need may require; and with no capricious intermittent exertion, but in steady, unwearied diligence moving all, regulating all, the tiniest pin not eluding its grasp, the hugest wheel not beyond its capacity; this mighty worker is indeed

no inapt image of those who evoke its powers, and who, not only by using its services, but by imitating its action, have obtained the present high place, and the prospect of a yet loftier future, for the City of Men.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LV.—THE VOLUNTEERS.

Mr sister kept her word. I saw no more of her for that day, nor until noon of the next. Then she came forth from her chamber in full riding costume, ordered White Fox to be saddled, and, mounting, rode off alone.

I felt that I had no power over this capricious spirit. It was idle to attempt controlling it. She was beyond the dictation of fraternal authority—her own mistress—and evidently determined upon having her will and her way.

After the conversation of yesterday, I felt no inclination to interfere again. She was acquainted with my secret; and knowing this, any counsel from me would come with an ill grace, and be as ill received. I resolved, therefore, to withhold it, till some crisis should arrive that would render it more impressive.

For several days this coolness continued between us—at which my mother often wondered, but of which she received no explanation. Indeed, I fancied that even her affection towards me was not so tender as it used to be. Perhaps I was wronging her. She was a little angry with me about the duel with Ringgold, the first intelligence of which had gravely affected her. On my return I had received her reproaches, for it was believed that I alone was to blame in bringing the affair about. 'Why had I acted so rudely towards Arens Ringgold? And all about nothing? A trumpery Indian belle? What mattered it to me what may have been said about the girl? Likely what was said was nothing more than the truth. I should have behaved with more prudence.'

I perceived that my mother had been informed upon most of the material points connected with the affair. Of one, however, she was ignorant. She knew not who the 'trumpery Indian belle' was—she had not heard the name of Maïmea. Knowing her to be ignorant of this, I listened with more calmness to the aspersive remarks.

For all that, I was somewhat excited by her reproaches, and several times upon the point of declaring to her the true cause why I had called Ringgold to an account. For certain reasons I forbore. My mother would not have believed me.

As for Ringgold himself, I ascertained that a great change in his fortunes had lately taken place. His father was dead—had died in a fit of passion, whilst in the act of chastising one of his slaves. A blood-vessel had burst, and he had fallen, as if by a judgment of God.

Arens, the only son, was now master of his vast, ill-gotten wealth—a plantation with some three hundred slaves upon it; and it was said that this had only made him more avaricious than ever.

His aim was—as it had been that of the older Ringgold—to become owner of everybody and everything around him—a grand money-despot. The son was a fit successor to the father.

He had played the invalid for a while—carrying his arm in a sling—and, as people said, not a little vain of having been engaged in a duel. Those who understood how that affair had terminated, thought he had little reason to be proud of it.

It seemed the hostility between him and myself had brought about no change in his relations with our family. I learned that he had been a constant

visitor at the house; and the world still believed him the accepted suitor of Virginia. Moreover, since his late accession to wealth and power, he had grown more than ever a favourite with my ambitious mother. I learned all this with regret.

The old home appeared to have undergone a change. There was not the same warmth of affection as of yore. I missed my kind, noble father. My mother at times appeared cold and distant, as if she believed me undutiful. My uncle was her brother, and like her in everything; even my fond sister seemed for the moment estranged.

I began to feel as a stranger in my own house, and, feeling so, stayed but little at home. Most of the day was I abroad, with Gallagher as my companion. Of course, my friend remained our guest during our stay on the Suwanee.

Our time was occupied, partly with the duties upon which we had been commanded, and partly in following the amusement of the chase. Of deer-hunting and fox-running we had an abundance; but I did not enjoy it as formerly; neither did my companion—ardent sportsman though he was—seem to take the delight in it which he had anticipated.

Our military duties were by no means of an arduous nature, and were usually over before noon. Our orders had been, not so much to recruit volunteers as to superintend the organisation of those already raised; and 'muster them into service.' A corps had already advanced some length towards formation, having elected its own officers, and enrolled most of its rank and file. Our part was to inspect, instruct, and govern them.

The little church, near the centre of the settlement, was the head-quarters of the corps; and there the drill was daily carried on.

The men were mostly of the poorer class of white settlers—small renting planters—and squatters who dwelt along the swamp-edges, and who managed to eke out a precarious subsistence partly by the use of their axes, and partly from the product of their rides. The old hunter Hickman was among the number; and what did not much surprise me, I found the worthies Spence and Williams enrolled in the corps. Upon these scamps I was determined to keep a watchful eye, and hold them at a wary distance.

Many of the privates were men of a higher class—for the common danger had called all kinds into the field.

The officers were usually planters of wealth and influence; though there were some who, from the democratic influence of elections, were but ill qualified to wear epaulettes.

Many of these gentlemen bore far higher official titles than either Gallagher or myself. Colonels and majors appeared to be almost as numerous as privates. But for all this, they did not demur to our exercising authority over them. In actual war-time, it is not uncommon for a lieutenant of the 'line,' or the lowest ensign of the regular army, to be placed in command of a full colonel of militia or volunteers!

Here and there was an odd character, who perhaps, in earlier life, had 'broken down' at West Point, or had gone through a month of campaigning service in the Creek war under 'Old Hickory.' These, fancying themselves *as fait* in the military art, were not so pleasant to deal with; and at times it required all Gallagher's determined firmness to convince them that he was commander-in-chief upon the Suwanee.

My friend's reputation as a 'fire-eater' which had preceded him, had as much weight in confirming his authority as the commission which he brought with him from 'head-quarters.'

Upon the whole, we got along smoothly enough with these gentlemen—most of whom seemed desirous of learning their duty, and submitted to our instructions with cheerfulness.

There was no lack of champagne, brandy, and cigars. The neighbouring planters were hospitable; and had my friend or myself been inclined towards dissipation, we could not have been established in better quarters for indulging the propensity.

To this, however, neither of us gave way; and our moderation no doubt caused us to be held in higher esteem, even among the hard drinkers by whom we were surrounded.

Our new life was by no means disagreeable; and but for the unpleasantness that had arisen at home, I could have felt for the time contented and happy.

At home—at home—there was the canker: it appeared no longer a home.

CHAPTER LXI.

MYSTERIOUS CHANGES.

Not many days had elapsed before I observed a sudden change in the conduct of Gallagher; not towards myself, or my mother, but in his manner towards Virginia.

It was the day after I had held the conversation with her, that I first noticed this. I noticed at the same time that her manner towards him was equally altered.

The somewhat frosty politeness that had hitherto been observed between them, appeared to have suddenly thawed, and their old genial friendship to become re-established on its former footing.

They now played, and sang, and laughed together, and read, and chattered nonsense, as they had been used to do in times past.

'Ah!' thought I, 'it is easy for him to forget; he is but a friend, and, of course, cannot have the feelings of a brother. Little matters it to him what may be her secret relations, or with whom. What need he care about her improprieties? She is good company, and her winning way has beguiled him from dwelling upon that suspicion, which he must have entertained as well as myself. He has either forgotten, forgiven, or else found some explanation of her conduct that seems to satisfy him. At all events, I appear to have lost his sympathy, while she has regained his confidence and friendship.'

I was at first astonished at this new phase in the relations of our family circle—afterwards puzzled by it.

I was too proud and piqued to ask Gallagher for an explanation; and, as he did not volunteer to give one, I was compelled to abide in ignorance.

I perceived that my mother also regarded this altered behaviour with surprise, and also with a feeling of a somewhat different kind—suspicion.

I could guess the reason of this. She fancied that they were growing too fond of each other—that, notwithstanding he had no fortune but his pay-roll, Virginia might fancy the dashing soldier for a husband.

Of course my mother, having already formed designs as to the disposal of her daughter, could not calmly contemplate such a destiny as this. It was natural enough, then, she should look with a jealous eye upon the gay confidence that had been established between them.

I should have been glad if I could have shared my mother's suspicions; happy if my sister had but fixed her affections there. My friend would have been welcome to call me brother. Fortuneless though he might be, I should have made no opposition to that alliance.

But it never entered my thoughts that there wasught between the two but the old rollicking friendship; and love acts not in that style. So far as Captain Gallagher was concerned, I could have given my mother assurance that would have quieted her fears.

And yet to a stranger they might have appeared as lovers—almost to any one except myself. They were together half the day and half the night: they rode together into the woods, and were sometimes absent for hours at a time. I perceived that my comrade began to care little for my company, and daily less. Stranger still, the chase no longer delighted him! As for duty, this he sadly neglected, and had not the 'lieutenant' been on the ground, I fear the 'corps' would have stood little chance of instruction.

As days passed on, I fancied that Gallagher began to relapse into a more sober method. He certainly seemed more thoughtful. This was when my sister was out of sight. It was not the air he had worn after our arrival—but very different.

It certainly resembled the bearing of a man in love. He would start on hearing my sister's voice from without—his ear was quick to catch every word from her, and his eyes expressed delight whenever she came into the room. Once or twice, I saw him gazing at her with an expression upon his countenance that betokened more than friendship.

My old suspicions began to return to me. After all, he *might* be in love with Virginia?

Certainly, she was fair enough to impress the heart even of this adamant soldier. Gallagher was no lady's man—had never been known to seek conquests over the sex—in fact, felt some awkwardness in their company. My sister seemed the only one before whom he could converse with fluency or freedom.

Notwithstanding, and after all, he *might* be in love? I should have been pleased to know it, could I only have insured him a reciprocity of his passion; but alas! that was not in my power.

I wondered whether she ever thought of him as a lover; but no—she could not—not if she was thinking of—

And yet her behaviour towards him was at times of such a character, that a stranger to her eccentricities would have fancied she loved him. Even I was mystified by her actions. She either had some feeling for him, beyond that of mere friendship, or made show of it. If he loved her, and she knew it, then her conduct was cruel in the extreme.

I indulged in such speculations, though only when I could not restrain myself from dwelling upon them. They were unpleasant; at times even painful.

I lived in a maze of doubt, puzzled and perplexed at what was passing around me; but at this time there turned up a new chapter in our family history, that, in point of mystery, eclipsed all the others. A piece of information reached me, that, if true, must sweep all these new-sprung theories out of my mind.

I learned that my sister was in love with *Arens Ringgold*—in other words, that she was 'listening to his addresses!'

CHAPTER LXVII.

MY INFORMANT.

This I had upon the authority of my faithful servant, Black Jake. Upon almost any other testimony, I should have been incredulous; but his was unimpeachable. Negro as he was, his perceptions were keen enough; while his earnestness proved that he believed what he said. He had reasons, and gave them.

I received the strange intelligence in this wise:

I was seated by the bathing-pond, alone, busied with a book, when I heard Jake's familiar voice pronouncing my name: 'Maser George.'

'Well, Jake?' I responded, without withdrawing my eyes from the page.

'Ise wanted all da mornin' to git you 'lone by yarsself; Ise want to hab a leetle bit ob a convassayhun, Maser George.'

The solemn tone, so unusual in the voice of Jake,

awoke my attention. Mechanically closing the book, I looked up in his face: it was solemn as his speech.

'A conversation with me, Jake?'

'Ye, masser—dat am if you ain't ingage?'

'Oh, by no means, Jake. Go on: let me hear what you have to say.'

'Poor fellow!' thought I—'he has his sorrows too. Some complaint about Viola. The wicked coquette is torturing him with jealousy; but what can I do? I cannot make her love him—no. "One man may lead a horse to the water, but forty can't make him drink." No; the little jade will act as she pleases, in spite of any remonstrance on my part. Well, Jake?'

'We, Masser George, I doant meself like to interfere in the 'fairs ob da family—daat I doant; but ye see, masser, things am a gwine all wrong—all wrong, by Golly!'

'In what respect?'

'Ah, masser, dat young lady—data young lady.'

Polite of Jake to call Viola a young lady.

'You think she is deceiving you?'

'More dan me, Masser George—more dan me.'

'What a wicked girl! But, perhaps, Jake, you only fancy these things? Have you had any proofs of her being unfaithful? Is there any one in particular who is now paying her attentions?'

'Yes, masser; berry partickler—nebber so partickler before—nebber.'

'A white man?'

'Gorramighty, Masser George!' exclaimed Jake, in a tone of surprise; 'you do talk kewrious: ob coorse it am a white man. No odder dan a white man dar shew 'tention to the young lady.'

I could not help smiling. Considering Jake's own complexion, he appeared to hold very exalted views of the unapproachableness of his charmer by those of her own race. I had once heard him boast that he was the 'only man ob colour dat could shine *thar*.' It was a white man, then, who was making his misery.

'Who is he, Jake?' I inquired.

'Ah, masser, he am dat ar villain debbil, Arums Ringgol!'

'What! Arens Ringgold?—he making love to Viola?'

'Viola! Gorramighty, Masser George!' exclaimed the black, staring till his eyes showed only the whites—'Viola! Gorramighty, I nebber say Viola!—nebber!'

'Of whom, then, are you speaking?'

'O masser, did I not say da young lady? dat am the young missa—Missa Vaginnny.'

'Oh! my sister you mean. Poh, poh! Jake. That is an old story. Arens Ringgold has been paying his addresses to my sister for many years; but with no chance of success. You needn't trouble yourself about that, my faithful friend; there is no danger of their getting married. She doesn't like him, Jake—I wonder who does or could—and even if she did, I would not permit it. But there's no fear, so you may make your mind easy on that score.'

My harangue seemed not to satisfy the black. He stood scratching his head, as if he had something more to communicate. I waited for him to speak.

'Scoose me, Masser George, for da freedom, but dar you make mighty big mistake. It am true dar war a time when Missa Vaginnny she no care for dat ar snake in da grass. But de times am change: him father—da ole thief—he am gone to the udda world; the young un he now rich—he big planter—the biggest on da ribber: ole missa she 'courage him come see Missa Vaginnny—'cause he rich, he good spec.'

'I know all that, Jake: my mother always wished it; but that signifies nothing—my sister is a little self-willed, and will be certain to have her own way. There is no fear of her giving her consent to marry Arens Ringgold.'

'Scoose me, Masser George, 'scoose me 'gain—I tell you, masser, you make mistake: she a'most consent now.'

'Why, what has put this notion into your head, my good fellow?'

'Viola, masser. Dat ere quadroon tell me all.'

'So, you are friends with Viola again?'

'Ye, Masser George, we good friend as ebber. Twar only my s'picion—I war wrong. She good gal—she true as de rifle. No more s'picion o' her, on de part ob Jake—no.'

'I am glad of that. But pray, what has she told you about Arens Ringgold and my sister?'

'She tell me all: she see somethin' ebbery day.'

'Every day! Why, it is many days since Arens Ringgold has visited here?'

'No, masser; dar you am mistake 'gain: Mass Arums he come to da 'house ebbery day—a'most ebbery day.'

'Nonsense; I never saw him here. I never heard of his having been, since my return from the fort.'

'But him hab been, for all dat, masser; I see 'im meself. He come when you gone out. He be here when wa goes a huntin'. I see um come yest'day, when you an' Mass Garger war away to the boluntien—dat he war eat'n.'

'You astonish me.'

'Dat's not all, masser. Viola she say dat Missa Vaginnny she 'have diffrent from what she used to: he talk love; she not angry no more; she listen to him talk. Oh, Masser George, Viola think she give her consent t' marry him: dat would be dreadful thing—berry, berry dreadful.'

'Jake,' said I, 'listen to me. You will stay by the house when I am absent. You will take note of every one who comes and goes; and whenever Arens Ringgold makes his appearance on a visit to the family, you will come for me as fast as horse can carry you.'

'Gollys! dat I will, Masser George: you nebber fear, I come fass enuff—like a streak ob de greased lightnin'.'

And with this promise, the black left me.

With all my disposition to be incredulous, I could not disregard the information thus imparted to me. Beyond doubt, there was truth in it. The black was too faithful to think of deceiving me, and too astute to be himself deceived. Viola had rare opportunities for observing all that passed within our family circle; and what motive could she have for inventing a tale like this?

Besides Jake had himself seen Ringgold on visits—of which I had never been informed. This confirmed the other—confirmed all.

What was I to make of it? Three who appear as lovers—the chief, Gallagher, Arens Ringgold! Has she grown wicked, abandoned, and is coquetting with all the world?

Can she have a thought of Ringgold? No—it is not possible. I could understand her having an affection for the soldier—a romantic passion for the brave and certainly handsome chief; but for Arens Ringgold—a squeaking, conceited snob, with nought but riches to recommend him—this appeared utterly improbable.

Of course, the influence was my mother's; but never before had I entertained a thought that Virginia would yield. If Viola spoke the truth, she had yielded, or was yielding.

'Ah, mother, mother! little knowest thou the fiend you would introduce to your home, and cherish as your child.'

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S I R.

It is doubtful whether there be another monosyllable in the language which admits of such delicate distinctions as that most common one which heads this paper—Sir. Not the trembling 'No' of the bashful maiden, whose command of verbal inflection is so perfect that she makes it to fill the place of 'Yes,' could be more significant: not the emphatic 'There' of the dined alderman, who pushes his last plate an inch or two from his encroaching stomach with a satisfied sigh, and a comfortable and firm belief in his own mind that he has, in the highest and noblest sense, said Grace: not the 'Well?' of the rival conversationalist, interrogatively fitted in at the conclusion of your very best narration, as though the point were yet to come: not the facile 'Ah!' of the debt-hardened borrower, when he is reminded of the little account which, with the utmost delicacy, you have forbore to speak of until it has almost run clean out of sight for ever underneath the statute of limitations: not the 'Bah!' of the attorney, so different from the same expression in the mouth of the innocent wearers of his sheepskins, when you inadvertently let fall some moral axiom or some tender sentiment, forgetting in whose presence you stand: not even the 'Chur-r-r-ch, Chur-r-r-ch' of the Hyde Park democracy, when they flung, some months ago, that elongated monosyllable, with so great distinctness of meaning, at the titled Sabbath-breakers and miserable sinners of 'carriage-people' in the Ring; nothing equally brief had ever such variety of meaning as this 'Sir.'

Even in writing, and when it stands apart and unrelieved by 'My dear,' or 'Dear,' it has a certain unpleasant significance. It shews that the writer has no acquaintance, and far less friendship with the person he addresses; that, for certain, he does not know anything about him, and that, in all probability, he does not care. There is not only a stiffness and reserve, but an absolute antagonism in a 'Sir' of this sort. It is more than possible that it may be followed by, 'As the legal advisers of Messrs Harpy,' &c., and that the whole may be concluded—like an unprepossessing scorpion, whose worst has yet to come in the tail of it—by the signature of a legal firm. One has, in this case, to write back 'Gentlemen,' too, in return for it, which, it may be, is as tremendous a sacrifice of truth as of inclination. The editor of the *Moral Lever*—by no means the talented Irish novelist of that name—begins with the 'Sir' indignant, when he writes that he is in truth astonished at his once esteemed contributor requiring compensation in dross for that blessed privilege of elevating the masses

which has been afforded to him by the publication of his article; and the once esteemed contributor has made previous use of it, apologetically, in demanding modestly to know whether the *Lever* was accustomed to balance its accounts at the end of every six months or of a year.

This 'Sir' epistolary may be the herald of a compulsory marriage (when it emanates, for instance, from one of the big brothers of the three Miss Malonies, denominated, for certain reasons, 'Plague, Pestilence, and Famine'); of unexpected offspring of a doubtful paternity; of death, itself, even—provided, at least, that there is no property bequeathed to us, in which case we may be sure it would become 'My dear Sir,' or 'My very dear Sir,' in proportion to the sum; but it is never by any chance the harbinger of anything satisfactory, except perhaps in the extremely mitigated form of a receipt for the second payment of a disputed bill. 'Sir' never asks you to dinner, nor even pays you a compliment, except of the most artificial character, such as that of representing somebody as your most obedient and humble servant, who, if not an utter stranger, is a foe determined upon your ruin. 'Sir' is the dogged submission which the most savage hand is compelled to pay to the laws of civilisation, the transparent veil through which it strikes with undiminished power. The only social invitation which it ever heralds is that which belongs to the duello, the pressing summons to 'pistols for two in the sawpit,' or other unfrequented meeting-place; nor has it anything to do with love, except at the extreme fag-end of it, when it sometimes announces Cupid's death and the birth of mammon coincidently, in the notice of action for breach of promise of marriage. It is the sign that the chain of friendship is broken, and that the remaining life-links which connect us and the writer must needs be formed of a far baser metal. Indeed, the only sort of excellence which the 'Sir' epistolary possesses, is of a decidedly negative character; it does not, as far as we are aware, form part of the formula of a writ.

The 'Sir' colloquial, on the other hand, may be urbane and graceful enough; the tongue can express by inflection what it is not in the power of the pen through the same term to convey. A trivial and common-place remark of ours—for we do make such things on rare occasions, and at very long intervals—to a fellow-traveller in a railway-carriage, has been sometimes replied to by this little word, in a manner (before our-marriage, that is) which has set our heart beating, and our cheeks aflame; our youth and beauty were remarkable at one period, and we have

now and then been forcibly recalled to a sense of them by the silvery softness of this monosyllable 'Sir,' expressed with all the admiring modesty of sweet seventeen. What a totally different significance has the very same word in the mouth of our friend, Bullion of the Exchange!—Bullion, who sits opposite to us in church, and annoys us by his condescension and assumption of supercelestial dignity—Bullion, whom one wonders the clergyman does not rebuke from the pulpit, saying: 'Miserable sinner, behave yourself as such,' instead of giving a piece of his mind to the charity-boy asleep in the aisle, who does not want it. You should hear Sir 'Sir' in a railway-carriage. Ask him what's o'clock, offer him a newspaper, tread upon his gaiter toe, (bore him, be polite to him, or insult him, the result will be all the same,) and if he does not happen to know that you also are a very rich man indeed, what a terrible monosyllable he will make of it! 'Do you know to whom you are addressing yourself?' 'Confound your impertinence!' and 'Who in the name of all first-class passengers may you be?' are all implied in his enunciation of 'Sir!'

Ah, this word is absolute and of the greatest consequence, like any rich bachelor uncle; like him, too, married to another, it loses all importance, and becomes of quite fifth-rate account. The snarling 'Yesir,' the mandacious 'Comingsir,' of the hotel waiter, express only respect with the chill off, and very little even of that. The 'By-your-leave-sir' of the luggage-porter, so far from being a homage to your rank and character, is the prologue, and sometimes even the epilogue, to your being run over by a east-iron truck. The 'What, Sir!' 'Me, Sir?' of offended dignity, instead of being relieved and palliated by this respectful monosyllable, is sharpened and rendered all the more ferocious by it; while the phrase 'You, Sir,' possesses all the sombre significance of the ancient 'Sirrah,' and is commonest in the mouth of the angry pedagogue, with cane in hand. Lastly, what a world of meaning, deep and wide, is conveyed by the 'Sir' oratorical! While it appears to refer solely to some august personage in a wig and other superfluities, who may happen for the nonce to be the Speaker of the House of Commons, it in reality typifies the whole civilized world, and sometimes (when an honourable member gets impassioned) even the starry firmament in addition. Heaven itself is called to witness to the shameful treatment of the independent electors of Ballyblaney, to their having been scratched under the harrow of the Baron, by the aid of this unconscionable 'Sirrh-rh-rh.' By 'Sir-r-r,' too, a treacherous and perfidious government is warned that, though it may not be placed in an ignominious minority that night, a day will come when the vials of wrath will be poured out upon it, and when not a place above the value of two thousand a year will be left among its dissipated atoms; and, by the same word, a factious opposition is solemnly advised, as by the still small voice of conscience itself, to cease to assist by their unscrupulous and obstructive policy, the foreign invader and the domestic anarchist. By this, too, the country is informed, amidst tumultuous cheering, that its state of prosperity is unexampled, and its present height of social happiness the greatest which it has ever yet attained, and, by this, it is adjured to hesitate, amidst tumultuous cheering likewise, lest the small end of the wedge be introduced, and the flag which for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze be hoisted half-mast high, because England's glory has set. It is indeed the unalterable opinion of the

writer of this paper that, should this term of 'Sir' be eliminated from our language, the destruction of the constitution would follow as a matter of course.

THE PURGATORY OF PRISONERS.

THERE is a class of men in the world the fundamental doctrine of whose gloomy creed appears to be disbelief in social progress. The ray of new light in which more cheerful temperaments are rejoicing, serves for them only to deepen the shadow. Their vocation is to state and re-state each social problem, and to ignore or denounce all attempts at its solution. When the philanthropist talks of decrease in the amount of evil, they suspect mere variety of development: the change, they say, is but in kind, the degree is as high as heretofore. Let an enterprise be ever so noble in its aim, no throb of sanguine sympathy prevents them from coolly calculating the retarding force which will, they maintain, in a given time, check its impetus, and diminish its results. Talk to them of preventive or reformatory measures, they answer you with a shrug and a sigh. 'Once bad, always bad' is a dogma of minds of this desponding cast. Yet, since facts are stubborn things, we should like to put into the hands of such men certain statistics on Irish convict-prisons at this moment before us. We think they would find it difficult to deny that these report a very remarkable amount of success in solving one of the vital questions the Sphinx of our times keeps putting to society, and which society must reply to properly, or was beside it!—the question, namely, What is to be done with our criminal population? Or, rather, since in theory it is universally allowed that criminals are to be deterred by punishment, and reformed by discipline, the Sphinx's present question may be more correctly stated thus: 'In what manner do you propose to set about deterring and reforming?'

To this the papers before us return a most satisfactory answer. They tell us what has actually been accomplished by the system pursued in Ireland for the last year and a half—no very lengthened period, it is true, yet amply sufficient to prove the soundness of the principle on which the system is based, and the excellence of the machinery by which it is worked. Its distinctive feature consists of its intermediate prisons—'places of penitential purification,' to use the language of one of their advocates; 'Stations between the prisons and the public,' according to the metaphor of another—in which, the penal stage past, the prisoner becomes subjected not only to additional reformatory influences, but to actual probation; and this, it is obvious, must act favourably both on the man himself, and on the public feeling concerning him, by fitting him to return to the duties of the free, and affording evidence of his power to perform them, by restoring his self-respect, and giving him a claim to the respect of others. We now proceed to give an account of the present plan of Irish convict-management, contrasting it, first of all, with that which it happily replaces.

'It's always the darkest the hour before day,' prettily says the Irish proverb. 'When things are at the worst, they mend,' according to our more prosaic way of stating the same truth.

In 1853, Captain Crofton was authorized to inquire into the state of Irish convict-prisons, and here to his account of them, given in a year after: 'It was as deplorable as it is possible to conceive—the prisoners were morally and physically prostrate. There was a want of the element of hope in them, of education, and of everything else one would wish to find. The prisons were overcrowded in a very great degree.' After bearing this, we are prepared to find that Irish prisoners were an intolerable nuisance to the colonies.

From Western Australia, the governor writes to deprecate their being sent out with tickets of licence, suggesting—with some prevision of the present system—'twelve months' rigid control to train them into fitness for relative liberty.' The same gentleman goes on to remark, as 'a noticeable feature in the idiosyncrasy of the Irish prisoners, that they evince a singular inaptitude to comprehend the nature of moral agencies, or to be affected by them.' Again, he speaks of six hundred of these men as 'lost to every impulse of independent thought or action, debilitated, diseased, indolent, and noticeably ill-trained.' Such, then, was the raw material with which the new system has had to deal, such was the desperate case which called for prompt and radical remedy.

The Irish Prisons Act of Parliament having passed August 7, 1854, the first step taken was to do away with the overcrowding of the jails. The best conducted prisoners were, according to a suggestion of the lord-lieutenant, Lord St Germaine, recommended for discharge; a hundred warders were sent away; every schoolmaster save one dismissed; and many of the superior officers superannuated; and the prisons reduced to comparative order. 'We then,' continues Captain Crofton, 'followed out the English system with regard to public works, establishing gratuities, to give convicts the element of hope, and to induce them to conduct themselves steadily.'

The element of hope! In these words lie the strength of the whole beneficent scheme, and the secret of its success. There are certain impossibilities which people either never attempted, or have long left off attempting. Armaments, Herodotus tells us, were once fitted out against the south wind; but, taught in that case by experience, people gave up such expeditions pretty soon. Plants are not expected to grow gorgeous-hued deprived of sunlight, nor animals to qualify for the prize-show on other than a nutritive diet; but characters have been expected to soften under heart-hardening treatment, to grow moral through demoralising association, to strive hard with no definite end in view, to improve without the soul's vital breath—without the element of hope. There were better prospects of beating back the south wind! Now, then, with this bright ray of light thrown on the subject, this element of hope conceded henceforth to convicts—hope of more than mere liberation, mere freedom to fall again into crime—we pass over the next step taken by the prison reformers, the separation of juvenile from adult offenders, because this is a measure universally adopted in theory, at all events, and not distinctive of the Irish system.

The present career of the Irish convict may be said to consist of three stages, of which the first may be characterised as specially penal; the second, reformatory; the third, probational. A convict on coming under the control of the board goes first to the cellular jail called Mountjoy. Here he is placed day and night in strict separation from his fellows; 'except in chapel, the exercise-ground, and the school-room,' where, of course, all conversation is prohibited. In this almost absolute seclusion, alone with bitter and unholy memories, full of regret or remorse for his former career, we can well believe that the chaplain's ministrations are 'all-important;' and for a time this discipline approves itself as 'most wholesome,' drawing as it does 'a broad line of demarcation between the past and the future, subduing and almost invariably leading to a change of sentiment.' But as Mr Cooney, one of the Mountjoy chaplains, wisely remarks: 'It is vain to expect that religion can exercise this absorbing influence for a very long period. These poor men are not called by God to a contemplative life, and hence their minds soon require to be relieved by their occupations.' Mr Cooney further recommends that, after the lapse of two or three months, these

occupations should be such as would employ the convict busily and pleasantly.

Supposing the prisoner to have behaved well, this stage ends at the end of nine months. From the very first, the convict's 'fate is placed in his own hands,' and thus a fresh start in life, so to speak, is afforded him. Inside these walls, at least, he may begin well. He is made to feel that he has prospects dependent upon his present conduct, and not irremediably clogged with the burden of his past.

His next move is to Spike Island, a fortified station in the Cove of Cork. Here things begin to brighten—'though hard at work all day at the repair and enlargement of the military works, and shut up at night in the cellular divisions of a barrack,' he may exchange words with his comrades, and then his is now outdoor work—he sees the sky, the flight of the clouds, the burst of sunshine, the play of the waves around his ocean-prison, and though perhaps it were too much to say of one whose taste for the beautiful has been so little cultured, that

The common air, the earth, the skies
To him are opening Paradise;

yet, after nine months' experience of the gloomy cell, the fresh free breeze and the associated labour must necessarily have an exhilarating influence on body and mind. The man has gained a step; his self-respect revives; and that blessed germ of hope he took with him into the Mountjoy cell, puts forth green shoots now, and will blossom by and by. At Spike Island he is employed according to his abilities, in outdoor work. If his be an indoor trade, he is sent to another prison, Philipstown, forty miles from Dublin. In both places alike, his privileges and means of improvement are extended. 'The schoolmaster becomes a lecturer, also adapting his subjects to the wants, capacities, and tastes of his hearers,' turning their attention to the colonies, the goal of their general ambition, and enforcing moral truths in a popular manner. The prisoner has also now gained the power of earning by industry and good conduct certain gratuities, small enough at first, but which increase with continued good conduct; while, on the other hand, men that misconduct themselves forfeit all claim to gratuities.

'If change of station were possible at every step of the convict's progress,' remarks Mr Hill, in his most interesting paper on this subject, read at the late Birmingham meeting for the promotion of social science—'some advantages would be gained; but this is impossible. The board has therefore devised subsidiary stages and classes.' The prisoner entering always in the third, may be promoted to the second at periods of two, three, or four months, according as his conduct has been exemplary, very good, good, or indifferent. 'With regard to prisoners in the second class, the minimum of time before they reach the first is six months, the maximum is undefined.' (Always we see the prisoner's fate is in his own hands.)

Once in the first class, blameless behaviour for a year qualifies for the last stage—transference to the Forts, to Lusk, or to Smithfield, according to circumstances. The artisan goes to Smithfield, the agricultural labourer to Lusk, the mechanic to Forts Camden and Carlisle in Cork Harbour. In each of these, 'the numbers are restricted to one hundred, in order that individualisation may be brought to bear upon the inmates, and a measure of voluntary action permitted to all.' The prisoner has now arrived at the intermediate or probationary stage, which, as we have before stated, is the distinctive feature of the Irish system. Here 'nearly all connection with prison-life is suspended; the dress is that of the ordinary workman; the hair is free to grow; the man is fast shaking off his degrading antecedents. 'New objects, new aspirations, new desires, are to be cultivated.' The

divine model of forgiveness being kept in view, and reverently followed, none of his former offences are any more remembered against him. He is treated with respect; his honour is appealed to and confided in, and an *esprit de corps* enlisted on the side of the institution; he learns to care for its honour too. At the same time, here, where so much is given, much also is required. 'The prisoner is subject to very strict supervision, and holds his post under arduous responsibility.' Idleness infallibly leads to a return to Spike Island, and is indeed the most frequent cause of such a retrograde step. 'The man who proves himself unworthy of partially restrained liberty, is considered unfit for the greater liberty of ticket of licence, still more so for unconditional discharge.' In short, this stage is eminently a probationary one. Men have scope here for the exercise of self-denial, being now, in addition to their gratuities, entitled to a small portion of their own earnings, out of which they may draw sixpence weekly, to be spent as they will, with the one merciful exception of all intoxicating drinks whatever. Sometimes the prisoner goes on adding this weekly sixpence to his little fund, not only increasing it, but strengthening himself in the grand attainment—for which, by the way, we sadly want a name—of *going without*. Or should he invest the sum judiciously, it is still well. If not discreetly spent, no word of disapproval is spoken, else the man might feel his right of free expenditure a mere nominal thing. However, in a case of this kind there is still something to be done by a wise and loving-hearted director. On one occasion, we are told that Captain Crofton, having found that a prisoner's sixpences had been for some months wasted on tobacco, skilfully went to work in the following manner. He began by asking the man what first brought him into trouble.

'Drink,' was the reply.

'Are you not afraid of again being decoyed into the habit of drinking when you leave this place?'

'Not at all. I have had no drink for years, and I do very well without it.'

'But you were for years without tobacco; and although you suffered at first, you discovered, after a time, that tobacco was not essential to your comfort; yet the moment you are allowed to purchase it, you do so. How can you be sure that, as you have not been able to resist tobacco, you will be able to resist drink when you have the power of obtaining it?'

The man thought these words over, the tobacco entries gradually but steadily decreased; in six weeks, the victory was won!

Again, the honesty of intermediate men is tried as well as their self-denial. They are sent out on errands, trusted with money by the authorities, and, what is more remarkable, implicitly trusted by their comrades. We have two pleasant anecdotes given us in illustration of this. A certain Patrick O'Hagan goes out one day with about fifteen shillings in his pocket, and all manner of small commissions to execute for his neighbours. When he returned, delivered his parcels, and counted up his money, he found to his dismay that a sixpence was wanting. But no one suspected him; his fellow-convicts were quite sure that some mistake had been made, or the money lost—nothing worse. The following morning, another prisoner, in sweeping the yard, found the missing coin. On another occasion, a man at the Cork Forts mislaid the considerable sum of four shillings. He, too, was totally without suspicion of those around them; he firmly believed the money lost, not taken. The event proved—we are not told how—that he had been quite right in this charitable conclusion.

At these intermediate prisons, mental culture is carefully attended to. At Smithfield, the prisoners are fortunate in possessing for their schoolmaster and

lecturer one of those remarkable men, endowed with a natural ascendancy over their fellows, who seem raised up at the beginning of every reformatory measure to give it the impetus it needs to be set fairly in motion. Could a succession of such men be insured, what results might not be expected! This indefatigable Mr Organ, friend, teacher—guardian angel, one might say—'possesses the gift of captivating the hearts while cultivating the minds of his pupils; nor does his kind tutelage come to an end on their enlargement. So far as it is possible, he watches over them, even when they are far away. His successful labours have attracted the attention of the lord-lieutenant, who not seldom joins the audience at the evening lectures, and takes part in questioning the men.' The favourite subject of inquiry among the pupils is, we find, emigration; but elementary science and the principles of political economy are practically taught and applied. But special mental culture by no means occupies an undue portion of the intermediate man's day. Its routine is as follows: Preparation for day's work and prayer, 1½ hours; meals and exercise, 2½ hours; lectures and study, 3½ hours; labour, 9½ hours; sleep, 8 hours.

Turning to the other establishments of the kind, we meet with the same system of management. Here, however, the exemplary convicts are located by fifties in 'corrugated iron huts, lined with wood,' experience proving these to be very comfortable habitations. Obviously, however, they lack the security of the permanent prison, and are therefore only fit for men amenable to moral restraint. But for intermediate men, with 'their fate in their own hands,' and a character to support, it would be the worst policy in the world to desert. 'Accordingly, convicts with two years of their sentence still to run, are working unrestrainedly at Lusk, draining the common, leveling, building, &c.' And out of the total of nearly 900 prisoners, under the surveillance of one superintendent, one schoolmaster, and six warders to each hundred, only one attempt to escape has been made during the eighteen months for which the system has been at work.

We come now to its results upon the public mind. Great difference of opinion, we are all aware, prevails in England respecting the success of the ticket-of-leave system; but every one is agreed that the main difficulty in the way of its working is that of obtaining employment for the ticket-holders. The many feel that the whole scheme is but 'an engine for turning felons loose to prey on society.' Accordingly, society shudders. As the *Times* once remarked: 'The position of ticket-of-leave men is most pitiable, nor, unless some means exist of obtaining back for them that which they have lost—namely, character—is there much chance that it will ever receive any sensible amelioration.' As things are, how can we wonder at society, which instinctively feels that the prison test of conduct, still more of character, is wholly unsatisfactory and inadequate, and that whatever chaplain and prison-officers may think of the prisoner, the chances are that he will very probably return to his old ways as soon as free agency is restored. Colonel Jebb gives utterance to a very prevalent popular impression when he says: 'I wish it were possible to give greater weight to the opinions of the chaplains as to the religious state of the men.' On the other hand, if society be naturally shy of the ticket-of-leave man, how natural that he should again fall into offences against society! He has had no opportunity of testing his own principles or regaining his own respect, and his nature is embittered by feeling himself an object of suspicion and contempt to those around him. Under these circumstances, it is matter of surprise that the percentage of recommitment for fresh offences is not greater than we find it to be.

Now, in Ireland, we have it upon the authority of Mr Hill that the demand for the services of discharged prisoners exceeds the supply, and that the average of wages which these men can command is at least ten shillings a week. So adequate does the public consider the 'filtering process' of the intermediate establishments.

The next question that suggests itself is this: 'Have the men thus welcomed into employment proved themselves worthy of it?' This question is answered by the fact, that though slight irregularities are always noticed, and 'the terms of the licence most strictly enforced,' revocations of these licences amount to little more than 3 per cent.

With reference to the five hundred men absolutely discharged, it is, of course, impossible to speak with equal precision. We rejoice to be told that 'large numbers of these still continue in correspondence with the authorities,' and that 'scores of these letters are to be seen at the institutions;' but special supervision by the police being impossible in their case, there is no other than negative evidence to be had respecting them. The chairman, however, considers that recommitments from among this class do not exceed 10 per cent.

So much for the highest success—the reformation of the criminal; and now for the economical side of the question. 'The statistics of the expense,' says the Rev. Orby Shipley, one of its most fervent advocates, 'will be as palatable to the rate-payer, as the moral results to the Christian. . . . The agricultural colonies are self-supporting; the trade departments can be made so.' One of the wise economics adopted is the appointing tradesmen as warders in the latter, and qualified foremen of the works in the former case. It is found that, under a proper system of discipline, the labour of a hundred men, no longer given grudgingly and of necessity, but hopeful energetic labour, with eventual liberty for its reward, is amply sufficient to pay all their needful expenses, including more liberal salaries to a superior class of prison-officers. The return given by Captain Crofton in his Annual Report, actually proves that a large balance in favour of the public may be expected from the labour of intermediate prisoners applied to public works, such as 'harbours of refuge and coast-defences,' such works, in short, as Adam Smith pronounces it the duty of a sovereign to 'erect and maintain'—works 'which, though they may be in the highest degree advantageous to a great society, are, however, of such a nature as that the profit could never repay the expense, and which it cannot therefore be expected that any individual should erect and maintain.' Such works as these will be greatly facilitated by the recent adoption of iron huts, which, inexpensive in themselves, preclude the heavy cost of permanent prison-building, and render it an easy matter to transfer selected convicts from station to station, according as their labour is required.

We have left ourselves but little space to glance at prisons and refuges for female convicts. The system pursued in these is the same in principle, but there are necessarily peculiar difficulties in its way. The fragile texture of a woman's character is more seriously warped and ravelled by crime than that of man is found to be. Her excitable, irritable temperament renders her more incapable of passing through the penal stage without danger to mental and physical health. Again, she has not the outdoor work so favourable to the strength and spirits of the men, so pleasantly and cheerfully diversifying their reformational period. Refuges must, in the case of women, supply the only 'filtering process' possible. We rejoice that such are increasing in Ireland, and that the results of three now in operation are highly satisfactory. It is but justice to say that the devotion of

their Roman Catholic sisters to this blessed mission may well provoke Protestant women to an equal measure of 'love and good works.'

There remains one dark fact to consider and provide for. While it is assumed that from seventy to seventy-five convicted prisoners may be profitably subjected to special treatment in intermediate prisons, there still remains a minority of—humanly speaking—the hopelessly irreclaimable. How little responsible these may be, we cannot know; how dangerous they are, we see, and have to provide against. These men, we are told, are easily distinguishable at an early portion of their prison career. Virtually lunatics, it is proposed that they be treated as such, 'located in special prisons, guarded by special officers, and placed at special labour.' Until lately, this class, removed from the parent country, made Norfolk Island in very truth a hell upon earth. Captain Crofton believes that the sending such men abroad never has succeeded, and never will, either as a reformatory or deterrent measure; and another high authority, M. Bérenger, has arrived at the same conclusion. One of the most important features of the new act is its authorisation of exceptional methods to be carried on at home in these exceptional cases. The length of a prisoner's sentence is no longer exclusively decided by the offence he committed outside the prison-walls, but by his conduct within them. The executive possesses 'powers of life-long incarceration for the life-long incorrigible, life-long supervision for the life-long unimpressible.' Of these, however, it is confidently and reasonably hoped that improved education and improved prison-training may materially diminish the number.

We sum up the whole system in Mr Hill's emphatic, hopeful, yet solemn reply to the long vexed question—What shall we do with our convicts? 'Keep your prisoners under sound and enlightened discipline until they are reformed—keep them, for your own sake, and for theirs. The vast majority of all who enter your prisons as criminals can be sent back into the world, after no unreasonable term of probation, honest men and useful citizens. Let the small minority remain; and if death arrive before reformation, let them remain for life.'

A 'RAREY' SHOW.

WHEN glorious old Homer wanted an epithet with which to round off his description of a Hector or a Diomedes, he called the hero a 'horse-conqueror,' a 'tamer of steeds'—a very different association of ideas, it is true, from that of our modern hippodromos, or 'horse-breaker.' Setting aside the mere question of bone and muscle, about which no doubt much poetic licence is taken by bards in all ages, we must admit some differences as to the outer man. The glittering helmet with nodding plumes of the noble Phrygian, Priam's best and bravest son, must give place to an old battered felt, or wide-awake; the brazen plates and scales, to a greasy cast-off hunting-coat; while the seedy and blotchy 'tops' finishing off no less seedy and blotchy 'shorts,' must stand instead of the graceful yet muscular limbs and picturesque greaves of the well-booted Grecians.

Still, with all his faults, the horse-breaker is, in the eyes of our youth, a heroic man. If we have seen a great, long-legged, slapping colt gambolling at liberty for four long years in the paternal pastures, since we first patted his nice little velvety nose as a new-born foal in the paternal paddock; if we have marked his growth, and trembled with the undulations of the soil as he has rushed past us, snorting indignation and contempt at our puny attempts to pen him up in a corner with no better force than half-a-dozen school-boys like ourselves;

if this has been our previous experience in reference to 'the colt,' it cannot be but that the man who undertakes to bring this wild *Bucephalus* under the dominion of the saddle or collar, is, in our eyes, a great man, and no mistake. We know that there is danger to be encountered, exaggerated a thousand-fold by our boyish feelings and inexperience, and we feel that this illiterate, drunken old fellow can do something which any number of us would be quite unable to accomplish. Thus we exalt the crazy creature into the dignity of a hero; proving thereby that it is a fact intimately connected with the heroic side of man's character and history, that he has been able to subdue and render amenable to his purposes, in peace or war, this magnificent quadruped. A mature judgment would correct much of this impression, so far as it regards the personal danger attending the process; but the inveterately drunken habits of modern horse-breakers really do place their lives at times in imminent peril. There are also accidents to which even sober hippodomoi would be exposed under the present injudicious management—of which more anon—and I have myself known three generations of them in the same family 'killed off' in succession by broken necks, after fractures, bruises, and contusions innumerable had been surmounted. I suppose the experience of most persons who have lived in the country and been much 'about horses,' is somewhat similar.

It is certainly exciting to see a fine colt, such as I have introduced above, strapped up to the 'german rider' (or dumb jockey), and trotting proudly round and round in the ring. Still more so is it if, after some days' 'working him over the ground,' the old crippled horse-breaker, probably after an encouraging 'bit of lunch' in the servants' hall, thinks he will 'just see and back him a bit this afternoon.'

Up he gets on his, in our eyes, perilous eminence—Cardinal Wolsey himself was not in greater danger, we being the judges—and, after settling himself for some time, and giving little jerks of his body to let the horse know that he is *there*, the stalwart attendants lead him on a little, and then the word is given to 'let him go!'

Sometimes this all ends peaceably enough, and we boys are rather disappointed than otherwise at seeing that no serious objection is made by the colt to his new burden; but it will happen that the old dingy spurs, which look as if they were rusted into the boots, have not been laid aside for the first 'backing;' and as the 'german rider' wears no spurs, this particular arrangement is quite unknown to the pupil. If, in such circumstances, a touch of the cold steel should be inadvertently given, there may be quite enough of trouble in the wind to satisfy even a school-boy's taste for the exciting and terrible. The surprised animal will then snort and plunge in a fearful manner, and use every effort to get rid of his tormentor; in this he sometimes succeeds, to the damage of life or limb; but, more frequently, and if the ale has not been too strong, the tough muscles of the rider, long accustomed to exert their utmost tenacity in a particular direction, enable him to literally 'ride out the storm.' A struggle takes place like what we read of as occurring in the South American pampas, and goes on until the nobler animal gives way from sheer exhaustion, and exhibits a practical illustration of the old saying, 'what can't be cured, must be endured;' and although it may be months before he can be depended on, yet he does in time submit, and put his shoulder to the collar, or yield his back to the saddle, in a wonderful manner; as shewing that, in the long-run, intellect must gain the day against mere brute force. Still the 'palm is not without dust.' While the struggle goes on, the old fellow now lurches to one side, now rolls to the

other; now he seems as if he must go off over the head of the steed, and again as if he would capsize in the opposite direction; but, as I have said, the horse's struggles exhaust only himself, and leave the victory in the hands of all-subduing man.

As regards the general practice, it is quite deplorable to think of the needless barbarity with which this breaking-in process is conducted. The poor colt is—without being familiarised even for a day to a great bar of cold iron thrust across his mouth—sharply tied up to the 'rider,' so as to excoerate his lips and gums, the result of which excoeriation is a callosity quite fatal to our hopes of a good mouth, and rendering all the nuisances connected with the curb-chain indispensable; then he is incommoded with a crupper, excoeriating another part; and then he is forced to go forward against opposing and painful pressures.

With a little gentle preparatory training, while young, all this could be greatly ameliorated, as I have often proved by experience. By accustoming the young animal to be handled, bitten, saddled, and led about, and avoiding high-feeding at the time of actual backing, I am satisfied that nearly all of this infliction of needless suffering can be done away with; not to speak of the saving of wear and tear of the animals themselves.

I shall never forget the regret and indignation I felt at seeing the stupid mismanagement of an old groom who was intrusted, many years ago, by a friend of mine, with the training of some very fine and valuable colts of his own breeding. They were, as I say, strikingly fine, promising, and high-bred animals, four years old, and full of high-feeding and courage. It was only to be expected that they should revolt most violently against the discipline of the bridle and saddle; and I saw plainly enough that the severe and constant 'riking' to which they were subjected each day, in order to tame them down to the point when they could be safely handled and mounted, and the long exercise on hard ground afterwards, must, of necessity, founder them in great measure, before they had 'come in' for the master's use. I suggested, with all possible urgency, that if oats were altogether withheld for the time, and only a moderate share even of hay allowed them, all this unmerciful pounding of their young limbs upon hard ground—for at that time the green fields were even worse for them than the high road itself—might be avoided. I was, however, met by derision, and told, in good set-terms, that I knew nothing about the matter; that you never 'can be sure of a horse, unless you bring him in in his full spirit,' &c. The result was, that the best and most valuable hunters of that 'lot' were prematurely 'cast off,' because they had no 'fore-legs' at seven years of age. At that very period I adopted what was derisively called the 'starving system,' with two young animals of about the same sort, but less valuable on some accounts; and with perfect success. One of them I sold while young; the other I used as a 'ride-and-drive' horse for eleven years, and gave him to a friend, at fourteen or fifteen, as sound on his legs as ever, after a life of real, although fair, work on hard roads, both in saddle and harness.

A vast amount of useless wear and tear might, I am fully convinced, be thus saved, and most young horses would come to their work unfounded, by such a gentle and judicious system of management as I have suggested—but chiefly by low-feeding at the critical period. There are, however, vicious brutes—some born such, and some rendered dangerous by improper treatment—the breaking-in of which has always been a matter of infinite trouble and difficulty. A friend of mine once bought, for a mere song, a high-bred and beautiful colt which it was found impossible to bridle. He paid the money, asked for the key

of the stable, put it in his pocket, and rode home; taking care that all food, except some dirty litter, was removed. Thus twenty-four hours were suffered to elapse, and then he came again, provided himself with a handful of oats in a sieve, entered the stable, and while the famished animal was greedily feeding on the corn, he slipped the bridle into his mouth and over his ears, and led him away in triumph. I need hardly observe that the bridle was left on for a time, and by the adoption of moderate means and low-feeding, this 'vicious' horse was soon tamed, and subsequently sold for a high price.

Every one has heard of Sullivan the Irish 'Whisperer,' who stood alone in his day in the possession of some secret, known only to himself and the subjects on which he operated, and by which he most undoubtedly succeeded in taming, in a few hours, the most refractory horses submitted to the trial. A graphic instance of this is given in Mr Youatt's book, *The Horse*, on the authority of an eminent veterinary surgeon of Dublin, who witnessed the scene.

The subject of this experiment was a celebrated racer called King Pepin. This horse was sometimes dangerously vicious; and on one particular day, when he was engaged to run on the 'Curragh,' he would let no one into the stable to put a bridle upon him. A great lumbering country fellow volunteered to do this, but his enraged majesty seized him by the back with his teeth, and shook him like a terrier shaking a rat. Fortunately, like all his countrymen who have it in their power to do so, this daring individual had put on as many coats as he could well carry; so that while the king thought, no doubt, he was paying off the man, he got only a mouthful of coarse grey frieze before reaching the actual skin, of which latter he scarcely had more than a superficial hold with his teeth; and Faddy, in addition to being laughed at, got off with a severe pinch and a sad damage to his holiday toggery.

As Sullivan was known to be on the spot, he was sought out, and at his own request, shut up with the indignant monarch; in about an hour he appeared on the open course, followed about by King Pepin, as a dog follows his master; and the horse lay down, got up again, and suffered himself to be handled all over at the bidding of this rude, ignorant rustic (for such he was), to the infinite astonishment of a crowd of bystanders.

Of course, the 'Whisperer' could have made a fortune if he had chosen; but he contented himself with a moderate scale of earnings, just sufficient to enable him to enjoy his favourite pastime of meeting with the Suhallow hounds. The curious fact connected with him is, that he could not communicate his secret even to his son; after his death, the latter often attempted to exercise his father's calling, but the endeavour was a complete failure.

Thus the matter of horse-conquering remained for many years, no one appearing to have caught old Sullivan's secret, or invented a method for himself. But, within the last few months, the case has been otherwise; and an American hippodamus, or horse-tamer, has fully equalled, if not eclipsed, the renown of the sorcerer from far Suhallow.

It would seem that this now celebrated Columbian, whose name is Rarey, has been completely successful in taming every sort of vicious and dangerous horse on which he has exercised his skill here in England; while more recently, in France, he has outdone even himself. It would seem that a horse belonging to the imperial *baras*, or breeding-grounds, had been so mischievous that its destruction had been at last determined upon. This impracticable beast was brought to the Parisian Tatterall's, blindfolded, and encumbered in all possible ways to prevent mischief: Mr Rarey was cloistered with him for a few hours,

and then appeared riding on his back, in the midst of the astonished spectators! The horse was perfectly docile and gentle, although previously he had bitten the legs of all who mounted him. The sight of a whip put him in a fury, but now he allowed one to be cracked over his ears, and a drum to be beaten on his back, without exhibiting the least sign of impatience or apprehension. This extraordinary spectacle I have ventured to introduce to my readers as a 'Rarey Show;' and I am persuaded that, while they pardon a very bad pun, they will agree with me in thinking that such an exhibition as this beats the old 'Raree Show' on Lord-mayor's Day all to shivers.

As it now appears that this wonderful gift is not a mere accident attendant on some peculiarity in an individual man, and incommunicable to others, as in the case of the ancient 'Whisperer,' but a science, based upon a given principle, and capable of explanation upon a reference to known laws of the natural world, it seems to deserve a place in the records of scientific discovery.

I observe by the advertising sheet of the *Times*, that an Englishman, calling himself the 'Horse-tamer,' offers to shew his method to a certain number of subscribers at a guinea each; while the *Boston Journal* (U. S.) professes to disclose gratuitously Mr Rarey's secret, which consists, it tells us, of the use of certain rubs and drugs administered in the following manner: 'Procure some horse-castor, and grate it fine; also get some oil of Rhodium and oil of cumin, and keep the three separate in air-tight bottles. Rub a little oil of cumin upon your hand, and approach the horse in the field, on the windward side, so that he can smell the cumin. The horse will let you come up to him then without any trouble. Immediately rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil on it. You can lead him anywhere. Give him a little of the castor on a piece of loaf-sugar or potato. Put eight drops of oil of Rhodium into a lady's silver thimble. Take the thimble between the thumb and middle finger, stopping the mouth of the thimble to prevent the oil from running out whilst you open the mouth of the horse. As soon as you have opened the horse's mouth, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog. He is now your pupil and your friend. You can teach him anything, only be kind to him, be gentle. Love him and he will love you. Feed him before you do yourself. Shelter him well; groom him yourself, keep him clean, and at night always give him a good bed at least a foot deep.'

The horse-castor mentioned here is an excrescence growing on the fore-legs, and frequently the hind-legs; of all horses: it has a strong ammoniac odour, and is attractive to other animals as well as the horse. The oil of Rhodium exercises a subduing influence over all animals; and for the oil of cumin the horse has an instinctive passion.

Speaking as one who has seen much of what is called 'horseflesh,' and studied what may be termed the psychology of the animal creation with some attention, I confess I am lost in astonishment at what is now brought to light in reference to this horse-taming business. The horse is far from being endowed with much sagacity in a general way. But, admitting that a normal horse can, with very laborious training, be taught those tricks which are shewn in the 'horse-ridings' of our country, it is still a wondrous thing to me to think of old and established *vicious habits*—the habitual temper and disposition of years—removed by a few hours, more or less, of secret conference with another being of a totally different species; with whom there can be no direct interchange of thought or language—even in the low and limited sense in which this is possible as between the ordinary horse

and his habitual trainer—and whom he must look upon, in the first instance, as one of those very creatures whom, for years, perhaps, he has been setting at defiance, resisting successfully in their attempts to get the better of him, and regarding with feelings of mingled contempt and aversion. All this does, I confess, fill me with a degree of astonishment which I find it impossible to express in words; and which, I venture to say, will be shared in by others, just in proportion as they may have been close and attentive students of natural history, and patient observers of the habits, and, if one may so call them, the moral feelings of the lower animals. An entire reformation of this sort brought about without violence or any bewildering effect upon the senses of the subject, must be allowed on all hands to be a thing altogether *sui generis*, and without a parallel in any other branch of the treatment of animals by their natural master.

It is impossible not to wish that some attempts should be made upon other beasts, with a view of testing the powers of this wonder-working system. We might more especially desire to see what it could do with other creatures of the genus *equus*, hitherto untamable.

Let any one observe the behaviour of the zebra in the Regent's Park, his restless desire to gnaw through the bars of his prison, and the savage way in which he receives any advances to kindness on the part of visitors; reflecting upon the fact, that, while his congener the *quagga*, is tamed with tolerable facility, the beautiful zebra has as yet successfully rebelled against man's dominion; let any one, I say, reflect upon all this, and I think he will agree that a most interesting field is here open for the talent of our modern horse-tamers!

It would be exceedingly curious if it should turn out in the end that the *horse* is the only quadruped, even in his own *genus*, susceptible of being brought under this wonderful influence, whatever it may be.

THE SLAVE-TRADE IN TURKEY.

THE newspapers gave an account, a few months ago, of the seizure, near Smyrna, of a slave-ship, and the liberation of the slaves it contained—one of those farces with which the Turks, from time to time, gratify their western admirers, and amuse, or rather abuse, the European public. No one, not even their bitterest enemies, can refuse them credit for the perfection to which they carry this art of throwing dust in the eyes of their too lover-like protectors; nor is their merit the less, that their success can be accounted for by the consideration that it is the only art they deign to cultivate. Like the dangerous man of one book, they are masters in their one art. It is the Alpha and the Omega of their civilisation—their way of expressing their regard for public opinion. To seem and not to be, is the problem which has been so successfully worked by the Sublime Porte for the last century and a half, especially for the last half-century.

England and English ambassadors—the only people who exercise a disinterested philanthropy in looking after the domestic concerns of the Turks—have laboured for the last twenty years to persuade the sultan to abolish, in all its branches, this one of his peculiar institutions. It is instructive to mark the progressive steps by which the power of the charmer's voice has been made evident. First, the fair daughters of Circassia were ordered to be kept for sale henceforward only in private houses; then the slave-market, a large airy court surrounded by small rooms, and with some fine old trees in the centre, situated in the very busiest part of the bazaar, was ordered to be closed, and the human merchandise

was transferred for sale to unwholesome, underground vaults, near Sultan Suleiman's mosque; next, under the pressure of war, the importation of white slaves was positively forbidden; and finally, the traffic was declared to be abolished by an imperial firman. England and humanity had thus gained a notable victory—upon paper. The practical result of all these measures was, that last summer the slave-market of Constantinople was so overstocked with white ladies, that they had fallen to one-third of their usual price; while black slaves, plentiful as blackberries in autumn, were almost as valueless. Never since the massacres of Scio had the faithful been able to stock their establishments on such reasonable terms.

The fact is that the slave-trade is at this moment as active as ever in all parts of Turkey, excepting in Egypt, if Egypt must be called Turkey. Its pretended abolition is only one of those paper measures to which the government has recourse periodically, to satisfy the exigencies of some Frank, generally English, ambassador. Thank Heaven! while the representatives of other nations are carefully watching over their own interests, ours is even more actively and less selfishly promoting those of others.

To attempt to abolish slavery in a Mohammedan country is no easy task, to pretend to do so when those Mohammedans are Turks under Turkish rule, is almost a desperate one. The abolition of male slavery would be difficult, but perhaps, with certain exceptions, not impossible; but to do away with female slavery would be striking at the root of Turkish society itself. It would be the subversion of domestic life as Turks understand it, alike opposed to their habits and to their religious ideas. The sultan has no wives; it is beneath his dignity to marry—he has only slaves; he is the son and grandson of slaves, bought in the market with 'money current with the merchant.' The hundred or two of white ladies who bloom in the parterre of his harem, require a still larger number of black ones to wait upon them, for no respectable Mussulman woman in Turkey, however poor she may be, would accept domestic service. What is true of the sultan's harem, is equally true on a smaller scale of the households of all his subjects. Free domesticity is unknown among women, and the small shopkeeper's wife who with us would employ a charwoman or keep a servant-of-all-work, has in Turkey one or two slaves at her orders. Male slaves, black and white, are still more numerous than females, and they are the only servants who enjoy their master's confidence. We cannot imagine a Turk without slaves; he would be as helpless as a child. We have seen a Turk, one of the greatest men in the empire, ask one of the slaves who stood before him for his handkerchief. The slave told him he had it by him. The master fumbled on the cushions without finding it; the slave was not the less positive that he had it. He stepped forward to search for it, rolled his unwieldy lord first to one side, and then to the other, to see if it were under him, then he searched his pockets, and finally drew it from his wrist-band. Abbas Pacha, for it was no less a personage than the late viceroy of Egypt, submitted to this search with an unconcerned air, which shewed that it was a common affair; and after the five or six minutes employed in it, resumed the conference with the English consul-general which it had interrupted.

Our readers do not require to be told who are the unhappy creatures employed by the sultan and by all wealthy persons to watch over the morals of their harems, but it is necessary to refer to them, not only to denounce the inhuman treatment they have been subjected to, to qualify them for their degrading duties—and their number has of late years little, if at all, diminished—but still more to call attention to

the monstrous perversion, little known or thought of in England, by which these poor wretches have become the official guardians of the 'Prophet's' tomb at Medina, and of the great Mussulman temple in Mecca. The barbarous practice of which they are the victims has thus become elevated to a religious rite, not only connecting the institution of slavery with a religion whose fairest claim to our sympathy is the mitigation its author sought to effect in the condition of slaves, but making slavery in its most revolting form a part of the Mussulman ritual.

Yet, while we denounce the dishonesty of a pretended reform which can only deceive the wilfully blind, we have no wish to convey to our readers a false impression of the condition of the slave in Turkey. He is not, as a general rule, employed in field-labours; he is not driven to work by an overseer armed with a lash; he is subjected to few privations, and he is not generally discontented with his lot. Bought at an early age, the young boys are employed only in the lightest tasks, such as presenting a cup of coffee, carrying a pipe, or standing for hours in silence with folded hands before their master. They are the playfellows of his children, with whom the white slaves are frequently educated. These often rise to high rank through his influence, and not seldom marry his daughters. Two of the present sultan's brothers-in-law were bought in the market of Constantinople. The slave is regarded as the child of the family—no odious distinctions of colour are known in the east, though the negroes do not receive the same education as the whites, and a great man would hardly choose a black for his son-in-law. But even these, if accident advance them to office, as sometimes happens, become at once the equals of the proudest Osmanli. No idea of disgrace is attached to slavery—the black slaves of a great man regard themselves, and are regarded by him, as infinitely above his white hired servants. They belong to him; they are a part of himself; and if he give them their freedom, he provides for them, and the relationship of adoption does not cease. When freed, they become at once the equals of every one. The Turks are thoroughly democratic; they have no rank but that of service, no nobility but that of money. This is the tendency, or rather the condition of absolutism, for the sovereign is not absolute when the subjects have rights he must respect; and the Turkish democracy is the most practical of all—it is the equality not of freemen, but of slaves.

Fearful in domesticity, with no stimulus to industry, eating and sleeping without a thought of the morrow, the majority of the slaves are incapable of thinking or caring for themselves. To free them, therefore, is the greatest punishment that can be inflicted upon them. One of our friends in Cairo had long suffered in patience, or at least in silence, the whims and insolence of his wife's neutral attendant. At last, when his conduct became unbearable, neither exhortations nor threats having any effect, he determined to punish him. He did not sell him—he gave him his freedom. The poor useless wretch, when days went by, and he was not, as he supposed he must be, recalled to the house where he had so long been the tyrant, became as humble as he had been insolent, and going round to all his master's friends, besought their intercession for his restoration.

As a general rule, slaves are treated by their masters hardly indeed as reasoning beings, but with great kindness. As children, they may be whipped; but only great men venture to bastinado them when grown up. In fact, their masters are too completely in their power to venture to exasperate them by harshness. In the last two years we have known two men, one the governor of a town in Asia Minor, the other a wealthy merchant, murdered for their brutality

by their own slaves. It was from two of his white slaves that Abbas Pacha received at last the wages of his misdeeds.

The female slaves, in the seclusion to which they are condemned, suffer perhaps more than the men. They are exposed to the caprices of their white mistresses or of rival favourites, and the ill-humour of their guardians often falls heavily upon them. We remember seeing, a few years ago, in Damascus, one of the black keepers of the sultan's harem. He was living there in exile with the rank of pacha, having fallen into disgrace for a manual correction administered to one of the reigning favourites, who had found means to persuade the sultan that it had been undeserved. On the other hand, no slave who has born a child to her master can be sold; her children, whatever their colour, are regarded as legitimate, and come in for an equal share of their father's inheritance. If dissatisfied with their master, slaves of whatever colour or sex can oblige him, or rather have a legal right to oblige him, to sell them. Of course such a right can rarely be enforced. We know that with all this kindness there may coexist a large amount of tyranny and brutality, and in a large establishment there may be no small sum of unhappiness. We have known slaves appear before the *cadi* to claim the right of being sold, but we have never known a case where such an appeal was successful.

It is not, however, so much the condition of the slaves in their master's house which seems to warrant the interference of Europe, as the dreadful sufferings they are exposed to before reaching the market. The white slaves, at least the females, are exempt from these, and since the Circassians choose to traffic in their own flesh and blood, and the Turks to violate the prescriptions of their religion, which forbids the purchase of Mussulmans, we need not perhaps insist upon a reform which Russia will sooner or later effect. But for the black slaves, we have a right to interest ourselves, because, helpless and unwilling victims, they are subjected to sufferings even more horrible than those disclosed recently by the capture of a slave-ship off Jamaica.

The Egyptian frontiers are now closed to this traffic, and Constantinople depends for its supply upon Tripoli. The slaves thence procured are brought from the interior of Africa, a distance of 1000 or 1500 miles, sometimes from even more distant countries. They are the victims of the wars carried on by the chieftains of the black states nearest to Fezzan, for the sole sake of the prisoners, whom they sell to dealers from the Turkish territories. Murder stains this foul speculation in the first instance, and yet this is the least of the horrors which disgrace it. The captives are forced to follow on foot the caravans of their purchasers through sands hot as a furnace in the daytime, and cold as ice at night. Men and women, boys and girls, without clothes to cover them, or shoes to protect their feet, journey on for weeks, sometimes for months, supplied only with the scanty food which suffices to ward off death, and often suffering horribly from thirst in a region where wells are rare, and the heat of the sun often dries up or corrupts the contents of the water-skin. On one route which the caravans follow there is a distance of twelve days from one well to the next, and hundreds of victims annually whiten the desert with their bones. If only half arrive, the profit is still so enormous, that the loss seems trifling to the hardened wretches in whose eyes a slave is only merchandise. The survivors who reach Tripoli or Bengazi are carefully fed, that they may recover flesh, but they are still left in their almost primitive nakedness, shivering from the cold of a climate so different from their native tropics, that the buyers may have ocular demonstration that they are really

freely imported. The Turks prefer slaves who have as yet received no instruction. The slave-trade is the principal branch of commerce in Tripoli, and up to the present time it has been encouraged by the government in every possible way, even to the loss of more legitimate traffic. The number of slaves exported from Tripoli in 1854 was three times larger than under the independent days twenty years previously. About a year ago, after the publication of the firman forbidding the trade, we had occasion to speak with a merchant whose house is on the south-west frontier of Tripoli, and who trades to Timbuctoo. "What will become of your trade now, if this firman is enforced?" was the question we asked. "It would be time enough to answer you," he said, "when the firman is acted upon; but in those countries there is no want of objects of traffic. Slaves are at present the most profitable; but when these will no longer pay, there remain ivory, gold-dust, ostrich-feathers, and many other commodities. The people of the inner country cannot do without the articles we carry to them, and they will soon find wherewithal to purchase them. God is generous." He seemed little disturbed by the idea of the suppression of the trade; but whether from a conviction that this was not really intended, or from the confidence that other profitable investments would be found, we do not pretend to say. The goods exchanged for slaves are coarse cottons, paper, and small articles of hardware. It will be impossible to abolish the trade in men with all its attendant horrors, so long as slavery is permitted to exist in any shape in Turkey. Only its final abolition can put a stop to importations which the authorities both in Tripoli and Constantinople are interested in encouraging. Even the sultan's ships-of-war are used for the conveyance of slaves.

We can understand the desperate efforts made by the Turk to maintain this institution; but we profess ourselves unable to understand or to forgive the lukewarmness in the cause of abolition of his European supporters. The very argument which induces the Turk to resist the attempt, is the strongest that can be urged in its favour. The abolition of slavery would effect a radical change in Turkish society; and if we demanded it on no other grounds, we should call for it on this one. If Turkey has become a European state, it can be permitted to take a place in the congress of Christian nations only on the condition of remodelling, not the government alone, but still more the social relations of its subjects. It is vain to hope for any real amelioration in these till slavery be abolished in every corner of the empire.

But if slavery be an essential institution of Islam, then we are bound to hunt the professors of such a creed out of Europe. Humanity has a right to be intolerant of a standing offence against her laws; and if she proclaim a crusade in their vindication, freedom of all nations and of all creeds will acknowledge that her object is holy. But this is not the case. Islam found slavery established, and it mitigated its rigours. In Tunis, slavery has for many years been entirely done away with—an unanswerable argument, by the way, in favour of the independence of the bey, whom our English policy seems inclined to reduce to his long-forgotten subjection to Turkey. If, on the part of the Turkish government, the desire to abolish slavery were sincere, and not a mere pretence to blind the people of Europe to the real nature of their rule, it would not be difficult to bring it about. The first step necessary is to cut off the supply. To effect this, a couple of steamers cruising off the coast of Tripoli, backed by more stringent orders issued to the English consul, would be sufficient; and the waters of the Mediterranean would no longer be stained by this traffic. The traditions of Islam itself

would go far towards extirpating domestic slavery; for the Arabian prophet teaches that the granting his freedom to a slave is a meritorious work in the eyes of God; he even enjoins it as a propitiatory sacrifice on certain occasions. In the opinions of all pious Mussulmans, it is not lawful to retain a slave who has embraced Islam in servitude more than a short number of years. It would therefore be enough to forbid the sale of slaves from this time forwards, either publicly or privately, and to decree the freedom of all slaves whatever after the lapse of a brief term. This would lead to their speedy emancipation; for their masters would in general rather free them at once of their own accord, than allow them to acquire their liberty as a right. Of course the law prohibiting the sale of slaves must be accompanied by the fixing of express punishments for its transgression; its mere publication and communication to the European ambassadors would give it no efficacy.

The Turks are too thoughtless to consider the sufferings of the poor slaves before they reach their hands; they only remember that they were idolaters, and that they have made them Mussulmans. They are persuaded that God has put them into their power that they may save their souls. There is every excuse to be made for the Turks, who seek to evade a change which would revolutionise their habits of life, and whose necessity as a matter of humanity they cannot appreciate; but there is no excuse for their government, which thus scatters firmans broadcast over Europe, for the sake of propitiating a public opinion which it seeks to deceive; and still less is it possible to excuse the Christian diplomacy which stands smiling by and winks, lending the sanction of its silence to the bad faith of its protégés.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LVIII.—OLD HICKMAN.

THE morning after, I went as usual to the recruiting quarters. Gallagher was along with me, as was this day the volunteers were to be 'mustered upon service,' and our presence was necessary at the signing of the oath.

The administrative company was collected, forming a troop.

A goodly table in number than appearance. They more respected volunteers; but as each individual were 'mounted in quartermaster, no two were either had been his own alike. Nearly all carried rifles, armed or mounted a few who shouldered the old though there were a few of revolutionary times—and family musket—a renowned with single or double some were simply arched, however, loaded with barrelled shot-guns. The no contemptible weapons heavy buck-shot, would have. There were pistols of in a skirmish with Indian brass-butted holsters to many sorts—from the huge and double barrelled—but small pocket-pistols—single celebrated 'Colt's'† had no revolvers, for as yet the frontier warfare. Every not made its appearance in fringe, dagger-shaped with volunteer carried his knife—some water number were ornamented hafts; while the grasse in use among long, keen blades, similar to the regular troops.

* In the United States, a volunteer corps is elected by the officers and elected, if the government accept its services, to serve men are then 'mustered in'—in other words, sworn in for a fixed period, under exactly the same regulations as the regular troops, with like pay, rations, &c.

† The military corps first armed with Colt's pistol warfare regiment of Texan Rangers. Its first trial in actual warfare occurred in the war between the United States and Mexico, a skirmish with the guerilla band of Padre Jaranto. The guerillas were put hors de combat in less than fifteen minutes by this effective weapon.

butchers. In the belts of many were stuck small hatchets, an imitation of the Indian tomahawk. These were to serve the double purpose of cutting a way through the brushwood, or breaking in the skull of a savage, as opportunity might offer.

The equipments consisted of powder-horns, bullet-pouches, and shot-belts—in short, the ordinary sporting gear of the frontiersman or amateur hunter when out upon the 'still hunt' of the fallow deer.

The 'mount' of the troop was as varied as the arms and accoutrements: horses from thirteen hands to seventeen; the tall, raw-boned steed; the plump, cob-shaped roadster; the tight, wiry native of the soil, of Andalusian race; * the lean, worn-out 'critter,' that carried on his back the half-ragged squatter, side by side with the splendid Arabian charger, the fancy of some dashing young planter who bestrode him, with no slight conceit in the grace and grandeur of his display. Not a few were mounted upon mules, both of American and Spanish origin; and these, when well trained to the saddle, though they may not equal the horse in the charge, are quite equal to him in a campaign against an Indian foe. Amid thickets—through forests of heavy timber, where the ground is a marsh, or strewn with logs, fallen branches, and matted with prostrate parasites, the hybrid will make way safely, when the horse will sink or stumble. Some of the most experienced backwoods hunters, while following the chase, prefer a mule to the high-mettled steed of Arabia.

Motley were the dresses of the troop. There were uniforms, or half-uniforms, worn by some of the officers; but among the men no two were dressed in like fashion. Blanket-coats of red, blue, and green; lincey-woobseys of coarse texture, gray or copper coloured; red flannel shirts; jackets of brown linen, or white—some of yellow nankin cotton—a native fabric; some of sky-blue cottonade; hunting-shirts of dressed deer-skin, with moccasins and leggings; boots of horse or alligator hide, highlows, brogans—in short, every variety of *chasseure* known throughout the States.

The head-gear was equally varied and fantastic. No stiff shaks were to be seen there; but caps of skin, and hats of wool and felt, and straw and palmetto-leaf, broad-brimmed, scuffed, and slouching. A few had forage-caps of blue cloth, that gave somewhat of a military character to the wearers.

In one respect, the troop had a certain uniformity; they were all eager for the fray—burning for a fight with the hated savages, who were committing such depredations throughout the land. When were they to be led against them? This was the inquiry constantly passing through the ranks of the volunteer array.

Old Hickman was among the most active. His age and experience had procured him the rank of sergeant by free election; and I had many opportunities of conversing with him. The alligator-hunter was still my true friend, and devoted to the interests of our family. On this very day I chanced to be with him alone, when he gave proof of his attachment by volunteering a conversation I little expected from him. Thus he began:

'May a Injun sculp me, lieutenant, if I kin bar the thought o' that puke a marrin' yer sister.'

'Marrying my sister—who?' I inquired in some surprise. Was it Gallagher he meant?

'Why, in coorse the fellar as everybody sex is a goin' to—that cussed pole-cat o' a critter, Ary Ringgold.'

'Oh! him you mean? Everybody says so, do they?'

'In coorse—it's the hul talk o' the country. Durn me, George Randolph, if I'd let him. Yur sister—the putty critter—she ur the finest an' the hansest gurl in these parts; an' for a durned skunk like thet, not'thustandin' all his dollars, to git her, I can't a bear to hear o't. Why, George, I tell you, he'll make her mis'able for the hul term o' her nat'ral life—that ere's what he'll be sartint to do—durnation to him!'

'You are kind to counsel me, Hickman; but I think the event you dread is not likely ever to come to pass.'

'Why do people keep talkin' o't, then? Everybody says it's a goin' to be. If it wan't thet I'm an old friend o' yar father, George, I wudn't ha' tuk sich a liberty; but I war his friend, an' I im yar friend; an' thurfor it be I hev spoke on the matter. We may talk o' Injune; but thur ain't ne'er a Injun in all Floridy as big a thief as them Ringolds—father an' son, an' the hul kit o' them. The old un, he's clurred out from hyar, an' whar he's gone to 'tain't hard to tell. Ole Scratch hez got hold o' him, an' I reck'n he'll be catchin' it by this time for the deviltries he carried on while about hyar. He'll git paid up sick for the way he treated them poor half-breeds on tother side the crick.'

'The Powells?'

'Ye-es—that wur the durndest piece o' injustice I ever know'd o' in all my time. By —, it wur!'

'You know what happened them, then?'

'Sartintly I do; every trick in the hul game. 'Twar a leetle o' the meanest transackshun I ever know'd a white—an' a white that called himself a gentleman—to have a hand in. By —, it war!'

Hickman now proceeded, at my request, to detail with more minuteness than I had yet heard them, the facts connected with the robbery of the unfortunate family.

It appeared by his account that the Powells had not voluntarily gone away from the plantation; that, on the contrary, their removal had been to the friendless widow the most painful thing of all. Not only was the land of great value—the best in the whole district—but it had been to her the scene of a happy life—a home endeared by early love, by the memory of a kind husband, by every tie of the heart's affection; and she had only parted from it when driven out by the strong arm of the law—by the staff of the sheriff-officer.

Hickman had been present at the parting scene, and described it in rough but feeling terms. He told me of the sad unwillingness which the family exhibited at parting; of the indignant reproaches of the son—of the tears and entreaties of mother and daughter—how the persecuted widow had offered everything left her—her personal property—even the trinkets and jewels—souvenirs given her by her departed husband—if the ruffians would only allow her to remain in possession of the house—the old homestead, consecrated to her by long happy years spent under its roof.

Her appeals were in vain. The heartless persecutor was without compassion, and she was driven forth.

Of all these things, the old hunter spoke freely and feelingly; for although a man of somewhat vulgar speech and rough exterior, he was one whose heart beat with humanity, and who hated injustice. He had no friendship for mere wrong-doers, and heartily detested the whole tribe of the Ringolds. His narration rekindled within me the indignant emotions I had experienced on first hearing of this monstrous act of cruelty; and my sympathy for Ocoola—interrupted by late suspicions—was almost restored, as I stood listening to the story of his wrongs.

* The horse was introduced into Florida by the Spaniards, hence the breed.

CHAPTER LIX.

A HASTY MESSENGER.

In the company of Hickman, I had walked off to some distance from the crowd, in order that our conversation should be unrestrained.

As the moments passed, the old hunter warmed into greater freedom of speech, and from his manner I fancied he had still other developments to make. I had firm faith in his devotion to our family—as well as in his personal friendship for myself—and once or twice I was on the eve of revealing to him the thoughts that rendered me unhappy. In experience, he was a sage, and although a rude one, he might be the best counsellor I could find. I knew no other who possessed half his knowledge of the world—for Hickman had not always lived among the alligators; on the contrary, he had passed through various phases of life. I could safely trust to his devotedness: with equal safety I might confide in the resources of his judgment.

Under this belief, I should have unburdened myself of the heavy secrets weighing upon my mind—of some of them at least—had it not been that I fancied he already knew some of them. With the reappearance of Yellow Jake I knew him to be acquainted: he alleged that he had never felt sure about the mulatto's death, and had heard long ago that he was alive; but it was not of him I was thinking, but of the designs of Arens Ringgold. Perhaps Hickman knew something of these. I noticed that when his name was mentioned in connection with those of Spence and Williams, he glanced towards me a look of strange significance, as if he had something to say of these wretches.

I was waiting for him to make a disclosure, when the footfall of a fast-going horse fell upon my ear. On looking up, I perceived a horseman coming down the bank of the river, and galloping as earnestly as if riding a 'quarter-race.'

The horse was white, and the rider black; I recognised both at a glance; Jake was the horseman.

I stepped out from among the trees, in order that he should see me, and not pass on to the church that stood a little beyond. I hailed him as he advanced.

He both saw and heard me; and abruptly turning his horse, came galloping up to the spot where the old hunter and I were standing.

He was evidently upon an errand; but the presence of Hickman prevented him from declaring it aloud. It would not keep, however, and throwing himself from the saddle, he drew near me, and whispered it into my ear. It was just what I was expecting to hear—Arens Ringgold was at the house.

'That dam nigga am thar, Masar George.'

Such was literally Jake's muttered announcement.

I received the communication with as much show of tranquillity as I could assume: I did not desire that Hickman should have any knowledge of its nature, nor even a suspicion that there was anything extraordinary upon the *tapis*; so, dismissing the black messenger with a word, I turned away with the hunter; and, walking back to the church enclosure, contrived to lose him in the crowd of his comrades.

Soon after, I released my horse from his fastening; and, without saying a word to any one—not even to Gallagher—I mounted, and moved quietly off.

I did not take the direct road that led to our plantation, but made a short circuit through some woods that skirted close to the church. I did this to mislead old Hickman or any other who might have noticed the rapid arrival of the messenger; and who, had I gone directly back with him, might have held guesses that all was not right at home. To prevent this, I appeared to curious eyes, to have gone in an opposite direction to the right one.

A little rough riding through the bushes brought me out into the main up-river road; and then, sinking the spur, I galloped as if life or death were staked upon the issue. My object in making such haste was simply to get to the house in time, before the clandestine visitor—welcome guest of mother and sister—should make his adieus.

Strong reasons as I had for hating this man, I had no sanguinary purpose; it was not my design to kill Arens Ringgold—though such might have been the most proper mode to dispose of a reptile so vile and dangerous as he. Knowing him as I did, freshly spurred to angry passion by Hickman's narrative of his atrocious behaviour, I could at that moment have taken his life without fear of remorse.

But although I felt fierce indignation, I was yet neither mad nor reckless. Prudential motives—the ordinary instinct of self-safety—still had their influence over me; and I had no intention to imitate the last act in the tragedy of Samson's life.

The programme I had sketched out for myself was of a more rational character.

My design was to approach the house—if possible, unobserved—the drawing-room as well—where of course the visitor would be found—an abrupt *embryo* upon the scene—both guest and hosts taken by surprise—the demand of an explanation from all three—a complete clearing-up of this mysterious *embroglio* of our family relations, that was so painfully perplexing me. Face to face, I should confront the triad—mother, sister, wooer—and force all three to confession.

'Yes!' soliloquised I, with the eagerness of my intention driving the spur into the flanks of my horse—'Yes—confess they shall—they must—one and all, or'—

With the first two I could not define the alternative; though some dark design, based upon the slight of filial and fraternal love, was lurking within my bosom.

For Ringgold, should he refuse to give the truth, my resolve was first to 'cowhide' him, then kick him out of doors, and finally command him never again to enter the house—the house, of which henceforth I was determined to be master.

As for etiquette, that was out of the question; at that hour, my soul was ill attuned to the observance of delicate ceremony. No rudeness could be amiss, in dealing with the man who had tried to murder me.

CHAPTER LX.

A LOVE'S GIFT.

As I have said, it was my design to make an entrance unobserved; consequently, it was necessary to observe caution in approaching the house. To this end, as I drew near the plantation, I turned off the main road into a path that led circuitously by the rear. This path would conduct me by the hommock, the bathing-pond, and the orange-groves, without much danger of my approach being noticed by any one. The slaves at work within the enclosures could see me as I rode through the grounds; but these were the 'field-hands.' Unless seen by some of the domestics, engaged in household affairs, I had no fear of being announced.

My messenger had not gone directly back; I had ordered him to await me in an appointed place, and there I found him.

Directing him to follow me, I kept on; and having passed through the fields, we rode into the thick underwood of the hommock, where halting, we dismounted from our horses. From this point I proceeded alone.

As the hunter steals upon the unexpected game, or the savage upon his sleeping foe, did I approach

the house—my home, my father's home, the home of mother and sister. Strange conduct in a son and a brother—a singular situation.

My limbs trembled under me as I advanced, my knees knocked together, my breast was agitated by a tumult of wild emotions. Once I hesitated and halted. The prospect of the unpleasant scene I was about to produce stayed me. My resolution was growing weak and undecided.

Perhaps I might have gone back—perhaps I might have waited another opportunity when I might effect my purpose by a less violent development—but just then voices fell upon my ear, the effect of which was to strengthen my wavering resolves. My sister's voice was ringing in laughter, that sounded light and gay. There was another—only one. I easily recognised the squeaking treble of her despicable suitor. The voices remaddened me—the tones stung me, as if they had been designedly uttered in mockery of myself. How could she behave thus? how riot in joy, while I was drooping under dark suspicions of her misbehaviour?

Piqued as well as pained, I surrendered all thought of honourable action; I resolved to carry through my design, but first—to play the listener.

I drew nearer, and heard clearer. The speakers were not in the house, but outside, by the edge of the orange-grove. Softly treading, gently parting the boughs, now crouching beneath them, now gliding erect, I arrived unobserved within six paces of where they stood—near enough to perceive their dresses glistening through the leaves—to hear every word that passed between them.

Not many had been spoken, before I perceived that I had arrived at a peculiar moment—a crisis. The lover had just offered himself for a husband—had, perhaps for the first time, seriously made his declaration. In all probability it was this had been eliciting my sister's laughter.

'And really, Mr Ringgold, you wish to make me your wife? You are in earnest in what you have said?'

'Nay, Miss Randolph, do not mock me; you know for how many years I have been devoted to you.'

'Indeed, I do not. How could I know that?'

'By my words. Have I not told you so a hundred times?'

'Words! I hold words of little value in a matter of this kind. Dozens have talked to me as you, who, I suppose, cared very little about me. The tongue is a great trifier, Mr Arens.'

'But my actions prove my sincerity. I have offered you my hand and my fortune; is not that a sufficient proof of devotion?'

'No, silly fellow; nothing of the sort. Were I to become your wife, the fortune would still remain your own. Besides, I have some little fortune myself, and that would come under your control. So you see the advantage would be decidedly in your favour. Ha, ha, ha!'

'Nay, Miss Randolph; I should not think of controlling yours; and if you will accept my hand'—

'Your hand, sir? If you would win a woman, you should offer your heart—hearts, not hands, for me.'

'You know that is yours already; and has been for long years: all the world knows it.'

'You must have told the world, then; and I don't like it a bit.'

'Really, you are too harsh with me: you have had many proofs of how long and devotedly I have admired you. I would have declared myself long since, and asked you to become my wife'—

'And why did you not?'

Ringgold hesitated.

'The truth is, I was not my own master—I was under the control of my father.'

'Indeed?'

'That exists no longer. I can now act as I please; and, dearest Miss Randolph, if you will but accept my hand'—

'Your hand again! Let me tell you, sir, that this hand of yours has not the reputation of being the most open one. Should I accept it, it might prove sparing of pin-money. Ha, ha, ha!'

'I am assailed by enemies. I swear to you, that in that sense you should have no cause to complain of my liberality.'

'I am not so sure of that, notwithstanding the oath you would take. Promises made before marriage are too often broken after. I would not trust you, my man—not I, i' faith.'

'But you can trust me, I assure you.'

'You cannot assure me; besides, I have had no proofs of your liberality in the past. Why, Mr Ringgold, you never made me a present in your life. Ha, ha, ha!'

'Had I known you would have accepted one—it would gratify me—Miss Randolph, I would give you anything I possess.'

'Good! Now, I shall put you to the test: you shall make me a gift.'

'Name it—it shall be yours.'

'Oh, you fancy I am going to ask you for some trifling affair—a horse, a poodle, or some bit of glittering *bijouterie*. Nothing of the sort, I assure you.'

'I care not what. I have offered you my whole fortune, and therefore will not hesitate to give you a part of it. Only specify what you may desire, and I shall freely give it.'

'That sounds liberal indeed. Very well, then, you have something I desire to possess—and very much desire it—in truth, I have taken a fancy to be its owner, and had some designs of making offers to you for the purchase of it.'

'What can you mean, Miss Randolph?'

'A plantation.'

'A plantation!'

'Exactly so. Not your own, but one of which you are the proprietor.'

'Ah!'

'I mean that which formerly belonged to a family of half-bloods upon Tupelo Creek. Your father purchased it from them, I believe?'

I noted the emphasis upon the word 'purchased.' I noted hesitation and some confusion in the reply.

'Yes—yea,' said he; 'it was so. But you astonish me, Miss Randolph. Why care you for this, when you shall be mistress of all I possess?'

'That is my affair. I do care for it. I may have many reasons. That piece of ground is a favourite spot with me; it is a lovely place—I often go there. Remember, my brother is owner here—he is not likely to remain a bachelor all his life—and my mother may desire to have a home of her own. But no; I shall give you no reasons; make the gift or not as you please.'

'And if I do, you will'—

'Name conditions, and I will not accept it—not if you ask me on your knees. Ha, ha, ha!'

'I shall make none, then: if you will accept it, it is yours.'

'Ah, that is not all, Master Arens. You might take it back, just as easily as you have given it. How am I to be sure that you would not? I must have the deeds.'

'You shall have them.'

'And when?'

'Whenever you please—within the hour, if you desire it.'

'I do, then. Go, get them! But remember, sir, I make no conditions—remember that.'

'Oh,' exclaimed the overjoyed lover, 'I make none. I have no fears; I leave all to you. In an hour, you shall have them. Adieu!'

And so saying, he made a hurried departure.

I was so astonished by the nature of this dialogue—as taken by surprise at its odd ending—that for a time I could not stir from the spot. Not until Ringgold had proceeded to some distance did I recover self-possession; and then I hesitated what course to pursue—whether to follow him, or permit him to depart unmolested.

Virginia had gone away from the ground, having glided silently back into the house. I was even angrier with her than with him; and, obedient to this impulse, I left Ringgold to go free, and went straight for an explanation with my sister.

It proved a somewhat stormy scene. I found her in the drawing-room in company with my mother. I stayed for no circumlocution; I listened to no denial or appeal, but openly announced to both the character of the man who had just left the house—openly declared him my intended murderer.

'Now, Virginia! sister! will you marry this man?'

'Never, George—never! I never intended it—Never!' she repeated emphatically, as she sank upon the sofa, burying her face in her hands.

My mother was incredulous—even yet incredulous!

I was proceeding to the proofs of the astounding declaration I had made, when I heard my name loudly pronounced outside the window: some one was calling me in haste.

I ran out upon the verandah to inquire what was wanted.

In front was a man on horseback, in blue uniform, with yellow facings—a dragoon. He was an orderly, a messenger from the fort. He was covered with dust, his horse was in a lather of sweat and foam. The condition of both horse and man showed that they had been going for hours at top-speed.

The man handed me a piece of paper—a dispatch hastily scrawled. It was addressed to Gallagher and myself. I opened and read:

'Bring on your men to Fort King as fast as their horses can carry them. The enemy is around us in numbers; every rifle is wanted—has not a moment.'

CLARENCE.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Some of our hard-worked savans took advantage of the Easter holidays to go and refresh themselves with the sight of primroses and young grass in the country; those who were botanists seized the opportunity for new observations on the development of buds; for certain among them—the botanists, not the buds—are excogitating a new theory with respect to those vernal phenomena.—The Bombay Geographical Society announce in their proceedings that they have received a specimen of the walking-leaf from Java with eggs and young; and what seems more curious still, a walking-flower, described 'as a creature with a white body, pink spots, and crimson border.'—The discovery has been made in Algiers that a field may be planted with maider, and fed off by cattle for three or four years, without any detriment to the roots, which are afterwards as good for dyers' uses as those cultivated in the ordinary way.—The sweet sorgho (*Sorghum saccharatum*) is found also to be good food for cattle; and paper can be made of the stalks.—The sorgho, which, as our readers will remember, was introduced from China, and is known as the Chinese sugar-cane, has attracted great attention throughout the United States, and in every state experiments have been made on its cultivation.

Among the most successful are those by Mr Lovering of Philadelphia: he planted half an acre; the cane grew from ten to twelve feet high, and yielded excellent sugar, specimens of which were exhibited both raw and leaf. It appears that frost is not prejudicial to the sorgho; but it deteriorates in the hot autumn, or Indian summer of the States, the juice being affected in a way that prevents crystallization. One instance is reported of an acre of sorgho having produced 6800 gallons of juice, which is equivalent to nearly 4500 pounds of sugar, and 274 gallons of molasses. Might not this cane be profitably cultivated in some of the countries of Southern Europe, and take the place of diseased and dying vines? Let Baron de Forrester, who has the welfare of Portugal so much at heart, take the hint. Trials might be made, too, in Australia and Natal.—The quantity of maple-sugar made in the United States is about 80 million pounds a year.—It has recently been found that soap is the best clarifier that can be used in the manufacture of sugar. The effect of guano on the growth of the sugar-cane has been strikingly shown at Mauritius. Before that fertilizer was introduced, the produce was about 2500 pounds per acre; now it is 6000, and on some estates, even 8000 pounds to the acre.

Agassiz, who resists all the royal and imperial offers made to lure him back from America to Europe, is publishing a great work, entitled *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*; two bulky volumes have appeared, and eight more are to follow. He has good opportunities for study, for it is said that the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia has the largest ornithological collection in the world—27,000 specimens of birds.—In addition to boring artesian wells along their south-western desert-routes, the United States government have introduced the camel in experimental journeys over those scorching plains, and with satisfactory results.—Henceforth, Ottawa, a young city, admirably situated for agriculture and trade, is to be the capital of Canada.—The president of the Canadian Institute, established at Toronto, congratulated the members in his last annual address, that their number is now 600; that the Journal of their Proceedings is regularly and successfully published once a month; that the Toronto Observatory, founded twenty years ago to co-operate in the great scheme of magnetic observations instituted by the Royal Society, was not abandoned when the object was accomplished; but, at the instance of the Institute, was provided for by the provincial government, and has been rebuilt with stone, and equipped with the best instruments at a cost of £5000. This is something to be proud of, for it is the only one of the colonial observatories which has not been given up. More than 100,000 observations were made at Toronto, and, owing to the peculiar local phenomena, they are of especial value. General Sabine has published them, and brought out the results in three quarto volumes; a fourth is yet to appear; and these, to quote the president's words, 'will carry the name of Toronto into all parts of the earth where science is cultivated; and it is not too much to say that the name of a Canadian city, which will be sought for in vain on maps twenty years ago, has now become, by means of its observatory, familiar in the mouths of European savans as a household word.' The Prussian authorities are recommending all Prussian emigrants to choose Canada in preference to all other countries, especially to Brazil.

Two Frenchmen claim to have ascended to the very summit of Chimborazo—a feat that baffled Humboldt.—At a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, Mr Graham gave an account of his travels to a Scripture land hitherto unvisited by Europeans, and his exploration of the new ruined cities, which

were once under the rule of Og, king of Bashan. Considering their antiquity, they are in remarkable preservation; the houses lofty, with great slabs of stone for roofs, and stone doors carved into panels, and ornamented. A dead silence prevailed; yet so few are the signs of decay, that Mr Graham paced the streets expecting every moment to see one of the old inhabitants step forth to meet him.

Sir George Grey, governor of Cape Colony, is making a collection of all the newspapers, vocabularies, and scriptures in native African dialects which he can meet with, to be kept in the Library at Cape Town. He does not confine his researches to the south, but intends to include the whole of Africa in his scheme, if possible. This is doing a good work, one that will be eminently useful to philologists, and prove the means of preserving a knowledge of dialects which, in the course of a generation or two, will no longer exist as living speech. Mr Moffat (Livingstone's father-in-law), assisted by Mr Ashton, is publishing a monthly paper in the Bechuana language at Kuruman.

In commercial phrase, Turkey is looking up, and is about to satisfy one of her chiefest wants—means of communication between the interior and the sea-coast. Smyrna already exports twice as much as any other Turkish port; what will it be when the projected railway of seventy miles to Aidia is completed, running through the rich fruit district of Asia Minor, along the valley of the Meander, and within nine miles of ancient Ephesus? It is expected that marvellous quantities of silk, grain, and madder, besides fruit, will be brought down to Smyrna. Another line of 250 miles is to run from Samsoun, on the Black Sea, through Pontus, to Sivas, the ancient Sevestia, in the valley of the Halys. There is something almost startling at first in the thought of railways, screaming locomotives, and first, second, and third class penetrating those old countries, rattling along within three leagues of one of the Seven Churches, and carrying new resources and new energies into the land which recalls the names of Mithridates, and Pythodorus, and Caesar's *Veni, vidi, vici*.—Experience has shewn in Egypt, on the line from Alexandria to Cairo, that the greatest profit is made from the fares of the fellahs—small peasant-proprietors—who travel in numbers, and with a frequency truly surprising. We commend this fact to the consideration of railway directors here at home who may be in doubt as to the advantage of running third-class carriages with every train.

Russia is doing great things in the south—levelling roads, improving old harbours, and deepening the mouths of the Volga at Astrakhan by steam-power. The American engineers who went to raise the sunken vessels in the harbour of Sebastopol, have signally failed. The teredo, that active tunnel-borer, had anticipated them, so that the great men-of-war were found too weak to be lifted, and to have too little cohesion to be blown up; so there is nothing for it but to leave the once proud fleet at the bottom till the worms have finished it. Altogether, eighty vessels were sunk—an amazing number.—Elsewhere, Brother Jonathan has been more successful: his enterprising divers have got into the hold of the *San Pedro*, a Spanish war-ship that blew up in the Bay of Cumana in 1815, with three million dollars on board, while on her way to punish the revolutionary Mexicans.

The Board of Trade are going to do something wise and praiseworthy, and that is to set up a barometer for the use of fishermen at the several fishing-ports around the coast, beginning with Scotland; thus accomplishing the recommendation made by Dr Stark, president of the Meteorological Society of Scotland, as mentioned in our last. It appears that

in one or two places where a barometer was already kept, the men seeing a fall of the mercury, stayed at home; while at neighbouring ports, where no such friendly monitor was at hand, the men put to sea, were caught in a storm, and some perished.—An endeavour is making to advance meteorology as a science, by a widely extended scheme of observations, which will include Petersburg, Algiers, Dublin, Lisbon, Greenwich, Bourdeaux, and other places—Paris to be the centre for discussion and publication. To facilitate the work, the mean of the several phenomena at the different stations will first be established, so that only the variations from that mean will have to be recorded. Especial attention is to be paid to the wind, on which the weather so much depends; and as the stations will intercommunicate by telegraph, it is thought that predictions of changes of the weather will be possible.

During the past winter an unusual cold prevailed in the south of Europe, after a spring-like temperature had set in here in England. At Turin and Naples its rigour was excessive; at Ferrara the Po was frozen, and men and cattle crossed on the ice; Malta shivered; Constantinople was frozen up and half-starved for want of food, owing to the deep snow having blocked the streets and roads; the highlands of Algeria wore for a while a strange white winter-coat; and it even actually snowed at Cairo. We need hardly say that such a phenomenon was never before witnessed in Egypt, not even by the oldest inhabitant, nor yet his great-grandfather.

At Brussels on the 17th January an extraordinary perturbation of the magnet was observed, shewing a considerable excess in all the phenomena—intensity, declination, &c., which lasted nearly the whole day; an aurora, too, was visible in the early morn; and soon afterwards came the news of the earthquake in the Neapolitan territory on the night of the 16-17th. The earthquake shocks have not yet ceased; and the city of Naples itself has been shaken.—The convulsions have been felt further east, and we hear that Corinth has ceased to exist except as a heap of ruins.—Science has a footing in Naples, St Januarius notwithstanding, and a quarto volume has recently been published by the Academy of Sciences in that city, giving full particulars of the eruptions of Veanus in 1850 and 1855, with ample maps and plans; and there is no doubt that Signor Scauchi, a first-rate geologist, will draw up an account of the calamitous phenomena of the present year.—And, incredible as it may appear, there is a Royal Academy of Sciences doing good work at Madrid, publishing their *Memorias* in quarto, filled with able articles on the climate, geology, and natural history of the several provinces of Spain. One of the latest contains a geological description of the Sierra Morena.

Mr Dawson, inspector of roads, &c., at Newcastle-on-Tyne, has laid a Report before the corporation of that town, shewing the comparative cost of macadamised and paved roads. The maintenance, he says, of 275,249 square yards of paving for a year cost less than a half-penny a yard, while to keep up 115,096 yards of macadam cost, for the same period, 4½d. a yard. Hence there was an expenditure of £3000 more than would have been incurred for paving. Nearly 5000 tons of stone were broken and laid on the macadamised road; and of this, great part is wasted for want of heavy rollers to press it at once to a solid surface. In this latter respect, Hull sets a good example, for there the rollers are used.—It is known to engineers that in the fixing of screw-piles the timber is apt to twist, whereby its strength is diminished. M. Oudry, an engineer at Bayonne, has contrived a wrought-iron case or tube, in which he encloses the pile during the screwing in, then taking it off, uses it for others.—A school of

stokers is established at Lille, where the men are to be taught the elementary properties of steam, the utility and manipulation of the different parts of the machine, the way to burn coal with efficacy and economy, and so forth. With such a course of instruction as this, the loss and other ill consequences which attend on the ignorance of stokers will no longer have to be complained of; and in case of accident to the driver, there will be a man ready to take his place.—A late return shews that 109,660 persons are employed on the railways in the United Kingdom, exclusive of the lines not yet finished.

Messieurs Mourier and Vallent exhibit in Paris a new ornamental metal, to which they give the name *oride*, from its similarity in appearance to gold. It is made of pure copper, zinc, magnesia, salammoniac, and quicklime fused together; and when properly prepared, is very brilliant, and is easily cleaned by acidulated water.—And a metallic alloy is mentioned, composed of lead, tin, and bismuth, which is very fusible, and well suited for medals, ornaments, mouldings, and statuettes.—Veins of lead have been discovered in the base of Plinlimmon, near Llanidloes, of excellent quality, and so rich in silver as to yield twenty ounces per ton of the precious metal.—And in Huntingdonshire, on the estates of the Marquis of Huntley, at Orton, large deposits of iron-stone have been brought to light, and now only await the hand of industry and enterprise. But as regards iron, Cleveland will be for centuries to come our English California.

The Society of Arts have had their advertised statement and discussion about cotton, in the course of which it was shewn that if industry could only have fair-play in India, and land could be had on proper terms—two questions, by the way, of which Mr Ewart has given notice of motion in parliament—then we might get all the cotton we want from that great empire, and more. As it is, progress has been made. In 1834-35, India sent to England 38 million pounds of cotton; in 1855-56, 170 million pounds; and if we add to this the quantities sent to other countries, the total amounts to 287 million pounds.—Another subject discussed by the Society is electro-motive machines; and although Mr Allan, the author of the paper, feels confident that machines driven by electricity will some day be generally used as auxiliary to steam, the practical men who listened to him took a less hopeful view of the question.—M. Tréhonnais's paper on Agriculture in France, contained a bold summary of the causes which make cultivation of the soil such a miserable resource among our allies. One great evil is centralisation, attracting the principal landowners to the metropolis; another, the expenditure of enormous sums in the embellishment of Paris to the detriment of the country; so that artisans and labourers forsake their homes, fields remain uncultivated, and the population, as shewn by the last census, actually diminishes.

A few specimens of M. Niepce St Victor's photographs have been presented to the Royal Society. The especial merit of the new process is that the pictures will not fade. In a communication to the Photographic Society, M. Niepce says: 'Everything leads to the hope that pictures taken in this way will be much more stable than the photographs taken by the present process; and that this new mode of printing positives, so very simple and rapid, is the sought-for solution of the important problem of the absolute fixing of photographic pictures.' Another result will probably be, that all the operations of photography will come to be carried on in full daylight. It is now clear, from the French savant's discoveries, 'that light communicates to certain substances which it has fallen upon, a real activity; or better, that certain

bodies have the property of storing up light in a state of persistent activity.' It is found that the process is accelerated by the use of a heated metal plate; and we hear that an ingenious individual has exhibited to the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia copies of engravings taken by laying the engraving face downward on a prepared board, and passing a hot iron over the back.

HOMeward-BOUND.

ARE you sleeping—are you dreaming; are you dreaming,
love, of me?
Or are you waking, thinking of your sailor on the sea?
Of the day we roamed by Athol woods—your hand fast
locked in mine—
Of our day of happy, happy tryst on old Saint Valentine!

O Marion, O Marion, the gale is piping loud,
And the billows leap to mountains, and the foam lies like
a shroud;
Far, far from land, alone I stand, to watch till it be day,
Mid the rolling of the thunder, and the dashing of the
spray.

Sleep, sleep, my Marion—sleep and dream, my beautiful
—mine own!
Sleep is the orphan's silent land, and thou, love, art alone:
Sleep, till the swelling branches bend into an arching
dome;
Sleep, till the quiet leaves steal out to call the young
birds home.

It is night, and storm, and darkness, Marion; flashing
from the sky
Darts the fitful, lurid lightning, like a threat of God's
great eye;
But dream thou 'tis the Norland gleam, the harmless
Norland light
He sends but as the herald of the glory of his might!

Bless God, my darling, for the gift he dealeth unto thee,
Amid thy calm and sunny bowers, soft dreams of the wild
sea;
And to me, whose glimpses of the land are beautiful as
brief,
To me, the storm-tossed mariner, the love of the green
leaf!

O doubly sweet my thoughts of thee upon the surging
main,
And doubly dear the day shall dawn that brings me back
again;
When I tread your cottage-garden—pluck the wild-
flower from the wall—
With my arm around my Marion's neck—the sweetest
flower of all!

Blow, blow, ye winds! blow fierce and strong! the heaven
your breath command;
I care not, I, how fiercely, so ye blow to mine own love
land:
In the roar of the mighty waters my spirit shall rejoice,
So they drown not the glad music of my Marion's
welcome voice.

'Tis by Athol that she slumbers—'tis by Athol that she
strays;
O waft me, heavens! to Athol in the spring of the young
days:
There once more my steps shall wander—with thy hand
fast locked in mine—
By Athol woods, with thee, my Marion, on the old Saint
Valentine!
E. L. H.

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THE VILLAGE OF GHEEL.

In the midst of the extensive tracts of unreclaimed moorland that spread their barren wastes through great part of the northern provinces of Belgium, and the southern provinces of Holland, and are known under the name of the Campine, lies the little town, or rather village, of Gheel, the *chef-lieu* of the Belgian Campine, surrounded by a belt of verdant gardens, well-tilled fields, and humble but substantial farmsteads, which give it the appearance of a smiling oasis in the midst of the dreary desert that extends for miles around, and tell a tale of industry which at once prepossesses you in favour of a population that have won such results from so arid a soil. To Gheel and its immediate environs is attached a history so interesting that, were it more generally known, it would doubtless make this obscure corner of the earth an object of strong attraction to every philanthropic traveller in Belgium; and it is our hope that the subjoined sketch may be the means of directing towards it the attention of some who may perchance turn their knowledge to account for suffering humanity.

An ordinary stranger who, unacquainted with the peculiar history of the place, may saunter down the High Street of Gheel, with its neat whitewashed cottages backed by gardens opening into the fields, may find nothing in the aspect of the general population to attract his attention, except, perhaps, a prevalent character of quiet self-possession and innate gentleness and firmness, not unmixed with Flemish phlegm; but if he be a keen observer, he will most likely be struck by the extreme eccentricity of the rather frequent individual exceptions to this rule, who yet seem to excite no surprise among the inhabitants themselves. If it be Sunday, his curiosity will be further roused by the fact, that all these eccentric individuals are bending their steps towards the church of St Dymphne, the second in importance in the little town; while the mass of the more sedate townsmen and women are crowding into that of St Amand. Let him follow the minority into their church and take a survey of the edifice when service is over. On its walls he will find the solution of the mystery, and the secret of the great interest that attaches to Gheel. Here he may read, partly in sculpture, partly in painting, and partly in writing, how St Dymphne, the daughter of an Irish king in the seventh century, to evade the persecutions of her heathen father, fled from her native land in company with a Christian priest, and sought refuge in the solitary wilds of the Belgian Campine, where a chapel, erected to St Martin, and surrounded by a few huts built by pious votaries,

already formed the nucleus of the future town of Gheel. But neither distance nor the sanctity of her asylum could save the unhappy maiden from her cruel father, who, having discovered her hiding-place, repaired thither, and cut off her head with his own hands. Some poor lunatics, says tradition, who happened to be on the spot, and witnessed the ruthless deed, were restored to reason by a sight which might well have driven sane minds mad. In the gratitude of their hearts, they attributed their recovery to the intercession of the young martyr, who thenceforward was installed as the patroness of the insane. Attracted by the hope of further miracles, the relatives of other lunatics brought these to kneel before the cross erected over the martyred maiden's grave. Even when instant cure did not follow, hope was not abandoned, but the visits were repeated again and again, till pilgrimages of the insane to the tomb of St Dymphne became an established custom in the country. Frequently the patients were left in charge of the inhabitants of the hamlet gathered round St Martin's Chapel, who thus gradually acquired a practical knowledge of the treatment they required. Little by little this custom became an institution; the hamlet expanded into a village, the village into a town; farms and villages multiplied around it, and were at length erected into a commune. In the twelfth century the chapel of St Martin was replaced by a church dedicated to St Dymphne. In the fourteenth century, Pope Eugenius IV. gave a sanction to the established custom among the insane. Thenceforward, a constant stream of pilgrims continued to flow towards the consecrated spot; and thus Gheel, together with its environs, became what it is to this day, a colony of lunatics, and a hard-working, peaceful, free, and happy community, where, by the mere force of circumstances, were established already in the midst of the barbarism of the middle ages, those rules as to the treatment of the insane, which the medical science of the nineteenth century has pronounced to be the most efficacious for the cure of mental disease—namely, liberty of action and of locomotion, labour in the open air, removal from the scenes and associates of the previous life of the afflicted, gentle discipline, and active and devoted sympathy from those that surround them.

The pecuniary advantage, however small, to be derived from the reception of insane inmates in their homes, was no doubt the first inducement that led the small population of Gheel to accept the vocation of keepers of the lunatics that resorted to the tomb of St Dymphne. The sterility of the soil has ever rendered life harder in the Campine than in more

favoured regions. The duties of hospitality, though remunerated with a small sum, were in consequence more onerous to these poor peasants than they would have been elsewhere. To render them less so, it became a matter of necessity to allow the poor afflicted guest to live in every respect as a member of the family, to take part in the common repasts, to follow the members of the household to their daily avocations in garden, field, or house; for left alone he could not be, and special surveillance would necessitate the sacrifice of the time of one of the working members of the family. The presence of the lunatic during the daily work of the family led to a further step, which had a most beneficial effect upon his condition—namely, to his association in the labours of the family during his lucid intervals, and thus sprung up an intimacy and a mutual attachment which has established a kind of patriarchal relation between the insane entrusted to the care of the inhabitants of the commune of Gheel and their foster-fathers (*pères nourriciers*), which prevails to this day, and forms a striking contrast to the mutual distrust, and at least one-sided dislike which, under other circumstances, is so frequently found to exist between the insane and their keepers.

The people of Gheel have, moreover, a firm belief in the miracles that seemed to point out their country as a fit place for the cure and care of the insane; and this faith in a providential mission gives them a feeling of power and confidence in their dealings with their patients, which, together with the tender interest in this particular form of human infirmity, which is likewise transmitted from generation to generation, has really endowed this little community with a singular aptness for this particular vocation, and has developed a practical skill among them which is sometimes consulted with advantage by learned physicians. The whole community—men, women, and children—take an interest in the insane. A family who has no inmate of the kind, feel as if something were wanting to them, and hasten, when newcomers arrive, to supply the deficiency. The *père nourricier* is proud of the blooming and well-fed look of his boarder; and the family feel humiliated if their inmate look pale and dejected.

Many touching incidents are on record bearing witness to the bonds of affection which unite the poor afflicted ones of Gheel and their kind guardians. Often the *nourriciers* have been known to maintain their charges gratuitously, even after cure has been effected, when they have lost their relatives and have been left without support. Others have extended their kindness even to the poor relatives of the insane who have become members of their family. Another tells of a lady of noble appearance, and evidently highly educated, who, having been found in Brussels perfectly alone and in a state of insanity, so as to be unable to give any account of herself or her antecedents, was placed as a boarder with a farmer of Gheel in easy circumstances, in whose house she was treated with all the delicate respect due to her supposed rank and former position, though only the pauper allowance was paid for her. During twenty years she dined at a separate table, laid with the utmost neatness and care, while her host and hostess waited upon her. The inspector having one day made an observation on the subject, he was answered: 'Why, you see, sir, our little lady is evidently of good family, and we respect her very much. We also love our little lady, and wish to keep her long among us. I know very well that we shall never be paid for what we do for her; but we have no children, and she is our company.' Another medical inspector narrates how touched he was, on entering a farmhouse unexpectedly one day, to find that the insane guest was occupying the seat of honour in the chimney-

nook, and that the children, frightened at the sudden appearance of a stranger, sought refuge round the knees of the maniac, whom they seemed to look to as a natural protector, and who returned their confidence with a look and gesture of tender solicitude.

The mutual attachment that prevails generally among the insane in Gheel and their guardians was shewn on a large scale some few years ago, when several towns of Belgium which had, up to that period, been in the habit of sending their pauper lunatics to Gheel, determined to withdraw them from that place because of their being able to dispose of them elsewhere at a slight reduction of cost. *Nourriciers* and patients all wept bitterly at parting, and embraced each other most affectionately. Several of the lunatics hid themselves, in order to escape from the threatened separation, and others had to be removed by force. A striking example of how strongly the affectional life can be developed in those who are deprived of the light of reason; while the place that the lunatics hold in the households of Gheel, proves as strikingly that under such a system, these afflicted beings, commonly looked upon as outcasts of society, may even lead a life of useful activity—useful to others, as well as to themselves. For if Gheel is distinguished above all other communes in the Campine for the excellent condition of its corn-fields and grass-fields, its gardens and orchards, this material wellbeing is in a great measure owing to the revenues derived from the care of the insane, and also to the active co-operation of the latter during the course of a thousand years. They help to build the farms, to bring the heath under cultivation, to dig canals and bridges, to plant trees, and to tend cattle, those who are subject to intermitting fits of violence being sought in preference by the farmers as inmates and assistants, because the very violence of the paroxysms proves the vigour of their organism; and, in consequence, they are found to be energetic and industrious workers during their lucid intervals, while, by a happy logical sequence, the labour which enriches the farmer tends at the same time to ameliorate the condition of the labourer.

The more docile and tractable among the insane are engaged in indoor employments, such as carpentering, tailoring, shoe-making, lace-making, &c.; care being taken, as far as possible, to put each person to the trade he may have been previously acquainted with; and in every family without exception, the women, girls, and infirm old men, who may happen to be its inmates, take part in the household work without any apparent distinction being made between them and the servants or members of the family. According to the terms agreed upon for them, the lunatics are to give their services gratuitously; but the *pères nourriciers*, having learned from experience that remuneration, if ever so trifling, acts as a powerful stimulant, are in the habit of allowing their boarders ten or twenty sous a week, in return for their help, or, as the case may be, an extra pot of beer, a little tobacco, or some other innocent indulgence. Some of the men even work on their own account; but in no case is coercion used to make them work; the force of example and gentle encouragement alone being relied upon as effectual. Thus, these afflicted beings, who, as a general rule, are incarcerated as dangerous to society, and, if left at large, are avoided by women and children, and timid men, with unconquerable dread, are in Gheel allowed to circulate freely in house, garden, street, and field. Except in some cases when it is especially forbidden by the superintending physicians, the harmless lunatic is even permitted to frequent places of public resort, where he may read the newspapers, smoke his pipe, play at cards, or even drink a pot of beer with his

neighbour, for it is not all work and no play as Gheel—the tavern-keepers being merely prohibited, under penalty of a fine, from selling wine or spirits to the insane. Amusement is even specially provided for the insane, music being more particularly favoured, and is another means of drawing the sane and the insane population together, without detriment to the former, and with great benefit to the latter. There exists at Gheel a choral society, instituted by a lunatic violinist. In the concerts given by this society, the music is performed by the most skilful musicians, without any reference to their mental state; and a singing-class for the use of the insane is also kept up.

To sum up, liberty and work are the two fundamental principles of the system followed at Gheel in the treatment of the insane, and with the happy results, that the human dignity of the patient is never wounded, and that his enjoyment of life is left unimpaired as far as his unfortunate condition will allow of it. However, there are of course cases in which measures of restriction must be had recourse to even in this happy colony, and the means then employed are pretty much the same as used in ordinary lunatic asylums. To prevent evasion more especially, a regular system has been organised; but it is seldom called into activity, as attempts at flight are of rare occurrence—on an average, six or eight in a year—and are generally frustrated by the people themselves, without having recourse to the public authorities.

For centuries the people of Gheel were probably left uncontrolled to do, in regard to the lunatics intrusted to their care, as they might deem most fit. Local acts from the seventeenth century, still extant, shew, however, that at that period the lunatics were under the guardianship of the local authorities, though few improvements seem to have been introduced into the mode of treatment, except such as would naturally follow from increased well-being, and more advanced civilisation among the population in general. The modern history of Gheel may be said to date from 1795, when Belgium was incorporated with France, and divided into departments. At that period, this modest institution attracted the attention of M. de Pontecoulain, prefect of the department of Dyle. Comparing the condition of the insane, crowded together in the dirty, unventilated, fetid hospitals in Brussels, the capital of the department, with the advantages enjoyed by those distributed among the inhabitants of the commune of Gheel, he ordered the former to be transferred to this more healthy refuge. This example was soon followed by various other cities of Brabant, and also of those of Southern Holland, after the reunion of Belgium with that country; and thus, after centuries of obscurity, Gheel at last attained a certain degree of celebrity. In 1825, Dr Guislain, professor of the university of Ghent, one of the first who exerted himself in favour of reform in the treatment of lunatics in Belgium, devoted special attention to Gheel and to the system pursued there; but being a rather one-sided admirer of the improvements introduced into France by Pinel, Esquirol, and their disciples, he gave a very unfavourable report of the opposite mode followed at Gheel. The severity of this judgment led to a thorough investigation on the part of the government, which resulted in a series of ordinances and rules, placing the lunatics of Gheel under the special guardianship of the central as well as local authorities, and establishing constant medical supervision, without, however, as we have seen, in any way altering the patriarchal relationship between the insane and their *pères nourriciers*, which has existed for ten centuries.

The total number of inhabitants in the commune

of Gheel amounts to about 9000 or 10,000, and the lunatics, varying in number from about 800 to 1000, constitute about one-twelfth of the population. These latter are either located in the town itself or in the neighbouring villages belonging to the commune, according as the friends of the patient, the authorities concerned, or the medical men residing on the spot in an official capacity, may determine. These physicians are four in number, one acting as superintendent, and the three others as physicians of sections, in which capacity they are bound to visit each patient belonging to their section once a week, and to draw up a quarterly return of the state of all for the central authorities. At Gheel, however, the physician plays but a very secondary part, and acts more as a moral guardian watching over the kind and just treatment of the patients, than as medical adviser. The people of Gheel, as has been said already, have great faith in their own power over the insane, and for a long time their religious feelings revolted against attributing the cures effected in their commune to any but miraculous causes. To the zeal with which the miraculous interposition of the patron saint of the insane was sought, the flags that pave the chapel, alluded to above, which contains the legend of St Dymphne, bear evidence, for the stones are actually hollowed out by the knees of the patients or their representatives who, during the course of centuries, have repaired to this spot to implore the intercession of the saint. While going through the ceremony of the so-called *neuvaine*, which consists in passing on their knees nine times to and fro under the cenotaph of the saint on nine consecutive days, the patients generally reside in a humble cottage built up against the wall of the church; and as the women who attend upon them here complain of a sad falling-off in the number of pilgrims, and consequently in their own fees, there is reason to believe that a falling-off is also taking place in the faith of the population in the miraculous power of St Dymphne. At one time, the canons of the church were privileged to exorcise the demons of insanity, but of late years their vocation seems entirely to have ceased.

The population of the commune of Gheel is purely Catholic; but that liberty of conscience which is guaranteed by law in Belgium, seems to be sincerely respected in this little community, no attempts having ever been made to effect conversions among the insane, who, being often sent thither from a distance, belong to various religions and various nations. All conditions, all ages, all nationalities, all religions, are received here on equal terms, and so also are all classes of mental disease, with exception of such as take the form of suicidal, homicidal, or other monomanias dangerous to society, and the treatment of which would be incompatible with the general system pursued. The rustic simplicity of the population, and their mode of life, may also seem to exclude patients accustomed to the luxurious comforts of a wealthy home; but there are families in Gheel who live in a style very similar to that of most persons in the middle classes on the continent, and in whose houses rich lunatics may be comfortably if not luxuriously accommodated. The terms paid for boarders, requiring nothing more than the ordinary fare and accommodation, are exceedingly moderate. In 1856, the price fixed by the authorities was 237 francs 25 centimes, or about L.9, 10s. a year, for harmless patients; and 266 francs 45 centimes, or about L.10, 13s., for such as are mischievous, or are suffering from epileptic fits; which sum comprehends everything but clothing.

We regret that our space prevents us from entering into some statistical details, more especially regarding the number of cures effected at Gheel, and the general results of the mode of treatment followed there; but for those we would refer such of our readers as

may take an anxious interest in the subject, to the November number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1857, from which we have borrowed our facts. Our object has chiefly been to make it more generally known, that there is a not very remote spot on the earth, where the insane may enjoy all the care and attention which their melancholy condition requires, without being cut off from the society of those not similarly afflicted, without being incarcerated with hundreds of others in the same sad state as themselves, and subjected to a discipline and restraint which, however disguised by kindness and by science, is for ever reminding those who have lucid intervals of their lost liberty, and of the exceptional conditions of the life they are leading—and perchance to suggest the possibility of imitating so desirable an institution.

THE LAST DAYS OF BYRON AND SHELLEY.*

ACCORDING to the old proverb, It never rains but it pours. For several years, nothing in the way of biography reminiscences or recollections came forth from the press regarding Byron or Shelley, till Mr Middleton's highly interesting and poetical biography made its appearance, when suddenly there was a rush of publications, short and long, on the same subject, not to speak of others perhaps only projected in the cloudy halls of the poetical Valhalla.

Among these works is the curious production of Mr Trelawny. Properly speaking, it is a section of his own biography, detached apparently from the rest, because relating to a period during which he was connected accidentally with distinguished men. The writer himself is a man of considerable abilities, but so very much carried away by self-esteem as to be altogether incapable of appreciating other men correctly. He has, besides, the affectation of thinking meanly of the art by which he has made himself known, so far as he is known at all. He appears to imagine, that although the act of thinking has, intrinsically, nothing disreputable in it, the case is altogether different when, for the benefit or amusement of others, a man undertakes to describe or explain his thoughts. He then becomes, in Mr Trelawny's phrase, a man of the pen, weak, wayward, full of perverseness, devoured by the rage for notoriety—in short, a complete slave to what Mr Trelawny regards as the inherent vice of his calling.

We almost fancy we can divine the true history of this persuasion, as well as the reason why this irregular Recollector so greatly prefers Shelley to Byron. The former, timid, effeminate, a perpetual prey to shrinking delicacy of constitution, naturally suffered Trelawny, or any other robust man, to influence his movements, and almost give a direction to the current of his thoughts; while the latter, fiercely jealous of his mental independence, repelled, and perhaps resented, every attempt to interfere with the spontaneous action of his intellect. Hence, on all his literary projects, Shelley was communicative, while in the same degree Byron was the reverse. With the quick eye of genius, the latter perceived at once that Mr Trelawny was not a man with whom, in the poetical sense, he could sympathise. When he was furthest removed from himself, he came nearest to the author of the Recollections. His genius, his love of the beautiful, his intuitive perception of all the sources of greatness and glory, dispersed profusely throughout the universe, his love of great deeds and great men, the quickness with which he could catch and translate into verse the evanescent loveliness of nature—all these things were his own; and

he wisely took care, when in company with the uninitiated, to keep them to himself. He knew what Mr Trelawny could understand, and what he could not; he therefore talked to him of boating, swimming, boxing, of saving money, buying islands, sailing about the Mediterranean with old Bathurst, the golden astuteness of the modern Greeks, and so on. With a companion of his own calibre—if he could have found one—his conversation would have been in totally different channels; and he would have flooded his fancy, as in his writings he flooded the whole universe, with brightness and beauty. Leicester Stanhope relates of him, that frequently on board ship on the Mediterranean, in the midst of jovial companions, who were addressing themselves to the lowest part of his nature, tears would rush into his eyes; and that to conceal them, he would start up suddenly, and leave the cabin. The source of those tears, perhaps, lay deeply buried in the consciousness that he was wasting upon trivial or mean topics the glorious faculties which nature had given him for better things. To this peculiarity he himself alludes in *Childe Harold*:

'Tis said at times the sudden tear would start;
But pride congealed the drop within his eye.

In all ages there have been men who considered it necessary to have two philosophies—the esoteric and the exoteric—the one for themselves, and the other for the rest of the world. Byron had his esoteric system of thought, which he concealed from those about him, but, under the pressure of strong necessity, infused more or less completely into his works. This was reversing the plan of the old sages, who unveiled their souls to their companions, while they afforded only transient glimpses of them to the world. But this, perhaps, was more an affair of luck than anything else. Those fortunate men were encompassed by a circle of choice spirits, who, if they could not originate ideas like theirs, could at least receive and reflect them forth with force and fidelity upon mankind. By a strange misadventure, Byron was nearly always surrounded by the least spiritual of the human race, with whom his intellect and his genius possessed nothing in common; he therefore, as far as possible, concealed his mysterious greatness from them under a veil of vulgar banter and frivolity, while he threw out brilliant rays of mind over their heads, to charm and enlighten distant ages.

We envy no one who can persuade himself that Byron did not mean what he wrote. We beg to observe that there is an art by which it is possible to discover unerringly when a man is in earnest, and when he is not. The affectation of opinions and sentiments is a cold thing, and can at best only glitter across the fancy, without reaching so far even as the imagination. It is an altogether different thing when, by some power inexplicable in words, a man projects his thoughts into your thoughts, agitates them violently, fuses them with emotion and passion, moulds them into what shape he pleases, and leaves for ever after the stamp and impress of his mind upon yours. Be sure he is thoroughly in earnest when he does this; affectation has no such dominion. Byron was only laughing at Mr Trelawny when he told him that all he had written was meant merely for the women, and did not express his own feelings at all. He saw the extent of his credulity, and played upon it. There are many passages in *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*, in *Manfred*, *Werner*, and *Sardanapalus*, which the brain of itself could not have created; it required the co-operation of the heart, and therefore they will speak to all ages as they have, in fact, placed him among

Those dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

* *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron.* By R. J. Trelawny. London: Moxon, 1853.

We are sorry always to observe in the records of Byron's life any traces of that portion of his career which was spent among persons of his own class in London. Their society did him a great deal of harm, both as a man and as an author. It was under their influence that he addicted himself to athletic sports, for which nature had altogether unfitted him; and that he adopted and used occasionally the jargon of fashionable persons, who affected to think meanly of those things which are alone estimable in the world.

We can easily imagine, however, that in exhibitions of muscular power, he was inferior to Mr Trelawny. He was also inferior to most persons in the capacity for eating and drinking. He cared very little for beef and mutton, and still less for that alcohol under the influence of which he is supposed to have often written. On the contrary, he lived as abstemiously as a hermit, that the fine ducts and channels of the brain might be left open for the passage of those airy spirits which are the mind's ministers, and co-operate in all its creations. We are glad to have Mr Trelawny's testimony to this fact. Apparently, however, Byron found it necessary to assign other than literary reasons for his hermit-like life. To the greater part of his associates, he would have put forward in vain the claims of the intellect, the pleasures of a clear head, and the delights of an unburdened fancy, that lives in the colours of the rainbow, or plays in the plighted clouds. He placed the source of his frugality in his apprehensions of fattening, as Mr Trelawny observes, who, in speaking of the poet, often employs the vocabulary in which farmers discuss the merits of a stalled ox.

But whether it was the fear of fat, of the stings of repletion, of headaches, indigestion, or anything else material, or the reluctance of the intellect to be buried under the Pelion upon Ossa of English dinners, the fact remains indisputable, that Byron ate little and drank less. On the other hand, he had what the world calls bad habits; he sat up late, and lay in bed in the morning; but whoever has lived much in the south may easily conjecture the reason. The nights in those parts of Europe possess an irresistible charm for poetical and thoughtful minds, when all nature is hushed as in a dream; when the stars appear to descend in clusters towards the earth, and when the breath of our great mother in her sleep is inexpressibly sweet and soothing.

Byron loved to be near the sea, which, in the still, calm hours of night, sends up voices replete with inspiration to the ear. To these voices he delighted to listen. They spoke to him of many things, which he could not venture to discuss with his everyday companions. The mind which is conscious of its power to create, must desire to consult the past, and to throw its glances forward into futurity. At night, upon the margin of the main, it is rapturous to do this in Italy, especially when the moon, in full splendour, diffuses her white light over the waves, forming an endless vista of glory, through which speculation appears to penetrate into eternity. Besides, whatever may be said, every man who possesses ideas of his own, desires and needs to be often by himself. It is at such times only that he can explore the extent of his mental wealth, and exercise unimpeded the prolific faculty of invention. It is said that Shelley's friendship exerted a beneficial influence on Byron's mind. In a literary point of view, it might. Shelley's brain, like a caldron, was always seething with new ideas, which, wherever he went, he threw around him like an atmosphere. He was besides, large-minded, generous, and free from jealousy. He could therefore behold without envy Byron's superior popularity, while he admired frankly the works of his greater and infinitely more successful rival. To this part of Shelley's character Mr Middleton has done more

justice than Mr Trelawny, or, indeed, than any other writer who has touched on these points. He has, perhaps, been too desirous of elevating his hero at the expense of all who came near him; but he has not done this blindly, or without laying fully before others the reasons which determined his own conduct. Mr Trelawny entertains the same preferences, but without being able to assign the same reason for them. Nature has not gifted him with the faculties necessary for appreciating lofty poetry, while Mr Middleton is himself a poet, and yet devoted to the task of celebrating the poetry of another.

Of course, as a personal acquaintance—for of Shelley or Byron, Mr Trelawny was no more—he can supply descriptions and relate anecdotes which take their colour and character from actual intercourse. Mr Trelawny's book contains many of these, and they entirely constitute whatever charm there is in it. We are familiar with many of the spots he describes, and, therefore, to some extent at least, are able to judge of the felicity of his descriptions. Occasionally, he places a picture before you very successfully, but only of detached portions of a landscape. By going again, and again, over the same ground, he manages to convey some idea of the scenery about the Gulf of Spezzia, of the vicinity of Leghorn, of Pisa, and the Monte Viso, but coarse and material images always prevail, and spoil the general effect and description. The best passage in Mr Middleton's biography of Shelley is that which describes the cremation of his body on the Italian shore. Every idea introduced is poetical and grand. The scene is invested with gloom; the attributes of the coast are brought out distinctly before the eye—the sea, the mountains, the heavens, with a solitary funeral pile, and a few sad and melancholy friends standing reverently near it. Nothing is introduced calculated to disgust, or even to shock the mind. The imagination is hurried back to classical times, and you imagine you behold a little knot of pagan friends reducing the remains of some beloved individual to inodorous ashes, that they might be preserved for ever within the sacred circle of the family. Mr Trelawny converts the scene into a hideous and loathsome exhibition, calculated to inspire the utmost horror. It reminds us strongly of the doings of ghouls, who, in oriental fictions, tear up dead bodies from the grave for odious and unholy purposes. We shall not defile our pages with an extract, but if any one be in love with the nightmare, and would like to people his dreams with frightful figures and prospects, he may read the whole account in Mr Trelawny's book. He must have a strong stomach if it does not make him sick, and a strong mind if he passes a comfortable night immediately after perusing it. We have known persons whom it has haunted for weeks. This we do not mention as a recommendation.

With regard to the great poet himself, it has always appeared to us matter of deep regret that some one capable of understanding his mind, and of faithfully describing his manners, was not with him during the latter portion of his life. He certainly deserved to be comprehended, but was not. His ultimate drifting towards Greece looks, more than any modern event, like the work of destiny. He appears all the while like one of the old heroic race labouring under a spell. Individuals, frivolous, mean, and selfish, who are cleverly described by Mr Trelawny, flutter before him, and draw him by a terrible fascination towards the fatal spot. Once in the Hellenic waters, he sails up and down the coast, landing occasionally on some beautiful island, from the summit of which he beheld—what was not visible to Mr Trelawny—the Greece of other days, whose soil was trodden by great men, whose atmosphere inspired great thoughts, and whose every nook and crag, and glen,

are redolent still of freedom and poetry, and beauty and heroic war.

Byron was no great reader of Aristophanes, otherwise, as he drew towards Missolonghi, he might have been scared by the resemblance of its vicinity to the bogs and fens of Acheron. Mr Trelawny describes the spot with picturesque felicity. All around the city, he says, marshes, lagoons, and slime spread a belt of death. No language could be more correct. But Mr Trelawny was not with Byron when he took the fatal resolution of setting up his tabernacle on that pestilential spot. No one indeed was with him who could exercise the slightest influence over his movements; and it appears incontestably from Mr Trelawny's *Recollections*, as well as from many other sources, that the author of *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* was not at that time in a state of mind which qualified him to take proper care of himself. Whatever may have been the causes that brought about such a result, he had reached that degree of exhaustion in which men become sensible of the tediousness of life, and begin slowly to make up their minds to escape from it. Shelley was anxious to have always at hand a swift poison, to which he might have recourse when the condition of his mind should become unendurable. To this he evidently looked forward undoubtedly. He reckoned confidently upon its coming some day or another; and already at the age of twenty-nine became conscious, through various symptoms, of its approach. Byron cultivated the habit of sleeping always with the Bible and a pair of loaded pistols on a chair by his bedside.

These facts suggest very gloomy ideas, and at the same time force us into the conviction that a life of systematic excitement, whether literary or otherwise, is not good. The thinkers of old times, at all events, eschewed it as among the worst of evils. There was another thing, also, which they eschewed with still greater care—namely, the practice of living by opinion, of referring all your actions to the criterion set up by the world's estimate. They thought it best to judge for themselves, since if any one thing can be said to belong to a man more than another, it is his own happiness.

No one need be surprised to find that Byron, like all other men, had weaknesses; but it is surprising to make the discovery which has long ago been made, though Mr Trelawny supplies some fresh illustrations of it—that Byron was goaded almost to madness by dwelling perpetually on his club-feet.

It would be ridiculous affectation to pretend that there ever existed a man who would not have been vexed at being misshapen like Byron, but there have perhaps been few who would have taken it to heart as he did. By way of carrying on the contest with nature, which he commenced in an evil hour, he aimed throughout life at distinguishing himself by athletic exercises, which, on account of his deformity, caused him so much pain, suffering, and loss of animal spirits, that he may almost be said to have been a martyr to the cause of his own feet. So far did he carry this feeling that it was among the uppermost in his mind even in death. Mr Trelawny knew of the existence of this strange sensitiveness, but treated it with as little respect as Moore did his much nobler kind of sensitiveness—about the way in which his memory would be cherished by posterity. The one destroyed his impassioned pleading in his own behalf, thus defrauding equally the poet and the world; the other lifted the veil, or rather the shroud, from his corporeal imperfection, and made known what Byron's vanity took much greater pains to conceal than any flaw in his moral character.

On this point, however, we shall allow Mr Trelawny to speak for himself. He is peculiarly at home in whatever concerns dead bodies, and appears to enjoy

nothing so much as tearing off any delusions in which they might be enveloped. Arriving at Missolonghi a few days after Byron's death, he went to the house in which the body lay. 'No one,' he says, 'was in the house but Fletcher, of which I was glad. As if he knew my wishes, he led me up a narrow stair into a small room, with nothing in it but a coffin standing on trestles. No word was spoken by either of us; he withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the pilgrim—more beautiful in death than in life. The contraction of the muscles and skin had effaced every line that time or passion had ever traced on it; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and perfect finish; yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often I had heard him curse it! He was jealous of the genius of Shakespeare—that might well be; but where had he seen the face or form worthy to excite his envy? I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water. On his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the pilgrim's feet, and was answered—the great mystery was solved. Both his feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a satyr.' This is exaggerated. Byron was neither so classically moulded nor so deformed—that is, no more like an Apollo than he was like Theseus. He was a good, handsome Englishman, with a face illumined by genius, full of emotion, and all the varying phenomena of intellect. When Fletcher returned, he drew the shroud and pall carefully over the feet of his master's corpse; he was very nervous, and trembled as he did so.

After carefully reading these *Recollections*, what is the impression left upon the mind? Is it favourable to any one? Do we rise from the perusal with a better idea of the writer, or of the individuals written about? This, however, it may be said, is not the point—the question ought to be, Is our conception of Byron or Shelley rendered truer or more complete? We think not. Some slight information may be gleaned about certain habits of both poets; but the general effect seems to be to unsettle and mystify the mind. The scenes over which the narrative carries us are often vividly depicted in parts, with off-hand dashes here and there; but even the *Mosses*, with the frowning grandeur of its wild coast, fails to betray Mr Trelawny into drawing a regular picture. He passes through the most extraordinary places with the indifference of a muleteer; but his fancy wakes up now and then, and casts a startling and brilliant light upon some gray crag or lonely glen. It is much the same with his characters. A few of their points are shown us, but in a manner too unconnected to render the exhibition of much use. The only value of such books is, that they may by chance awaken the curiosity of some readers, and induce them to seek for more satisfactory information than the writer himself supplies.

THE QUINEA-PIGS.

When 'term' begins in London, everybody, especially everybody who dwells within reasonable limits of the inns of court, is immediately made aware of it. There are a number of phenomenal indications which peep out of lone entries, start up in third-rate shop-windows, or cluster round wine-vaults in paved courts, or promenade the streets with lordly stride—all of which proclaim that interesting fact even to the most careless observer. Not only do the retired and mouldy retreats, where the lawyers affect to resort, pucker up their brows and wake out of their long sleep—not only does Pump Court once more resound with

the echoes of hasty feet, and Gray's, Lincoln's, and Clement's put on the aspect of *bona-fide* thoroughfares, with clients rushing in and out, and backwards and forwards all day long—but Chancery Lane, with all its fringe of flagged closes and bottomless alleys, Cook's Court and Carey Street, with their tons of brief-paper and red tape—the remotest purlieus of the Temple, and the loftiest garrets of the quill-driving hacks, are all galvanised into a state of sudden activity, which knows nor pause nor subsidence day or night.

Now it is that the costume of wigs, and gowns, and violet-coloured bags comes into fashion, and crops out suddenly in wonderful profusion in the region of Temple Bar. Now the white-aproned messengers are at their wits' end, and flurried with the harvest of sixpences which rain a silver shower, run hither and thither laden with missives verbal and written, and only too happy if they escape the perpetration of some fatal exchange in the delivery. Now is Mrs Jones, the laundress, plagued out of her life with the everlasting tintinnabulation of twenty bells at once, and reduced to the necessity of administering impartial justice by answering none of them. Now is little Twister, the barber of Poppin's Corner, who has just achieved his first professional wig, praying devoutly that his patron, Mr Augustus Grinder, who ate his way to the bar with such exemplary fervour, may get his virgin brief, in which case he has pledged himself to purchase Twister's virgin wig. Now are the law-stationers up to their eyes in business, or buried in it over head and ears; now do all the hangers-on who yield to a magnetic attraction in the flat of judge and jury, crowd to the judicial arena; and now does the Guinea-pig, starting from his sleep, make his appearance on the field of action, and address himself to the mission of his existence.

'And, pray, who is the guinea-pig?'

The guinea-pig, my friend, is not the animal mentioned under that name by Buffon, neither did Goldsmith put him down in his *Animated Nature*, though the observant and genial Goldy, it is more than probable, knew the species well enough. Who is the guinea-pig, do you ask? Favour us with your company for a few moments, and we will discover for you this choice specimen of natural history.

Here we are, then, at Westminster Hall. That door to the left, flanked by that branching maypole rigged with blind gas-burners, is the members' entrance to the House of Commons; and this one opposite, to the right, is the entrance to the Court of Queen's Bench. In the lobby within sits an old woman dispensing apples and oranges, to exhausted witnesses and feverish clients, at a penny apiece; and in the lofty square apartment which serves as the court beyond, Lord Campbell is sitting at this moment dispensing justice at not quite so cheap a rate. His lordship, as you see, has a couple of brother-judges with him on the elevated dais, and all three look mightily grand in their huge long-tailed wigs, resting like epaulets on their shoulders, their crimson robes of office and their broad ermine trimmings. The court is crowded in every part, and very still—not a sound is heard but the deep double bass of Counsellor Bulbous, who has been on his legs this hour, and is likely to buzz on for two hours longer—being engaged on the famous suit of *Slinker versus Slime*, touching the repairs of Mudbury Dyke. The buzz-uzz-oozle-woozle-muffle of the worthy counsellor, like the song of the blue-bottle after dinner on a summer's afternoon, has produced a soporific influence traceable on the whole two hundred or so of auditors who represent the British public. There he stands in that oblong pit below the dais, which, dotted as it is in every part with round white wigs all motionless, looks

uncommonly like an oblong bed of cauliflowers planted in rows and in full blow. There he bubbles forth his interminable plea—the judges resigning themselves to fate in their easy-chairs, with a patience and fortitude only to be accounted for by reference to those quarterly thousands paid out of Her Majesty's exchequer, which compensate the weariness of office. His learned brethren doze on their benches—the newspaper reporters doze in their boxes—the casual spectators who have crept in to slake their curiosity, find themselves yawning before they know what they are about, and sneak out again for a refresher in the open air. Numbers, you remark, come in to see and hear; some take their seats on the rising benches open to the public, some merely lounge against the wall—but very few of them stand it, or sit it, many minutes before they are off again out of reach of that somnolent voice.

'Not so,' say you; 'there are some forty or fifty people on those upper benches, who, so far from moving, seem to be regular fixtures, and never move at all.'

Ah, my friend, those are the guinea-pigs—those are the identical natural curiosities we have come in search of, and you cannot do better than to note them well. During the whole of the period of term those upper benches are the habitat of the judicial guinea-pig. Mark how still, stolid, and statue-like they sit, how persistently they do not listen to anything that goes forward, and how thoroughly they ignore each other. Gregarious as these strange creatures are, it is an unquestionable fact that they are never known to fraternise in the slightest degree. Indeed, it is rumoured that they hate one another like grim death, and that the greatest windfall that could happen to any one of them would be to see a dozen or two of his comrades knocked on the head. An ill-natured story is current, to the effect that when that old gentleman yonder in the corner—he with the frayed black stock and iron-moulded linen—was seized with a fit of paralysis, and fell to the ground, not one of them could be got to move a finger in his aid, and the police had to beatir themselves to get him out; and that when he came back on the following term, all the welcome he met with was a growl of disappointment that the attack had not carried him off. You will observe that they are all distinguished by two things—a peculiar seediness of raiment which makes convulsive efforts to assume respectability, and a still more peculiar cast of countenance, which it is far easier to recognise when once seen than it is to describe with accuracy.

Those ranks of silent, self-concentered statues, then, are the guinea-pigs; and if you ask what they are doing there, the answer is—they are waiting for their guinea. Whenever the court sits—no matter whether at Westminster or at the Guildhall—the guinea-pigs sit along with it—and they will inevitably make their appearance with all the regularity and far greater punctuality than either judge or advocate. For their description, we can give it only in part, for there is a mystery about them which the keenest observer has not been able to penetrate entirely, and of all bipeds they are reckoned the most close and taciturn, almost equalling in these qualities their four-footed and tailless prototypes. They are, however—for so they must be to qualify them for the post they seek to adorn—housekeepers and rate-payers; they have contrived, by some means, to get their names enrolled on the list of jurymen to the Queen's Bench Court, and to keep them there; and the grand business, the only business of their lives during the continuance of term, is to shift themselves, by hook or by crook, by urgent solicitation in the right quarter, or by patient waiting, into the jury-box, in order that they may be entitled to the guinea with

which the liberality of the court will reward their—labour, we were going to say, but that term would be a misnomer—their inertia.

But what is that? As sure as fate, Bulbous has come to a dead-lock: his lordship, whom we all supposed to be dozing, has pulled him up on a point of law, and the interminable plea has come to an unexpected halt. Lo! the cauliflowers resolve themselves into a committee of legal gentlemen—half the wigs turn their facial side this way—the white heads are all bobbing and whispering together—there is the hasty scratching of quills upon foolscap—and while Counsellor Bulbous is vigorously ramming documents into his bag, with the air of a check-mated chess-player, the jury-box is suddenly vacated, and the deputy clerk of the court begins bawling over the names of the list of jurymen, in order to swear in a new jury for the immediate trial of a new cause.

Look at the guinea-pigs now—they are no longer the still, stolid, unimpressible creatures you took them for. See how every man of them bristles up—how the eyes twinkle, and the lips part, and the neck cranes forward in the attitude of attention, as name after name is called.

'John Brown!' bawls the clerk. 'Here!' and John Brown, buttoning his seedy overcoat, pulling up his collar, and unearthing from his threadbare cuffs a clean pair of wristbands, rises with a self-satisfied smirk, and glides into the jury-box as silently as the guinea, by and by, will glide into his pocket.

'Thomas Robinson!' 'Here!' and Robinson, with an air of dignified complacency, follows in the wake of Brown.

'James Jones!' bawls the clerk. There is a dead silence—no answering 'Here!' and in a few moments the clerk shouts 'James Jones!' a second time with redoubled emphasis. Still there is no reply; James Jones is evidently not forthcoming, though the pause is prolonged before the third time of asking. The third appeal produces the same non-result as to Mr James Jones; but now a little man who has been wriggling on his seat and fussily rising and sitting down again for the last few minutes, breaks the silence.

'Cornelius Jones is here,' he calls out suggestively to the clerk.

This unwarrantable interpolation on the part of Mr Cornelius acts like a firebrand among the whole herd of guinea-pigs; and in defiance of the sanctity of the place, their resentment bursts forth in a series of grunts and sneers and bitter objurgations launched at the head of the offender with a fierceness all the more fierce that it has to be uttered *sub voce* and out of ear-shot of the bench.

'It won't do, Corny,' growls one.

'Wait your turn, snatchbody!' hisses a second.

'Betsy Prig!' snarls a third.

And furious eyes are turned on the delinquent, who, being accustomed to that sort of fire, does not wince under it, but preserves an enviable equanimity until the storm has blown over.

By the time the whole twenty-four jurymen are collected, the ranks of the guinea-pigs are considerably thinned. There is an evident expression of disappointment in some of the remaining faces, but that is tempered with some satisfaction too, because, though they have not yet won their prospective prize, they are nearer to the winning-post by four-and-twenty names, and feel that they are at no great distance from the inevitable one pound one.

But the question, 'Who is the guinea-pig?' is not answered yet, and, in truth, it is not one of easy solution. There are various theories afloat touching the physiology of the creature. Speculators on this abstruse subject have likened his tribe to a shower of

frogs, coming no man knows whence, and departing no man knows whither—or to those curious travellers the land-crabs of the West Indies, which overrun certain territories at certain seasons, and then suddenly and miraculously vanish away. What is agreed upon on all hands appears to be the fact, that the guinea-pig is altogether an undiscoverable biped at all or any of those seasons when the law-courts are not sitting. Where he spends his long vacation, nobody seems to have even the remotest idea. The wildest conjectures are hazarded as to his modes and means of life. It is computed that at the utmost he cannot realise more than from fifteen to twenty guineas a year by hanging on to the skirts of the judges: how, then, does he get the rest of the income which constitutes him a housekeeper and a rate-payer, and a 'good man and true'?

We can hazard no reply to this question. We have heard the satirical wits of the court taunt this fraternity with questions of various kinds—as to the condition of a hypothetical mangle, for instance, or the real ownership of a paletot suspiciously glossy; but these sarcasms point to nothing definite, and leave the real question in all its uncertainty. According to all appearances, the mission of the guinea-pig is to compass as often as he can an easy guinea—and beyond that we can declare nothing positive concerning him.

C R A G - F A S T.

We have lived so long, my brother Frank and I, in the grand hill-country of the north, that its great gray giants have long ceased to be held by us in awe; our reverence for them is not one whit diminished, but our fear is fled. Their crowns, hidden in cloud, their huge fern-covered shoulders, their mighty girdles of melancholy pine, are our glory still, but are no more threatening than their slopes of pasture-land, and woods that stray down to the margin of the lakes. Even in winter-time, unless the hill-fog be hanging thickly, or the blinding snow be whirling, we should not hesitate to cross the highest gap in Westmoreland, or find our way to Keswick by the Fells. From our nearest mountain-top we can see the road to it, and track it almost all the way, bridging the rivers and fording the rills, and winding round mere after mere, until, a thin white streak, it climbs the furthest ridge, and comes, we know, unawares on the little town. As the crow flies, we are not ten miles from it; but a man cannot reach it in eighteen miles, nor a horse in twenty-eight. Many a time, since Harry left us, have Frank and I gone thither and returned in the same day, partly to get little luxuries that are not in our far-away mountain home; partly from the exceeding beauty of the way itself; and partly, it may be, to keep his memory green who is no longer with us.

A score of summers have brought bird and butterfly into our happy valley, and set the bee roaming on the hills since last our Harry took that walk with us—but we do not forget it. The fair June morn, the quarter which the gentle breeze blew from, the coombs wherein the shadows of the clouds lay—we remember all. Harry was beautiful, which we are far from being, kind and accomplished almost as a girl; but he was weak in health, and had to battle for dear life through every winter. Supple of limb when well, and strong in spirit whether well or ill, he wanted care, and we were not good nurses. We did not lack in love, but in 'the reason firm, the temperate will,' which have been so often found of late in the gentler sex, soothing, controlling, saving so many of their soldier brethren. What our poor brother fixed

his wishes on, we had no heart to refuse. He was, we felt, and everybody but himself knew well, but for a little while on earth, and not, therefore, to be denied a pleasure lightly. He would walk to Keswick—that he had determined on—the next time Fred and Frank went, and designing there to sleep that night, we suffered him one day to go with us. We chose our time during a series of unbroken fine weather; no rain had fallen for weeks throughout the district—'fair' said the shepherd's weather-glass, and 'fair' said Michael Gwain, the shepherd, when we started that morning, we two with knapsacks, and Harry with his alpenstock, up the bed of the empty beck. It had been rifled of its silver treasure by the sun, and the crags stood out bare and smooth where the waters had roamed at will. Silence had usurped the seat of song; and the stones that had held their summits highest above the strife, like many a human head that proudly lifts itself above the battle of the world, displayed their stubborn breasts, riven and worn enough. Two deep-cut channels alone marked the spot where the twin torrents had lately met; and a little tree that overhung it, and was wont to be kept green by the rainbow-tinted spray, was dying fast; the mighty stepping-stones, fit each to cover a hero's grave, were useless, and felt no footsteps. It was dry even beneath the little bridge where the trout were used to make their ceaseless circles in the pool; the dead fish were lying on either side in their beautiful armour, never more to slumber in the brown depths, or to wag a lazy fin upon the surface; they had trusted to have escaped the evil eye of the sun. One by one, the sheep wandered up and down with piteous bleat, and we ourselves, with head inclined and hollowed hand, could find no drop of water.

Our progress up the broken way was slow, and on the steep path beside it the parching earth was hot beneath our feet; and the fern, the moss-knots, and the heather, crumbled into dust within our grasp. One of us has reached the summit; that shout of triumph carried over the hills above proclaims it, and that one is Harry; because he had less breath to lose than any of us, he must of course needs scramble up the first, and holla. And indeed there is something glorifying in having gained the top of a high hill; when the breeze of the mountain first blows on a man's brow, one may generally know it by other signs than a mere ruddy cheek; the voice is more still than usual, but what beauty or wisdom it has to speak we seem to get there above all places; the freshness that falls on the senses sheds dew on the heart, and the thoughts that lie deepest spring up and blossom into speech; the world's cares and crosses seem all left below, and fade away far in the distance, while beneath us is spread the glory of the earth. When to us the town lies in silence, and the sail turns not on the hill—when the spade, the pick, and the clanging factory send up no murmur—when the glancing river moves not on, and the oar of the sailor is dumb, and thronged city and desolate sea alike give forth no sound: from the Isle of Man in the far westward, and along the open sparkling sea, our eyes came back to the dear valley at our feet, the tranquil lake with its green-wooded islets, wherein another heaven seemed to smile, another sun to shine; the rich low meadows round it sprinkled thickly with cattle, the farms of dazzling whiteness, the low-roofed cottages of unmortared stone, and the vane of the gray old church beaming above the slumbersome yews like fire. All men may not be moved so, but I think it is thus with most of us who think; and it was so certainly on that day with our dear Harry: never was he so animated, enthusiastic, eloquent as then; we might have almost known, had we been long enough in the old north country to imbibe its creeds, that mischief was

therefore in store for him. On we went, mile after mile, over the dry morasses, where the streams no longer pushed their sluggish way through the black mould, and the tufts of heath were withering. We lay down often under some huge crag, from which the goat fled, scared, or the rock-raven slowly oared herself away on mighty lustrous wings—for the heat had become intense—to rest. Panting on the short brown grass, with our faces heavenward, was as good as lotus-eating; the warmth of noon and the quiet of night reigned jointly upon these lofty heights, where the murmur of the bee alone seemed to threaten the silence.

Here we passed strange-shaped crags, which once, the legend went, were mortal men tranced by wizard spell; here, rock-rent chasms, where the fiend was said to dwell in winter-time; and here we came upon some desolate tarn, needing not romance to heighten its lonely terrors—where Solitude seemed sister to Despair. Meanwhile, the faint air had no breath save that which came in fitful feverish gasps, and died away; the blue sky became islanded above us by a huge black cloud, and our thirst grew insupportable. After a rest somewhat longer than usual, we caught the glimmer of a falling stream, some half-mile off, but separated from us by uneven and rugged ground. And 'Who drinks first?' exclaimed Harry; and 'I,' and 'I,' we answered, and each took his own way with a cheer, and started at racing speed for the welcome gill.

By this time the last wandering cloud had joined the threatening mass that hung swollen and dark above us, like an impersonation of wrath; and one instant the sunlight gleamed over the landscape, and the next, the shadow overcast it, as fever flushes a sick man's brow. Mountain-top could not be discerned from cloud, and the blackness of night was gathering, when on a sudden the heaven burst into flame, and the earth glared and reddened to meet it. The pent-up thunder broke forth at the same instant, and rolled out again and again before the first echoes had died away upon the hills. A few big drops fell on my forehead, and then a living wall of rain moved swiftly against me. It fairly beat my breath out, and I could hardly raise my eyes to see the glory of the tempest, the sheet after sheet of lightning which seemed to wrap the dead earth round, while the thunder hymned its terrible requiem.

Faint, weary, and wet as I was, a great joy seemed to depart when the storm ceased, which it did almost at once. Never had I seen Dame Nature in a more awful mood; scarce ever, too, under a more lovely aspect than when the sun smote through the cloud-rack, throwing broad veils of silver over the green hillsides, and setting great crowns of pearls upon their heads; intertwining the hair of the pine-woods with strings of diamonds, and awakening a thousand becks which ran straight to the valleys in song. Frank was already at the goal, and welcomed me with shouts of triumph. He had taken across the marsh as I had done, but by a securer track. Harry, who had chosen the outer edge of the table-land, along the cliffs, had not yet come. We waited for some time impatiently, for the afternoon was by this time far advanced; and when we went back to seek for him, it was with beating hearts. Neither whispered to the other his secret fear; but we read it plainly enough in each other's eyes. What if that glad laugh-music should be never heard again? if those noble eyes should be glazed in death, and the beautiful face be marred by those cruel cliffs? and with the thought arose the look of his fond mother in the hour when we should bring her lifeless darling home! Not till we had peered down every cliff and gill, and searched over the treacherous bog in vain, did Frank, with a face I shall never quite forget, approach the verge of the precipice. If our Harry had fallen there,

indeed all hope was over. But no; thank God, there was no terrible thing in that green valley—no one dread spot, such as I once have seen, whereon the eye is riveted at once—a knot of clothes, with the evil birds clanging around it. We took the same perilous path which the lost boy had taken, where the height above and the depth below were a burden to our brain, and presently we found the narrow footway broken down before us. It must have been a daring foot that would trust itself to leap to the other side, and but a slight form whose weight could have there alighted in safety. A few feet further on, the goat-track—for it was nothing more—was resumed, and rounded, out of our sight, an enormous rock. Frank was foremost, and leaped the chasm without an instant's thought. No courage, no self-sacrifice, could have induced any man to do so who had hesitated for a moment. The ground gave way with him, and he fell his whole length down, still clinging by his hands, however, to the firmer part. Agile and wary as a panther, he had done his best to guard against this danger by coming down on all-fours. I hid my eyes in terror as he clung spasmodically for a few seconds, and collected all his strength for a spring upwards; and when I looked again, he was in comparative safety. There was an impassable barrier of some eighteen feet of sheer precipice between him and me; he rounded the point before him, and a cry of gladness assured me that he had at least found Harry alive. I clambered back again with difficulty, to see whether I could get down to them from above, but it was not to be attempted. The great rock jutted out right over them, and there was no pathway round it from the other side at all. Whether the track had ever been continued further, I could not tell, but it now led clearly into a complete *cul de sac*, from which there was no escape unless by wings.

To be starved to death, or to be dashed down the steep by the first wind, seemed to be the inevitable fate of my poor brothers. Frank's voice came up from the abyss, and somewhat calmed me. 'Harry has fainted with terror,' he said; 'I have no doubt his head failed him at this spot. We cannot round the rock again from hence, but there is room enough to stand, and even to sit here, for both of us. Do you, Fred, go down to Borrowdale at once, before it gets dark, and bring up with you at daylight half-a-dozen strong men, and all the sheep-ropes you can get together; and pray Heaven send us a calm night, and that our Harry may be yet preserved to us.'

With a heart-felt injunction to the brave fellow to be of good courage, and to rely on me, I started on my errand of life and death. A frantic anxiety urged me to fly like the wind, and the most dangerous paths seemed to have lost all their terrors; but one false step, or even a slip to sprain an ankle, would be, I knew, destruction to those dear ones on the steep; so I chose my way with caution, and did not reach the valley till dusk. The greatest eagerness and sympathy were at once manifested; we collected plenty of the great cables used to extricate the crag-fast sheep, and came up with the earliest streaks of light in a great company. We could see the rock plainly enough from Borrowdale, but not the two figures crouching under it; no heath-flower bloomed above it, nor bush nor tree over its stern-seamed visage, and its wrinkled brows seemed to overhang the height with a consciousness of cruel power. It was not so easy, however, to find it from above; and having omitted to leave a man below to direct us, we wasted some precious minutes. At last we came upon the spot, and heard brother Frank cry out to us in a sad voice: 'He is alive, for he still breathes; but that is all.'

The dreadful hours passed in company with his poor charge had evidently shaken even his fortitude.

It was arranged that many smaller ropes should be taken down with the rescuer, in case they needed both to be secured to the cables. We twisted three of these last, for greater security, into one. No one opposed my natural entreaty to be permitted to be lowered first; but I saw the shepherds shaking their heads, as if they doubted my being of much service. Ten or a dozen attached themselves to the end of the tether, and I was fastened to the other, in a loop, which formed a sort of seat. A long staff was given me to keep myself off the face of the precipice, and then they let me drop downward. Lower and lower, and out of their sight, I sank slowly, but not without much motion. It required all my attention to prevent dashing against the crags: if I pushed off gently, I hit them again at once; if I gave a bold thrust, I was turned round, and flung upon them backwards. Presently, I sank below the level of the rock under which my brothers lay, and saw them. Harry was resting in the other's lap, with a corpse-like face, and quite motionless, as one to whom no hurt could happen more, and whom no power could save. Frank kept his eyes toward the stone and away from the dizzy height, and he did but glance at me for an instant, and then resumed his position.

'Get back, Frederick; get back, for the love of Heaven. Let the best shepherd amongst them take your place; and even then, I fear we two shall never see home again.' And indeed it required far more skill than I could boast of to get such a momentum as might carry me into the crevice, and still less could I have snatched a hold that might have sustained me there. I gave the signal to haul up, and told the men how matters stood.

'Was Mr Frank sufficiently master of himself, and safely situated, to draw a man in by one of the lesser ropes, if such could be thrown to him?' they asked. I answered 'No,' and it seemed greatly to disconcert them. The lightest and most agile of the party, however, volunteered to do his best, and over he went, as I had done. He required much more rope this time, in order to get a sufficient swing on it for his purpose; and those who were not engaged in holding fast could see him strike out and return to the face of the cliff quite clearly. After one or two tremendous strains, the rope suddenly slackened, and we knew that he had found foothold somewhere underneath. I don't pretend to say how it was done, for it seems to me to this day to have been a miracle of mercy: I only know that the next haul of ours brought up the shepherd with Harry, yet alive, within his arms; and again, that the fine fellow was let down, and came up with my good, brave Frank in safety. He was not much less changed to look at than his charge. Anxiety and despair had done, it seemed, the work of years with him; and we had to carry the one, and lead the other's uncertain footsteps home.

Weeks passed away before the strong man grew himself again; and for the delicate boy, a sick-room was his prison for months. The exposure to the night-air after the pelting storm, had overtaken his lungs, and his sleep was long disturbed by what he had suffered; his thin white fingers would clutch at empty air, in dreams, and his brows grow damp at the imaginary abyss that seemed to yawn beneath him. The events of that awful time indeed, haunted his memory by day and night to the last; but he never recalled them without the deepest thankfulness. 'I die amongst you all,' he said, 'safe—safe, dear Frank, at home.' And he left us before the winter came, when all beautiful things were decaying and about to perish likewise. For us, although we yield to none, by this time, in tracking the wild to his lair, and the raven to her lofty nest, we never pass that rock upon the Fells without some awe.

nor without a thought, I trust, of the great Providence which there was manifested, whereof the ungraven steep itself stands an eternal witness.

NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY.

HAVING devoted some space in a former paper to particulars connected with my special favourite, the pretty and affectionate bullfinch, the very prince of European cage-birds, I shall here say a word about the house or dwelling usually provided for him. I think that nothing can be more wantonly cruel than the common practice of leaving the poor bird exposed to the hourly danger of being dragged through his prison bars, and perishing miserably by the fangs of the cat. I have myself adopted the mode of placing the upright wires of the cage so close that no cat's paw could possibly pass between them, at the same time allowing the cross-wires to run within about an inch and a half of each other. I would suggest, as more elegant, a slight wire-lattice covering the whole cage, and the meshes of which should not leave more than a quarter of an inch opening. This might be made of very thin brass wire, and would not look amiss; at all events, it is to be hoped that cat-proof cages made on this principle, or some other, will one day be in general use. Apropos of bullfinches, it is generally thought that they will not breed in captivity: I know of at least one instance to the contrary: a large cage, and quiet, seem all they require.

An ingenious mode of rearing birds is practised in France; at least, I have only seen it there. The young birds with the nest are placed in a small cage, and tied up near the place in which the nest itself lay. I have seen the old birds come and attend to the nursing of their offspring in this way with the utmost zeal and success. When we consider how much more skilful they are in finding the best food, and administering it in the best manner, we cannot be surprised that in this way the great losses, otherwise sure to occur, are avoided.

Pigeons are certainly graceful creatures, and interesting from many qualities they possess. Some of the peculiar kinds are striking objects, from their odd appearance or graceful symmetry; but, on the whole, I think them little worth cultivating as pets, however amusing to boys. But they have one advantage to the dweller in cities who seldom gets a peep 'at nature in her green array': they help to keep alive in his heart the soft and humanising impressions which nature alone can foster. There is something most delightful to the toil-worn mechanic who 'plies his sickly trade' in some forlorn garret, if he can see a pigeon or two of his own take wing from its window, and after wheeling gracefully about in mid-heaven, come soaring back again to their place. All the little domestic economy of the fond pair is, in such cases, an interesting study; and we seldom find pets like these, birds or flowers, in the dwellings of the spendthrift or the drunkard.

Passing to another class of animals, I come upon one I always regard with the greatest interest and curiosity: I mean the otter. In a wild state, it is one of the most fierce and savage creatures possible. Every one knows of its predatory habits, and the destruction of fish it occasions; but few are aware that, if taken very young, it may be brought up as tame as a dog, and that it is susceptible of a high degree of attachment to its master. I have it from authority on which I can implicitly rely, that an otter was thus tamed, in the west of Ireland, some years ago; and that it would descend into the waters of Lough Corrib, and return to the boat with its prey—generally a salmon—in its mouth. My informant adds,

that some English officers quartered in Galway were so delighted with its performance, that they resolved to have it at any price. The owner parted very reluctantly with his favourite, which was regularly installed at the barracks. Possibly, if his new friends had waited a sufficient time to gain his affections by kindness, all might have been well; but, anxious for sport, they took him on the water, and let him go. In a short time, the otter reappeared with a salmon in his jaws, and, as usual, swam for the boat. As he drew near, a thought seemed to strike him, and he hesitated, looked into the faces of those whom he could see, swam about a little, as if pursuing his scrutiny, and at last dived, and was seen no more! The probability is, that missing the master whom he knew, he had not sufficient acquaintance with his new possessors to care for their company. I have good information from other sources of the capacity of the otter for domestication. This capacity seems to be the distinguishing mark of certain races. I suppose it to represent organic differences in the brain and nervous system.

We have seen that the pheasant and gray partridge are incapable of domestication, while other denizens of the wood and field yield to it at once. So it appears to be among quadrupeds. The fox and wolf, although often tried, never have been truly tamed, so far as I know. They do not seem to have brain enough for it; and the silly instinct of timidity—silly, I mean, when no cause justifies it—is too strong to be got over. Yet there are some few instances of an exceptional kind, in which even the wolf has shewn affection to the person by whom he was reared. The low cunning which is displayed by these animals in such perfection, must lie in some portion of cerebral matter quite apart from those developments which distinguish the cranium of the noble and magnanimous dog. How often do we see individuals of the human species who strikingly illustrate both temperaments!

There is something very interesting in contemplating those animals which, still in a wild state, represent the origin and source of our domestic servants and companions. I do not, for my own part, believe that the dog has any more family relationship to the wolf than the pheasant has to the domestic fowl. Many qualities they have in common, no doubt; but there would seem to be some radical difference, which no time can obliterate. My belief is, that the dog has, quite apart from the wolf, his wild prototype; and that, like the South Australian dingo, some animal of the tribe was to be found in primeval Europe, from which all our varieties may have sprung.

Now that I have got upon the subject of dogs, I must restrain my garrulity, for the theme is inexhaustible. I shall content myself with alluding to the following curious instance of a voluntary association for a common purpose among them, which fell under my own observation.

When a boy, I was engaged one evening in watching to get a shot at some rabbits in an ancient park, in which were many detached burrows. I was much surprised to see two dogs—one large, and the other very small—bound over the fence, and crouching down in a hollow space, as if to avoid observation, gallop rapidly towards one of the warrens. They concealed themselves as well as they could, directing their approach by the course of an old ditch, and, when near the holes, rushing furiously forward, with the evident design of surprising some outlier. Failing in this, the small dog entered the burrow, and I could hear him barking underground, no doubt to *bold* the rabbits from their refuge, while his companion stood outside, waving his tail in the greatest excitement and watchfulness. At last the little dog returned, and the pair set off with all speed for another burrow, where the same scene was repeated. I did not see that they met with any success; but I suppose they must occasionally

have done so; and, on the whole, it has always struck me as a very curious instance in its way. It illustrates this wonderful fact, that animals can interchange ideas without language; and is the more remarkable that they were not forced into this association, as wild dogs are, by any necessity for providing, by united efforts, for their common subsistence, or for the attack upon some prey, against which the strength of one would not avail.

Among the creatures which, in a wild state, are interesting, may be mentioned the wild pig. There is something in the grisly majesty and fierce self-reliance of the full-grown boar which impresses itself on all minds. Nothing can be more savage and formidable than the countenance of this animal; and his strength and speed, when not checked in his range of ground, are wonderful. Yet he is very easily domesticated. A friend of mine supplied himself with pork and bacon for many years from a breed of pure German wild boars; and excellent they were. He had, when I first saw them, a magnificent patriarchal old fellow, of tremendous appearance, but as gentle as tame pig could be. This boar, as he had plenty of successors growing up about him, my friend bestowed upon a certain zoological garden, where he became a first-rate attraction. Whatever else was neglected, one was sure to see a crowd around the strong paling by which this fierce and dangerous wild beast was confined. 'Did you see the wild boar?' 'Oh, what a hideous monster!' was in every mouth. I remember one day creating quite a sensation of horror, by going up to the paling, calling my old acquaintance by name, and, when he came up grunting and barking to where I stood, scratching his jaws and poll to his infinite satisfaction. This reminds me of a wild-boar anecdote I had from the late Sir W. Maxwell. It would seem that a friend of his in Scotland had received from Germany a splendid boar, which soon after contrived to make his escape, by leaping a wall such as, it was presumed, no pig could possibly get over. He made his way into a park where a number of young cattle were grazing; and they, being excited by his strange appearance, gave chase at once, and ended by fairly bringing him to bay. I have always heard, on the continent, that a boar will overthrow horse and man, if they abide his onset, and I fully believe it; but so determined was the onslaught of these *stots* upon the present one, that, forming a circle around him, they contrived to trample him to death, and almost to atoms.

I have had occasion to remark before, that some of the very wildest birds and animals are capable of being tamed with facility, if taken young; while others are just the reverse.

The stag and deer tribe, generally, are instances of the former peculiarity; indeed, the boldness of tame stags renders them even dangerous. I take it for granted that they could scarcely ever be tolerated as domestic animals from their bold and fierce temper, and their tendency to use their horns when provoked. I have often seen it tried, but always with the result, that the bucks were found quite intolerable, and duly 'killed off.' An exception may be claimed for a very fine stag I once knew as forming part of the staff of a marching regiment. He went with his corps everywhere, was much admired at reviews and other such gatherings. I knew another case of a tame buck, which, in a country town, would stroll in from his master's house in the suburbs, and was constantly seen scampering back with a loaf of bread, a dried fish, or a cut of bacon in his mouth; for nothing came amiss to his appetite. He was the plague of the hucksters' shops in the vicinity, and cost, no doubt, a good sum for damages.

The same tendency to ill-temper and ferocity runs through the antelope tribe; and the ibex and chamois

are examples of it. I knew a case some years ago of a very fine chamois, in the collection of the Duke of Gotha, which became so dangerous that it had to be destroyed. By the way, I could not help feeling, when I saw these animals, what a pity it is that so little pains are taken to afford such as are kept in captivity some opportunity of shewing their native qualities. These chamois were confined in a small court, with a miniature attempt at a rocky pinnacle in the centre. Now, it would have cost but a trifle to enclose with wooden poles from the adjoining forest a space considerably larger, and within this to have erected something which might have given these interesting creatures an opportunity of displaying their wondrous agility. Perhaps this additional space and climbing-ground might have saved the life of the beautiful buck, by giving him some vent for his pent-up energies. I was told that nothing could be more formidable than the way in which he had recently attacked a calf belonging to the keeper, which unluckily came in his way. He charged the poor beast with great violence, inserting the points of his little crooked horns with great dexterity in its side, and ripping it open in such a way as to cause almost instant death.

It seems singular that we hear nothing of attempts to introduce the chamois and ibex into Scotland. Ought not the wild solitude of our Highland ranges to afford them a dwelling suitable to their nature and habits? It may indeed be doubtful whether any mountains below the level of perpetual snow would be cool enough for the ibex in summer; but the experiment would be well worth trial.

What a noble animal is the now nearly extinct ibex! It is a great mistake to suppose that the chamois disputes with him the honour of the highest mountain throne. On the contrary, of all four-footed creatures, he alone breathes the keen air of the Alpine summits; and although descending at night to feed in the lower ranges, yet his home is the bosom of the eternal glacier, stretched at length upon which he passes the summer-day, and strives to cool by its contact his heated blood.

What would one not give to see a herd of these wonderful creatures, with their huge horns recurved almost to the tail, yet skipping lightly from crag to crag, and finding a safe footing amongst the most appalling precipices! It is not surprising that the chase of the ibex has for the hunter of the Alps all the fascination of gambling. No laws, however strict, can restrain him; and although, at least in Savoy, it is penal to destroy the ibex, the work of slaughter goes on unchecked.

The race is thinning out year by year; but it has survived the period assigned by De Saussure for its extermination. When taken, it is a valuable prize. The skin is of some importance in commerce; the flesh is excellent, and the horns, if good, will fetch from L.3 to L.4 sterling.

Good horns are known by their size and the number of knobs along their edge. Each year of the animal's life, a knob is added, and they never exceed thirty, that being understood as the extreme age of the ibex. I was fortunate enough to procure, some years since, a fine pair of horns, which mark about twenty-nine years' growth; but such instances are now very rare, and will soon be unknown altogether.

All the horns brought to market are not necessarily the result of poaching. Some are generally found when the snow melts in spring, lying at the foot of the precipices over which the poor beasts have been carried by the falling avalanches. Such must have been the fate of the bearer of the horns alluded to, and awful the crash with which the patriarch came to his end, for the strong bones of the skull were split in two, although apparently almost as hard as iron, and a portion went with each horn.

I believe I am scarcely in order in speaking of the ibex among the antelopes; he is, after all, only a superior sort of goat. The chamois is allowed to hold an intermediate place, and act as a connecting-link between the goat and the true antelopes.

O C E O L A :

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXI.—THE ROUTE.

THE dispatch called for instant obedience. Fortunately my horse was still under the saddle, and in less than five minutes I was upon his back, and galloping for the volunteer camp.

Among these eager warriors, the news produced a joyous excitement, expressed in a wild *hurrah*. Enthusiasm supplied the place of discipline; and, in less than half an hour, the corps was accoutred and ready for the road.

There was nothing to cause delay. The command to march was given; the bugle sounded the 'forward,' and the troop filing 'by twos,' into a long somewhat irregular line, took the route for Fort King.

I galloped home to say adieu. It was a hurried leave-taking—less happy than my last—but I rode away with more contentment, under the knowledge that my sister was now warned, and there was no longer any danger of an alliance with Arens Ringgold.

The orderly who brought the dispatch rode back with the troop. As we marched along, he communicated the camp-news, and rumours in circulation at the fort. Many events had occurred, of which we had not heard. The Indians had forsaken their towns, taking with them their wives, children, cattle, and chattels. Some of their villages they had themselves fired, leaving nothing for their pale-faced enemies to destroy. This proved a determination to engage in a general war, had other proofs of this disposition been wanting. Whither they had gone, even our spies had been unable to find out. It was supposed by some that they had moved further south, to a more distant part of the peninsula. Others alleged that they had betaken themselves to the great swamp that stretches for many leagues around the head-waters of the Amazura river, and known as the 'Cove of the Ouithlacoochee.'

This last conjecture was the more likely, though so secretly and adroitly had they managed their migration, that not a trace of the movement could be detected. The spies of the friendly Indians—the keenest that could be employed—were unable to discover their retreat. It was supposed that they intended to act only on the defensive—that is, to make plundering forays on whatever quarter was left unguarded by troops, and then retire with their booty to the fastnesses of the swamp. Their conduct up to this time rendered the supposition probable enough. In such case, the war might not be so easily brought to a termination; in other words, there might be no war at all, but a succession of fruitless marches and pursuits; for it was well enough understood that if the Indians did not choose to stand before us in action, we should have but little chance of overhauling them in their retreat.

The fear of the troops was, that their adversaries would 'take to the cover,' where it would be difficult, if not altogether impossible, to find them.

However, this state of things could not be perpetual; the Indians could not always subsist upon plunder, where the booty must be every day growing less. They were too numerous for a mere band of robbers, though there existed among the whites a very imperfect idea of their numbers. Estimates placed them at from one to five thousand souls—runaway negroes included—and even the best

informed frontiersmen could give only rude guesses on this point. For my part, I believed that there were more than a thousand warriors, even after the defection of the traitor clans; and this was the opinion of one who knew them well—old Hickman the hunter.

How, then, were so many to find existence in the middle of a morass? Had they been provident, and there accumulated a grand commissariat? No: this question could at once be answered in the negative. It was well known that the contrary was the case—for in this year the Seminoles were without even their usual supply. Their removal had been urged in the spring; and, in consequence of the doubtful prospect before them, many families had planted little—some not at all. Their crop, therefore, was less than in ordinary years; and previous to the final council at Fort King, numbers of them had been both buying and begging food from the frontier citizens.

What likelihood, then, of their finding subsistence throughout a long campaign? They would be starved out of their fastnesses—they must come out, and either stand fight, or sue for peace. So people believed.

This topic was discussed as we rode along. It was one of primary interest to all young warriors thirsting for fame—inasmuch as, should the enemy determine to pursue so inglorious a system of warfare, where were the laurels to be plucked? A campaign in the miasmatic and pestilential climate of the swamps was more likely to yield a luxuriant crop of cypresses.

Most hoped, and hence believed, that the Indians would soon grow hungry, and shew themselves in a fair field of fight.

There were different opinions as to the possibility of their subsisting themselves for a lengthened period of time. Some—and these were men best acquainted with the nature of the country—expressed their belief that they could. The old alligator-hunter was of this way of thinking.

'Thuv got,' said he, 'thet ere durned brier wi' the big roots they calls "coonty;"* it grows putty nigh over all the swamp, an' in some places as thick as a cane-brake. It ur the best o' eatin', an' drinkin' too, for they make a drink o' it. An' then thar's the skurns o' the live-oak—they ere ain't sech bad eatin', when well roasted i' the ashes. They may gathur thousands o' bushels, I reckon. An' nixt thar's the cabbidge in the head o' the big palmetter; thet ere'll gi' them greens. As to thar meat, thar's deer, an' thar's bar—a good grist o' em in the swamp—an' thar's allygatur, a to'ably goodish wheen o' them varmint, I reckon—to say nothin' o' turtle, an' turkey, an' squ'r'illa, an' snakes, an' sandrats; for, durn a red-skin! he kin eat anythin' that crawls—from a punkin to a polecat. Don't you b'lieve it, fellars? Them ere Injuns ain't a gwine to starve, s'easy as you think for. Thu'll hold out by thar teeth an' toe-nails, jest so long as thar's a eatable thing in the darnationed swamp—that's what thu'll do.'

This sage reasoning produced conviction in the minds of those who heard it. After all, the despised enemy might not be so helpless as was generally imagined.

The march of the volunteers was not conducted in a strict military style. It was so commenced; but the officers soon found it impossible to carry out the 'tactics.' The men, especially the younger ones, could not be restrained from occasionally falling out of the lines—to help themselves to a pull out of some odd-looking flask; and at intervals one would gallop off into the woods, in hopes of getting a shot at a deer or turkey he had caught a glimpse of through the trees.

* *Smilax pseudo-china*.

Reasoning with these fellows, on the part of their officers, proved rather a fruitless affair; and getting angry with them, was only to elicit a sulky rejoinder. Sergeant Hickman was extremely wroth with some of the offenders.

'Greenhorns!' he exclaimed; 'darnationed greenhorns! let 'em go on at it. May a allygatur eet me, if they don't behave diff'rent by 'm by. I'll stake my critter agin any hoss in the crowd, that some o' them ere fellars 'll git sculped afore sundown; durned if they don't.'

No one offered to take the old hunter's bet, and fortunately for them, as his words proved prophetic.

A young planter, fancying himself as safe as if riding through his own sugar-canes, had galloped off from the line of march. A deer, seen browsing in the savanna, offered an attraction too strong to be resisted.

He had not been gone five minutes—had scarcely passed out of sight of his comrades—when two shots were heard in quick succession; and the next moment, his riderless horse came galloping back to the troop.

The line was halted, and faced in the direction whence the shots had been heard. An advance-party moved forward to the ground. No enemy was discovered, nor the traces of any, except those exhibited in the dead body of the young planter, that lay perforated with a brace of bullets just as it had fallen out of the saddle.

It was a lesson—though an unpleasant one to his comrades—and after this, there were no more attempts at deer-stalking. The man was buried on the spot where he lay; and with the troop more regularly and compactly formed—now an easier duty for its officers—we continued the march unmolested, and before sunset were within the stockade of the fort.

CHAPTER LXII.

A KNOCK ON THE HEAD.

Excepting the memory of one short hour, Fort King had for me no pleasant reminiscences. There had been some new arrivals in my absence, but none of them worthy of companionship. They only rendered quarters more crowded, and accommodation more difficult to obtain. The sutler and the blacklegs were rapidly making their fortunes; and these, with the quartermaster, the commissary,* and the 'beef-contractor,' appeared to be the only prosperous men about the place.

The 'beau' was still chief aid-de-camp, gaily caparisoned as ever; but of him I had almost ceased to think.

It was not long before I was ordered upon duty—almost the moment after my arrival—and that, as usual, of a disagreeable kind. Before I had time to obtain a moment's rest after the long ride—even before I could wash the road-dust from my skin—I was summoned to the quarters of the commander-in-chief.

What could he want with me, in such hot haste? Was it about the duels? Were these old scores going to be reckoned up?

Not without some apprehension did I betake myself into the presence of the general.

It proved, however, to be nothing concerning the past; though, when I learned the duty I was to perform, I half regretted that it was not a reprimand.

I found the agent closeted with the commander-in-chief. They had designed another interview with Omatla and 'Black Dirt.' I was merely wanted as an interpreter.

* In the United States army, these two offices are quite distinct. A 'commissary' caters only for the inner man; a quartermaster's duty is to shelter, clothe, arm, and equip. A wise regulation.

The object of this fresh interview with the chief was stated in my hearing. It was to arrange a plan for concerted action between the troops and the friendly Indians, who were to act as our allies against their own countrymen; the latter—as was now known by certain information—being collected in large force in the 'Cove of the Outhlacoochee.' Their actual position was still unknown; but that, it was confidently hoped, would be discovered by the aid of the friendly chiefs, and their spies, who were constantly on the run.

The meeting had been already pre-arranged. The chiefs—who, as already stated, had gone to Fort Brooke, and were there living under protection of the garrison—were to make a secret journey, and meet the agent and general at an appointed place—the old ground, the hommock by the pond.

The meeting had been fixed for that very night—as soon as it should be dark enough to hide the approach of both tempters and traitors.

It was dark enough almost the moment the sun went down—for the moon was in her third quarter, and would not be in the sky until after sunset.

Shortly after twilight, therefore, we three proceeded to the spot—the general, the agent, and the interpreter, just as we had done on the former occasion.

The chiefs were not there, and this caused a little surprise. By the noted punctuality with which an Indian keeps his assignation, it was expected they would have been upon the ground, for the hour appointed had arrived.

'What is detaining them? What can be detaining them?' mutually inquired commissioner and general.

Scarcely an instant passed till the answer came. It came from afar, and in a singular utterance; but it could be no other than a reply to the question—both my companions conjectured.

Borne upon the night-breeze was the sound of strife—the sharp cracking of rifles and pistols; and, distinctly heard above all, the shrill *Yo-ho-choe*.

The sounds were distant—away amid the far woods; but they were sufficiently distinct to admit of the interpretation, that a life-and-death struggle was going on between two parties of men.

It could be no feint, no false alarm to draw the soldiers from the fort, or terrify the sentinel on his post. There was an earnestness in the wild treble of those shrill cries, that convinced the listener human blood was being spilled.

My companions were busy with conjectures. I saw that neither possessed a high degree of courage, for that is not necessary to become a general. In my warlike experience, I have seen more than one hiding behind a tree or a piece of wall. One, indeed, who was afterwards elected the chief of twenty millions of people, I have seen skulking in a ditch to screen himself from a stray shot, while his lost brigade, half a mile in the advance, was gallantly fighting under the guidance of a sub-lieutenant.

But why should I speak of these things here? The world is full of such heroes.

'It is they, by —,' exclaimed the commissioner. 'They have been waylaid; they are attacked by the others: that rascal Powell for a thousand!'

'It is extremely probable,' replied the other, who seemed to have a somewhat steadier nerve, and spoke more coolly. 'Yes, it must be. There are no troops in that direction; no whites either—not a man. It must therefore be an affair among the Indians themselves; and what else than an attack upon the friendly chiefs? You are right, Thompson; it is as you say.'

'If so, general, it will be of no use our remaining here. If they have waylaid Omatla, they will of course have superior numbers, and he must fall. We need not expect him.'

'No; he is not likely to come, neither he nor Lusta. As you say, it is idle for us to remain here. I think we may as well return to the fort.'

There was a moment's hesitation, during which I fancied both generals were debating in their own minds whether it would be *graceful* thus to give up their errand and purpose.

'If they should come'—continued the soldier.

'General,' said I, taking the liberty to interrupt him, 'if you desire it, I shall remain upon the ground for a while, and see. If they should come,' I added, in continuation of the broken sentence, 'I can proceed to the fort, and give you notice.'

I could not have made a proposition more agreeable to the two. It was instantly accepted, and the brace of official heroes moved away, leaving me to myself.

It was not long ere I had cause to regret my generous rashness. My late companions could scarcely have reached the fort when the sounds of the strife suddenly ceased, and I heard the *caha-queene*—the Seminole shout of triumph. I was still listening to its wild intonations, when half-a-dozen men—dark-bodied men—rushed out of the bushes, and surrounded me where I stood.

Despite the poor light the stars afforded, I could see shining blades, guns, pistols, and tomahawks. The weapons were too near my eyes to be mistaken for the fire-flies that had been glittering around my head; besides, the clink of steel was in my ears.

My assailants made no outcry, perhaps because they were too near the fort; and my own shouts were soon suppressed by a blow that levelled me to the earth, depriving me as well of consciousness as of speech.

CHAPTER LXIII.

AN INDIAN EXECUTIONER.

After a short spell of oblivioness, I recovered my senses. I perceived that the Indians were still around me, but no longer in the menacing attitudes in which I had seen them before being struck down; on the contrary, they appeared to be treating me with kindness. One of them held my head upon his knee, while another was endeavouring to stanch the blood that was running freely from a wound in my temples. The others stood around regarding me with interest, and apparently anxious about my recovery.

Their behaviour caused me surprise, for I had no other thought than that they had intended to kill me; indeed, as I sank under the stroke of the tomahawk, my senses had gone out, under the impression that I was killed. Such a reflection is not uncommon to those whom a blow has suddenly deprived of consciousness.

My surprise was of an agreeable character. I felt that I still lived—that I was but little hurt; and not likely to receive any further damage from those who surrounded me.

They were speaking to one another in low tones, pronouncing the prognosis of my wound, and apparently gratified that they had not killed me.

'We have spilled your blood; but it is not dangerous,' said one, addressing himself to me in his native tongue. 'It was I who gave the blow. *Huhwak!* it was dark. Friend of the Rising Sun! we did not know you. We thought you were the *yatika-chucco*.* It is his blood we intended to spill. We expected to find him here; he has been here: where gone?'

I pointed in the direction of the fort.

'*Huhwak!*' exclaimed several in a breath, and in a tone that betokened disappointment; and then turning aside, they conversed with each other in a low voice.

'Fear not,' said the first speaker, again standing

before me, 'friend of the Rising Sun! we will not do further harm to you; but you must go with us to the chiefs. They are not far off. Come!'

I was once more upon my feet, and perhaps by a desperate effort might have escaped. The attempt, however, might have cost me a second knock-down—perhaps my life. Moreover, the courtesy of my captors at once set my mind at ease. Go where they might, I felt that I had nothing to fear from them; and, without hesitation, I consented to accompany them.

My captors, throwing themselves into single file, and assigning me a position in their midst, at once started off through the woods. For some time we walked rapidly, the path taken by the leader of the party being easily followed, even in the darkness, by those behind. I observed that we were going in the direction whence had been heard the sounds of the conflict, that had long since ceased to vibrate upon the air. Of whatever nature had been the struggle, it was evidently brought to a close, and even the victors no longer uttered the *caha-queene*.

We had advanced about a mile when the moon arose; and the woods becoming more open, I could see my captors more distinctly. I recognised the features of one or two of them, from having seen them at the council. They were warriors of the Micosauc tribe, the followers of Ogeola. From this I conjectured that he was one of the chiefs before whom I was being conducted.

My conjecture proved correct. We had not gone much further, when the path led into an opening in the woods, in the midst of which a large body of Indians, about a hundred in all, were grouped together. A little apart was a smaller group—the chiefs and head warriors. In their midst I observed Ogeola.

The ground exhibited a singular and sanguinary spectacle. Dead bodies were lying about gashed with wounds still fresh and bleeding. Some of the dead lay upon their backs, their unclosed eyes glaring ghastly upon the moon, all in the attitudes in which they had fallen. The scalping-knife had done its work, as the whitish patch upon the crowns, laced with seams of crimson red, shewed the skulls divested of their hirsute covering. Men were strolling about with the fresh scalps in their hands, or elevated upon the muzzles of their guns.

There was no mystery in what I saw; I knew its meaning well. The men who had fallen were of the traitor tribes—the followers of Lusta Hajo and Omatla.

According to the arrangement with the commissioner, the chiefs had left Fort Brooke, accompanied by a chosen band of their retainers. Their intention had become known to the patriots—their movements had been watched—they had been attacked on the way; and, after a short struggle, overpowered. Most of them had fallen in the *melee*—a few, with the chief Lusta Hajo, had contrived to escape; while still another few—among whom was Omatla himself—had been taken prisoners during the conflict, and were yet alive. They had been rescued from death only to suffer it in a more ceremonial shape.

I saw the captives where they stood, close at hand, and fast bound to some trees. Among them I recognised their leader, by the grace of Commissioner Thompson, 'king of the Seminole nation.'

By those around, his majesty was now regarded with but slight deference. Many a willing regicide stood near him, and would have taken his life without further ceremony. But these were restrained by the chiefs, who opposed the violent proceeding, and who had come to the determination to give Omatla a trial, according to the laws and customs of their nation.

* The 'great speaker'—the commissioner.

As we arrived upon the ground, this trial was going on. The chiefs were in council.

One of my captors reported our arrival. I noticed a murmur of disappointment among the chiefs as he finished making his announcement. They were disappointed: I was not the captive they had been expecting.

No notice was taken of me; and I was left free to loiter about, and watch their proceedings, if I pleased.

The council soon performed its duty. The treason of Omatla was too well known to require much canvassing; and, of course, he was found guilty, and condemned to expiate the crime with his life.

The sentence was pronounced in the hearing of all present. The traitor must die.

A question arose—who was to be his executioner?

There were many who would have volunteered for the office—for to take the life of a traitor, according to Indian philosophy, is esteemed an act of honour. There would be no difficulty in procuring an executioner.

Many actually did volunteer; but the services of these were declined by the council. This was a matter to be decided by vote.

The vote was immediately taken. All knew of the vow made by Oçeola. His followers were desirous he should keep it; and on this account, he was unanimously elected to do the deed. He accepted the office.

Knife in hand, Oçeola approached the captive, now cowering in his bonds. All gathered around to witness the fatal stab. Moved by an impulse I could not resist, I drew near with the rest.

We stood, in breathless silence, expecting every moment to see the knife plunged into the heart of the criminal.

We saw the arm upraised, and the blow given, but there was no wound—no blood! The blade had descended upon the thongs that bound the captive, and Omatla stood forth free from his fastenings!

There was a murmur of disapprobation. What could Oçeola mean? Did he design that Omatla should escape? the traitor condemned by the council—by all?

But it was soon perceived he had no such intention—far different was his design.

‘Omatla!’ said he, looking his adversary sternly in the face, ‘you were once esteemed a brave man, honoured by your tribe—by the whole Seminole nation. The white men have corrupted you—they have made you a renegade to your country and your cause; for all that, you shall not die the death of a dog. I will kill, but not murder you. My heart revolts to slay a man who is helpless and unarmed. It shall be a fair combat between us, and men shall see that the right triumphs. Give him back his weapons! Let him defend himself, if he can.’

The unexpected proposal was received with some disapprobation. There were many who, indignant at Omatla's treason, and still wild with the excitement produced by the late conflict, would have butchered him in his bonds. But all saw that Oçeola was determined to act as he had proposed; and no opposition was offered.

One of the warriors, stepping forward, handed his weapons to the condemned chief—only his tomahawk and knife, for so Oçeola was himself armed.

This done, by a sort of tacit understanding, the crowd drew back, and the two combatants stood alone in the centre.

The struggle was brief as bloody. Almost at the first blow, Oçeola struck the hatchet from his antagonist's hand, and with another stroke, rapidly following, felled Omatla to the earth.

For a moment the victor was seen bending over

his fallen adversary, with his long knife unsheathed and glittering in the moonlight.

When he rose erect, the steel had lost its keen—it was dimmed with crimson blood.

Oçeola had kept his oath. He had driven his blade through the heart of the traitor—Omatla had ceased to live.

White men afterwards pronounced this deed an assassination—a murder. It was not so, any more than the death of Charles, of Caligula, of Tarquin—of a hundred other tyrants, who have oppressed or betrayed their country.

Public opinion upon such matters is not honest; it takes its colour from the cant of the times, changing like the hues of the chameleon. Sheer hypocrisy, shameful inconsistency! He only is a murderer who kills from a murderer's motive. Oçeola was not of this class.

My situation was altogether singular. As yet, the chiefs had taken no notice of my presence; and notwithstanding the courtesy which had been extended to me by those who conducted me thither, I was not without some apprehensions as to my safety. It might please the council, excited as they were with what had just transpired, and now actually at war with our people, to condemn me to a fate similar to that which had befallen Omatla. I stood waiting their pleasure, therefore, in anything but a comfortable frame of mind.

It was not long before I was relieved from my apprehensions. As soon as the affair with Omatla was ended, Oçeola approached, and in a friendly manner stretched out his hand, which I was only too happy to receive in friendship.

He expressed regret that I had been wounded and made captive by his men—explained the mistake; and then calling one of his followers, ordered him to guide me back to the fort.

I had no desire to remain longer than I could help upon such tragic ground; and, bidding the chief adieu, I followed my conductor along the path.

Near the pond, the Indian left me; and, without encountering any further adventures, I re-entered the gates of the fort.

A QUESTION.

What makes my brow to throb and ache?
What makes mine eyes to weep begin?
What makes my limbs beneath me quake,
With shooting pains? Ah me! The Influenza!

What makes my hand so dry and hot?
Whence comes this changeless, ceaseless din—
This ringing in mine ears? Oh, what—
What can it be? Ah me! The Influenza!

What makes me turn my ‘m’s’ to ‘b’s’;
And talk of ‘chill,’ instead of ‘chill’;
And speak profanely of my ‘d—s,’
Instead of ‘knees’? Ah me! The Influenza!

What makes my nose as red as fire?
What makes such parchment of my skin?
What makes me sneeze—when my desire
Is not to sneeze? Ah me! The Influenza!

OXFORD.

THOMAS HOOD.

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'WANT SOMETHING TO READ.'

NEXT to 'going out to play,'* there is nothing so important to many children, most children I may say, as getting something to read. After a certain age, and the attainment of a certain amount of scholarship, almost every child begins to 'read to itself'—it may be not omnivorously—perhaps in a very trifling manner and degree: a child who does not read at all, and does not like reading of some sort or other, is almost an anomaly now-a-days, at least, among what we proudly term 'the educated classes.'

It is curious to trace the rise, progress, and development of this branch of education, informal and unconscious, yet which, more than any others, influences the mind, character, and disposition of a growing-up child. I speak not of prodigies or precocious geniuses, but of ordinary boys and girls, just waking up to think about—not themselves—they rarely trouble their little heads with self-contemplation, and it is a very bad sign if they do—but the wonderful world they have come into; about which their chief sentiment is an insatiable curiosity.

No one can spend half a day in the company of a moderately intelligent child, if only arrived at the age of 'What's dat?' 'What zu doin'?' 'What zu dot in zu pottet?' without remarking what an extraordinary peculiarity of the infant mind is this same curiosity. 'Little people should not want to know everything'—'Little people should learn not to ask questions'—wise axioms of our grandmothers!—but I trust we are learning to deal more wisely with our little people. To the contemplative mind, there is something solemn, almost awful, in this ardent desire to know, beginning with the six-months' old babe who stretches uncertain fingers to its mother's bright neck-ribbon, or screams because it is not allowed to catch hold of the flame of the candle. A psychologist, moralising over the mysteries of our being, might perhaps see therein one of the strongest natural proofs of the soul's immortality.

I have often thought it might be useful if people would take the trouble to recall and jot down their own experiences of this craving after knowledge—this unquenchable thirst which is only allayed by reading. And, just as one experience out of many, which may rouse thoughtful elders to reflect a little on their own youth, in the dealing with that mysterious piece of God's handiwork, as yet unspoiled by man—a

child—I shall here set down a few recollections about our reading and our books when we were children.

In those days, juvenile literature was very different from what it is now; there were no children's publishers, making it their speciality to furnish the ravenous youthful maw with the best species of aliment, employing excellent authors to chronicle *Dr Birch and his Young Friends*, *Grandmamma's Pockets*, and *Good-natured Bears*; and illustrating *Cinderella* and *The White Cat* with almost as good art as then adorned the walls of the Royal Academy. Even the cheap periodicals now littering about every house, and to be picked up by every child on every parlour-table, had not then begun their career. No *Illustrated News*—no *Punch*—no *Household Words*—no *Chambers's Journal*: only a month's-old magazine, or accidental newspaper, chiefly provincial—for we were provincial children—reached our eager hands. And even this species of fugitive literature was limited; we were not rich, had no large domestic library, nor did we live in a reading community. I only remember three houses where it was grand to go to tea, because—you were sure of getting a book to read. But this is forestalling.

Does any one call to mind his or her first book? The very first time when, arrived a step above c, a, t, cat, and d, o, g, dog, some strange volume, not the spelling-book, was taken in hand and blundered over, sticking at all the hard words, which were either puzzled out or skipped altogether, as character or talents impelled. Fairly got into, what a wonderful thing it was! A book—something interesting—something which out of its tame black and white pages could afford an enjoyment, intangible certainly, involving nothing to eat, or drink, or play with, yet exquisitely real, substantial, and satisfying, as nothing had ever been before.

Of my first book I have the strongest impression, still. It was *The Robins*—by Mrs Sherwood, I fancy, but am not sure, never having beheld it since the age of six. It was lent me by a playmate of seven, and accompanied by the gift of a little black top. The top I cherished—whipped affectionately for years—and have got somewhere still, in memory of a warm heart that death only could ever have made cold; but the book was slighted; until, casually opening it one day, I found I could read.

It was—for the edification of my readers who know it not—the summer's history of a pair of robin-red-breasts, taken from the robin side; in fact, what I may call the bird's-eye view of the subject. Vitaly interesting were all their domestic proceedings, from the building of the nest in the ivy wall to the successive

* See *Journal*, No. 218.

appearance—equalling in importance the arrival of 'our baby'—of four young birds, Robin, Dicky, Flapay, and Peckay. As I write down their names, how the idea of them comes back! each as strongly individualised as any featherless bipeds I ever knew. Robin, the eldest, a brave, generous, haram-scarum bird, who, determined not to be taught to fly, but to teach himself, came to grief and a broken wing, was unable to return to the nest, and had to subsist for the rest of the summer under a dock-leaf—a 'shocking example'—fondly tended by his amiable sister Peckay; Dicky and Flapay—far less interesting characters—who were always allied in either mischief or pleasure, never did anything naughty or good; and the two elderly birds, exceedingly moral and parental, who, nevertheless, to my surprise, contentedly turned the young ones adrift, left the nest, and subsisted for the winter on the crumbs of the family who owned the garden.

This family, with enormously big faces, head *et præterea nihil*, portrayed in the frontispiece, looking in at the nest—were quite secondary characters. The bird-life was all in all. Such a glorious sense it gave of the delight of living under ivy-leaves, and being fed with a worm on a bright summer morning; of learning to fly, and then wandering at ease from tree to tree, receiving occasional moral lessons about guns, traps, and the duty of not robbing overmuch the protecting family. Memory may have exaggerated and put much in the book that was not there, but the general impression is ineffaceable. Even now when every morning I meet that graceful, gentlemanly old robin, who looks at me for a moment with his shy, bright eye, and then hops away under a gooseberry-bush—I often think: 'My little friend, can you be any descendant of those familiar friends of mine, far back in distant ages, who lived—scarcely in paper and printer's ink—but in a real garden, in a real nest under an ivy-wall.'

The Robins must have been our very first era in literature. Our next was *Sindbad the Sailor*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Jack the Giant-killer*—not elegantly got up, but coarsely printed in paper-covers, with 'cuts' instead of 'plates.' Extraordinary cuts some of them were—as, seeing one of the same editions lately, I found out. Vividly it recalled all the rest: Crusoe seeing the footprints in the sand, Crusoe and his man Friday; Sindbad carried up by the roc, Sindbad put into the open coffin and let down into the funeral cave; also Jack, sitting genteelly at table with the ugliest of giants, who it was half-fearful might 'frighten' us; but, bless you! we were never frightened at anything of that sort. We had no nursemaid to tell us horrible tales of 'Bogie' and the 'Black Man'—all we ever heard or learned for the first seven years of our lives came direct from the fountain-head—the fountain of all tenderness, and safety, and loving-kindness. In this, our poverty was more blessed than if we had been heirs to

All the wealth that fills the breeze
When Ooromandel's ships return from Indian seas.

This reminds me that in our earlier days we thought very little of poetry. Nobody ever bothered us with Dr Watts's Hymns, or any hymns at all—nor crammed our poor little brains with cant words and phrases, of which the ideas were either totally incomprehensible, or received in a form so material as to be either ludicrous or profane. Accidentally, we lighted on 'The Busy Bee,' 'Hush, my Babe, lie still, and slumber,' took a fancy to them, and learned them by heart; also, many of the *Original Poems for Children*—Miss Aikin's, I believe—which have been the delight of generations. But we never meddled with religious poetry, nor were set to learn it as a task, any more than the Bible—the book of books—

which we all read aloud reverently, verse by verse, elders and youngsters alternately, every Sunday evening.

For our secular reading, out of lesson-time, we were obliged to depend on ourselves. The treat of being read to was quite impossible in our busy household. Therefore, possessing what is now called in grand phrase 'a healthy animalism'—which I take to mean the ordinary sanitary state of most children who are neither physicked nor 'codled'—we gave the largest portions of our energies to play, and, with the exceptions mentioned, were rather indifferent to books. Gradually, however—on wet days and long winter evenings—we began to want something to read—something real; for we were wakening up to the conviction that rocs were not as common as sparrows, and that the Lilliputian which some of us longed to find and be a most loving Glumdalclitch to, was not likely to be picked up in our field, or any field. In short, we wanted facts.

And here came in a book, which I have since suspected to be as fabulous as *Robinson Crusoe* itself, but which then we entirely credited—*Roland's Travels round the World*. Its hero, with his companions—the naturalist, the man of science, the doctor—who, I recollect, had a most unmedical propensity for eating—with all their adventures, were an inexhaustible delight. Earnestly we longed to penetrate to the interior of that marvellous Africa, the map of which, so often consulted by us prior to the days of lion-hunters, persevering brothers Lander, and modest brave Livingstones—was, except for the coast-line, a mere blank—a circumstance probably all the safer for our voracious Rolandi.

Another book of adventure, which likewise I have never seen since, and which maturer wisdom is still loath to recognise as fiction, was Miss Porter's *Narrative of Sir Edward Seaward*. Strange that an enterprising modern publisher has ever disinterred and revived in a cheap edition that charming old book, with its *bonâ-fide* simplicity of detail, its exquisite picture of the solitary island where Seaward and his Eliza are wrecked, and live à la Crusoe—and Mrs Crusoe—during the first years of their married life; where they afterwards found a colony; then returning to England, bask in the favour of King George and Queen Caroline, and become Sir Edward and Lady Seaward; though something less happy, as the reader feels, than the young pair cast away on that lovely, lonely Pacific island.

The Pacific seas gained another charm for us when somewhat about this era we lighted on G. L. Craik's *New Zealanders*. Every many-vowelled polysyllabic name, every grim countenance therein, was familiar to us as those of our brethren and companions. Much we lamented that tattoo and paint, mats and war-clubs, were not the customary costume of youthful Britons; and to live in a hut, and squat round a baked pig, seemed to us preferable to any civilised notions about houses and dinners. As it was, the sole thing left to us was to practise drinking out of a calabash, holding the—for calabash, read mug—high up, at arm's-length, in the approved New Zealand fashion. I should be sorry to confess how many times we soaked our pinafors through and through, before this art was attained in perfection.

Captain Cook's Voyages, and his Geography, in two thick quartos, with maps and engravings innumerable, came in also, to confirm the mania for all things pertaining to the southern seas, which lasted a long time, and may have influenced the family fortunes more than was then dreamed of. To this day, both to those of us who have seen it, and those who have not, there lingers a curious charm about that antipodean hemisphere, with its strange plants, strange animals, strange stars, strange skies: its

mysterious half-known continents, and its solitary coral islands starting up from the depths of undiscovered seas.

This was our sole bit of romance. Compared with what I have since heard of other people's childhood, ours seems the most matter-of-fact imaginable. We lived in a new manufacturing district, where was not a trace of legendary lore; and we must have been quite 'old' children before we ever heard about ghosts or fairies. Also, our elders and superiors, though extremely well educated, happened to have a far stronger bias towards science, mathematics, and general solid knowledge, than towards art or the poetical side of literature. The first bit of real art I ever remember to have got hold of was Flaxman's *Home*—beloved still as the key-note of what has been the pleasant music of a lifetime—but I am now writing of books, not pictures. It stirred me up to the study of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*: these two, with Thomson's *Seasons* and Young's *Night Thoughts*—after I had conquered a great dislike to the frontispiece, representing a gentleman sitting at night in his study, and Death, a skeleton with scythe and hour-glass, coming to hold with him a little cheerful conversation—constitute the only poetry-books I have any distinct recollection of.

Nobody else studied them: the family bent was all towards science. Many books of the era come to mind: *Endless Amusements*—which would have deserved its name, save for the unfortunate fact that the experiments therein would have cost the whole domestic income—the *Boy's Own Book*, and the *Boy's Book of Science*. This latter was thumbed over from morning till night—as may be discovered if its relics be ever exhumed for the benefit of its owner's descendants—but I myself never got further than the illustrations, which were very pretty and artistic, and consisted of little fat nude boys busy over a blow-pipe, or an electrical machine, or a series of mysterious phials. I admired them much, but thought the little fellows looked rather cold, and wondered if it were always necessary to conduct scientific experiments without one's clothes.

At this period, we took to book-borrowing, in which our chief trouble was that benevolent friends would lend us 'childish' books. One of us, the little one, still recalls having *Sandford and Merton* thus foisted upon him, which he rejected; when being told to go and choose what he liked, he returned with Brande's *Chemistry*, Mrs Marce's *Conversations*, Ure's *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, or something else of the kind, which alone he considered 'interesting.'

To this I attribute our indifference to Miss Edgeworth, Mrs Barbauld, and other excellent writers for children, that we read them at too late an age, when we wanted to know about men, women, and things in general. Thus, I remember luxuriating in Goldsmith's dry school-histories; having a personal friendship for Themistocles and Epaminondas, a familiar acquaintance with all the old Romans, and a passionate pity for Charles I., which made me dream over and over again, for years, of his taking refuge in our house, my putting him into the cupboard or up the chimney, then dismissing him to safety with an infinitude of blessings, caresses, and tears. After this, what were *Harry and Lucy*, *Rosamond*, and the *Parents' Assistant*?

To one writer of this class, now almost forgotten, I must make an exception. Few books in all my life have ever done me so much good—the true aim of all good books—as Mrs Holland's. Simple, natural, neither dragging the young mind down to its supposed level, which it has already got far beyond, nor burdening it with dry morality, or, what is worse, religious cant, yet breathing throughout the true spirit both of religion and morality, her stories for

young people, such as the *Clergyman's Widow*, *Blind Farmer*, and *Son of a Genius*, deserve to live as long as there are any young people to read them.

Writers for children are too apt to forget how uncommonly 'sharp' is the little public they have to deal with; how, whatever be its own voluntary make-believes, it is quick as lightning to detect and spurn any make-believe in grown-up people, especially when meant to take in its small self. Hypocritical goodness, impossible self-denial, it rejects at once, as it does pictures of life where the moral is incessantly intruding, where the bad child is always naughty, and the good child never does anything wrong, where the parents are paragons of superlative wisdom and faultless perfection, and every action good or bad immediately meets its reward. Such tales are not of the least value, because they are not life—they are not true. Give a child as much of fancy and imagination as ever you choose—in fairy tale, legend, and the like—which it will play with like toys, and take no harm from; but, in Heaven's name, respect in it that instinct which comes direct from Heaven, and never in word or writing, in teaching or in conduct, set before it as reality that which is not true.

About this stage in our juvenile history, a remarkable fact occurred. Our next-door neighbour began taking in a periodical—a large, small-printed folio sheet, with more 'reading' in it than any newspaper, entitled *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. How we used to rush in on Saturday afternoons to borrow it, and rush off again to some corner, where it could be read in quiet! How we hid it, and squabbled over it!—what tears it cost, what reproofs!—till at last, as the only chance of peace, the Journal was forbidden ever to enter the house; consequently, we read it in the garden. I am afraid—I know—we were very naughty; but the thirst for reading was now becoming uncontrollable in all of us. I can recall, spite of the guilty conscience with which I handled this grand bone of contention, what exquisite delight there was in hiding it under my pinafore, or under a big stone, till I could devour it in secret; how, even yet, I can see clearly the shape, form, and type of some of the articles, such as the leader entitled 'The Downdraught,' and the bit of poetry beginning,

Pretty Polly Partan, she was a damsel gay—

little, how little thinking that I should ever be confessing this in the pages of the same Journal!

But all this while, in none of us had germinated, in any shape, the romantic element. With me it first sprouted, I believe, not through anything I read, but through being read to, myself and my favourite companion, during one summer, and at intervals several other summers and winters. Dim as a dream are those readings, chosen wisely by one who knew better than most what children's tastes were, and especially what sort of tastes we two had. Fragments out of unknown books, Mary Hewitt's poems and tales, Mrs Austen's German translations, Shakespeare, Scott, Chaucer—old ballads and modern verses—a heterogeneous mixture, listened to on sunshiny mornings, with the rose-scent in the hedges, and the birds hopping about on the grass-plot; or on winter evenings, rocking in the American rocking-chair, in the snug little school-room, which neither we nor our children are ever likely to revisit more. Dim as a dream, I say, but sweet as anything in my whole childhood remains the grateful remembrance of these readings and the voice that read; which, to this day, when enjoying the ineffable luxury of sitting sewing and listening to a book, seems to me about the pleasantest voice of any woman's I ever heard.

The next epoch I have to chronicle was the grand turning-point of our childhood—the literary crisis of our lives. One fatal winter, we, whose doors sickness

had rarely or never entered, caught successively measles, hooping-cough, and chicken-pox, and never went out to play again till the spring. Then, shut up in a few small rooms, weary, sickly, and cross—not dangerously ill, but ill enough to be a burden to ourselves, and a plague to one another, what could we do to pass the heavy time away? What was to become of us?

I really do not know what would have become of us—so far as temper was concerned—had it not been for the interference of a benign providence, in the shape of the bookseller of the town, who granted us free range of his circulating library. To him and to his 'young man'—getting an old man now, I conclude—who took the trouble of selecting our books, changing them as often or letting us keep them as long as ever our fancy chose; who was as patient and good-natured with us poor sick children as if we had been the grandest paying subscribers—I hereby offer—should this Journal lie on his counter, as probably it will—our warmest gratitude. It may be a hint to other book-lenders, less mindful of the cravings of reading-children; and it is a relief to our minds thankfully to confess that much of what any of us has ever been, or may be, is owing to that 'winter of our discontent' made such 'glorious summer' by this unlimited supply of books.

What they consisted of, it is impossible to enumerate. I know they comprised fact and fiction, provender solid and light, classical and unclassical, and that their quantity was enormous; that they set us fairly afloat on the great sea of literature, which, thenceforward, never had a bound.

Of course, individual tastes developed rapidly. Science, from a bias, became a steadily progressing knowledge; art, from a mere fancy, grew into a passion; and imaginative and romantic tendencies sprang up full-grown, as it were, in a day. Our range of novel-reading comprised everything we could lay hands upon: Scott, Bulwer, Mrs Opie, Miss Austen, and a writer whom we knew nothing about, but that he was almost as funny as his name, which was 'Boz.' I also remember our picking up the first number of a serial which we, already beginning to be critical, considered rather dull, and the characters decidedly unpleasant: it was entitled *Vanity Fair*. Of inferior romances, the amount of trash we consumed was something past reckoning; but, like all literary rubbish, it slipped out of our heads as fast as ever it was 'shot' into them. We never took any harm from it that I am aware of.

And here I would fain say a word about our experience of what are termed 'improper' books. We never had any, although we were allowed to read *ad libitum* everything that came in our way; for a very simple reason—the guardians of our morals put everything really hurtful quite out of our way. No tabooed volumes; no pages torn out, nor—as I have heard of an excellent paterfamilias doing—marked in the margin, 'Not to be read,' which seems a good deal to expect from any juvenile self-denial. Our elders never exacted from us anything they did not require from themselves: any species of literary provender wholly unfit for our youthful digestion, was either never known by us to be in the house, or—better still—was never brought into the house at all. The only instance of prohibition or hesitation that I ever remember was the *Vicar of Wakefield* (why, I cannot to this day discover), which, probably from some advice of less wise friends, was laid on the top shelf of the book-cupboard with, 'Better read it when you are a little older.' I gazed at it longingly for some weeks, then climbed up, and read the first twenty pages or so—for I did not find it interesting enough to read further—standing perched on the back of a chair.

Shakspeare even—that great difficulty of the permission except myself, and I did not care much for him, except for the purely imaginative plays, such as the *Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Winter's Tale*. Still, I must have read him all through, for I scarcely remember the time when I did not know Shakspeare—but I understood him very little for a great many years. As for seeing any evil in him, I would as soon have thought of seeing it in the Bible, which, not to speak irreverently of the Holy Word, contains a good deal that the fastidious delicacy of the present day might consider 'not exactly proper for children.'

Therefore, if individual experience may be allowed to say so, I do think that with children brought up in a virtuous, decorous home, where, 'to the pure, all things are pure,' the best plan is to exclude entirely all glaring coarsenesses and immoralities, but especially immoralities, for the tone of a book has far more influence than its language; and *Don Juan* has done incalculably more harm than the grossest phraseology of Christian-hearted, moral, though rude-tongued Shakspeare. Afterwards, let the young creatures read everything, and take their chance. In that evil world which one sickens at their ever knowing, and yet they must know it and fight through it, as their Maker ordains, or He would never have put them into it—the best safeguard is, not total ignorance of vice, but the long habitual practice and love of virtue.

Into that world—across the enchanted ocean of which our pilot was the benevolent bookseller, who, I trust, under this anonymous, and through the oblivion of years, may yet recognise his own good deed—we children quickly passed. Therein, our readings, like our doings, concern nobody but ourselves, so that I will no longer continue the chronicle.

It will, however, have served some purpose, if in its literal facts, it carries any suggestions to either reading-children or their parents, during what may be called the *cacothles legendi*; when toys delight not, plays weary, playmates are quarrelled with, and the sole cry from morning till night is, 'I want something to read.'

TRIAL BY ORDEAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ABOUT ten years ago, I was a jolly sub in the—regiment Bengal native infantry, commonly known through the presidency by the name of the 'Ugly Mugs;' a facetious general having told us once that he never inspected a smarter or an uglier corps in his life. We were ordered to a remote station south of the Nerbudda, much nearer either Madras or Bombay than Calcutta, and since then very wisely transferred to the former presidency. On arriving there, in the beginning of the hot weather, I found bungalows scarce and dear, and was only too glad to meet an old friend (the artillery subaltern in charge of post guns), who offered to sell me half his bungalow, and, better still, give me long *tick* for the payment. I accordingly accepted the offer, breathing a mental prayer that Plutus, as represented by the secretary of the Agra Bank, might be propitious when the time of payment came. There were no troops in the station except our own corps, which, between staff appointments and detachments, was very weak in officers. We were cut off from all the amusements and amenities of civilised life. Our billiard-table was useless, as the two centre slabs, after receiving sundry compound fractures, reposed quietly at the bottom of a nullah. Even that last resource of the miserable matrimony, was denied us, there being neither spinster

nor chaplain within two hundred miles. The latter could be dispensed with, as the commanding officer of an outpost is like the captain of a ship, and can unite couples as firmly as the Gretna blacksmith or the Archbishop of Canterbury; but there was no getting over the want of the former.

Under these trying circumstances, most corps would have taken to quarrelling amongst themselves, at which, by the way, the ladies are generally the first to begin, and the last to leave off; but the Ugly Mugs, although very fond of their grumble, disliked fighting with any one except John Company's natural enemies. Some took to horticulture, and constructed gardens which cost a great deal, and produced very little; others displayed their architectural tastes by erecting primitive mansions of wattle and dab—that is, bamboos and mud, roofed with grass, the whole being finished without a single nail or bit of iron being used in it.

My chum, whose name was Caldwell, and I, took to studying the black classics, Persian and Hindustani, vigorously, eschewing tiffin-parties, sporting excursions, and everything else that threatened to interfere with our obtaining the goal of our wishes—namely, attaching that magic P. to our names in the Army List, which signifies passed interpreter's examination; but, bearing in mind *nec semper arcum tendit Apollo*, we relieved our literary labours with various intellectual amusements, such as slaying squirrels and lizards with the pellet-bow, educating our dogs and monkeys, destroying wasps' nests by squibs attached to the end of a bamboo, and hunting mungooses. I leave it to philologists to decide on the correct plural of that word; I never could. Our zeal for study lasted all through the hot weather and rains, but, with the cold weather, a change came o'er the spirit of our amusements—squirrel and mungooses revelled in conscious security, the wasp had as peaceful a house as his own bad temper would permit, and our monkey's education was neglected like our own; our time was divided between shooting and fishing excursions, rifle-matches and pigeon-shooting, besides which we taught the sepoy cricket, and played officers and men of right wing against those of left wing. This afforded capital sport, and, unlike most other amusements, cost little—a small subscription from each defrayed the expense of bats, balls, leveling the ground, &c. I was requested to receive and collect this, which I did on pay-day, the only time when cash-transactions take place.

Being late in the evening when I received it, I placed the amount, about sixty rupees, in my writing-desk, which always remained open on my table; and as I believed my servants to be honest, and thought no one saw me put it there, I considered it safe enough for the present. On looking for it next morning, the cash was gone, and along with it a few trinkets and all the papers in the desk, some of which were of great consequence to me. It was quite evident that a servant or some one well acquainted with the house had taken it, as an ordinary thief would have taken desk and all without waiting to abstract its contents; besides which, he would doubtless have left other traces of his visit, as a pair of valuable pistols and a silver match-box lying on the same table would have excited his cupidity. My suspicions lit upon a cock-eyed bearer of Caldwell's, to whom I had a strong objection. He certainly was a most sinister-looking individual, and, if not a rogue, his countenance lay open to an action for defamation of character.

Caldwell, on the other hand, felt quite sure that my *dhobie* was the thief, as all the servants declared he was the only person who had entered the room that evening, when he brought in the clean clothes. I don't like speaking in an unknown tongue, but

that word *dhobie* is an indubitable and unmitigated staggerer; it means a 'male washerwoman,' and I know of no word in the English language which expresses that. We were both so positive that, for the first time in our life, we had an angry discussion about it. At length we decided on calling our servants together—about twenty in all—and telling them we were certain the thief was one of themselves, and that we would accordingly deduct the entire amount stolen proportionably from their wages. They were at once assembled in the verandah, and I made them a short speech, announcing our determination. This was touching them on the tenderest point, and all were in the midst of loud protestations of their innocence, when in walked Ajudiah. He was a small spare man, but being a high-caste Brahman, and having held the office of regimental pundit for a quarter of a century, he was greatly respected by the men. He had the reputation of being very learned, and had scraped together a large sum of money, as, in addition to his regimental salary, he levied large contributions from the sepoy in his priestly capacity, and gave instructions in Hindee and Sanscrit. Caldwell and I had been pupils of his, and he now came ostensibly to make salam, but really to remind us that we owed him a small balance. On learning the state of affairs, he said: 'Defender of the poor! protector of the oppressed! it is easy to pronounce judgment, but between judgment and justice a wide difference exists. It cannot be concealed from the brilliant light of your penetrating mind, that if you act as you propose, all your servants will suffer equally with the guilty one. I have no doubt, if such be your pleasure, that, with the aid of my own skill and your good-fortune, I can discover the individual who has been faithless to his salt.' I have always had a most profound contempt for the Brahmans and their transparent humbug; but thinking that fear of detection might induce the culprit to confess, I gravely assented, and said I should feel much obliged by his coming next morning soon after sunrise, to make his investigation.

I had not the slightest expectation that it would be successful, but I thought it might be some amusement, and at mess that evening I mentioned it to my brother-officers, and invited them to come and see the fun.

We were hardly seated at coffee the next morning when Ajudiah made his appearance, and asked permission to commence his experiments. This being graciously accorded, he began by seating all the servants on a *chabootra* or raised platform of masonry, in front of the bungalow. He then seated himself in the middle, with a brass dish containing undressed rice at one side, and a pair of small scales and weights at the other. After mumbling a few prayers and stretching out his hands several times over the rice with the palms open and the knuckles uppermost, like a person warming his hands at a fire, he commenced operations by doling out to each servant a rupee's weight of the dry rice. He used a peculiar kind of rupee (the *shahnimalhee*) for this purpose. As each man's portion was weighed out, it was placed on a piece of plantain leaf, about six inches square, and deposited in his lap by a young Brahman, who was Ajudiah's *chaila* or disciple. When all had received their quantum, he stood up, and stretching out his hands to the four quarters of heaven, as if invoking the judgment of the Deity, desired them to commence, whereupon all hands took their portion of rice in their mouths, and began chewing away vigorously. While this was going on, the Brahman took up his rosary, made of the beautiful brown berries of the *Melia Azedorachta*, and appeared quite absorbed in prayer and meditation, though I have no doubt the

cunning old rogue kept a sharp look-out all the time.

After this lasted a couple of minutes, he gave the signal to cease, and all immediately returned their portion of rice to their leaf, with a profusion of those disgusting and unearthly sounds which only a native of India can produce.

He then went round and inspected the contents of each leaf, a most uninviting spectacle, I must confess, for in all, the rice was thoroughly masticated and saturated with saliva. On my asking which was the guilty one, he replied: 'Mighty sir, under your favour, all these men are innocent.' I said: 'I feel sure some of the servants is the thief, and they are not all present?' No one replied; and on looking again I observed that my khidmutgar was absent. I did not in the least suspect him, as I considered him a very respectable man; he came to me with a very high character from his former master, and during the two years he had been in my service had fully maintained it. However, as I thought that in justice none should be exempted, I desired him to be summoned. He came, after a little delay, and excused his absence by saying he had been busy in the cook-house preparing coffee. I noticed that the man's manner was different from his usual composed and almost dignified way of speaking, but thought it might arise from his repugnance as a Mussulman to have intercourse with a Brahman.

The man sat down amongst the other servants, and took his prescribed portion of rice without further remark.

Feeling sure of the result, I paid no further attention to their proceedings, until Caldwell exclaimed: 'I say, P——, your old kit will sprain his teeth and dislocate his upper jaw if he goes on much longer like that.' I then observed that the khidmutgar was making frantic efforts to chew, his entire head and body moving with the exertion; the pundit standing near and encouraging him with such words as: 'Use your strength, my brother; why should the innocent fear God's judgment.' This went on for a few minutes, when the khidmutgar was desired to return the rice into his leaf. He did so, and it appeared as dry as when it went into his mouth; the grains seemed slightly crushed, but not broken, nor was there a particle of saliva adhering to them. The pundit then said: 'This man's guilt is manifest; he dare not deny what all the gods declare so evidently.' The khidmutgar's countenance certainly exhibited all the marks of guilt and confusion. A native has one advantage, that if he blushes, it cannot be seen, and 'de non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio,' but though, when under the influence of fear or rage, he does not exactly grow pale, his face assumes somewhat of the hue of an unripe lemon.

Such was the case in the present instance. He stood before me with his hands closed in the attitude of prayer, unable to look in my face, and trembling in every limb. I then told him I felt sure he was the thief, and discharged him on the spot, with forfeiture of all wages due. I sent for the *choudry* or head-man of the bazaar, and had his hut and boxes examined, but nothing was found; we searched his person with no better success; and he was resuming his turban with a triumphant air, when I perceived a suspicious-looking lump on the pendent end of it. The knot was opened, and disclosed a small bit of paper about four inches square, which proved to be a *hoondee* or letter of credit for the exact sum I had lost, drawn by a *shroff* or native banker, and dated the previous day, being the one after the robbery. This was proof not to be withstood, and they were marching him off to jail, when he asked to speak to me in private. I took him a little apart, when he said, if I promised not to send him to the magistrate, he would restore

the cash. This I promised; when he confessed that he was in his *bottle khana*, or pantry, when he saw me put the money into my desk, and that while I was at mess the devil prompted him to steal it. The other things he concealed in a lot of fowls' feathers behind the cook-house, where we found them.

I will now leave it to physiologists to decide how fear, or the consciousness of guilt, acting on the salivary glands, can make them refuse to perform their usual office. I never saw the experiment repeated, nor did I ever hear of its being performed before a European, although I understand the native *punchayets* (courts of arbitration) frequently make use of it.

What made it more extraordinary in the present instance was, that the convicted person was a Mohammedan, and therefore unlikely to be influenced by the superstitious fear with which a Hindoo regards a Brahman. Of course all the servants attributed it to the efficacy of the ceremonies performed by so holy a man, and we formed various conjectures on the subject. The surgeon gave us a most scientific elucidation, which left us no wiser than before; and Lieutenant East assured us, that whenever he disappointed at all he felt a dryness in his mouth the following morning; that probably it would be much worse if he stole anything, but could not tell till he tried: and as I never heard of his essaying the experiment, I cannot tell my readers the result.

THE LIGHT QUESTION.

Our age may be characterised as one of great developments; it may also be said to be one of great revolutions—in other terms, developments succeed each other so rapidly, that each revolutionizes the preceding.

Reflection on this subject might be followed into many details: let me confine myself to one only, in the present paper, and speak of what has been done, and is yet to do, in that department of industry and economics which is connected with the lighting of our houses, streets, warehouses, and shops in this northern latitude.

When I was a boy, all this was done by the combustion of animal and vegetable oils in one shape or another. Miserable as was the lighting of the streets, it must still have consumed a vast quantity of oil; and, considering that oil still bears a high price, after its complete ejection from use on the grand scale, it seems quite inconceivable how we could have had it supplied in sufficient quantity for our present purpose, had not this application of gas been discovered. Even now, with our countless millions of gas-burners in the streets and shops, and the ever-increasing use of the same illuminator in private dwellings, the price of candles goes on rising; and if we could but estimate how many tons of oil and tallow are nightly represented by our total gas-consumption, we should probably feel overwhelmed by the question, What should we have done without gas?

It is true that turnips for cattle-feeding are now grown, where rape, for the sake of its oil, might in old times have found a preference; but the tendency of this change must be to increase the supply of meat, and also that of animal oil in another form. A very high price for oil would no doubt stimulate its production; but the discovery of a cheap and inexhaustible mineral substitute has tended to the growth of corn and cattle-feeding crops on the surface of the soil, instead of oil-bearing ones, and thus indirectly conferred vast benefits upon the community.

One reason for the high price of oils, in spite of the competition of gas, is, no doubt, the extensive use of that material in lubricating our machinery; and here I am reminded of another interesting development.

Some years ago, the substance familiar to us as palm-oil was commercially unknown; it is now imported in amazing quantity, and is the general lubricator employed for the axles of our railway-carriages. The consumption of it in this way must be enormous; and it is hardly going too far to say, that, had it not been discovered in time, a very serious difficulty would have arisen in reference to railway locomotion. I verily believe that every particle of fat now converted into soap and candles for the use of the poor and trading classes, would have been required for the purposes of the railway, and those absolute necessities of life been unprocureable at any price within the limits of ordinary means. Not only, then, has this wonderful and most providential supply of oleaginous matter conferred immense benefits on the countries from which we derive it—being to them a 'development' of the utmost importance—but it has also done for us, in the way of lubrication and soap-boiling, what gas has done in the lighting department; and while the latter has saved us from darkness, the former has prevented our being driven to the expedient I once knew a foreigner adopt in travelling—that is, wearing black linen shirts instead of white ones—and has protected us from coming to a 'dead-lock' upon the iron road.

But now we come to revolutions. No sooner is something, newly discovered and painfully elaborated, fairly established as a 'development,' than something else is brought forward which threatens its supremacy. Every one has heard of the Irish bogs. They differ in no essential quality from the 'mosses' of England and Scotland, being a vegetable mould of greater or less density, according to the drainage-fall—composed chiefly of gigantic moss in a state of compression and partial decomposition. In Ireland, there are vast tracts of this peat-moss or 'bog,' and it is now some years since certain new facts respecting it were brought to light under the all-scrutinising eye of modern chemistry. That it could be made to furnish a sort of grease capable of making candles, &c., was proved, and the O'Gorman Mahon produced in parliament some specimens of the manufacture. At that time, however, the matter could only be regarded as a scientific fact of much interest, but of no practical utility, on account of the great expense of production. Perhaps, however, it may have reached the ears of the honourable gentleman that some Saxon had said that Irish members were 'not fit to hold a candle' to their more accomplished co-senators of the sister-land, and he merely wished to shew in a practical manner that this was not the case.

Be this as it may, we learn with great satisfaction that by the recent substitution of sulphuric acid, a cheap and abundant material, for ether—a rare and dear one—this oleaginous matter, technically called *paraffine*, may be procured at a very much cheaper rate; so much so, that there is now every prospect of this curious substance being brought into general use as a means of artificial light, with, no doubt, a general benefit to the community.

Assuming, then, that we may look forward with confidence to this new development, and that it will revolutionise the present régime of extravagant prices, the question arises: What is the extent of the resource thus opened up? The existing 'surveys' enable us to answer this question. The bogs of Ireland cover an area of nearly *three million acres*. The average depth is somewhere about twenty feet; so that while many smaller mosses of only a few miles' circumference will, no doubt, rapidly disappear, it will take a long time before so vast a mass of

material will be wrought out. In a few years, this will admit of approximate calculation; at present, it would be idle to offer even a conjecture on the subject.

There is this consolation attendant on the cutting out of the Irish bogs: at present, these three million acres are practically useless, except in affording a small supply of fuel, rendered every day less important by the railway facilities for the transport of coal. When cut away, the land will be recovered; and although, in many instances, the bog is underlaid by gravel only, yet generally the mixture of this with some residuum of the peaty matter will form a useful soil, while, in other places, clays and loams of various quality will be brought to light. Thus a great national benefit will be secured in return for the loss of the candle-supply, whenever the day comes that the bogs shall be literally burned out. As paraffine seems destined thus to take rank alongside of gas and palm-oil, it may be worth while to dwell for a moment on an examination of its nature and properties.

That wonderful substance, carbon, which can exist in so many different forms, visible and invisible, and which forms a large portion of all organised matter, must be the basis of paraffine, as it is of the vegetable substances from which that matter is extracted.

Everything of vegetable origin which is inflammable owes that quality to carbon, in whatever way the combustion may be called into play. Carbon has great affinity for other substances, mineral and vegetable, and its recovery from combination with them, and its reproduction in the form desired by the operator, is the great object of this as of so many other processes of chemistry. Thus the carbonaceous matter contained in the peat may be easily dissipated by heat, and made to pass off in the form of smoke or flame. It is by submitting large quantities of it to distillation, and *condensing the smoke* into a sort of *tarry* substance, that the object in view is attained in the case before us. This tar is treated with sulphuric acid, being, as we are informed, boiled for half an hour with 3 per cent. of the acid. It thus becomes decomposed, and the paraffine and oil remain on the top, while the impurities fall to the bottom of the vessel. These, again, are separated by distillation; the oil, I presume, being the more volatile of the two, is carried over, and the paraffine remains in brown crystalline flakes, already capable of being made into candles, but emitting a smell so disagreeable that it has to undergo a further process of bleaching and deodorisation. This process is gone through by the aid of powerful hydraulic presses, steam-baths, and the action of chloro-chromic acid. After this, the desired product comes forth clean and odourless, and capable of making drawing-room lights equal to those of the finest wax.

It might perhaps be suggested that a cheaper sort of candle, suitable to the poor man's cottage, might be made from the paraffine in its less purified state, and with the same amount of profit to the company. At all events, there is nothing unwholesome, but much the contrary, in the smell of tar in combustion, and it would not offend the nasal sensibilities of the peasantry, to whom the cheap light would be a real blessing. In any case, the supply of superior candles will necessarily ease the pressure on the market for the material which is now so extensively converted into stearine for that purpose. Thus, reflectively, the poorer customer will, it is to be hoped, become a gainer; and it is comfortable to think that this has been the tendency of all modern improvements and developments.

Independently of the light question, which is our main object, the peat is capable of conversion into other useful things besides paraffine. Thus, we are told, a black pigment of superior quality is one

of its constituents; and the gaseous matters, as well as the oil, separated in the distillation, are reserved for separate and useful purposes.

Another very interesting development in alliance with the present subject demands a brief notice before I conclude.

Some years ago, a spring of mineral oil was discovered in Derbyshire by Mr James Young of Manchester. This oil was applied with advantage as a lubricator in the factories there; but the supply ceased just as the value of the substance was becoming known. This put Mr Young upon the 'daring quest' of an artificial oil which should answer the same purposes, and his success is considered as one of the greatest discoveries of the age. It appears that this oil is the product of the distillation of coal at a low temperature. It is, in fact, gas in another form, and realises the apparently paradoxical idea of Baron Liebig, who put forward some years ago, as an object to be greatly desired, that coal-gas could be produced in a tangible form, and burnt without smell or other inconvenience in a candlestick or lamp! Ordinary gas emits so much sulphur in combustion, that it cannot safely be employed as a light in closed rooms, however well ventilated: this discovery of a paraffine oil, procurable at an easy rate from coal, must be hailed as one of the greatest importance; and in connection with the subject of light from decomposed peat, must be looked upon as likely to complete the revolution of our entire system, greatly to the promotion of comfort and economy.

This new substance is called 'patent paraffine oil;' and we are informed that one gallon of it, at a cost of 3s. 8d., will yield as much light as twenty-two pounds of the best sperm-candles. It differs also, in a very important particular, from 'camphine' and various other oils, in being inexplosive. If these facts did not rest upon most respectable authority, I should scarcely feel warranted in helping to give them publicity; but as they are endorsed by men of mark in the scientific world, there can be little, if any, doubt that at least the greater part of what is promised will be realised; and even after some deductions, enough will remain to justify our most sanguine anticipations of a new era in respect of light and lubrication.

NOTHING TO WEAR.*

We count our Comic Prose Writers in these days by the score, like oysters; but of really humorous Versifiers there is not so much as one among us. Mr Browning, indeed, in his famous burial of that too erudite volume in the hollow rotten tree, has exhibited a prodigious and unexpected power of Fun; but one comic poem does not make a comic poet, any more than one swallow a summer. Our modern Hood, it seems, is to be looked for—in the words of one of those popular songs which we are obliged to consider jocular in default of anything better—'on the other side of the water;' and his name and address, as we understand, is William Allen Butler of New York.

This gentleman, although labouring under the truly transatlantic delusion that *pattern* rhymes harmoniously with *satin*, is by no means a contemptible poet, and a very genuine humorist indeed. His satire is rollicking and natural, and he is not ashamed to be pathetic when his subject seems to demand a line from the heart.

Miss Flora MacFlimsey, of Madison Square—who is a type of the fashionable female world at present

gone stark mad upon the subject of over-dressing—has been, the bard affirms, no less than three journeys to Paris for the sole and express purpose of shopping. Her friend, Mrs Harris, and herself, have spent

Six consecutive weeks without stopping
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
In all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below:
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in colour and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris and to every store,
While MacFlimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

And yet though scarce three months have passed since the day

This merchandise went in twelve carts up Broadway,
This same Miss MacFlimsey of Madison Square,
The last time we met was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear.
Nothing to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Power's Greek slave or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say that I've heard her declare,
When at the same moment she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewellery worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

We are sure that these noble lines of Mr W. A. Butler will find an echo in the bosom of every man who is a father or a husband. We ourselves, who have been married long enough to know better than to make remonstrance upon any subject, did leave this little volume by accident upon our dressing-table—carefully wrapped up as though it were something that was private and not to be seen—with the very best results, we are bound to confess, to the person for whose perusal it was thus cunningly devised. But the wife of our bosom is reasonable, and even manageable with tact, and a very different young woman, we flatter ourselves—barring the crinoline—from Miss Flora MacFlimsey, who bestows on the poet, 'after twenty or thirty rejections,' those 'fossil remains which she called her affections.'

And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art, Which Miss Flora persisted in styling her 'heart.' So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove, But in a front parlour, most brilliantly lighted. Beneath the gas fixtures we whispered our love, Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs, Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes, Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions; It was one of the quietest business transactions, With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any, And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.

These two engaged young persons are asked to the Stickup's ball, and the youth is speaking of his

* *Nothing to Wear. An Episode of Fashionable Life.* Sampson Low and Son. 1853.

anticipated delight in introducing this charmer as his own to a so brilliant assembly, when, to his great surprise,

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air, And answered quite promptly: 'Why, Harry, *mon cher*, I should like above all things to go with you there; But, really and truly—I've nothing to wear!'

The crimson brocade, the pink, the blue silk, the tulle on satin, the brown moire antique, the pearl coloured, the lilac, 'that sweet mazarine,' are each in turn suggested by the lover as 'something to wear,' and each rejected with disdain; at last, the conversation having verged on the quarrelsome, he is himself rejected by Miss MacFlimsey; and in a very fit frame of mind for such an enterprise, institutes a commission of inquiry into the alleged destitution of these numerous fashionable females who have, as they state, 'nothing to wear.' Among the statistics he mentions the following interesting cases:

In one single house on the Fifth Avenue, Three young ladies were found all below twenty-two, Who have been three whole weeks without anything new

In the way of flounced silks; and thus left in the lurch, Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.

In another large mansion, near the same place, Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case, Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.

In a neighbouring block, there was found, in three calls, Total want, long-continued, of camels'-hair shawls;

And a suffering family, whose case exhibits The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;

One deserving young lady almost unable To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;

Another, confined to the house when it's windier Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.

Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific*,

In which were engulfed, not friend or relation— For whose fate praps she might have found some consolation,

Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation— But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars

Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars, And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,

The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear, And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic,

That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic; For she touchingly says, that this sort of grief

Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief, And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare

For the victims of such overwhelming despair.

Halting as Mr Butler's metre often is, the easy cantering motion of these few latter lines approaches the as yet unrivalled amble of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. These which follow, and contain the pith of the whole matter, are by no means harmonious, but they have all the spirit of that great master of pathos who gave us the *Song of the Shirt*.

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day, Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway, From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride, And the temples of trade which tower on each side, To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt Their children have gathered, their city have built; Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey, Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair; Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine, brodered skirt,

Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt, Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old, Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold.

See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet, All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street; Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell

From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor; Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell, As you sicken and shudder, and fly from the door; Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare, Spoiled Children of Fashion, you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere Where all is made right which so puzzles us here, Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time Fade and die in the light of that region sublime, Where the soul, disenchanting of flesh and of sense, Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence, Must be clothed for the life and the service above, With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love; Oh, Daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware! Lest in that upper realm you have Nothing to Wear!

HOSPITAL-LIFE.

A PRACTICE prevails among certain ingenious shop-keepers in large towns, of presenting those customers whom they look upon as country visitors with a card describing the character of their establishments and position as to railway-stations, hotels, and other central situations of easy access. On the reverse side of this card such local objects are mentioned as might naturally be thought interesting to strangers. Public statues and monuments, the handsomest streets and widest squares, such buildings as the College, Post-office, Town-hall, Theatre, or Art-gallery, are examples of the places so named. I have always observed that among the marked omissions are those buildings in which is led that sombre kind of existence I am about to describe. Nor is this surprising, as places of reception for the sick poor are generally associated in the public mind with scenes of constant suffering and almost hopeless disease. The stranger who stops a passer-by to ask after the large dingy pile, with a scanty grass-plot in front, situated perhaps in one of the meanest localities of a crowded city, rarely exhibits any further curiosity upon hearing that it is a hospital. Even townspeople themselves, familiar from childhood with the figures of sickly men crawling upon crutches about the doors, or with pale faces inside sedan-chairs borne to the wards, may pity, but have no great desire to become acquainted with the existence that is led within those gloomy walls.

We should probably err in ascribing this lack of sympathy as much to indifference as to the effects of incorrect information. Men are not to be judged too harshly if they fail to shew much eagerness in acquainting themselves with distress which they believe they are powerless to remedy. Some, perhaps, may urge their pecuniary contributions to the hospital's funds, as affording exemption from anything additional, while others may justly plead their aptness to be misled by the indiscriminate application of the term hospital. That name is now applied to munificent institutions, doubtless founded for charitable purposes, but not more removed from hospitals proper by their stately architecture than by their ample endowments. It is true that many infirmaries are independent of eleemosynary aid, but others are notoriously poor. We may be pardoned for here observing that it is something of

a reproach to Scotchmen that our national hospital in Edinburgh should belong to the latter class. But that the general indifference we complain of is in some measure culpable, is evident from contrasting the different enthusiasm excited by military and by civil hospitals. For the humblest duties in connection with the former, a countless number of devoted applicants immediately present themselves, ready to incur the risk of infection and the chances of war. Must we suppose that the *éclat* and distinction attendant upon such services have to do with the crowd of eager volunteers that flocked, for example, to the east during the Crimean war? It ought always to be borne in mind, that the one great name associated with Scutari had acquired the practical knowledge which rendered her so eminently useful by the bed-sides of hospitals in her own country.

Instead, however, of a further discussion of such causes, let us content ourselves by stating that a little more active sympathy in behalf of our hospital inmates is urgently called for; and, as we do not know a better way of promoting so desirable an end, we shall offer to our readers a plain uncoloured account of their mode of life. The lot of such persons is not so hopeless as it is often represented, nor is it, at any time, so agreeable as to be independent of many little comforts that ampler means could furnish them with. There are indeed many delicacies agreeable to the capricious appetite of invalids, that the wealthiest hospitals grudge. One benefit, we trust, may result from a truthful description of hospital-life, and that is a removal of a dangerous and far too prevalent prejudice entertained by those for whose relief such institutions were founded and are maintained. As the main features of all are alike, we may add that we have no particular one in view.

Suppose we set off to visit a hospital. On arriving at the gate, we present our order to the porter, who, if satisfied with its authenticity, directs us towards the hall. There we are met by the door-keeper, a person who generally combines two or three subordinate offices in his own person, and is now to act as our guide. In looking round the hall, our attention is attracted by a number of doors alternating with narrow passages. These doors lead, we are told, to the apartments of the different officers of the establishment; as the chaplain, matron, secretary, and resident physicians and surgeons. The passages, again, lead to the dining-room, where those functionaries meet at meals; to the laboratory, where the prescriptions are made up, and to a more pleasant quarter, the kitchen, as well as to wash-houses, laundries, and similar rooms. In our visit to these respective places, we are struck alike with their great cleanliness, the tidiness of the servants, and the quiet manner in which the discipline of so large an establishment is maintained. Not a corner do we come upon but we are met with a current of fresh air; indeed, the ventilating arrangements are so complete, that in any other place we should be inclined to find fault with them.

Now, thus far, we have seen nothing to indicate the peculiar character of the institution. We might have been inspecting the ground-floor of a wealthy college or a great monastery, so complete is the order and so extensive are the culinary preparations. But

our guide is turning up stairs, and presently we are ushered into a ward full of invalids. A ward, it may be necessary to state, is an oblong apartment, with a lofty ceiling, bare white walls, and an uncarpeted floor. The patients lie upon iron bedsteads, without, of course, any curtains, at considerable distances apart. This is an ordinary medical ward we have entered—devoted to general diseases, as of the lungs, heart, and other internal organs. The number of patients may be about twenty. They are in all stages of disease, some under acute affections, trembling, as it were, between life and death; in one or two perhaps the fatal change is too clearly visible—but the majority are out of danger, and present the unmistakable hue of health returning to their wasted cheeks. We observe that over every bedstead is affixed a slate, on which are inscribed the patient's name, age, birthplace, and the character of his diet, whether it is to be low or stimulant. At either end of the ward are wide grates, in which huge fires constantly blaze; these are intended as much for ventilation as for warmth. A group of more advanced convalescents, dressed in the plain livery of the hospital, are gathered round the fire. These are all impatiently waiting the order for dismissal; for, though admission be, the gate cerberus permits no one to pass him without a formal medical discharge.

Two small apartments adjoining the ward attract our attention, and upon inquiring, we are informed that one of these is a withdrawing-room, for the use of the physician at his daily visit; while the other is occupied by a patient requiring more quiet than the wards, noiseless as they are, permit. The former is furnished in strict accordance with the prevailing economical spirit of the house. A table, supporting a microscope and some test-tubes, occupies the centre of the room. A couple of chairs, a wash-hand stand with basin and towel, and a hat-peg, include the remaining articles. We are next shewn into a similarly sized and adjoining room, as neatly, but somewhat more liberally furnished. In the open cupboard we see a row of plates, cups, and saucers; while a bright kettle sings merrily on the hob. A small shelf near the bed is appropriated to a dozen or two of volumes. These, we are informed, are often in great demand in the ward. There are a few pictures on the wall, of doubtful excellence, in an artistic point of view, but probably representing the lineaments of the favourite divine of the occupant, side by side with her defunct husband. For it is the sanctum of one of the nurses we have invaded, and these persons are nearly all widows. We ought to add, that instead of being, as they are often represented, hard-hearted and ill-tempered, nurses, as a class, are very sympathising, and cheerfully manage the correspondence of such patients as require to communicate with their homes through the post, and are unable to write.

We have now finished our survey of one ward and its adjoining apartments. There may be twenty, thirty, fifty other wards, but as they are all alike, we may content ourselves with that just visited. The same bare walls and high roofs, the same rows of little phials by every bedside, and the same tin tumblers in the windows, are found alike in all. We have still, however, to be made acquainted with the internal management of the institution.

In the morning, an hour or so before breakfast, the great bell rings, for the first time, to awaken cooks and to relieve night-nurses. Soon afterwards arrive the baker's, butcher's, and milkman's carts with the provision for the day. Meanwhile, up stairs the nurses are busy in the different wards, assisting such

patients as are able to rise and dress, and washing the hands and faces of weaker invalids. The resident medical officer now comes round to hear how the patients have slept, and if there have been any fresh admissions through the night. When the great bell rings again, the nurses learn that breakfast is ready, and repair to the kitchen. In a short time they return, bearing trays laden with tea and coffee, eggs, rolls, and toast. It is not unpleasant, we are told, to watch the general excitement created by the arrival of these good things in the ward. Almost every patient addresses himself with a keener relish to his morning meal than to any other. Breakfast over, the ward speedily regains its usual quiet; now and then there is a little gossip going on between two or three patients at the fireside; but in general they are silent, not only from the presence of some sufferers who must not be annoyed by any noise, but from their being strangers to one another, and from all having cares, and possibly heavy hearts, of their own. Many of them are aware that it must go hard with the dear ones at home, now that they are unable to do anything for their support. Some perhaps have come from great distances, seeking for labour, and have suddenly been laid low. Towards eleven o'clock the house-physician pays another visit, and the nurse, at the same time, makes a most careful survey of every bedside, seeing that everything under her charge is neat and clean. She then withdraws, to make her own toilet, for at noon comes off the great event of the day—namely, the visit of the physician. As soon as the half-clock strikes twelve, the nurse reappears with her whitest apron and most capacious cap. Carriage-wheels are now heard pulling up tightly at the gate, and in a minute more, the doctor enters. The great man is immediately surrounded with a crowd of students, and the inspection of the patients commences. Here, it should be mentioned, that hospitals, besides serving as places of reception for the sick, are at the same time medical schools; indeed, the celebrity of a university teaching medicine has always depended much more upon the practice of its hospitals than on the elegance of its lectures. At the same time, no action can be more mistaken than that the care of patients is made subordinate to the purposes of medical education. The physicians and surgeons of public hospitals are all men of professional eminence, who know it is sound sense as well as humanity to treat rich and poor with equal tenderness. To return—the physician, as he passes from bed to bed, is always attended by the nurse and by the resident medical officer, to whom he communicates his instructions, and any change in diet or medicine he may think proper. The concourse of students depends upon the popularity of the teacher. The more eminent clinical professors at Edinburgh, London, and Paris count their followers by hundreds.

At two o'clock the great bell rings again for dinner; this meal varies according to the condition of the patient. Boiled and roast beef and mutton, steak and chops, rice and potatoes, are for convalescents; while others more sickly are restricted to light soups, sago, tapioca, and the like. After dinner, the day passes as quietly as the forenoon did, but towards evening there is a good deal of excitement apparent in the wards. Once a day, for a single hour, the doors of the hospital are opened to admit the friends and relatives of the sick. With no little caution, when the hour for admission arrives, does the gate-keeper let in one visitor after another. The pockets of each are subjected to a rigid examination, in case any contraband articles—a savoury pie or a pint of ale, for example—be carried in to gratify the incessant hunger that attends convalescents from tedious and exhausting diseases. Once within the gate, the visitors disperse, each one making for the bedside that

is dearest to him. We may well believe that the greetings there exchanged are often very sad. The patient may have changed for the worse since yesterday, and the mournful question presents itself, what may not happen by to-morrow? The majority of patients, however, are glad and hopeful, listening fondly to all stories from home, and now impatient to get away. After their visitors retire, a sober supper, about eight o'clock, is the sole interruption to the monotony of a long, long night.

Before concluding this simple sketch of hospital-life, we must not omit a notice of that part of the institution devoted to surgical cases. There is more liveliness generally apparent among the occupants of surgical than of medical wards, unless the unhappy subject of an incurable injury happen to be present. Many of these patients are recovering from an amputation, and are often, by their exuberant spirits, led into musical and lyrical excesses not strictly in accordance with the laws of the establishment. These fellows on their return home will talk of their operation as a soldier does of his first fire, and, indeed, will all their lives be fond of surgical gossip. There was wont to be a part of hospital-life never named without a shudder but which now-a-days inspires no such feeling. In former times, men of the strongest nerves shrunk appalled from the scenes in the operating room of a hospital. Such scenes are no longer painful to patient, surgeon, or to spectator. Under the blessed sleep of chloroform, the knife passes unfelt through the most sensitive textures. When we consider that this drug, which has already saved such an incalculable amount of pain, should only have been applied to the treatment of disease eleven winters ago, are we not justified in hoping that there are other provisions in nature equally beneficent which we may have the good-fortune some day to discover?

Let us conclude by pointing out a defect in all our hospitals, as buildings, that might be easily remedied. At present, the walls of both medical and surgical wards—with the exception of those devoted to ophthalmic affections—are of an unvarying white colour, presenting no object whatever for the tired eyes of the poor sufferers to rest upon. The commonest house-paper bearing the similitude of a tree, a flower, or a river, would surely be more suggestive of pleasure than a blank wall. It is true that many hospital inmates are not persons of cultivated taste, but the eye of the least educated individual would not fail to turn to any object that suggested ideas different from those which long confinement to a sick-bed tends to produce.

O C E O L A :

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXIV.—A BANQUET WITH A BAD ENDING.

As by duty bound, I delivered a report of the scene I had involuntarily been witness to. It produced a lively excitement within the fort, and an expedition was instantly ordered forth, with myself to act as guide.

A bit of sheer folly. The search proved bootless, as any one might have prophesied. Of course, we found the place, and the bodies of those who had fallen—upon which the wolves had already been ravaging—but we discovered no living Indians—not even the path by which they had retreated!

The expedition consisted of several hundred men—in fact, the whole garrison of the fort. Had we gone out with a smaller force, in all probability, we should have seen something of the enemy.

* * * *

The death of Omatla was the most serious incident that had yet occurred; at all events, the most important in its bearings. By the whites, Omatla had been constituted king: by killing, the Indians shewed their contempt for the authority that had crowned him, as well as their determination to resist all interference of the kind. Omatla had been directly under the protection of the white chiefs: this had been guaranteed to him by promise as by treaty; and therefore the taking his life was a blow struck against his patrons. The government would now be under the necessity of avenging his death.

But the incident had its most important bearings upon the Indians, especially upon Omatla's own people. Terrified by the example, and dreading lest similar retribution might be extended to themselves, many of Omatla's tribe—sub-chiefs and warriors—forsook their alliance, and enrolled themselves in the ranks of the patriots. Other clans that had hitherto remained undecided, acting under similar motives, now declared their allegiance to the national will, and took up arms without further hesitation.

The death of Omatla, besides being an act of stern justice, was a stroke of fine policy on the part of the hostile Indians. It proved the genius of him who had conceived and carried it into execution.

Omatla was the first victim of Oçoola's vow of vengeance. Soon after appeared the second. It was not long before the tragedy of the traitor's death was eclipsed by another, far more thrilling and significant. One of the chief actors in this drama disappears from the stage.

On our arrival at the fort, it was found that the commissariat was rapidly running short. No provision had been made for so large a body of troops, and no supplies could possibly reach Fort King for a long period of time. We were to be the victims of the usual improvidence exhibited by governments not accustomed to warlike operations. Rations were stinted to the verge of starvation; and the prospect before us began to look very like starvation itself.

In this emergency, the commander-in-chief performed an act of great patriotism. Independent of his military command, General Clinch was a citizen of Florida—a proprietor and planter upon a large scale. His fine plantation lay at a short distance from Fort King. His crop of maize, covering nearly a hundred acres, was just ripening; and this, without more ado, was rationed out to the army.

Instead of bringing the commissariat to the troops, the reverse plan was adopted; and the troops were marched upon their food—which had yet to be gathered before being eaten.

Four-fifths of the little army were thus withdrawn from the fort, leaving rather a weak garrison; while a new stockade was extemporised on the general's plantation, under the title of 'Fort Drane.'

There were slanderous people who insinuated that in this curious matter the good old general was moved by other motives than those of mere patriotism. There were some talk about 'Uncle Sam'—well known as a solvent and liberal paymaster—being called upon to give a good price for the general's corn; besides, so long as an army bivouacked upon his plantation, no danger need be apprehended from the Indian incendiaries. Perhaps these insinuations were but the conceits of camp satire.

I was not among those transferred to the new station; I was not a favourite with the commander-in-chief, and no longer upon his staff. My duties kept me at Fort King, where the commissioner also remained.

The days passed tamely enough—whole weeks of them. An occasional visit to Camp Drane was a relief to the monotony of garrison-life, but this was a rare occurrence. The fort had been shorn of its strength, and was too weak for us to go much beyond its walls. It was well known that the Indians were in arms. Traces of their presence had been observed near the post; and a hunting excursion, or even a romantic saunter in the neighbouring woods—the usual resources of a frontier station—could not have been made without some peril.

During this period I observed that the commissioner was very careful in his outgoings and incomings. He rarely passed outside the stockade, and never beyond the line of sentries. Whenever he looked in the direction of the woods, or over the distant savanna, a shadow of distrust appeared to overspread his features, as though he was troubled with an apprehension of danger. This was after the death of the traitor chief. He had heard of Oçoola's vow to kill Omatla; perhaps he had also heard that the oath extended to himself; perhaps he was under the influence of a presentiment.

Christmas came round. At this season, wherever they may be found—whether amid the icy bergs of the north, or on the hot plains of the tropic—on board ship, within the walls of a fortress—ay, even in a prison—Christians incline to merry-making. The frontier post is no exception to the general rule; and Fort King was a continued scene of festivities. The soldiers were released from duty—alone the sentinels were kept to their posts; and, with such fare as could be procured, backed by liberal rations of 'monnongahela,' the week was passing cheerily enough.

A 'sutler' in the American army is generally a thriving adventurer—with the officers liberal both of cash and credit—and, on festive occasions, not unfrequently their associate and boon-companion. Such was he, the sutler, at Fort King.

On one of the festal-days, he had provided a sumptuous dinner—no one about the fort so capable—to which the officers were invited—the commissioner himself being the honoured guest.

The banquet was set out in the sutler's own house, which, as already mentioned, stood outside the stockade, several hundred yards off, and nearer to the edge of the woods.

The dinner was over, and most of the officers had returned within the fort, where—as it was now getting near night—it was intended the smoking and wine-drinking should be carried on.

The commissioner, with half-a-dozen others—officers and civilian visitors—still lingered to enjoy another glass under the hospitable roof where they had eaten their dinner.

I was among those who went back within the fort. We had scarcely settled down in our seats, when we were startled by a volley of sharp cracks, which the ear well knew to be the reports of rifles. At the same instant was heard that wild intonation, easily distinguishable from the shouting of civilised men—the war-cry of the Indians!

We needed no messenger to inform us what the noises meant: the enemy was upon the ground, and had made an attack—we fancied upon the fort itself.

We rushed into the open air, each arming himself as he best could.

Once outside, we saw that the fort was not assailed; but upon looking over the stockade, we perceived that the house of the sutler was surrounded

by a crowd of savages, plumed and painted in full fighting costume. They were in quick motion, rushing from point to point, brandishing their weapons, and yelling the *Yo-ho-chee*.

Straggling shots were still heard as the fatal gun was pointed at some victim endeavouring to escape. The gates of the fort were standing wide open, and soldiers, who had been strolling outside, now rushed through, uttering shouts of terror as they passed in.

The sutler's house was at too great a distance for the range of musketry. Some shots were discharged by the sentries and others who chanced to be armed, but the bullets fell short.

The artillerists ran to their guns; but on reaching these, it was found that the stables—a row of heavy log-houses—stood directly in the range of the sutler's house—thus sheltering the enemy from the aim of the gunners.

All at once the shouting ceased, and the crowd of dusky warriors was observed moving off towards the woods.

In a few seconds they had disappeared among the trees—vanishing, as if by magic, from our sight.

He who commanded at the fort—an officer slow of resolve—now mustered the garrison, and ventured a sortie. It extended only to the house of the sutler, where a halt was made, while we contemplated the horrid scene.

The sutler himself, two young officers, several soldiers and civilians, lay upon the floor dead, each with many wounds.

Conspicuous above all was the corpse of the commissioner. He was lying upon his back, his face covered with gore, and his uniform torn and bloody. Sixteen bullets had been fired into his body; and a wound more terrible than all was observed over the left breast. It was the gash made by a knife, whose blade had passed through his heart.

I could have guessed who gave that wound, even without the living testimony that was offered on the spot. A negress—the cook—who had concealed herself behind a piece of furniture, now came forth from her hiding-place. She had been witness of all. She was acquainted with the person of Opeola. It was he who had conducted the tragedy; he had been the last to leave the scene; and before taking his departure, the negress had observed him give that final stab—no doubt in satisfaction of the deadly vow he had made.

After some consultation, a pursuit was determined upon, and carried out with considerable caution; but, as before, it proved fruitless: as before, even the track by which the enemy had retreated could not be discovered!

CHAPTER LXV.

'DADE'S MASSACRE.'

This melancholy finale to the festivities of Christmas was, if possible, rendered more sad by a rumour that shortly after reached Fort King. It was the rumour of an event, which has since become popularly known as 'Dade's massacre.'

The report was brought by an Indian runner—belonging to one of the friendly clans—but the statements made were of so startling a character, that they were at first received with a cry of incredulity.

Other runners, however, continuously arriving, confirmed the account of the first messenger, until his story—tragically improbable as it appeared—was accepted as truth. It was true in all its romantic colouring; true in all its sanguinary details. The war had commenced in real earnest, inaugurated by a conflict of the most singular kind—singular both in character and result.

An account of this battle is perhaps of sufficient interest to be given.

In the early part of this narrative, it has been mentioned that an officer of the United States army gave out the vaunt that he 'could march through all the Seminole reserve with only a corporal's guard at his back.' That officer was Major Dade.

It was the destiny of Major Dade to find an opportunity for giving proof of his warlike prowess—though with something more than a corporal's guard at his back. The result was a sad contrast to the boast he had so thoughtlessly uttered.

To understand this ill-fated enterprise, it is necessary to say a word topographically of the country.

On the west coast of the peninsula of Florida is a bay called 'Tampa'—by the Spaniards, 'Espiritu Santo.' At the head of this bay was erected 'Fort Brooke'—a stockade similar to Fort King, and lying about ninety miles from the latter, in a southerly direction. It was another of those military posts established in connection with the Indian reserve—a dépôt for troops and stores—also an entrepôt for such as might arrive from the ports of the Mexican gulf.

About two hundred soldiers were stationed here at the breaking out of hostilities. They were chiefly artillery, with a small detachment of infantry.

Shortly after the fruitless council at Fort King, these troops—or as many of them as could be spared—were ordered by General Clinch to proceed to the latter place, and unite with the main body of the army.

In obedience to these orders, one hundred men, with their quota of officers, were set in motion for Fort King. Major Dade commanded the detachment.

On the eve of Christmas, 1835, they had taken the route, marching out from Fort Brooke in high spirits, buoyant with the hope of encountering and winning laurels in a fight with the Indian foe. They flattered themselves that it would be the first conflict of the war, and therefore that in which the greatest reputation would be gained by the victors. They dreamt not of defeat.

With flags flying gaily, drums rolling merrily, bugles sounding the advance, cannon pealing their farewell salute, and comrades cheering them onward, the detachment commenced its march—that fatal march from which it was destined never to return.

Just seven days after—on the 31st of December—a man made his appearance at the gates of Fort Brooke, crawling upon his hands and knees. In his tattered attire could scarcely be recognised the uniform of a soldier—a private of Dade's detachment—for such he was. His clothes were saturated with water from the creeks, and soiled with mud from the swamps. They were covered with dust, and stained with blood. His body was wounded in five places—severe wounds all—one in the right shoulder, one in the right thigh, one near the temple, one in the left arm, and another in the back. He was wan, wasted, emaciated to the condition of a skeleton, and presented the aspect of one. When, in a weak trembling voice, he announced himself as 'Private Clark of the 2d Artillery,' his old comrades with difficulty identified him.

Shortly after, two others—privates Sprague and Thomas—made their appearance in a similar plight. Their report was similar to that already delivered by Clark: that Major Dade's command had been attacked by the Indians, cut to pieces, massacred almost to a man—that they themselves were the sole survivors of that band who had so lately gone forth from the fort in all the pride of confident strength, and the hopeful anticipation of glory.

And their story was true to the letter. Of all the detachment, these three miserable remnants of humanity alone escaped; the others—one hundred and six in all—had met death on the banks of the Amazura. Instead of the laurel, they had found the cypress.

The three who escaped had been struck down and left for dead upon the field. It was only by counter-foisting death, they had succeeded in afterwards crawling from the ground, and making their way back to the fort. Most of this journey Clark performed upon his hands and knees, proceeding at the rate of a mile to the hour, over a distance of more than sixty miles!

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE BATTLE-GROUND.

The affair of Dade's massacre is without a parallel in the history of Indian warfare. No conflict of a similar kind had ever occurred—at least, none so fatal to the whites engaged in it. In this case they suffered almost annihilation—for, of the three wounded men who escaped, two shortly after died of their wounds.

Nor had the Indians any great advantage over their antagonists, beyond that of superior cunning and strategy.

It was near the banks of the Amazura,* and after crossing that stream, that Major Dade's party had been attacked. The assault was made in ground comparatively open—a tract of pine-woods, where the trees grew thin and straggling—so that the Indians had in reality no great advantage either from position or intrenchment. Neither has it been proved that they were greatly superior in numbers to the troops they destroyed—not more than two to one; and this proportion in most Indian wars has been considered by their white antagonists as only 'fair odds.'

Many of the Indians appeared upon the ground mounted; but these remained at a distance from the fire of the musketry; and only those on foot took part in the action. Indeed, their conquest was so soon completed, that the horsemen were not needed. The first fire was so deadly, that Dade's followers were driven into utter confusion. They were unable to retreat: the mounted Indians had already outflanked them, and cut off their chance of escape.

Dade himself, with most of his officers, fell at the first volley; and the survivors had no choice but to fight it out on the ground. A breastwork was attempted—by felling trees, and throwing their trunks into a triangle—but the hot fire from the Indian rifles soon checked the progress of the work; and the parapet never rose even breast-high above the ground. Into this insecure shelter the survivors of the first attack retreated, and there fell rapidly under the well-aimed missiles of their foes. In a short while the last man lay motionless; and the slaughter was at an end.

When the place was afterwards visited by our troops, this triangular enclosure was found, filled with dead bodies—piled upon one another, just as they had fallen—crosswise, lengthwise, in every attitude of death!

It was afterwards noised abroad that the Indians had inhumanly tortured the wounded, and horribly mutilated the slain. This was not true. There were no wounded left to be tortured—except the three who escaped—and as for the mutilation, but one or two instances of this occurred—since known to have been the work of runaway negroes actuated by motives of personal revenge.

Some scalps were taken; but this is the well-known custom of Indian warfare; and white men ere now have practised the fashion, while under the frenzied excitement of battle.

I was one of those who afterwards visited the battle-ground on a tour of inspection ordered by the commander-in-chief; and the official report of that

tour is the best testimony as to the behaviour of the victors. It reads as follows:

'Major Dade and his party were destroyed on the morning of the 28th of December, about four miles from their camp of the preceding night. They were advancing in column of route when they were attacked by the enemy, who rose in a swarm out of the cover of long grass and palmettoes. The Indians suddenly appeared close to their files. Muskets were clubbed, knives and bayonets used, and parties clinched in deadly conflict. In the second attack, our own men's muskets, taken from the dead and wounded, were used against them; a cross-fire cut down a succession of artillerists, when the cannon were taken, the carriages broken and burned, and the guns rolled into a pond. Many negroes were in the field; but no scalps were taken by the Indians. On the other hand, the negroes, with hellish cruelty, pierced the throats of all whose cries or groans showed that there was still life in them.'

Another official report runs thus:

'We approached the battle-field from the rear. Our advanced-guard had passed the ground without halting, when the commanding officer and his staff came upon one of the most appalling scenes that can be imagined. We first saw some broken and scattered boxes; then a cart, the two oxen of which were lying dead, as if they had fallen asleep, their yokes still on them: a little to the right, one or two horses were seen. We next came to a small enclosure, made by felling trees, in such a manner as to form a triangular breast-work. Within the triangle—along the north and west faces of it—were about thirty bodies, mostly mere skeletons, although much of the clothing was left upon them. They were lying in the positions they must have occupied during the fight. Some had fallen over their dead comrades, but most of them lay close to the logs, with their heads turned towards the breastwork, over which they had delivered their fire, and their bodies stretched with striking regularity parallel to each other. They had evidently been shot dead at their posts, and the Indians had not disturbed them, except by taking the scalps of some—which, it is said, was done by their negro allies. The officers were all easily recognised. Some still wore their rings and breastpins, and money was found in their pockets! The bodies of eight officers and ninety-eight men were interred.

'It may be proper to observe that the attack was not made from a hommock, but in a thinly wooded country—the Indians being concealed by palmettoes and grass.'

From this report, it appears that the Indians were fighting—not for plunder, not even from motives of diabolical revenge. Their motive was higher and purer—it was the defence of their country—of their hearths and homes.

The advantage they had over the troop of Major Dade was simply that of ambush and surprise. This officer, though a man of undoubted gallantry, was entirely wanting in those qualities necessary to a leader—especially one engaged against such a foe. He was a mere book-soldier—as most officers are—lacking the genius which enables the great military chieftain to adapt himself to the circumstances that surround him. He conducted the march of his detachment as if going upon parade; and by so doing he carried it into danger and subsequent destruction.

But if the commander of the whites in this fatal affair was lacking in military capacity, the leader of the Indians was not. It soon became known that he who planned the ambush and conducted it to such sanguinary and successful issue, was the young chief of the Baton Rouge—Oceola.

He could not have stayed long upon the ground to enjoy his triumph. It was upon that same evening

* 'Outhlaccochee' of the Seminoles.

at Fort King—forty miles distant from the scene of Dade's massacre—that the commissioner fell before his vow of vengeance!

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE BATTLE OF QUITLACOOCHIE.

The murder of the commissioner called for some act of prompt retribution. Immediately after its occurrence, several expresses had been despatched by different routes to Camp Drane—some of whom fell into the hands of the enemy, while the rest arrived safely with the news.

By daybreak of the following morning the army, more than a thousand strong, was in motion; and marching towards the Amazura. The avowed object of this expedition was to strike a blow at the families of the hostile Indians—their fathers and mothers, their wives, sisters, and children—whose lurking-place amidst the fastnesses of the great swamp—the 'Cove'—had become known to the general. It was intended they should be captured, if possible, and held as hostages until the warriors could be induced to surrender.

With all others who could be spared from the fort, I was ordered to accompany the expedition, and accordingly joined it upon the march. From the talk I heard around me, I soon discovered the sentiment of the soldiery. They had but little thought of making captives. Exasperated by what had taken place at the fort—further exasperated by what they called 'Dade's massacre,' I felt satisfied that they would not stay to take prisoners—old men or young men, women or children, all would alike be slain—no quarter would be given.

I was sick even at the prospect of such a wholesale carnage as was anticipated. Anticipated, I say, for all confidently believed it would take place. The hiding-place of these unfortunate families had become known—there were guides conducting us thither who knew the very spot—how could we fail to reach it?

An easy surprise was expected. Information had been received that the warriors, or most of them, were absent upon another and more distant expedition, and in a quarter where we could not possibly encounter them. We were to make a descent upon the nest in the absence of the eagles; and with this intent the army was conducted by silent and secret marches.

But the day before, our expedition would have appeared easy enough—a mere exciting frolic, without peril of any kind; but the news of Dade's defeat had produced a magical effect upon the spirits of the soldiers, and whilst it exasperated, it had also cowed them. For the first time, they began to feel something like a respect for their foe, mingled perhaps with a little dread of him. The Indians, at least, knew how to kill.

This feeling increased as fresh messengers came in from the scene of Dade's conflict, bringing new details of that sanguinary affair. It was not without some apprehension, then, that the soldier marched onward, advancing into the heart of the enemy's country; and even the reckless volunteer kept close in the ranks as he rode silently along.

About mid-day we reached the banks of the Amazura. The stream had to be crossed before the Cove could be reached, for the vast net-work of swamps and lagoons bearing this name extended from the opposite side.

A ford had been promised the general, but the guides were at fault—no crossing-place could be found. At the point where we reached it, the river ran past broad, black, and deep—too deep to be waded even by our horses.

Were the guides playing traitor, and misleading

us? It certainly began to assume that appearance; but no—it could not be. They were Indians, it is true, but well proved in their devotion to the whites. Besides, they were men compromised with the national party—doomed to death by their own people—our defeat would have been their ruin.

It was not treason, as shewn afterwards—they had simply been deceived by the trails, and had gone the wrong way.

It was fortunate for us they had done so! But for this mistake of the guides, the army of General Clinch might have been called upon to repeat on a larger scale the drama so lately enacted by Dade and his companions.

Had we reached the true crossing, some two miles further down, we should have entered an ambush of the enemy, skilfully arranged by that same leader who so well understood his forest tactics. The report of the warriors having gone on a distant expedition was a mere ruse, the prelude to a series of strategic manœuvres devised by Ocoela.

The Indians were at that moment where we should have been, but for the mistake of the guides. The ford was beset upon both sides by the foe—the warriors lying unseen like snakes among the grass, ready to spring forth the moment we should attempt the crossing. Fortunate it was for Clinch and his army that our guides possessed so little skill.

The general acted without this knowledge at the time—else, had he known the dangerous proximity, his behaviour might have been different. As it was, a halt was ordered; and, after some deliberation, it was determined we should cross the river at the point where the army had arrived.

Some old boats were found, 'accows,' with a number of Indian canoes. These would facilitate the transport of the infantry, while the mounted men could swim over upon their horses.

Rafts of logs were soon knocked together, and the passage of the stream commenced. The manœuvre was executed with considerable adroitness, and in less than an hour one half of the command had crossed.

I was among those who got first over; but I scarcely congratulated myself on the success of the enterprise. I felt sad at the prospect of being soon called upon to aid in the slaughter of defenceless people—of women and children—for around me there was no other anticipation. It was with a feeling of positive relief, almost of joy, that I heard that wild war-cry breaking through the woods—the well-known Yo-ho-eh-ee of the Seminoles.

Along with it came the ringing detonations of rifles, the louder report of musketry; while bullets, hisling through the air, and breaking branches from the surrounding trees, told us that we were assailed in earnest, and by a large force of the enemy.

That portion of the army already over had observed the precaution to post itself in a strong position among heavy timber that grew near the river-bank; and on this account the first volley of the Indians produced a less deadly effect. For all that, several fell; and those who were exposed to view were still in danger.

The fire was returned by the troops, repeated by the Indians, and again answered by the soldiers—now rolling continuously, now in straggling volleys or single shots, and at intervals altogether ceasing.

For a long while but little damage was done on either side; but it was evident that the Indians, under cover of the underwood, were working themselves into a more advantageous position—in fact, surrounding us. The troops, on the other hand, dared not stir from the spot where they had landed, until a larger number should cross over. After that, it was intended we should advance, and force the Indians from the covert at the point of the bayonet.

The troops from the other side continued to cross.

Hitherto, they had been protected by the fire of those already over; but at this crisis a manœuvre was effected by the Indians, that threatened to put an end to the passing of the river, unless under a destructive fire from their rifles.

Just below our position, a narrow strip of land jutted out into the stream, forming a miniature peninsula. It was a sand-bar caused by an eddy on the opposite side. It was lower than the main bank, and bare of timber—except at its extreme point, where a sort of island had been formed, higher than the peninsula itself. On this island grew a thick grove of evergreen trees—palms, live-oaks, and magnolias—in short, a hommock.

It would have been prudent for us to have occupied this hommock at the moment of our first crossing over; but our general had not perceived the advantage. The Indians were not slow in noticing it; and before we could take any steps to hinder them, a body of warriors rushed across the isthmus, and took possession of the hommock.

The result of this skillful manœuvre was soon made manifest. The boats, in crossing, were swept down by the current within range of the wooded islet—out of whose evergreen shades was now poured a continuous stream of blue fiery smoke, while the leaden missiles did their work of death. Men were seen dropping down upon the rafts, or tumbling over the sides of the canoes, with a heavy plunge upon the water, that told they had ceased to live; while the thick fire of musketry that was directed upon the hommock altogether failed to dislodge the daring band who occupied it.

There were but few of them—for we had seen them distinctly as they ran over the isthmus—but it was evident they were a chosen few, skilled marksmen every man. They were dealing destruction at every shot.

It was a moment of intense excitement. Elsewhere the conflict was carried on with more equality—since both parties fought under cover of the trees, and but little injury was sustained or inflicted by either. The band upon the islet were killing more of our men than all the rest of the enemy.

There was no other resource than to dislodge them from the hommock—to drive them forth at the bayonet's point—at least this was the design that now suggested itself to the commander-in-chief.

It seemed a forlorn-hope. Whoever should approach from the land-side would receive the full fire of the concealed enemy—be compelled to advance under a fearful risk of life.

To my surprise, the duty was assigned to myself. Why, I know not—since it could not be from any superior courage or ardour I had hitherto evinced in the campaign. But the order came from the general, direct and prompt; and with no great spirit I prepared to execute it.

With a party of rifles—scarcely outnumbering the enemy we were to attack at such serious disadvantage—I started forth for the peninsula.

I felt as if marching upon my death, and I believe that most of those who followed me were the victims of a similar presentiment. Even though it had been a certainty, we could not now turn back; the eyes of the whole army were upon us. We must go forward—we must conquer or fall.

In a few seconds we were upon the island, and advancing by rapid strides towards the hommock. We had hopes that the Indians might not have perceived our approach, and that we should get behind them unawares.

They were vain hopes. Our enemies had been watchful; they had observed our manœuvre from its beginning; had faced round, and were waiting with rifles loaded, ready to receive us.

But half conscious of our perilous position, we pressed forward, and had got within twenty yards of the grove, when the blue smoke and red flame suddenly jetted forth from the trees. I heard the bullets shower past my ears; I heard the cries and groans of my followers, as they fell thickly behind me. I looked around—I saw that every one of them was stretched upon the ground, dead or dying!

At the same instant a voice reached me from the grove:

'Go back, Randolph! go back! By that symbol upon your breast your life has been spared; but my braves are chafed, and their blood is hot with fighting. Tempt not their anger. Away! away!'

SUMMER WIND.

THE low wind through my casement strays,
Between the jasmine's parted leaves,
Soft whispering through the morning rays,
And rippling o'er the golden sheaves.
I hear its low voice far away,
Where silver willows fringe the pool;
And from the forest still and gray,
Its murmur rises fresh and cool.

Leaving the sunny world below
The jasmine's starry buds to seek,
I feel it gently clasp my brow,
And lightly play upon my cheek.
That lingering hand sweeps round the room,
O'er dark recess and quiet nook,
Through loose leaves rustling in the gloom,
And wandering down my open book.

Nor voiceless doth it from me sweep,
To seek the bright free world again;
And in my bosom thrilling deep,
An echo answers to its strain,
That mocks the lonely toll of books,
And whispers me away—away!
Where waving leaves and rushing brooks
Are glancing in the long bright day.

Away above the green earth's breast,
Away above the blue deep wave,
Whose billows, in their hoarse unrest,
Chant o'er the sailor's shroudless grave;
Where silver sails gleam far and white,
And beckon in the moon's cold ray—
The wild wind following on their flight,
Still whispers me away—away!

H. R.

ARTIFICIAL COAL.

A curious communication, by M. Baroulier, has been sent in to the Academy of Sciences, describing a method for obtaining a substance possessing all the properties of coal. It is a fact generally admitted by geologists, that coal is the result of the carbonisation of vegetable matter by heat under a strong pressure, and under circumstances calculated to impede the escape of their volatile ingredients. M. Baroulier proceeds in a similar manner; he envelops vegetable matter in wet clay, and exposes it for a considerable length of time to a great pressure, and to a heat of between 200 and 300 degrees centigrade (or the melting-points of tin and bismuth nearly). Various kinds of saw-dust, subjected to this treatment, yielded different substances, possessing more or less the resinous lustre and colour of coal, and burning with a bright flame.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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DROPPING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

PERHAPS, reader, thou didst never chance to have a too highly respectable acquaintance; if so, pass on without perusing this experience, and thank thy stars that thy life has been so fortunate. Many persons, more particularly those who 'move in the first circles,' and those, upon the other hand, whose lines have fallen in the back-yards of life among the oyster-shells and broken ginger-beer bottles—the Alphas and the Omegas of society—are never troubled with a single too highly respectable acquaintance. It is the youth of the middle-classes, among whose ranks I had myself the misfortune to be born, who alone suffer in this respect, and for the most part without hope of remedy. This dreadful Scourge is generally of an age varying from forty-five to sixty, and has almost always, as he is continually telling us, enjoyed the friendship of our father. 'I was your father's friend, sir, for many years; I knew him, sir, before you were born or thought of; I wish you may be half so good a man as he;' are sentences which our too highly respectable acquaintance carries about with him, as it were, phylactery-wise, or embroidered upon the borders of his garments, so that, meeting him, it is quite impossible to escape from them. I am inclined to allow—for I would be charitable even with an Incubus—that he takes upon himself the triple functions of guide, philosopher, and friend, in the first instance at least, from a kindly motive; but afterwards, when he merges all these attributes in the Unmitigated Bore, he has no such humane feeling, but watches our young eyes grow dim, our young mouth open despairingly, our entire being collapse beneath his withering influence with a hideous joy. It is impossible that he can be ignorant of what he is doing in this respect. The serpent, who, after having lubricated his victim, takes the head of him into its mouth, must needs be aware of its own intention of swallowing him, however tedious the process may be, and however great a distance his fore-doomed heels may project at the commencement of the operation; and our Bore is intelligent enough to know that likewise. This cruelty is generally the single crime of our too highly respectable acquaintance: he is a man, I regret to say, without any one of the pleasant vices except, perhaps, that of over-dining; and even this, since he rarely asks us to dine with him, he might, as far as we are concerned, just as well be without. He often, however, invites us to drop in and take a glass of wine in a friendly way, after he has concluded his repast. If we don't go, he tells us on the ensuing day that he is afraid we do not find him the good

company he always strives to be to young men, and begs us never to miss a pleasanter invitation for the mere sake of coming to listen to an old Twaddle like him; by which means he, of course, irrevocably binds us to his fatal mahogany, upon the next occasion of his asking us thither. 'An old Twaddle!' Think of our too highly respectable acquaintance venturing to make use of such a phrase as that! The very term which defines his too respectable self to a hair! What hope can there possibly be of this dear old gentleman's reformation, when he can employ such an expression as that with the most callous indifference, and without one shadow of self-reproach! If, on the other hand, we go to this wine-party—which consists of himself and ourself, although there is a glass always placed for the chance (another of his absurd self-complacences) of somebody else voluntarily 'dropping in' and joining us—the port, we confess, is old and excellent, but the conversation—that is to say, the monologue, the endless narration of anecdote—is not new either, but partakes of what has been not ill termed the 'fine old crusted' character. There is some story of his, in connection perhaps with the calling out of the Rutlandshire Yeomanry in 1826—'Or, let me see, would it be in '26 or '27?' (he never gets this right by any chance), which we have probably heard nearly one hundred times. When we enter the room, he is surprised to see us not in full dress; he does not care about such things himself, in the least, but he thinks that not dressing is a bad habit; he may be old-fashioned, and even antiquated, but that is his opinion; all which he, however, prefaces with 'My very dear young friend,' the lubrication which I have above referred to as being practised by the great serpent family. Presently, and after a story or two, our too highly respectable acquaintance, with a shadow of paleness observable upon his usually glowing countenance, inquires whether we ever do such a thing as smoke tobacco? The first time this occurs, we hasten, under the delusive impression that he is about to offer us some grateful sedative, to affirm that we do, and are extremely fond of doing it. Upon which he replies that he is truly grieved to hear it, and that the very smell of tobacco about the clothes or hair—'And, my dear young sir, you must excuse me if I liken you at present to the Fitcher, a very intense description of polecat'—always makes him exceedingly unwell. Our too highly respectable acquaintance, who is never rude, treads, indeed, upon the very borders of unpoliteness in respect of this matter, until we solemnly promise that he shall not have cause to find fault with us again. There is no end to the deep influence which this sort of person

may obtain in the mind of a youth by diligent boring; and if it were always to be exercised in the anti-tobacco direction, there would perhaps be little cause to regret it.

He, however, seldom rests satisfied until he has separated us from the companions of our own age and choice; made us engage a seat for a term of years at his particular chapel; withdrawn us from our own profession, and placed us in the office of one of his relatives who generously receives us without premium, but gains at the same time our gratuitous services for an indefinite time; and finally married us to his niece, after which we cease to be responsible beings, and only by the visibly increased importance of our too highly respectable acquaintance—the external swelling of the monster consequent upon the total absorption of its victim—announce our own existence at all.

I first met with my own Mentor, who may very well stand for a type of all his class, at a great Whitebait dinner at Blackwall. I was a lad then only just escaped from school, and of course entirely ignorant of how to conduct myself aright at such a solemnity. Instead of husbanding my magnificent appetite in the proper manner, I actually commenced operations by going twice to Turtle as well as to the iced Punch which goes along with it, like music with words. A reverend sage, however, portly and dignified, but with an eye which seemed benign, who sat on my right hand, interposed judiciously, and arrested for the time what would have been—and was eventually—a very serious catastrophe.

'Young man,' said he, in unctuous but impressive tones, 'beware of what you do. Appetite, a gift vouchsafed by the gods to youth, and to youth alone (he sighed), is a talent which, misapplied and recklessly wasted, is almost worse than apathy to food. There is many a man of matured judgment who would have given twice the cost per head of this entertainment—and that will not be less than three guineas, if so little—for the power which you have just been manifesting with regard to that soup. But consider what is to follow; think of the Future, my dear young friend, and *guide yourself at all times by the carte*. See here, what an enormous distance—no less than five courses off—is that whitebait which we are nominally assembled here to eat. Does the prudent rider, however confident of his generous steed, urge it to full career at the first beginning of the race, or, far less, compel it to surmount any fence a second time? Be temperate, my dear young friend, and restrain your natural impetuosity, or, take my word for it, you will be exceedingly ill.'

My highly respectable acquaintance spoke like a book; his prophecy was not unfulfilled. The last thing which I remember, before I succumbed to the various unaccustomed influences of that whitebait feast, was the spectacle of this gentleman refreshing the tips of his ears by means of a napkin dipped in rose-water—'A device, my young friend, very noteworthy, as oftentimes renewing the enjoyment of food when your case would seem otherwise hopeless.'

I have reason to suspect that, upon the golden grace-cup being handed round on that occasion, I behaved myself somewhat indecorously, and instead of bowing in a stately manner to my opposite neighbour over the goblet, that I put its cover on the top of my head after the Chinese manner, and winked at him. My highly respectable acquaintance hinted at least at something of the sort next day, but blandly added that, being touched with my youth and inexperience, he had made it right with the company. From that moment the yoke was placed upon my neck. This terribly bland old gentleman, with all his faults and weaknesses, became my Old Man of the Sea. Ridicule itself in vain attempted to shake the throne of my

tyrant. My once familiar friend, Dick Wildotes, discovered to me the following incident in the past life of my self-constituted guardian, in the vain hope that such a knowledge would set me free. He told me that Mr Pawkins—which was my too highly respectable acquaintance's inoffensive title—was called by his equals—although I did not then believe in the existence of such persons—'Presence-of-mind Pawkins;' and he also told me why. My Mentor never narrated the anecdote in my hearing, but, as I am given to understand that he has often done so with much complacency, there is no harm in my retailing it.

Mr Pawkins, then, was once in a pleasure-boat with some ladies out at sea, the only male in the company, and one of his fair companions had the misfortune to fall overboard. It must have been long indeed before the crinoline epoch; but something or other of that nature buoyed the unfortunate young woman up, so that she was able to take hold of the boat. This was the opportunity which my too highly respectable acquaintance seized to make himself a name, as above. 'I saw,' said he, 'that the boat was a very frail one; I perceived that the young lady's admission amongst us over the gunwale would very probably upset and drown us all; therefore, although I deeply sympathised with her in her misadventure, I caught hold of an oar, and, with the *greatest presence of mind*, rapped away at her knuckles until she let go.' Wherefore he is well called Presence-of-mind Pawkins until this day. I felt that this was by no means a creditable achievement; but the man was still a hero to me. He had somewhat fanatical views upon religious questions, Dick used to tell me, but I went to my too respectable acquaintance's house of worship for all that. He possessed a great deal of house-property, and had christened an entire street of his 'Agur's Buildings;' instead of calling it after the name of Mr Plumlines, who was the actual architect. 'Agur's prayer,' he observed, 'was for neither riches nor poverty, and these buildings are only for the middling class of people.' I could not but see the vulgarity of this sort of practical piety, but I felt obliged to forgive my eminent house-proprietor even that.

I ascribe my first determined aspirations after freedom to the continuance of the late war in the Crimea; but for that and the unparalleled sufferings to which it exposed me, I might be still bearing my chain; it galled me, however, in such a manner during that epoch, that I was resolved at any hazard to be freed from it. Upon the subject of that campaign, I repeat, my too highly respectable acquaintance out-Pawkinsed Pawkins, bored me beyond the limits of human endurance. Upon every commander, and upon every military movement, he gave an opinion as tedious and as positive as though he had been paid thirty guineas a sheet for it. The late Lord Raglan haunted me like a dreadful phantasm; the very names of Lucan and Cardigan became to me as the beer which has been left in yesterday's tumbler; the bare mention of the *Times*—whose conduct I admired in secret because he hated it—was to my ill-used ears like Cayenne pepper to the back of a flogged soldier. At last, at a little breakfast-party in my own apartments, whither he came, uninvited, to tread upon me, and patronise the rest of the company, he overstepped all limits, and presented me, involuntarily, with my manumission. The conversation having been directed into the usual Crimean channel, my poor friend Wildotes had the temerity to give it as his opinion that the Sebastopol garrison would continue to have provisions supplied to them in abundance.

'What, sir!' roared my too highly respectable acquaintance, chafed with unwonted opposition, 'why, how should that be, when even now, in Archangel,

they are giving for the coarsest wheat *fifteen roubles the chetwort?*

I am not sure about the number; it may have been fifteen or fifty, but I am certain about 'roubles the chetwort.'

'I do not know what a chetwort is,' cried Wildotes angrily, 'and I don't believe that you know either.'

I trembled at the audacity of this young man; but the ground-floor, upon which we happened to be, remained firm beneath us nevertheless; and presently, upon the production of a tobacco-pipe, my too highly respectable acquaintance left his youthful enemy in the possession of the field.

'I congratulate you, my dear fellow,' cried Wildotes as the door closed with rather a slam behind that portly figure—'my friend, you are a free man.'

'Sir,' said I with indignation, 'it is you that are free, and even impertinent. How am I to defend myself, think you, when Mr Pawkins catches me alone?'

My position had indeed become such that no choice remained between bidding an open defiance to my too highly respectable acquaintance, or becoming his cringing slave for the remainder of one of our lives. Wildotes and myself, therefore, having resolved ourselves into a committee of private safety, determined upon a course of action which had for its object the immediate dropping of my philosopher and guide.

Our arrangements being completed, I remained in my own apartment, awaiting his angust presence in a frame of mind far from enviable; not, as I well knew, that he would manifest any signs of anger—his feelings, when irritated, always taking the much more fatal form of injured virtue—but because he would be sure to proceed to absorb me, with a more than usual amount of previous lubrication. 'My dear young friend, in whom I take so great an interest,' and 'the son of my esteemed old friend' (he travelled in the company of my father *once*, in an Islington omnibus), were, as I expected, among the opening expressions of his harangue; then he bewailed my choice of associates, and my habits of extravagance exemplified in having hot meats at breakfast (of which he had partaken, by the by, himself, with considerable relish); he predicted my certain ruin if I continued in these courses instead of sticking to my desk. As he pronounced this prediction, he approached that article of furniture, upon which a small square piece of card was lying, half-covered by a pen-wiper, as though it courted obscurity. This card he took up and waved in his hand, as was his frequent custom, in order to give effect to his oratory. I turned pale with agitation, and protested that it was a private document. Mr Pawkins observed in reply that, considering our mutual relations, there could be no such thing as any privacy in documents, and then perused it with attention.

It was now his turn to grow pale.

'Is it possible, young man,' cried he, when he had quite finished it, 'that this can be *yours*? Have I nourished you in my bosom so long?—'

'Mr Pawkins,' said I, plucking up all my courage, with the knowledge that Wildotes was in the cupboard listening to us, 'you have done nothing of the sort.'

'In my bosom so long,' continued Mentor, as though unconscious of the interruption, 'without rendering you incapable of possessing such a'—

'Sir,' cried I, as he approached the fire with the evident intention of destroying the memorandum, 'that paper is a legal tender; it has a value expressed upon it of three pounds, fourteen shillings, and sixpence: if that is consumed, we shall have to pay the money.'

'*We!*' ejaculated my too highly respectable acquaintance with contempt, but altering his fell purpose nevertheless—"we," young man, did you

say? Miserable, hardened, unprofitable, disreputable profligate, I abandon you for ever.'

My Mentor left the apartment with quite a halo of respectability surrounding the very back of his head.

'Wildotes,' cried I, as the young man burst from his concealment, 'my friend, my benefactor, I will give you a dinner; your ingenious device has saved me from all further persecution; I have dropped for ever my too highly respectable acquaintance!'

And so, in truth, I had; the simple medium of this effectual release having been merely a *paun-broker's ticket*.

In conclusion, I need scarcely add that, in publishing this veracious history, I have no sort of intention of throwing ridicule upon that friendship which is found to exist not seldom between an old man and a youth. Than such a feeling, born of a kindly regard upon the one side, and of an affectionate respect upon the other, there seem to me few things more beautiful. But where there is no real regard, but only officiousness, against which, whatever real respect there be, must needs be sooner or later chafed away, where dictation is in the place of authority, and a spirit of meddling in that of kind solicitude, the spectacle of an unfortunate young man with a too highly respectable acquaintance is pitiable to see.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF SOLAR SPOTS.

Most persons who have enjoyed the opportunity of looking through a telescope, are probably acquainted with the appearance of the sun as seen magnified through a dark glass, and will agree with our poet-laureate when he says:

The very source and fount of day
Is dashed with wandering isles of night.

These 'wandering isles,' commonly called spots on the sun, especially arrested the attention of astronomers immediately after the invention and use of the telescope, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The interest which attaches to the history of these appearances is greatly enhanced from the fact, that by means of them the rotation of the sun is conclusively proved. Careful observations of the spots, and of their paths at different times of the year across the sun's disc, give for the period of rotation about 25½ days, and for the inclination of the solar equator to the ecliptic, about 7½°. Occasionally, the spots are sufficiently large to be visible to the naked eye. Galileo, in a letter dated August 1612, mentions that he and many of his friends perceived one, without the intervention of a telescope, on three successive days. A very large one was seen by different persons in April 1764, and again in 1769; and many other instances might be cited, down to 1853, in June of which year one was distinctly seen at sunset. It appears, then, very possible that these phenomena were observed at a much earlier period; and we might expect to discover some notice of them in the annals of different countries. This we find to be the case. The Chinese astronomers relate having observed some spots on the sun in the year 321 of our era; the Spanish conquerors of Peru found that the natives had observed them before their existence was known in Europe. These are almost the only instances of any explicit mention of them; but extraordinary appearances of the sun are found recorded which might perhaps be explained by the presence of a large number of spots. In the annals of France, a historian of the life of Charlemagne relates that, on the 17th day of March 807, the star Mercury was seen on the sun as a small black spot, during eight days. This puzzled Kepler not a little, for he proved satisfactorily that no transit of Mercury could have occurred at that time; he remarked, moreover, that

Mercury would pass over the sun's disc in about seven hours. He removes the difficulty to his own satisfaction by supposing a mistake in the year, and places the occurrence in 808; and for the two Latin words for eight days, he would read a very barbarous one even for monkish Latin, signifying eight times. It is now generally supposed, and with great probability, that the object observed was a spot large enough to be visible to the naked eye. Kepler himself, expecting, towards the end of 1606, or beginning of 1607, a transit of Mercury, was transported with joy at having, as he thought, seen the phenomenon by receiving an image of the sun upon a white surface in a darkened room, a method very generally adopted in those times, before dark glasses were employed; but there can be little doubt that he also was deceived by a spot, for Mercury, when passing before the sun, is much too insignificant an object to be seen without the aid of a telescope.

Much discussion has arisen respecting who was the first to observe the spots with a telescope. There appears little doubt that the first recorded observation was made by Thomas Hariot, an eminent English mathematician. Amongst his papers, the following memorandum has been discovered: '1610 Syon, Decemb: 8, mané. The altitude of the sonne being seven or eight degrees, it being a frost and a mist, I saw the sonne in this manner [a drawing of the telescopic appearance of the sun with three spots on it is added]. I saw it twice or thrise, once with the right ey, and other time with the left. In the space of a minute time after the sonne was to cleare.' Not being acquainted with the use of dark glasses, he was obliged to observe the sun when near the horizon, and through a mist. This may account for his not having again remarked a similar appearance till the following December, when, in common with other astronomers, he became a diligent observer of the spots. The first published account of them with which we are acquainted is by John Fabricius, a German astronomer; it bears the date of June 1611. Impelled by the accounts of Galileo's discoveries, he directed his telescope to the sun. While observing it one day, he noticed what appeared to him a large blackish spot upon its surface. At first, he believed it to be a cloud; but after looking at it ten times with different telescopes, and taking the opinions of others, he recognised its more permanent character. These observations were made when the sun had risen but a few degrees above the horizon; for, being wholly unacquainted with the use of coloured glasses, he was accustomed to look at the sun through the morning mists; and he recommends first admitting a small portion of the sun's disc into the telescope, that the eye may be prepared gradually for the full blaze. But even with these precautions, we are not surprised when he tells us that these observations so affected his vision, that for two days he could see nothing clearly. He passed the following night in great anxiety lest the spot should not be visible in the morning. However, when the sun rose, it was still there; but his perplexity was greatly increased by finding that it had evidently moved its position. It then occurred to him to receive an image of the sun upon a white surface in a darkened room. By this means he was enabled to make more continuous observations, and without endangering his eyesight. He watched the paths of three spots across the sun, and recognised the return of the first, from which he conjectured that it had made a complete revolution. He remarked that the spots decreased in size and moved slower as they receded from the sun's centre, and *vice versa* as they approached it, from which he concluded that they were on the body of the sun, which was spherical and solid. Fabricius hints at its revolution as the true explanation of these move-

ments, but declines giving any decided opinion. The revolution of the sun about its own axis had been already advocated by Kepler in 1609, and therefore before the motion of the spots had been observed; and previously to him, the same opinion had been held by Jordano Bruno, a monk of the Dominican order, who, in 1600, was convicted of atheism and impiety by the inquisition of Venice, and burnt to death. Fabricius, however, seems to have been the first to arrive at the same conclusion from observations of the time of passage of a spot, from which alone any correct results respecting the period of revolution can be deduced.

We may gather from Fabricius's work that he first saw the spots in the beginning of the year 1611, but there is no evidence that he saw them before Hariot; to whom, therefore, is due the credit of having first discovered them, though any one possessed of a telescope might have done the same. But the great contest for priority of discovery was between Galileo and Christopher Scheiner. The latter, a Jesuit, and professor of mathematics at Ingolstadt, first observed the spots in the month of March 1611, while engaged in comparing the apparent diameters of the sun and moon. Thinking lightly of the circumstance, he did not observe the sun again till the following October, when they were again visible. With praiseworthy caution, he, with several friends proved, by using eight telescopes, that these spots could not arise from any defect of vision, or flaws in the glasses.

The progress that science was beginning to make at this time, met with a bigoted opposition from the many admirers of the Aristotelian philosophy, one article in whose creed was the 'incorruptibility of the heavens.' The existence of spots on the sun seemed so directly opposed to this idea of 'incorruptibility,' that Scheiner's provincial refused to sanction the publication of his discovery, which was therefore made known to the world through letters addressed to Marc Velsler, a magistrate of Augsburg, and subscribed 'Apelles post tabulam.'

Galileo asserts that he had shewn spots on the sun to many persons as early as April 1611, and had spoken of them several months previously. This, however, rests wholly upon his own verbal testimony; and it is certain he made no careful observations of them till after the publication of Scheiner's letters. Then, indeed, he proved that they must be on the sun's surface, an idea which Scheiner was perhaps at first afraid to entertain, who pronounced them to be planets revolving about the sun, at a very small distance from the sun. But later, when he had made an incredible number of observations, he abandoned this notion, and adopting Galileo's rotation and the inclination for the period of the sun's revolution, not differing much of the solar equator to the ecliptic, was the first to introduce from the truth. Scheiner, it which had been suggested the use of coloured glasses, and, perhaps actually by Apian as early as 1545, the Batavian sailors employed still earlier by the Dutch, and he discovered taking altitudes of the sun. Moreover, the name of local the small bright points, known by the name of sunspots, seen at all parts of the sun's disc, gave the discovery its appearance; while to Galileo is due the discovery of the bright flakes and streaks, called facule, which are visible at its eastern and western edges, and the parts surrounding the spots. He satisfied himself that they were on the sun, and had the same movement as the spots, and considered that this discovery would set at rest the question of rotation, as no one would object to placing bright spots on the sun! It was to be expected that many conjectures would be made respecting the nature of these phenomena, and the causes which produced them. The opinion that they were bodies revolving about the sun, was entertained by many.

Tarde could not believe it possible that the sun, the eye of the world, could have the ophthalmia, and named them *Borbonia sidera* (Stars of Bourbon); and Malapert, a poet and mathematician, *Austriaca sidera* (Stars of Austria). Galileo frequently likens them to clouds and smoke, and gives a detailed description of a method of producing similar appearances upon a red-hot plate of iron. According to Riccioli, author of a voluminous work on astronomy, Galileo, Kepler, and others believed them to be black substances, as soot or vapours bursting forth from the furnace of the sun; and portions being ignited as sparks, produced the appearance of the faculæ—thus turning Phœbus into Vulcan, as Riccioli remarks. Others held them to be opaque places in space, intercepting the sun's light—holes from which comets had started, and to which they would again return, and the like. Ridiculous as some of these ideas may appear, we are still unable to account for these phenomena by any theory against which many objections might not be urged, though superior telescopes have enabled us to form correcter notions of their general configuration.

The telescopic appearance of a spot is that of a dark nucleus surrounded by a lighter border, but well defined, and not gradually shading off into the nucleus, and in form usually following the irregular shape of the latter. This border is commonly called the *penumbra*, and was first noticed by Scheiner.

Dr Wilson of Glasgow, while observing the course and changes of the great spot of November 1769, noticed that when it was at the centre of the sun, the penumbra surrounded the black nucleus equally on all sides; but he remembered that when he first observed the spot, near the eastern margin, the portion of the penumbra nearest the centre was contracted, there being a marked difference between its breadth and that of the portion nearest the margin, the latter being the broadest. As the spot approached the western limb, he observed the same appearance, the other side of the penumbra now contracting, being the portion nearest the sun's centre; and when close to the margin it wholly disappeared, with a part of the black nucleus. These changes were easily explained by the rules of perspective, supposing the nucleus to be at a considerable depth below the sun's surface, and the penumbra to form the irregular sides of a deep hole, gradually shelving down to the nucleus. This is generally received as the true explanation of the appearance a spot represents, though the facts have been called in question; and it must be confessed that all spots do not exhibit these changes. It is interesting to remark, that the possibility of the spots being large holes, or 'cavernous gulfs,' as he calls them, had occurred to Galileo, though he abandoned the notion at once, as not borne out by the results of his observations.

Much attention is now being given to the physical appearance of the sun, and the positions and number of groups of the spots are carefully noted. The great variety of the forms of spots, and the constant changes that are taking place, are most interesting to watch, and useful as furnishing facts by which we may test the different theories respecting them. The Rev. Mr Dawes has been able to confirm the idea, that the faculæ are heaped-up of the luminous matter. A facula was observed to run nearly parallel to the sun's edge for some distance, and then to turn abruptly towards the edge, and pass over it; this discovery it was seen to project slightly beyond the sun's outline of the limb, in the manner of a ridge. He has also noticed, that at or near the edge of the black nucleus, there is generally a smaller spot, which should properly be called the *sub-spot*. In January 1852, he observed a remarkable

instance of rotatory motion in a spot, the rotation taking place round the small black nucleus. A similar appearance was observed by Professor Secchi, of Rome, in May of last year. Two of the darker nuclei were distinctly seen close to each other, and about these the surrounding portion of the spot; and the penumbra seemed to rotate, the whole presenting the appearance of a whirlpool. Interesting as these facts are, it is from those who are making systematic observations we must expect results which may throw light upon their origin. M. Schwabe, of Dessau, has, since 1826, kept a careful register of the number of new groups that appear each year. By a comparison of his observations, he has found that the number is subject to a periodic recurrence, increasing and decreasing very regularly, coming to a maximum about every eleventh year. The last maximum was in 1848, when 320 groups were observed during the year.

Professor Wolf, director of the Observatory of Berne, by a comparison of all the observations of the spots made from the epoch of their discovery down to the present time, has confirmed the period discovered by M. Schwabe: he has also remarked that this period corresponds with that of the diurnal variation of the magnetic needle in declination, and is now engaged in investigating the periodic recurrence of the Aurora Borealis, from which he hopes to deduce some remarkable results. He has also ascertained that the years during which the spots have been most numerous, have been also the driest and most fertile; thus confirming the opinion of Sir W. Herschel, who contended that the more the luminous matter surrounding the sun was disturbed, the greater would be the heat. As an additional confirmation, we may mention that a great number of spots have been observed this year.

With these results before us, we may hope others will be induced to pursue the subject; and though the rugged surface of the moon will always be a favourite object, we trust enough has been said to shew that there is at least as interesting, and perhaps more fertile, a field for investigation in the varied changes of the solar spots.

THE STORY OF CAMBUSCAN BOLD.

DR JOHNSON once observed, with as much truth as wit, that the persons who most lament the loss of ancient writers often neglect to read those that remain. There is, in fact, a sort of pathos in dwelling upon what has passed for ever out of our reach.

The thing we have, we prize not at its worth;
But being lost, why, then, we reck the value,
And see the good, possession would not shew us
Whilst it was ours.

The history of Chaucer's work supplies a striking illustration of this failing of human nature. Of the *Canterbury Tales*, all are complete but one. Yet our great epic poet, when reviewing in a melancholy mood the rank and file of those whom, if he could, he would have fetched back from the realms of death, passes over without a word the perfect stories, to excite and kindle the imagination by dwelling upon that which has been left unfinished. He discusses the subject with himself, and is in doubt whether he shall unsphere the spirit of Plato, or one of the matchless triumvirate of ancient tragedy, or Mææus, or Orpheus:

Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan Bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride.

From these verses, it is quite clear that Milton had read the *Canterbury Tales* with the eye of a true lover of fiction. What impression Cambuscan Bold might have made upon us, had we been allowed to see the end of him, it is impossible to say; but finding him cut suddenly short in his career, with his two sons, his daughter, and his horse, our curiosity is violently piqued, and we are provoked to throw ourselves out into the vast sea of medieval poetry in search of some one who may help us to the conclusion of the tale.

Our readers, we daresay, remember the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles, and what annoyance they experienced when, having had the commencement of the story placed more than seven times before them, the writer broke off at last without explaining what it was. To this hour, no one knows what took place in those seven castles; or why the king of Bohemia had just that number, and no more, or what became of him—whether he was married to some beautiful princess, or whether he died as few kings do, in single blessedness. It is quite true that an author of another stamp has undertaken to explain the mystery of the seven castles. But the presumption was as great as his who ventured to continue *Christabel*; and we do not care to get at the knowledge in this surreptitious way. Besides, we feel, while reading the continuation, that we are not conversing with the real magician, but with a sham; and instead of being pleased, we are disgusted accordingly.

No one has had the temerity to attempt the completion of Cambuscan Bold, which is fortunate, as of Chaucer it may truly be said:

Within that circle none durst move but he.

Yet we know that our poet was a great borrower, that he looked abroad over the whole world of literature, and laid hands on whatever suited his purpose. Sometimes he took three or four plots of stories, and melted them down remorselessly into one; sometimes he took the fragment of a plot, and constructed with it a splendid fabric of verse, to endure till doomsday.

It would be curious to discover what was the nature of his proceeding in the present case. Did he find the whole story ready made to his hands; or did he find part of it in one author, and part in another?

A curious manuscript has recently been found in the library of the Arsenal at Paris. It consists of nineteen thousand verses; and the French translator of Chaucer, the *Chevalier de Chatelain*, intends, we believe, to lay it before the public in a modern dress. In obedience, however, to the taste of the day, he will abridge it very much, by leaving out interminable descriptions of tournaments, with other excrescences, and adhering strictly to the story. The author of this voluminous work lived at the court of Mary of Brabant, where, through his superior skill in poetry or flattery, he obtained the appellation of King of the Minstrels. From this terrible production Chaucer is supposed to have derived—in part, at least—the materials of *The Squire's Tale*; but in order to decide how much, we must consider the nature of what has come down to us of the tale itself.

In his magnificent prologue, where all the pilgrim story-tellers are painted to the life, Chaucer gives us a charming description of the narrator of Cambuscan Bold. At the invitation of mine host of the *Tabard*, he comes forward with a modesty inherited from his knightly father, and commences a very wild and exciting romance, which is evidently of eastern origin, the plan, the incidents, the colouring being all Asiatic in their character. The Arab writers of fiction are fond of selecting, for the scene of their tales, the country beyond the great mountain of Kâff, which we denominate Tattary. The very name, to an Oriental, immediately suggests the idea

of magic, strange adventures, and supernatural beings.

The squire plunges at once into the midst of things:

At Samu in the land of Tattary,
There lived a king who warreid Rumia.

This king holds a great feast on the anniversary of his birthday, which, happening to be in the spring, is celebrated also by the music of birds, telling of their own loves and affections. The poet suggests to us a marvellous idea of the vastness of the regal hall. The king sits at the head of the table under a dais; his courtiers and all the nobles of his kingdom—who, we may well suppose, were not a few—are ranged in order about the board, when suddenly, without announcement of any kind, in rides a strange knight, mounted on a horse of brass. Even in Tattary, such an apparition was considered wonderful. But all the astonishment of the guests was not excited by his horse alone: by his side he wore a naked sword, glittering like adamant; on his thumb, a marvellous ring; and in his hand, a mirror, 'all of glass,' which, together with the ring, was designed as a present for Canace, the daughter of the great khan.

When the king and his nobles had sat for some time silent, through amazement, the strange knight from Araby and Inde addressed to Cambuscan an eloquent speech, which, according to the manner of great orators, he accompanied by suitable expressions of countenance. From what he said, we may infer that his master was one of the Abbasside caliphs, whose court was celebrated for learning, and where many men resided, whom their contemporaries believed to be profoundly versed in magical arts. He said he brought the horse, the sword, the ring, and the glass as birthday presents from the sultan of Arabistan and the Indies, to Cambuscan, the great king of Tattary. The steed, he said, would bear the ruler, in the space of twenty-four hours, to the most distant part of the world, dashing through sunshine and showers with the velocity of an eagle. The ring would confer on the person who wore it the power to understand the language of birds, and to converse with them in all their dialects. On this subject, the Arabs and Persians entertain very strange ideas. According to them, birds know much more than we do, so that the way to possess all philosophy is to learn the secret of conversing with them. Their reasons for this belief are highly poetical. Birds, they say, can soar above the clouds, visit the summits of the loftiest mountains, traverse the ocean, explore the cradle of the dawn, and travel with Night, in her blackest attire, over the surface of the earth. They rest on the pinnacles of the highest towers, and thence survey the streets of great cities, watching, while most men sleep, the operations of guilt and crime. They visit the cell of the sage, and by observing his countenance, follow the current of his thoughts, and anticipate the lessons of his wisdom. They sit down with the mother by the cradle of her child, and enjoy the songs with which she hushes it to sleep. They perch in the lover's bower, and are rapt almost into forgetfulness by the music of his vows and sighs. In short, whatever it is, they know.

On this account, a learned Frenchman devoted twenty years of his life to the study of the language of birds, and after all, was supposed to have made but slight proficiency in this wonderful branch of learning.

But the Asiatics have easier methods of accomplishing their designs. Put on a ring, or rub the surface of some precious stone, and you at once comprehend every twitter in the forest.

The magic mirror presented to Canace possessed the most terrible properties—properties which would

make its owner in these days shunned as the plague; for, like poverty, it could reveal whether friends and lovers were false or true.

Messinger had evidently been digging in the mine of Cambuscan Bold, where he found the basis of his play called *The Picture*. What use Chaucer himself would have made of his mirror is more than we can divine, since the story is left half-told. It seems clear, however, that he meant to accomplish strange things with it. But as far as the tale goes, he has made no use of its powers. It is only the virtues of her ring that Canace immediately puts to the proof. Next morning, before the nightingale is silent, the princess, who has had her sleep shortened by excitement, springs eagerly from her couch, rouses half-a-dozen of her women, and issues forth into the park. All nature, she finds, has put on a new aspect; the birds are singing, and every note they utter carries an intelligible meaning to her.

Laying aside the pleasurable, Chaucer, whose great forte is pathos, conducts us to a scene of bitter wailing and lamentation. On a tree which has been stripped of its leaves and bark, and is consequently blanched and withering in the wind, sits a female falcon, which is tearing her breast with her own beak, until the blood falls over the tree in showers, giving between whiles a tongue to her sorrows, in language which she thinks none can understand. To her surprise, Canace approaches and addresses her in her own dialect. We have no space here for the revelations that follow—but the falcon thus sympathised with, pours forth all her grief. It is the old story: the female's faith, and the male's perfidy.

So far of the princess. Cambuscan himself, and his wondrous horse of brass, are rendered equally interesting to the reader. To shew his knowledge of old times, the poet introduces a crowd gathering in the court about the equine marvel. Some of them go back as far as Troy, and speculate on the probability of the magical invention before them containing the nucleus of an army which might emerge from its bowels, and massacre the good people of Sassa in their sleep. These bewildering fancies are put to flight by the coming forth of the khan, the courtiers, and the Arabian cavalier, who explains the mechanism of the enchanted horse, and gives the prince directions for its management in all emergencies. Until touched by the Arab, the steed had stood fixed as a rock of granite to the ground, but then it immediately began to dance and caper, to the astonishment of all who beheld it, and the infinite delight of the Tatar king, who ordered it to be conveyed to the 'master tower' of his palace, and there locked up with a care commensurate to its value.

Here the second part of Chaucer's story breaks off, and, as is his custom, he throws out some hints of what we are to expect in the remainder of the narrative. First, Cambuscan is to win many cities; second, Algarsife is to obtain for his bride the Lady Theodora, of whom, unfortunately, we know nothing more; third, the falcon is to have her lover restored to her; and, fourth, some adventurous knight, whose name, by the carelessness of transcribers, has been confounded with that of Camballo, is to win the hand of the Lady Canace, by overcoming in battle her brethren twain.

From this point forward, we must look beyond Chaucer for the achievements of the horse of brass; and in the manuscript of the library of the Arsenal, the whole cycle of incidents, so far as he is concerned, is complete. But the King of the Minstrels, as he is called, had not the fervid imagination of Chaucer. His story, however, is interesting, his situations are many of them striking, and his characters contrast with each other in a picturesque manner. From this original, our great poet may have borrowed that part

of his relation which belonged to Algarsife; we say, belonged, because we make no doubt that Chaucer had finished the story, and that part of the manuscript has been lost. In the French poet, the owner of the horse is king of Hungary, and a great magician. Like our third Richard, as generally described by historians, he is hunch-backed and malignant; in spite of which, on the mere strength of his enchanted horse, he demands in marriage the most beautiful of three princesses who occupy the place of Canace. The scene at the outset is laid in Spain. Cleomades, who represents Algarsife, resolving to try the powers of the horse, mounts his back, and forthwith shoots up beyond the clouds, where, for a while, he feels rather uncomfortable. Beneath him, he beholds the green plains, the black forests, the meandering rivers, cities, towns, palaces, with the broad blue expanse of the sea. When he becomes tired of his aerial excursion, he touches the magic spring, and immediately his Pegasus plunges down through air, and alights on the summit of a lofty tower. Desiring him to wait there patiently for his return, Cleomades, whose journey has given him a sharp appetite, descends the turret, and presently finds himself in a breakfast-parlour, with all sorts of dainties laid out. He falls to, of course, and thus fortified, proceeds to explore the remainder of the building. In one chamber he finds three ladies asleep; but though he admires their beauty, he has the discretion not to awaken them, and passes on. In the next apartment he finds another sleeping lady, whom he conjectures to be a princess, and stands gazing on her beauty till she wakes. After expressing her natural surprise, the princess—who, in the eastern fashion, is in full attire—consents to walk with him in the palace-garden. They are immediately discovered, and Cleomades is condemned to death. Through the witchery of his eloquence, he prevails upon the king to have his horse brought down from the tower, and to be permitted, in company with the lady, to mount him. The horse is, in this case, of wood, and the courtiers look upon it with ridicule as a toy. While they are indulging in jokes and laughter, Cleomades touches the spring; the horse, in a moment, recovers his vitality, neighs, spurns the ground, and ascends swifter than an arrow into the air, leaving king, queen, courtiers, and maids of honour in overwhelming wonder.

But Cleomades hardly deserves his success—the reason being that if he had, the tale must have closed at once; and therefore, on arriving at his father's palace, he alights in the garden, and with a strange sort of politeness leaves there the steed and the beautiful princess, while he goes to carry the news of his good-fortune to his father and mother. By circumstances over which, as the newspapers say, he had no control, he is detained at the palace longer than he expected.

Meantime, the princess being thus left alone among the trees with a horse of which she did not understand the management, becomes naturally very impatient. At length a messenger from Cleomades appears, a little ill-favoured hunchback, who informs her that Cleomades has been seized with sudden illness, and that he entreats her to come to him immediately in company with his faithful messenger. Suspecting nothing, the lady mounts behind the hunchback, who of course is the magician, the king of Hungary, the sworn enemy of her lover. Instead of going to the palace, therefore, they take to the clouds; and on the way the cavalier makes love to the lady, informing her, after the manner of the *Arabian Nights*, that he has an enchanted palace and gardens in Africa, where she must spend the remainder of her days with him. Being clever as well as beautiful, the princess affects to feel great pleasure

at this idea, but says she is hungry, and would like to descend to *terra firma* for a minute or two, just to get something to eat. The magician, in raptures, consents, and they alight in Italy. Once on the ground, the princess feels her confidence return; and the magician, whose ride in the burning sun has made him hot and thirsty, rushes to a brook to drink. The cold water proves more than a match for his magic; and no sooner has he quenched his thirst, than he drops down, rolls upon the ground, and expires.

The lady now falls into the hands of the Prince of Salerno, who determines upon making her his wife, to prevent which she feigns to be furiously mad, and succeeds so well in her ravings that the ceremony is put off from day to day. As might have been expected, Cleomades does not remain idle all this while; on the contrary, he leaves his father's palace, rides about the world at random, becomes entangled in many adventures; but at length, by that destiny which regulates everything in the world of romance, he comes to Salerno. Here, if we recollect rightly, in a barber's shop, he hears all about the princess, and determines at once upon the course he is to pursue. He disguises himself as a physician, puts on a false beard, and proceeds to the palace to offer his services to the prince. By great good-fortune, he possessed one of the lady's gloves which had dropped from her hand when, in her father's garden, she mounted the horse with the magician. This token he carries with him in his bosom. On explaining his errand, he is admitted at once to see the patient, who acts the maniac with surpassing skill. Unobserved of the bystanders, he shews her the glove, upon which she examines his features and recognises him. The discovery, however, only renders her madness more complete; she laughs at him and his remedies, says she is not mad, and accuses all about her of insanity. Cleomades assures the Prince of Salerno that, having studied this particular disease all his life, he is certain he can perform a cure, and that, too, in a very short time. 'But what does she mean,' he said, 'by raving about a wooden horse?'

The prince answered that it was a toy that had been found with her in a field.

'Is it still preserved?' inquired Cleomades; 'because I think the sight of it would do her good.'

The prince, by way of reply, ordered it to be brought forth.

'Now, dear old doctor,' exclaimed the princess, 'do get on that horse, and take me behind you, and I shall be well immediately.'

Cleomades looked inquiringly at the prince.

'Humour her,' exclaimed the latter; 'it is the best way to effect a cure.'

'Well,' replied the physician, 'I obey your highness.'

So saying, he mounted the wooden horse; and the lady, with wonderful agility, vaulted up behind him, amidst peals of laughter from the courtiers. She grasped the physician, and with a wild laugh exclaimed: 'Dear doctor, let us take a ride.'

Looking at one another, the ladies and gentlemen whispered, that they might not wound the prince's ear: 'She is madder than ever!'

The prince himself began to despair, when suddenly the charger began to prance, and Cleomades, tearing off his beard, made a short speech, touched the magic spring, and away flew the horse to the palace of the prince's father in Spain.

Here ends the manuscript. The reader, we think, will agree with us that Chaucer most likely derived from this source a part of the *Squire's Tale*, but not the whole. All that relates to Canace and the falcon remains still unaccounted for; but in the prodigious mass of manuscripts existing in various libraries in

France, M. de Chatelain fully expects to find the original of the falcon also. It seems to be agreed on all hands that Chaucer would seldom be at the pains to invent; but when he found a plot ready to his hand, he invested it with so marvellous a wealth of poetry, that the original author would scarcely have recognised it.

In the present case, we think the public will receive with much pleasure the charming story of the King of the Minstrels, in M. de Chatelain's abridgment, which is full of grace, vivacity, and interest. What we have said of the sequel to Cambriscan Bold will, we trust, awaken some curiosity. We have ourselves read the manuscript with singular pleasure, and only regretted that it was not three times as long. We feel assured that the readers of Chaucer will all be of the same opinion.

A MERCHANT'S PALACE.

ONE among the many wonders of the times we live in is the marvellous rapidity with which immense edifices are constructed, seeming almost to realise the legends of old fairy-books concerning palaces and temples that sprang up spontaneously from the ground. Contrast in this respect the building of our old castles and cathedrals, laboriously extended over several generations—a turret having been built by this bishop, and the east window having been contributed by that—Sir Hugh having constructed the impregnable keep, and his grandson, the first baron, having completed the warder's tower—with that of our Crystal Palaces and Art Treasures Exhibitions, or the more durable fabric of our new Houses of Parliament. One of those 'forty and six year' which were required for the building of the Temple, would have sufficed modern architects to rear that noble pile. Whatever the mystic secret of the old free-masons might have been, it certainly did not include the rapidity of progress we have learned in these modern times, when free-masonry is only speculative, and when its members apply the square, the rule, and the compasses only to their lives and morals.

Two years ago, in the heart of the great city of Manchester, a body of workmen began to clear away a space for a new commercial building, of which the extent, and architectural beauty, and business facilities were to be unrivalled. More than fifty old houses were knocked down, several of them of a moral character that any great city could well dispense with; many fever dens and favourite musing spots of pestilence were rooted out, and the foundation of a great palace of industry was dug on the site. A forest of scaffolding speedily followed, bristling round the oblong enclosure, long fir-poles, crossed, and upright, and horizontal, lashed together with no end of cords. One could hardly see the building through the intervening array of boarding at the bottom, and boards and beams above, yet it progressed rapidly tier by tier—and the scaffolding with it—till in a few months the outside shell of a magnificent building was completed; and the planks and poles being taken away, the grandeur of its proportions and the beauty of its design could be duly perceived and appreciated. A detached mass of building stood boldly forth, 300 feet in length, 90 feet in width, and 100 feet in height, decorated with every device that architectural taste and skill could suggest, and forming the most extensive and commodious mercantile edifice in this great mercantile city. The outside show was now chiefly over; but for a year after, there were troops of workmen busy at their labour inside, doing both the useful and the ornamental in a large way. And just now, the interior arrangements having been finished, and the artificers having taken their departure, and goods by

thousands of cart-loads having come to stock the princely building, and swarms of clerks, warehousemen, salesmen, and packers having poured into their new hive, it has been opened for business purposes; and buying and selling, money-taking and money-making, have become the order of the day.

If contrast were required to set off the noble proportions and grandeur of this commercial temple, it might easily be found in the immediate neighbourhood. It is true, there are warehouses in front of it, large and commodious buildings; but behind it and on the flanks are still remaining nests of old tenements similar to those that were removed to make room for this gigantic building. Crowded courts and alleys, unprepossessing *culs de sac*, pigmy houses, one-sixth of the height of the towering edifice before them, packers' rooms, where the unemployed of that profession congregate, and while away their vacant hours with drink and cribbage; here you may see an intimation of a 'seller' being to let, warranted dry and airy; there a 'garratt' is open to an engagement—offering the houseless their choice of the two extremes in the scale of social life. Here live the people who make, or carry, or prepare for, the costly goods which lie in heaps in the palace opposite; they live, and sleep, and breathe in rooms where those goods would infallibly spoil. Such an atmosphere of dust and dirt would never do for money's worth—it matters not for human health and life. Yet to tell the truth, there are few living here, stifling themselves and their families in one or two small rooms, who could not afford to take a decent cottage of their own, if they were but thrifty and prudent. But this is not the place to moralise.

Let us first glance at the exterior. The front elevation is designed after the Italian style of architecture, following especially that modification of it which prevailed three centuries ago in the north of Europe. In adopting this style, however, considerable latitude has been observed; other things were necessary as well as beauty, and therefore the plan has been varied so as to suit the requirements of a building of this kind. Many things that an external observer might consider as mere architectural adjuncts, will be found on examination to answer important purposes in the arrangements and business of the establishment. The useful and the ornamental are here joined together in a way that would have astonished the architects of old. Perhaps you may remark the absence of those far-projecting buttresses you generally see in buildings of this style; ground is too valuable in the heart of this city to be wasted on projections and recesses, and so the front of the edifice is unrelieved by the light and shadow they produce; but to compensate in some measure for this, the windows of each story are different in design, and their bold and various outlines so diversify the lengthened front, that the sameness is quite destroyed. Four large pavilions mount upwards at equal distances along the front, which you would be almost sure to regard as intended chiefly for effect, and you would be surprised to learn that they fulfil one of the most important objects in the arrangements. In order to the preservation and proper examination of certain classes of goods, it is necessary that the bright rays of the sun should be kept from them; these towers, therefore, are so constructed that they supply light from the north side to one-half of the building, and thus meet that requirement. As far as possible, the same arrangement has been observed in the light borrowed from the roof, a large portion of which is of glass. York stone has been chiefly used for the front and sides, well rubbed and well laid—the same good stone from which so many noble churches, abbeys, and cathedrals were built in times of yore, and which still stand to attest the soundness of the

material. Of this, we are told, 73,000 cubic feet have been used in the construction; of timber, 40,000 cubic feet; of iron, 700 tons; of plate-glass, 27,000 square feet.

The principal entrance opens before us, with its splendid double-doorway, and a flight of massive stone-steps. We ascend into a vestibule, with ceiling groined and panelled, resting on columns of veined marble. The floor is formed of tessellated tiles, arranged in various patterns; the spandrels on either hand of the arcade are wrought in marble of different kinds. A prominent object on the pavement is a large box-scraper, guarded by two gilt-lions, couchant, and including fixed brushes for the further purification of the boots. By all means, let us make use of them; we are entering a temple that is sacred to the genius of commerce; let us leave the dirt of the common world outside. We are coming in contact, as Dr Johnson might have said, not with mere stuffs, silks, and cottons, but 'with the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' Are there any mammon-worshippers, we wonder, devout enough to slip off their Bluchers in the vestibule, and enter with bared feet upon this holy ground?

We enter through mahogany doors, heavy with plate-glass, and find ourselves in an immense room, there being no partitions to separate the various departments, so that each floor presents the appearance of a large hall. The very first thing that strikes us is the principal staircase, which starts immediately in front of the entrance, and branches off flight by flight till it reaches the top of the building. It is of pitch pine-wood, and noble in proportions, bounded by a hand-rail rich with elaborate tracery. Looking either up or down through the space left in the centre, the effect is very striking; a large circular roof-window throws ample light through that depth of a hundred feet. There is another staircase at the back for the use of manufacturers coming to transact business; it is of solid stone, and fire-proof, so that every floor might be commanded from it in case of accident from fire. The open space on the ground-floor is not so large as on those above, a portion being set apart for the offices, which extend along the inner side of the building. Here is a private room for the firm, comfortably fitted up like a substantial family dining-room; two private offices, and a long suite for twenty clerks. In the centre is the cashier's desk, elevated so as to command the range on either hand; on one side is the department for receiving money; on the other, that for payments. Tubular communication is carried on from hence over the greater part of the house—to the packers' quarter, the goods receiving division, and to every sale-department overhead. Lavatories, with marble fittings, are placed here for the use of the clerks; and in this respect, admirable provision has been made throughout the establishment. These offices present a beautiful appearance: to divide them from the trade-department, a screen of elaborate workmanship extends through their whole length, which is fitted with plate-glass, on which ornamental devices are posted. The pine-wood of which the screen is made being varnished, greatly resembles satin-wood, and the ornaments upon it (of iron) are picked out in green. The wood throughout has been chiefly treated in this way, and the effect is highly successful. Taste and skill have been taxed to the utmost in providing for every possible want, and introducing every possible beauty; the presses, the store-shelves, the counters, the columns, are all highly ornate; even the gas-jets take their rise from brass Corinthian columns, burning on the top of their capitals like fire upon an altar.

First, we wander about among piles of carpet, roll heaped up endwise upon roll, in columns of different

height; some drawn out to display their bright colour and fine texture; all sorts and conditions, from hemp to all-wool Kidderminster, from Dutch to velvet pile. Here is your modest library-carpet, small in device and of a mild hue—we prefer green by reason of our failing eyesight—there your royal fleur-de-lis pattern, sacred to church-communions; here again your richly wreathed and festooned drawing-room article, full of life and colour. One can't help thinking about the times when our sturdy ancestors strewed their rooms with rushes, and were as happy therewith and as brave as though they had trodden on the richest tapestry in Turkey. We pass by doormats, druggets, hearth-rugs, hassocks, and find ourselves amongst the linens, Scotch and Irish, done up in square packages, and piled in heaps. Here are about one hundred and twenty combinations of the same or similar materials, each having a separate name. Who would have thought that the genus linen had so many different species! Here we see the 'Royal Turkish,' and in close proximity the 'Russia Crash' (is it known by that name in the dominions of the Czar?) We are tempted to ask whether 'gray body lining' is not something good to eat? 'Brown ducks' we have seen in the course of our experience, but 'blue ducks'—who ever met with them? 'White unions' too must be connected in some way with wedding favours. Who was this 'Billy Foden' who has given his name to immortality in connection with 'satin stripes' and 'cross-overs'? The language of linen has its derivations and its doubtful points, and may yet puzzle the philologist. Sheetings bleached and unbleached, from Forfar, and Armagh, and elsewhere, lie packed in boards, and heaped up like walls, between which the visitor walks as in an alley. It would be idle to compute the square miles of ground which these myriads of yards would cover, or the beds they would furnish with decent pairs of sheets. Let us reserve our arithmetic and go up stairs.

We come here amongst the good broadcloths, types of old-fashioned English comfort and cordiality, furnished by western towns which have been celebrated for centuries for this class of manufacture, and furnished also by Yorkshire towns which rival them now in this branch. Connected with this department is a division for preparing patterns for the travelling-agents of the firm—a slip of every new cloth introduced is furnished to each traveller, and several persons are constantly employed in arranging and supplying these. From beavers and doeskins we go on merinos, stuffs, and alpacas, many of which are manufactured at Bradford, and others are of French make. They are brought in rough packages from the dyers, and are here folded on boards, and bound round with paper-bands, in readiness for drapers' stock. A machine is placed in one corner for doing this folding, the power for which is borrowed from a most useful little steam-engine in the basement, which performs many other good offices in the establishment. The folding-machine is fitted with an index which marks the measurement of every piece as it is thrown off. Cotton handkerchiefs of Scotch make lie here by thousands, striving, by dint of much colour, to attain a close resemblance to silk; quilts and counterpanes of divers texture and weight, to lie softly on you in the dog-days, or keep you snug at Christmas; table-covers also, to match any possible carpet, or any conceivable paper. Then we get amongst the muslins, about which, in truth, we are afraid of shewing our ignorance. We do not profess to be judges of a muslin dress in the piece at per yard; when it has been duly cut and braided, and whaleboned into shape, expanded into modern proportions, and fitted to the fair form of the wearer, then only can we say whether it is pretty or not, whether it suits Miss Blanche's complexion, or becomes the style of Miss Brunette's beauty. We

cannot be far out in the matter of these white muslins, however, for we incline to the opinion of a writer we have lately read, that 'white muslin is the most elegant and becoming of all dresses, and one that never looks poor.' Ah me, in how many drawing-rooms will these congregated muslins figure; at how many evening-parties will they rustle, and crush, and encounter untoward accidents; how often and with what metamorphoses and varieties of trimming will they be economically reproduced; over how many throbbing hearts will they spread their snowy beauty, and reveal no token of the love or grief or jealous pangs that may be at work beneath! We wonder whether the polite salesman ever thinks of these things, who now comes bustling up, fancying that he reads business in our meditative features. Manchester muslins, he calls them, and we like them none the less because they have been manufactured here; how light and clean to come forth from all our smoke and steam, and dust, and ashes! There are large heaps, however, from north of the Tweed which quite rival them in value and beauty. Here is spotless lawn, fine enough for the sleeves of an archbishop, and handkerchiefs per dozen, from dainty spider-web texture down to the coarsest cotton. Scores of other things there are too, the names and uses of which to us are deeply mysterious.

And now we are on the second floor, plunged into the midst of gloves. Boxes upon boxes, pile upon pile, white kids for weddings, and black kids for funerals; primrose for the secular dandy, and lavender for the clerical; homely worsted, such as warmed our school-boy fingers of yore; cotton; silk—every kind, and every kind in myriads. Here is something tasteful, something to suit the times—glove-boxes richly decorated, perfumed with some penetrating scent warranted permanent, and with portraits or landscapes painted on the lids in a really superior style of art. Their youthful royal highnesses stand first, of course. Windsor Castle, the palace of the Linden trees, a beaming picture of my Lord Palmerston, (slightly soiled), portraits of distinguished ladies—in short, a gallery of art, and all connected with gloves. The haberdashery department is chiefly represented by an infinitude of paper parcels, neatly folded, and labelled, and stocked. The inscriptions upon many of these would fail to give to the uninitiated the most remote idea of their contents. Who would suspect that the soldierly motto, *pro patria*, designated nothing better than a parcel of tapes, warranted full measure? Are the K.C.B.'s and C.B.'s aware that the heraldic legend of their most worshipful order, *tria juncta in uno*, has been appropriated by the threefold India cotton, 300 yards? We wander now amongst laces and sewing-silks, fringes and Berlin wools, whose beauties of colour are veiled, for they are rolled up in wrappers to keep them clean. This is the region of pins and needles, the habitants of which, however, do not look particularly uncomfortable; the pins are recommended as having 'superior solid heads'—an excellent quality in other articles than pins. We avert our looks modestly from the array of corsetage we now encounter, pass between hooks and eyes, through bobbins, braids, and buttons, and arrive at the quarter where umbrellas and parasols prevail, with travelling-bags of carpet and leather, purses, portemonnaies, and cloth-caps. Shirt fronts and collars also pass under review; among which shine conspicuous the 'Jullien Manifold' and the 'Boys' Eglintons, with ribbon-bow.' We say nothing of some hundred and fifty different kinds of stockings and 'sox' thickly imbedded in the presses; nor of the vests, pants, Guernseys, and other articles which must be nameless, all of which are multitudinously represented here. There is a bright department just before us, gaudy with many colours—a garden of artificial flowers. A

rich tree stands in the centre, blooming with a hundred different kinds of blossoms, where the black daisies for the mourning-cap are ranged along with orange-flowers and jessamine, and ripe grapes are drooping from the same branch which breaks out at the next joint into full-blown geraniums. Each is marvelously true to nature, and not more artificial than painting or sculpture, or any other device of man to imitate the appearance of life.

Up another flight of stairs, and we are among the prints, chiefly dresses, from the common blue which workhouse paupers wear, to an article fit for a duchess. We connect print-dresses with summer-time, and fine weather, charming watering-place rambles, and familiar morning-calls. We remember on awkwardly upsetting the cream-jug at breakfast in the lap of our maiden aunt (from whom we had expectations), what comfort we derived from the assurance that it was a washing-print she had on at the time. Also, on that decisive morning when we stammered forth the important question, and sealed our fate, was it not a print-dress (straw-coloured flowers on a white ground) in which the lovely form of the present Mrs Smith was arrayed? So these fancy patterns of blue stars and green rosebuds and garlands gay are pleasant to our sight. Here are silk pocket-handkerchiefs; and among the variety of patterns, our eyes light upon that of an old acquaintance, stolen from our pocket in Whitechapel years ago, and by us re-purchased a few days after from an elderly Hebrew gentleman on Saffron Hill. No unimportant proportion of capital is represented by these shawls, of which many rich and valuable specimens are hung up for show. Bethinking ourselves of certain conjugal hints connected with this subject, we inquire the price of one particular article, with a view of investing therein for the benefit of Mrs Smith; but our benevolent intentions are frustrated by the statement of the salesman, that 'the firm does no retail business.' Nothing peddling, or in a small way, but all in proportion with the colossal building and stock. A part of this division, containing the shawl and mantle department, is carpeted, so that the goods unfolded and held up for inspection may receive no damage from coming in contact with the floor. The counters on which they are shewn slope downwards from the windows, so as to place them in a slanting light, the better to exhibit the texture and colour. For the same purpose, the windows are fitted with Venetian blinds, the bottom part, for about two feet high, being fixed, and the upper part constructed so as to draw up, or turn to meet the light. For the protection of these valuable goods from dust, a sliding cover is fitted into each division of the press, which, when drawn out, falls upon hinges, and shuts up the compartment like a box.

One more ascent up the broad staircase, and we are at the summit of the general business premises, the pavilion story being reserved for miscellaneous stores. Here an opened door reveals a recess in which lies coiled a length of hose, which can be fixed to a tap close by in the wall, and thus an abundant supply of water may be conveyed in a few seconds to any part of the building. Here is the receiving-room, into which goods are hoisted from the wagons below—the ceiling under this room being of sheet-iron, as better adapted to bear the jar and pressure of heavy weights above. Part of this floor is also set apart for a manufacturer's room, and is approached by the separate staircase before alluded to. We pass through the blocking department, where the ribbons are wound round cylindrical blocks of wood; the imported articles are usually brought in ready-wound, but the blocks are removed at the custom-house, before weighing the ribbon; the blocking here is done by hand. Here are rolls upon rolls of saracen (sarac-

nette), the chief good which the Crusades conferred upon Western Europe; satins, silks, velvets, and muslins. Inconsiderable as the item of ribbons might seem among such a multitude of other articles, we are told that the transactions of the firm in this branch alone for the last week have reached tens of thousands of pounds. We observe in this quarter a few miles of that description of work which has occupied the attention of English womankind so much of late, termed embroidery, consisting (we speak reverently) in cutting out small holes with a charming pair of diminutive scissors, and industriously edging round the breach thus made. Further on are straw-hats and bonnets packed one in the other; laces, from Valenciennes and Brussels point, down to ordinary thread; hair-nets and fancy-caps; breakfast-caps to cover untrimmed hair; dress-caps to deck the matron for an evening-party; widows' caps, sombre and sad, and withal according to the latest fashion. Then, lastly, we get among the furs, cheap and costly, mock and natural; the royal and judicial ermine in unassuming contiguity with the common squirrel. With all his advancement, man has not yet quite forsaken his first clothing; silks and velvets have not altogether superseded the 'coats of skins.'

We have now seen all the show above-ground of this vast establishment. Overhead, in the pavilions, there is as yet nothing but the *débris* of broken boxes and spare wrappers. From the windows, however, one commands a view of the city, varying in extent and clearness according to the condition of the smoke. Early in the morning, we are told, the prospect of such a forest of chimneys, wide-spreading roofs, church-towers and steeples, is something imposing. At present, it is all thrown very deeply into shade; we therefore prepare to close our inspection by a visit to the basement. We descend—not in the ordinary way of down-stair travelling, but by means of a hoist, used for raising and sending down goods. Of these, there are two in the establishment, worked by steam. In two or three seconds, we are dropped in the immediate vicinity of the useful engine which works the hoists, turns the winding-machines, pumps water for the hydraulic-presses, moves the cranes, and discharges other important duties. On the basement-floor we find, first, an entering-room, through which all parcels have to pass before they leave the establishment, the contents being duly booked, and the account checked of the department from which they have come. Next, a saleroom for heavy linens and flannels, the bulk of which excludes them from the rooms up stairs; and near this, we observe a vault sunk in the wall, iron-lined and fire-proof, for the protection of the books of the firm. Here is also a division for the manufacture and repair of packing-cases and boxes for general use. Finally, we reach the packing-room, in which the goods sold are done into shape, rolled, put up in boxes or in paper as the case may be, and duly directed before they leave the premises. Two large hydraulic-presses are placed here to assist in this process, and the way in which they reduce a mountain of miscellaneous goods to a very mole-hill of a package is a marvellous thing to witness.

Our obliging conductor now leads the way up stairs, and informs us that we have inspected all the chief wonders of the establishment. Other wonders there are, no doubt, not quite so patent as these. We should like to hear some illustrations of profitable speculation, some examples of market-risks and fluctuations; we should like to have some idea as to the capital employed, the value of the credit given, the amount of profit realised; we are puzzled to think how the firm can make up their income-tax returns, having experienced some difficulty in that matter even in our small way. But these are trade secrets, and it

would be impertinent to inquire into them. One thing our visit has taught us—how beauty may be united to usefulness with mutual advantage, and at no great additional cost. What might have been a huge draper's shop, is here converted into a very temple, and the stock itself becomes a decoration. So we see how trade may be made graceful, and commerce turned into a fine art; how there may be poetry in L. s. d.; and tender strokes touch the soul even while the question is concerning linsey-woolsey or mousseline-de-laine. We feel as if we had done much more than inspect mere warehouse-stock, as we pass forth from the merchant's palace.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LIV.—A VICTORY ENDING IN A RETREAT.

I saw not the speaker, who was completely hidden behind the thick trellis of leaves. It was not necessary I should see him, to know who addressed me; on hearing the voice I instantly recognised it. It was Oqeola who spoke.

I cannot describe my sensations at that moment, nor tell exactly how I acted. My mind was in a chaos of confusion—surprise and fear mingling alike in my emotions.

I remember facing once more towards my followers. I saw that they were not all dead—some were still lying where they had fallen, doubled up, or stretched out in various attitudes of death—motionless—beyond doubt, lifeless. Some still moved, their cries for help showing that life was not extinct.

To my joy, I observed several who had regained their feet, and were running, or rather scrambling, rapidly away from the ground; and still another few who had risen into half-erect attitudes, and were crawling off upon their hands and knees.

These last were still being fired upon from the bushes; and as I stood wavering, I saw one or two of them levelled along the grass by the fatal bullets that rained thickly around me.

Among the wounded who lay at my feet, there was a young fellow whom I knew. He appeared to be shot through both limbs, and could not move his body from the spot. His appeal to me for help was the first thing that aroused me from my indecision: I remembered that this young man had once done me a service.

Almost mechanically, I bent down, grasped him around the waist, and, raising his body, commenced dragging him away.

With my burden I hurried back across the sathmus—as fast as my strength would permit—nor did I stop till beyond the range of the Indian rifles. Here I was met by a party of soldiers, sent to cover our retreat. In their hands I left my disabled comrade, and hastened onward to deliver my melancholy report to the commander-in-chief.

My tale needed no telling. Our movement had been watched, and our discomfiture was already known throughout the whole army.

The general said not a word; and, without giving time for explanation, ordered me to another part of the field.

All blamed his imprudence in having ordered such a desperate charge—especially with so small a force. For myself, I had gained the credit of a bold leader; but how I chanced to be the only one, who came back unscathed out of that deadly fire, was a puzzle which at that moment I did not choose to explain.

For an hour or more the fight continued to be carried on, in the shape of a confused skirmish among swamps and trees, without either party gaining any material advantage. Each held the position

it had taken up—though the Indians retained the freedom of the forest beyond. To have retired from ours, would have been the ruin of the whole army; since there was no other mode of retreat, but by recrossing the stream, and that could only have been effected under the fire of the enemy.

And yet to hold our position appeared equally ruinous. We could effect nothing by being thus brought to a stand-still, for we were actually besieged upon the bank of the river. We had vainly endeavoured to force the Indians from the bush. Having once failed, a second attempt to cut our way through them would be a still more perilous enterprise; and yet to remain stationary had also its prospects of danger. With scanty provisions, the troops had marched out of their cantonments. Their rations were already exhausted—hunger stared the army in the face. Its pangs were already felt, and every hour would render them more severe.

We began to believe that we were besieged; and such was virtually the fact. Around us in a semi-circle swarmed the savages, each behind his protecting tree—thus forming a defensive line equal in strength to a fortified intrenchment. Such could not be forced, without the certainty of great slaughter among our men.

We perceived, too, that the number of our enemies was hourly increasing. A peculiar cry—which some of the old 'Indian fighters' understood—heard at intervals, betokened the arrival of fresh parties of the foe. We felt the apprehension that we were being outnumbered, and night soon be overpowered. A gloomy feeling was fast spreading itself through the ranks.

During the skirmishes that had already occurred, we noticed that many of the Indians were armed with fusils and muskets. A few were observed in uniform, with military accoutrements! One—a conspicuous leader—was still more singularly attired. From his shoulders was suspended a large silken flag, after the fashion of a Spanish cloak of the times of the conquistadores. Its stripes of alternate red and white, with the blue starry field at the corner, were conspicuous. Every eye in the army looked upon it, and recognised in the fantastic draping, thus tauntingly displayed, the loved flag of our country.

These symbols were expressive. They did not puzzle us. Their presence among our enemies was easily explained. The flag, the muskets and fusils, the uniforms and equipments, were trophies from the battle-field where Dade had fallen.

Though the troops regarded these objects with bitter indignation, their anger was impotent: the hour for avenging the disastrous fate of their comrades had not yet arrived.

It is not improbable we might have shared their destiny, had we remained much longer upon the ground; but a plan of retreat offered, of which our general was not loath to take advantage. It was the happy idea of a volunteer officer—an old campaigner of the 'Hickory' wars—versed in the tactics of Indian fighting.

By his advice, a felot was made by the troops who had not yet crossed—the volunteers. It was a pretended attempt to effect the passage of the river at a point higher up-stream. It was good strategy. Had such a passage been possible, it would have brought the enemy between two fires, and thus put an end to the 'surround'; but a crossing was not intended—only a ruse.

It had the effect designed; the Indians were deceived by it, and rushed in a body up the bank to prevent the attempt at crossing. Our beleaguered force took advantage of their temporary absence; and the 'regulars,' making an adroit use of the time—succeeded in getting back to the 'safe side' of

river. The wily foe was too prudent to follow us; and thus ended the 'battle of the Outhlacoochee.'

In the hurried council that was held, there were no two opinions as to what course of action we should pursue. The proposal to march back to Fort King was received with a wonderful unanimity; and, with little loss of time, we took the route, and arrived without further molestation at the fort.

CHAPTER LXIX.

ANOTHER 'SWAMP-FIGHT.'

After this action, a complete change was observed in the spirit of the army. Boasting was heard no more; and the eagerness of the troops to be led against the enemy was no longer difficult to restrain. No one expressed desire for a second expedition across the Outhlacoochee, and the 'Cove' was to remain unexplored until the arrival of reinforcements. The volunteers were disheartened, wearied of the campaign, and not a little cowed by the resistance they had so unexpectedly encountered—bold and bloody as it was unlooked for. The enemy, hitherto despised, if it had aroused by its conduct a strong feeling of exasperation and vengeance, had also purchased the privilege of respect.

The battle of the Outhlacoochee cost the United States army nearly a hundred men. The Seminole loss was believed to be much greater; though no one could give a better authority for this belief than that of a 'guess.' No one had seen the enemy slain; but this was accounted for by the assertion, that during the fight they had carried their dead and wounded from the field!

How often has this absurd allegation appeared in the dispatches of generals both victorious and defeated! It is the usual explanation of a battlefield found too sparsely strewn by the bodies of the foe. The very possibility of such an operation argues either an easy conflict, or a strong attachment between comrade and comrade—too strong, indeed, for human nature. With some fighting experience, I can affirm that I never saw a dead body, either of comrade or foe, moved from the ground where he had fallen, so long as there was a shot ringing upon the ear.

In the battle of the Outhlacoochee, no doubt some of our enemies had 'bit the dust;' but their loss was much less than that of our own troops. For myself—and I had ample opportunity for observation—I could not swear to a single 'dead Indian;' nor have I met with a comrade who could.

Notwithstanding this, historians have chronicled the affair as a grand 'victory,' and the dispatch of the commander-in-chief is still extant—a curious specimen of warlike literature. In this document may be found the name of almost every officer engaged, each depicted as a peerless hero! A rare monument of vanity and boasting.

To speak the honest truth, we had been well 'whipped' by the red skins; and the chagrin of the army was only equalled by its exasperation.

Clinch, although esteemed a kind general—the 'soldier's friend,' as historians term him—was no longer regarded as a great warrior. His glory had departed. If Ogeola owed him any spite, he had reason to be satisfied with what he had accomplished, without molesting the 'old veteran' further. Though still living, he was dead to fame. * * *

A fresh commander-in-chief now made his appearance, and hopes of victory were again revived. The new general was Gaines, another of the 'veterans' produced by seniority of rank. He had not been ordered by the government upon this especial duty; but Florida being part of his military district, had volunteered to take the guidance of the war.

Like his predecessor, Gaines expected to reap a rich harvest of laurels, and, like the former, was he doomed to disappointment. Again, it was the cypress-wreath.

Without delay, our army—reinforced by fresh troops from Louisiana and elsewhere—was put in motion, and once more marched upon the 'Cove.'

We reached the banks of the Amazura, but never crossed that fatal stream—equally fatal to our glory as our lives. This time, *the Indians crossed.*

Almost upon the ground of the former action—with the difference that it was now upon the nether bank of the stream—we were attacked by the red warriors; and, after some hours of sharp skirmishing, compelled to shelter our proud battalions within the protecting pickets of a stockade! Within this enclosure we were besieged for a period of nine days, scarcely daring to trust ourselves outside the wooden walls. Starvation no longer stared us in the face—it had actually come upon us; and but for the horses we had hitherto bestrode—with whose flesh we were fain to satisfy the cravings of our appetites—one-half the army of 'Camp Izard' would have perished of hunger.

We were saved from destruction by the timely arrival of a large force that had been despatched to our rescue under Clinch, still commanding his brigade. Having marched direct from Fort King, our former general had the good-fortune to approach the enemy from their rear, and, by surprising our besiegers, disentangle us from our perilous situation.

The day of our delivery was memorable by a singular incident—an armistice of a peculiar character.

Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, a voice was heard hailing us from a distance, in a loud 'Ho there!—Halloa!'

It came from the direction of the enemy—since we were surrounded, it could not otherwise—but the peculiar phraseology led to the hope that Clinch's brigade had arrived.

The hail was repeated, and answered; but the hope of a rescue vanished when the stentorian voice was recognised as that of Abram, the black chief, and quondam interpreter of the council.

'What do you want?' was the interrogatory ordered by the commander-in-chief.

'A talk,' came the curt reply.

'For what purpose?'

'We want to stop fighting.'

The proposal was agreeable as unexpected. What could it mean? Were the Indians starving, like ourselves, and tired of hostilities? It was probable enough: for what other reason should they desire to end the war so abruptly? They had not yet been defeated, but, on the contrary, victorious in every action that had been fought.

But one other motive could be thought of. We were every hour expecting the arrival of Clinch's brigade. Runners had reached the camp to say that he was near, and, reinforced by it, we should be not only strong enough to raise the siege, but to attack the Indians with almost a certainty of defeating them. Perhaps they knew, as well as we, that Clinch was advancing, and were desirous of making terms before his arrival.

The proposal for a 'talk' was thus accounted for by the commander-in-chief, who was now in hopes of being able to strike a decisive blow. His only apprehension was, that the enemy should retreat, before Clinch could get forward upon the field. An armistice would serve to delay the Indians upon the ground; and, without hesitation, the distant speaker was informed that the talk would be welcome.

A meeting of *parlementaires* from each side was arranged; the hour, as soon as it should be light. There were to be three of the Indians, and three from the camp.

A small savanna extended from the stockade. At several hundred yards' distance it was bounded by the woods. As soon as the day broke, we saw three men emerge from the timber, and advance into the open ground. They were Indian chiefs in full costume; they were the commissioners. All three were recognised from the camp—Abram, Coa Hajo, and Oqeola.

Outside musket-range, they halted, placing themselves side by side in erect attitudes, and facing the enclosure.

Three officers, two of whom could speak the native tongue, were sent forth to meet them. I was one of the deputation.

In a few seconds we stood face to face with the hostile chiefs.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE TALK.

Before a word was uttered, all six of us shook hands—so far as appearances went, in the most friendly manner. Oqeola grasped mine warmly; as he did so, saying, with a peculiar smile:

'Ah, Randolph! friends sometimes meet in war as well as in peace.'

I knew to what he referred, but could only answer him with a significant look of gratitude.

An orderly, sent to us with a message from the general, was seen approaching from the camp. At the same instant, an Indian appeared coming out of the timber, and, keeping pace with the orderly, simultaneously with the latter arrived upon the ground. The deputation was determined we should not outnumber it.

As soon as the orderly had whispered his message, the 'talk' began.

Abram was the spokesman on the part of the Indians, and delivered himself in his broken English. The others merely signified their assent by a simple nod, or the affirmative 'Ho'; while their negative was expressed by the exclamation 'Cooree.'

'Do you white folk want make peace?' abruptly demanded the negro.

'Upon what terms?' asked the head of our party.

'Da tarme we gib you are dese: you lay down arm, an' stop de war; your sogas go back, an' stay in dar forts: we *Indyen* cross ober da Ouitlacochee; an' from dis time forth, for ebbor affer, we make de grand ribber da line o' boundary atween de two. We promise lib in peace an' good tarme wi' all white neighbor. Dat's all got say.'

'Brothers!' said our speaker in reply, 'I fear these conditions will not be accepted by the white general, nor our great father, the President. I am commissioned to say, that the commander-in-chief can treat with you on no other conditions than those of your absolute submission, and under promise that you will now agree to the removal.'

'*Coorees! coorees!* never!' haughtily exclaimed Coa Hajo and Oqeola in one breath, and with a determined emphasis, that proved they had no intention of offering to surrender.

'An' what for we submit?' asked the black, with some show of astonishment. 'We not conquered! We conquer you ebbory fight—we whip you people, one, two, tree time—we whip you; dam! we kill you well too. What for we submit? We come here gib condition—not ask um.'

'It matters little what has hitherto transpired,' observed the officer in reply; 'we are by far stronger than you—we must conquer you in the end.'

Again the two chiefs simultaneously cried 'Cooree!'

'May be, white men, you make big mistake 'bout our strength. We not so weak you tink for—dam! no. We shew you our strength.'

As the negro said this, he turned inquiringly

towards his comrades, as if to seek their assent to some proposition.

Both seemed to grant it with a ready nod; and Oqeola, who now assumed the leadership of the affair, faced towards the forest, at the same time giving utterance to a loud and peculiar intonation.

The echoes of his voice had not ceased to vibrate upon the air, when the evergreen grove was observed to be in motion along its whole edge; and the next instant, a line of dusky warriors shewed itself in the open ground. They stepped forth a pace or two, then halted in perfect order of battle—so that their numbers could easily be told off from where we stood.

'Count the red warriors!' cried Oqeola, in a triumphant tone—'count them, and be no longer ignorant of the strength of your enemy.'

As the Indian uttered these words, a satirical smile played upon his lips; and he stood for some seconds confronting us in silence.

'Now,' continued he, once more pointing to his followers, 'do yonder braves—there are fifteen hundred of them—do they look starving and submissive? No! they are ready to continue the war till the blood of the last man sinks into the soil of his native land. If they must perish, it will be here—here in Florida—in the land of their birth, upon the graves of their fathers.'

'We have taken up the rifle because you wronged us, and would drive us out. For the wrongs we have had revenge. We have killed many of your people, and we are satisfied with the vengeance we have taken. We want to kill no more. But about the removal, we have not changed our minds. We shall never change them.'

'We have made you a fair proposition: accept it, and in this hour the war may cease; reject it, and more blood shall be spilled—ay, by the spirit of Wykomé! rivers of blood shall flow. The red poles of our lodges shall be painted again and again with the blood of our pale-faced foes. Peace or war then—you are welcome to your choice.'

As Oqeola ceased speaking, he waved his hand towards his dusky warriors by the wood, who at the sign disappeared among the trees silently, rapidly, almost mysteriously.

A meet reply was being delivered to the passionate harangue of the young chief, when the speaker was interrupted by the report of musketry, heard in the direction of the Indians, but further off. The shots followed each other in rapid succession, and were accompanied by shouts, that, though feebly borne from the far distance, could be distinguished as the charging cheers of men advancing into a battle.

'Ha! foul play!' cried the chiefs in a breath; 'pale-faced liars! you shall rue this treason;' and, without waiting to exchange another sentence, all three sprang off from the spot, and ran at full speed towards the covert of the woods.

We turned back within the lines of the camp, where the shots had also been heard, and interpreted as the advance of Clinch's brigade attacking the Indian outposts in the rear. We found the troops already mustered in battle-array, and preparing to issue forth from the stockade. In a few minutes, the order was given, and the army marched forth, extending itself rapidly both right and left along the bank of the river.

As soon as the formation was complete, the line advanced. The troops were burning for revenge. Cooped up as they had been for days, half-famished, and more than half-disgraced, they had now an opportunity to retrieve their honour; and were fully bent upon the punishment of the savage foe. With an army in their rear, rapidly closing upon them by an extended line—for this had been pre-arranged between the commanders—another similarly advancing upon

their front, how could the Indians escape? They must fight—they would be conquered at last.

This was the expectation of all—officers and soldiers. The commander-in-chief was himself in high spirits. His strategic plan had succeeded. The enemy was surrounded—entrapped; a great victory was before him—a 'harvest of laurels.'

We marched forward. We heard shots, but now only solitary or straggling. We could not hear the well-known war-cry of the Indians.

We continued to advance. The hommocks were carried by a charge, but in their shady coverts we found no enemy.

Surely they must still be before us—between our lines and those of the approaching reinforcement? Is it possible they can have retreated—escaped?

No! Yonder they are—on the other side of the meadow—just coming out from the trees. They are advancing to give us battle! Now for the charge—now—

Ha! those blue uniforms and white belts—those forage-caps and sabres—these are not Indians! It is not the enemy! They are our friends—the soldiers of Clinch's brigade!

Fortunate it was that at that moment there was a mutual recognition, else might we have annihilated one another.

CHAPTER LXXI.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ARMY.

The two divisions of the army now came together, and after a rapid council had been held between the commanders, continued scouring the field in search of our enemy. Hours were spent in the search; but not an Indian foe could be found!

Oceola had performed a piece of strategy unheard of in the annals of war. He had carried an army of 1500 men from between two others of nearly equal numbers, who had completely enfolded him, without leaving a man upon the ground—ay, without leaving a trace of his retreat. That host of Indian warriors, so lately observed in full battle-array, had all at once broken up into a thousand fragments, and, as if by magic, had melted out of sight.

The enemy was gone, we knew not whither; and the disappointed generals once more marched their forces back to Fort King.

The 'dispersion,' as it was termed, of the Indian army, was of course chronicled as another 'victory.' It was a victory, however, that killed poor old Gaines—at least his military fame—and he was only too glad to retire from the command he had been so eager to obtain.

A third general now took the field as commander-in-chief—an officer of more notoriety than either of his predecessors—Scott. A lucky wound received in the old British wars, seniority of rank, a good deal of political buffoonery, but above all a free translation of the French 'system of tactics,' with the assumption of being their author, had kept General Scott conspicuously before the American public for a period of twenty years.* He who could contrive such a system of military manœuvring, could not be otherwise than a great soldier; so reasoned his countrymen.

* Scott's whole career, political as well as military, has been a series of *faux pas*. His campaign in Mexico will not bear criticism. The numerous blunders he there committed would have led to most fatal results, had they not been neutralised by the judgment of his inferior officers, and the indomitable valour of the soldiery. The battle of Molino del Rey—the armistice with Santa Anna, were military errors unworthy of a cadet fresh from college. I make bold to affirm that every action was a mob-fight—the result depending upon mere chance; or rather on the desperate bravery of the troops upon one side, and the infamous cowardice of those on the other.

Of course wonderful things were expected from the new commander-in-chief, and great deeds were promised. He would deal with the savages in a different way from that adopted by his predecessors; he would soon put an end to the contemptible war.

There was much rejoicing at the appointment; and preparations were made for a campaign on a far more extensive scale than had fallen to the lot of either of the chiefs who preceded him. The army was doubled—almost trebled—the commissariat amply provided for, before the great general would consent to set foot upon the field.

He arrived at length, and the army was put in motion.

I am not going to detail the incidents of this campaign; there were none of sufficient importance to be chronicled, much less of sufficient interest to be narrated. It consisted simply of a series of harassing marches, conducted with all the pomp and regularity of a parade review. The army was formed into three divisions, somewhat bombastically styled 'right wing,' 'left wing,' and 'centre.' Thus formed, they were to approach the 'Cove of the Ouithlacoochee'—again that fatal Cove—from three different directions, Fort King, Fort Brooke, and the St Johns. On arriving on the edge of the great swamp, each was to fire minute-guns as signals for the others, and then all three were to advance in converging lines towards the heart of the Seminole fastness.

The absurd manœuvre was carried out, and ended, as might have been expected, in complete failure. During the march, no man saw the face of a red Indian. A few of their camps were discovered, but nothing more. The cunning warriors had heard the signal guns, and well understood their significance. With such a hint of the position of their enemy, they had but little difficulty in making their retreat between the 'wings.'

Perhaps the most singular, if not the most important, incident occurring in Scott's campaign was one which came very near costing me my life. If not worthy of being given in detail, it merits mention as a curious case of 'abandonment.'

While marching for the 'Cove' with his centre wing, the idea occurred to our great commander to leave behind him, upon the banks of the Amazura, what he termed a 'post of observation.' This consisted of a detachment of forty men—mostly our Suwanee volunteers, with their proportion of officers, myself among the number.

We were ordered to fortify ourselves on the spot, and stay there until we should be relieved from our duty, which was somewhat indefinitely understood even by him who was placed in command of us. After giving these orders, the general, at the head of his 'central wing,' marched off, leaving us to our fate.

Our little band was sensibly alive to the perilous position in which we were thus placed; and we at once set about making the best of it. We felled trees—built a block-house, dug a well, and surrounded both with a strong stockade.

Fortunately we were not discovered by the enemy for nearly a week after the departure of the army, else we should most certainly have been destroyed to a man. The Indians, in all probability, had followed the 'centre wing,' and thus for the time were carried out of our neighbourhood.

On the sixth day, however, they made their appearance, and summoned us to surrender.

We refused, and fought them—again and again, at intervals, during a period of fifty days!

Several of our men were killed or wounded; and among the former, the gallant chief of our devoted band, Holloman, who fell from a shot fired through the interstices of the stockade.

Provisions had been left with us to serve us for two

weeks; they were eked out to last for seven! For thirty days we subsisted upon raw corn and water, with a few handfuls of acorns, which we contrived to gather from the trees growing within the enclosure.

In this way we held out for a period of fifty days, and still no commander-in-chief—no army came to relieve us. During all that gloomy siege, we never heard word of either; no white face ever shewed itself to our anxious eyes, that gazed constantly outward. We believed ourselves abandoned—forgotten.

And such in reality was the fact—General Scott, in his eagerness to get away from Florida, had quite forgotten to relieve the 'post of observation;' and others, believing that we had long since perished, made no effort to send a rescue.

Death from hunger stared us in the face, until at length the brave old hunter, Hickman, found his way through the lines of our besiegers, and communicated our situation to our 'friends at home.'

His tale produced a strong excitement, and a force was despatched to our relief, that succeeded in dispersing our enemies, and setting us free from our block-house prison.

Thus terminated 'Scott's campaign,' and with it his command in Florida. The whole affair was a burlesque, and Scott was only saved from ridicule, and the disgrace of a speedy recall, by a lucky accident that fell in his favour. Orders had already reached him to take control of another 'Indian war'—the 'Creek'—that was just breaking out in the states of the south-west; and this afforded the discomfited general a well-timed excuse for retiring from the 'Flowery Land.'

Florida was destined to prove to American generals a land of melancholy remembrances. No less than seven of them were successively beaten at the game of Indian warfare by the Seminoles and their wily chieftains. It is not my purpose to detail the history of their failures and mishaps. From the disappearance of General Scott, I was myself no longer with the main army. My destiny conducted me through the more romantic by-ways of the campaign—the paths of *la petite guerre*—and of these only am I enabled to write. Adieu, then, to the grand historic.

DIPSOMANIACS.

A SHORT time ago, we drew attention to a pamphlet of Dr Peddie on the subject of dipsomania—a craving for intoxicating liquors that partakes of the nature of madness, and which now seems to call for some special legislation. Since making these remarks, a lecture on the same subject has been delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh, by Professor Christison, who adopts views of dipsomania similar to those of Dr Peddie. Referring to the peculiar style of treatment required for dipsomaniacs, the learned professor made some observations which are worthy of extended publicity.

He mentioned, that 'in Scotland, medical men had already established a system of treatment which was applied to all those who would consent to submit to it; and it was found to answer the purpose very well; so that all that was required of the legislature was to render compulsory, at the instance of the nearest relative of the patient, what was at present merely voluntary. He then described an institution at Strathaird, in the Isle of Skye, for patients of this kind, where inmates had unrestrained liberty, ample opportunities for amusing and interesting pursuits, no possibility of getting any drink but whisky, and no chance of getting that except by walking twelve miles to one place, where they had to deceive the dealer, who was bound not to sell to any of the anchorites of Strathaird, or by walking fourteen miles to another place, where the dealer was free from any restriction. He had visited that establishment himself, and found the patients living in a state of sobriety,

apparent happiness, and real freedom. He was very much mistaken if any further legislation was necessary than to legalise such seclusion.'

The lecturer concluded by suggesting for this purpose, a modification of the system pursued in regard to lunatic asylums. Retreats for dipsomaniacs, licensed by the sheriff as being properly situated, and under proper management, might receive patients, whose need for the retirement was certified by the same authority, dismissal to be only obtained through the sheriff, or a certificate of cure from the proprietor of the establishment, and the relatives. 'When a patient was sent to such a sanatorium, it should not be necessary that he should be deprived of all control over his affairs, but that he should be allowed to manage them under the guidance of the sheriff; if the patient were unfit for that, then the nearest relative should have power to sue for a curator. As the friends of the inmates were to pay for their maintenance, it would be quite unnecessary to provide for the erection of asylums of the kind required, as the supply would be sure to follow the demand. The case of pauper lunatics of this order could not, of course, be thought of at that moment, but must be delayed till the experiment had been tried on the other classes.'

Professor Christison's lecture was well received by a numerous and respectable auditory, and we cannot but consider that the difficult and delicate subject on which he treated has already made a distinct advance towards legislative action.

EVENING IN EARLY SPRING.

THE west is crimsoned, and the evening falls,
The lamp of night is lighting up aloft;
Unto his mate afar the partridge calls,
The blue wren's tinkle ceases in the croft.

Upon the waving poplar's topmost spray,
His mellow note the thrush is piping forth,
Singing his farewell to the dying day,
While pale stars peep out in the dusky north.

Over the land the sunny south wind blows,
The spring's first wrestle with the winter's cold;
And nature flushed, with genial triumph glows,
On sparkling fount, and cloudbet tipped with gold.

The morn was balmy, and the noontide bright,
And happy children strayed to gather flowers;
Seeking the slopes with celandines adight,
Whereon in March winds, daisies make their bowers.

The father led his children forth to-day,
To scented violets, clustered white and blue,
To watch the young lambs bounding in their play,
Perchance to hear the merry sweet cuckoo.

The twilight closes o'er the balmy eve,
The bat is flitting in the quiet air,
The wren, his last song on the fence doth weave,
And the shy rabbit leaves his sandy lair.

Blithe lovers wander happy, arm in arm,
Moved by the magic of the witching time,
Thus tasting, ere life's toils begin, a balm,
To memory precious in their after prime.

The field, and grove, and music of the bird,
The humming insect, and the budding bough,
Wilding and tame, the sounds in still night heard,
And the shrill whistle of the wild wind's sigh;

All sing God's praise; thus musing home we go,
Grateful for nature, pleased that as we plod,
While native music falls from these, we know,
We too may raise a grateful song to God.

Granham.

J. HAWKINS.

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THE GENERAL'S NEPHEW.

SEVERAL years before the introduction of Minié-rifles and tunics, when Brown Bess with a well-hammered flint was considered the most efficient weapon of the British soldier, the regiment to which I then belonged was stationed, during its Indian tour of service, in the Sultryport division, commanded by Major-general Sir Hannibal Peacocke, K.C.B., one of the best whist-players and worst general officers in the service. He had entered the army young, and having both luck and interest, rose rapidly to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, when he was put on half-pay, and, having served almost exclusively on the staff, as ignorant of regimental duty as a man well could be. During the years which followed, he endeavoured, by assiduous attention to the duties of a man about town, to fit himself for future command; and on promotion to the rank of general, attended every levee of the commander-in-chief, asking for employment, and became a regular hanger-on at the Horse-guards, who, either to get rid of his importunities, or oblige his brother-in-law, Lord Cawood, gave him a division in India. Favoured child of fortune as he was, the general was always grumbling at his ill-luck, particularly at the card-table, though he could not bear to hear any one else do so, and would always demolish the complainant's grievance by quoting some greater misfortune which had happened to himself, making the lesser mischance appear contemptible and insignificant. If a defeated adversary made any remark on the number of rubbers he had lost, the general would exclaim: 'You don't call that a run of ill-luck, do you, sir? Why, I played whist regularly every night for eight years, and never held a trump the whole time.'

'But, Sir Hannibal,' rashly suggests an incredulous sub, 'you must have dealt every fourth round, and taken the turn-up card into your hand.'

'By no means, sir; with my usual luck, I positively made a misdeal every time.'

The youngster is silenced; and the triumphant general makes a mental *mem.* that so wide-a-woke a young gentleman is just suited for the agreeable task of the next treasure-escort, which amiable intention he generally carried out with praiseworthy fidelity.

The general had never been married; but he brought out a nephew with him, who he requested might be gazetted to the first vacancy occurring in any of Her Majesty's regiments in the Sultryport division. In those days, commissions had not been thrown open to public competition; preparatory examination was undreamed of, and popular opinion

unanimously pointed out the greatest fool of the family as the fittest for the army.

No rational doubt could be entertained that Lord Cawood's second son was perfectly eligible on this score to wear a red coat: he accompanied his uncle to India; and soon after their arrival, the *Gazette* informed us that the Honourable Peregrine Falcon Rooke had purchased an ensigncy in our regiment.

There was at the time, I fear, a sadly democratic feeling in the corps, as some of our slips of aristocracy had not been very favourable specimens; and others who had left the regiment soon after going on foreign service, had made rather hard bargains with their successors. We were not, therefore, inclined to think better of the young hand because he happened to be an earl's son; besides which, we were shortly afterwards ordered in from our out-station, where game was abundant and duty light, to the formality and field-days of division head-quarters; and we all felt sure that our recall from our happy hunting-grounds was chiefly in order that the junior ensign should be under the avuncular eye, and have the benefit of his countenance and support on first joining.

We arrived in Sultryport at the beginning of the hot season, and being a new station, houses were so scarce there that five of us were fain to content ourselves with the joint-occupancy of a splendid mansion, consisting of one large room, with an enclosed verandah all round. That is to say, we remained in the house by day, and slept at night in tents pitched close outside, until, as the rainy season drew near, we were driven from their comparative coolness by sand-storms occurring nearly every night, which forced us to take refuge in the house.

It was an unusually hot season even for that climate; the rains delayed their coming; the hot wind blew from sunrise till midnight; there was a lurid haze in the scorching atmosphere, through which objects loomed large as if seen through a fog. Our only chance of getting any sleep was to keep the punkah going all night, for which purpose we had a relay of coolies; much-enduring individuals, without any peculiar characteristics mental or physical, except an inordinate capacity for sleep and extreme scantiness of drapery, who, in consideration of the monthly guerdon of eight shillings, without board or lodging, undertook that one of their number should always be ready to fan our fevered brows. Like most natives, they possessed the power of instantly composing themselves to sleep at any hour of the four and twenty; but at night, in particular, the exercise of their monotonous vocation seemed to possess an effect as irresistibly somniferous as the branch dripping

with Lethan dew did on Palinurus. Somnus relaxed their wearied limbs; the long punkah, under which all slept, stopped, and we awoke, bathed in perspiration, to abuse the coolie, rub our mosquito bites, and doze off again. The paymaster, a choleric little Welshman, being the most wakeful of the party, took upon himself the task of keeping the coolies on the alert, for which purpose his cot was placed in the centre, with an abundant supply of ammunition heaped alongside thereof, in the shape of the united boots and shoes of the entire party, besides a collection of sundry miscellaneous articles, such as glove-trees, cricket-balls, old books, &c., which might, on occasion, be converted into projectiles. Even with this formidable armament, and the fear of punishment before their eyes, the coolies did snooze occasionally; but retribution swift and terrible followed, from the avenging slipper of the paymaster.

I do not think we were as grateful to him as we ought to have been for his exertions, as we found that the noise produced by the shower of missiles, the crash of broken glass, or the piteous accents of the coolie deprecating master's wrath, protesting he was murdered, or imploring assistance from the governor-general and East India Company, was quite as fatal to 'tired nature's sweet restorer' as the want of cool air.

We accordingly had a tall three-legged stool constructed, on which the coolie on duty was always perched. It gave him great facility in pulling the punkah, and proved an excellent seat as long as he remained awake, and sat upright; but the moment he began to nod, the rickety tripod was overbalanced, and the whole concern upset bodily. This we found a most effectual means of murdering sleep, as, after performing half-a-dozen of these involuntary somersaults, the coolies learned to keep themselves awake, and the punkah going.

Whilst we, in a semi-deliquest state, were endeavouring, by expedients such as these, to render the heat somewhat less unbearable, we were constantly tantalised by seeing the junior ensign in undivided possession of an excellent house adjoining ours, which he did not offer to share with any one.

Young Rooke seemed an ungainly, rather silly lad, without much harm in his composition, or anything aristocratic in his manners or appearance, but with an overweening sense of his own importance. At drill, he was the most awkward fellow I ever saw; it required a couple of sergeants to put him in the proper position of a soldier, and the moment their hands were withdrawn, he relapsed into his usual slouching attitude. He had a habit, too, of knocking one foot against another like a horse cutting, by which he was always losing step; and when he shouldered his musket, it seemed an even chance whether he sent the bayonet into his own cheek or his neighbour's. All rebukes and corrections he received with so well-satisfied an air, that his amendment seemed hopeless; and Wright, our adjutant, was in a state of despair at having such an unpromising recruit to deal with, declaring his life would be shortened by being daily compelled to witness so melancholy a spectacle. Now, next to a pretty girl and a well-drilled battalion, there was nothing Wright liked so much as a joke, particularly a practical one; indeed, he loved it not wisely, but too well, and had often got into trouble by indulging his facetious propensities.

He longed to play off some trick upon Rooke, which might soothe his own feelings, and diminish the other's self-importance, but found it difficult to get an opportunity for doing so, as the youngster seldom came to mess or mixed with his brother-officers, being unwisely kept away by his uncle, the general, which made him even more unpopular than

he would have been at any rate. Accordingly, he gravely informed Rooke, that, as he had got on so far in his drill, it was time for him to proceed to more advanced exercises, and commence learning the drum, for which purpose the drum-major would provide him with an instrument, and attend at his quarters for an hour daily, after morning parade—a private hint being given to the instructor, that the lesson should always be given in the verandah, which was in full view of the mess-room. There we used to assemble every morning for coffee and billiards, but both were neglected for the pleasure of seeing Rooke pacing up and down with a drum suspended from his shoulders, practising the initiatory exercise called 'mammy daddy,' which is, in fact, the *do, re, mi* of all who learn this sonorous instrument.

To explain for the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be briefly described as follows: The tyro's hands being arranged in the proper position, he gives two taps with the right one, then withdrawing it, holds the drum-stick perpendicularly by his side, repeats the same process with the left, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is rather monotonous work, and, at the best of times, makes the performer look rather foolish; but when Rooke's awkward movements and shambling gait were contrasted with the splendid proportions of the drum-major, who owed his situation to the fact of his being the handsomest man in the regiment, the effect was inexpressibly ludicrous, and formed a never-failing source of amusement to those who witnessed it. The pupil, however, had not advanced beyond these elementary studies, when his further progress was stopped by his uncle coming in one day to pay our colonel a visit.

Sir Hannibal Peacocke, like most ignorant men, was very fussy about trifles, and constantly getting hold of some new hobby, which he rode until he tired of it, or some fresh one came in his way. Having that morning mounted a new one—a novel method of putting on the knapsack without straps, which proved a complete failure—he came in to display his equitation for the colonel's benefit. Having taken as much exercise in that way as he felt disposed for, the conversation turned on his nephew, who, the general remarked, he was glad to hear was getting on so well with his drill.

'I am sorry I cannot agree with you, general,' said the outspoken Colonel Hardy, 'for really I never met a more stupid lad in my life; he seems to make no progress, notwithstanding all the trouble taken with him.'

'I am afraid you do not take the trouble of making yourself acquainted with what passes in your regiment,' replied Sir Hannibal, with some asperity; 'for I can tell you the adjutant is so well satisfied with his proficiency, that he has allowed him to commence learning the drum.'

'The drum, general! you cannot be serious; there must be some mistake. Surely no one ever heard of such a thing as training an officer to a bandman's duties.'

'My nephew never told me a falsehood, even in jest, Colonel Hardy; and you will find what I have stated to be perfectly correct, if you ask your adjutant, who I saw writing in the next room when I came in.'

Wright was summoned, and the moment he entered the room, perceived that the conjunction of two such luminaries boded him no good; and augured from the ominous silence which greeted his entrance, that, as he expressed it, the devoted storm was about to descend on his thundering head.

'Have you been playing off any of your jokes on Mr Rooke?' sternly demanded the colonel.

'Jokes, sir!' demurely answered Wright; 'I assure you it is no joke trying to teach a man of his

stamp. I'm nearly heart-broken from him myself; and the sergeant-major threatened suicide if compelled to continue drilling him. I could not knock anything into his head, or out of his heels; so I thought it no harm to try whether his hands could not perform some military movement. He is getting on very well at it; and I am sure the general would be quite pleased to hear the fine tone he brings out of the instrument.'

Had the general not been present, it is probable that the affair might have passed off as a harmless trick; but restrained by this, and a sense of duty, the colonel frowned down his rising mirth, and said: 'You have done wrong, sir, to allow your private feelings to influence you in the discharge of your duty; you have abused the authority I gave you over a young officer, and endeavoured to make him the butt of the regiment. This mock-instruction must be discontinued; and I trust you will see the propriety of apologising to Mr Rooke for what has passed. I trust you are satisfied, Sir Hannibal.'

'No, I am not satisfied; very much the reverse,' said the general, his cholera rising as he became gradually aware of the extent to which his nephew and himself had been imposed on, until between the state of the thermometer and internal warmth, he seemed on the point of spontaneous combustion. 'Go to your quarters instantly, Mr Wright, and consider yourself under arrest.'

Whereupon the culprit left the room without speaking, and the general soon after took his leave, vowing vengeance against Wright; declaring that he would make an example of him, and that he was fully determined to bring him to a court-martial for such outrageous conduct.

To all this tirade, Colonel Hardy wisely made no reply; but, soon after the general's departure, sent him a note, saying that he hoped Sir Hannibal would, on mature reflection, view the case more favourably, as Wright was a young man of excellent principles, and a first-rate officer, though sometimes led away by high spirits; that it would be impossible to frame charges for a court-martial without making his nephew—he did not venture to say himself—the laughing-stock of the service; and, moreover, that if ever the matter came to a trial, he would feel bound to state that Sir Hannibal Peacocke, a general officer commanding a division, fully believed that learning the drum formed an integral part of an officer's education.

By this time, Sir Hannibal's wrath had time to cool; and seeing the cogency of these arguments, he replied that to oblige Colonel Hardy, he would treat the case as leniently as his duty would permit; that Mr Wright might be released from arrest; but as he could not pass over such conduct without publicly expressing his disapprobation of it, the lieutenant in question should attend at the general's quarters the following morning, when, in the presence of all commanding officers and staff in the station, he would receive such a reprimand as the major-general might deem it fit to administer.

Sir Hannibal Peacocke was a particularly neat man; the scrupulous exactness of his person was only equalled by the cleanliness of his house, and elegance of his bachelor *ménage*. Every one else's linen looked yellow in comparison with the immaculate purity of his; a speck on his white trousers, a soil on his boots, a stain on his table-cloth, or a particle of dust on the table itself, made him quite uncomfortable; but the presence of a fly or spider set him well-nigh distraught, and he would interrupt the gravest conversation to make slaps at an intruding blue-bottle, and prided himself not a little on the dexterous manner in which he crushed the offender between his extended palms.

Next morning, at the hour indicated, commanding officers and staff assembled as directed at the general's quarters, all in full-dress, to look as imposing as possible. When Sir Hannibal entered the room, without noticing any one, he fixed his eyes on the wall, which a large speckled spider was slowly ascending on his return from a successful foraging expedition, taking with him a supply of ant-meat for the nourishment of his family.

The bearer, loudly summoned, warily and slowly approached the unsuspecting spider, and when arrived within springing distance, made a dash at it with the cloth he held in his hand; then removing it triumphantly, displayed the crushed remains of the spider, surrounded by a gory stain, on the wall. Instead, however, of the approbation he looked for, his master was so enraged at the mark on his spotless chunam, that he pulled a flash pink turban off the bearer's head, wiped the obnoxious stain with it, then threw it in his face, and kicked and pommelled him out of the room, to the great amusement of those who witnessed this practical commentary on the general's favourite exordium against maltreating native servants.

Then gravely seating himself at the head of a table covered with writing materials, Sir Hannibal motioned the other officers to chairs on either side; and they had hardly time to compose their faces, when Wright entered, looking so preternaturally solemn, that any one who knew him, would at once have suspected there was some mischief brewing.

Knowing Sir Hannibal's entomophobia, he had employed some of his spare time in capturing a number of flies and immuring them in a paper-box, perforated with innumerable pin-holes, in order to keep its inmates in a state of active vitality.

This he held inside his shako with one hand, and by keeping his finger on an orifice in the lid, let them escape when he wished. The general, not being gifted with much extempore eloquence, had written the wiggling he intended to administer, and now commenced reading it aloud.

'Lieutenant and Adjutant Wright, I regret'— Buzz, buzz went an audacious blue-bottle within an inch of the pretorian nose. Slap, slap from the general, and the enemy retreated in good order, leaving him master of the field.

He had hardly recommenced reading, when he was again interrupted in a similar manner; but this time he had better success, for the intruder was destroyed.

Complacent at the successful result of his *coup de main*, he made a third essay.

'Lieutenant and Adjutant Wright, I regret to find that'— Here a score of flies, rampant from their newly acquired liberty, made an onslaught, together with such a briek hum of insolent defiance, that, dropping the paper he held, the general vigorously smote the air, in a vain attempt to rid himself of his persecutors.

Imitating the example of their chief, the other officers rose to assist him in banishing the unwelcome visitors.

Furor arma ministrat; each seizes what he can lay hold of—books, cocked-hats, and hand-punkahs are converted for the nonce into fly-flappers. A dragon major, more zealous than skilful, grasped a long ruler sabrewise, and making 'cut two' in most approved style, missed the blue-bottle, and nearly felled the garrison-surgeon, whose bald head it encountered in its descent. The adjutant-general, in making a vigorous sweep with his arm, knocked off the commissary's spectacles; and the latter functionary, purblind from their loss, and surprised at such an unlooked-for assault, upset the ink-bottle in groping to recover them, dashing its contents over the formidable foolscap whereon the reprimand was written,

and extending its ravages to the snowy integuments which covered the general's nether man.

Solvuntur tabulae risu. Such a scene of confusion ensued, that Sir Hannibal, finding it impossible to restore order, dismissed all present, intimating, however, at the same time his intention of reassembling them at some future time for the same purpose.

It would seem, however, that a convenient time for the purpose never came, as no one ever afterwards heard Sir Hannibal allude to the subject; nor, stranger still, does any mention of it appear in the life and memoirs of that gallant and distinguished officer, published after his lamented decease, several years subsequently, and it has consequently remained unchronicled up to the present moment.

THE LATE SAMUEL BROWN.

WHEN a brilliant and powerful intellect has passed away without leaving any written works behind, it is difficult to make the world believe in what it has lost. The deep and subtle influence which a great man leaves on other minds by personal association, can neither be told nor accounted for; and those who loved and honoured the dead, must be content with their own profound conviction of his greatness. But the case is even harder when something is left—good, indeed, and precious, but utterly inadequate as the expression of the power or possibilities of the writer. To leave such fragments uncollected, and suffer them to be lost among the mass of ephemeral literature, would be wrong; but to have them set up as the measure of their author's mind, would be still more unjust to his memory. The difficulty of deciding between these two risks must have been felt by the editors of these Essays; for, beautiful and interesting as they are, they are infinitely below what Samuel Brown might and would have done; and it would be most painful to those who eagerly watched the promise and growth of that noble intellect, to think that these few and scattered utterances should be in any way looked upon as its whole result.*

In the generality of obscure geniuses and possible great men, common sense refuses to believe, and most justly; for it is a second-rate talent only that needs to be nursed by circumstances into greatness. If there be one spark of the real divine fire of true genius, it can never be quenched by external conditions; poverty only braces it—contest only rouses it—sorrow only purifies it—and, sooner or later, it will find its appointed mode of expression. But over genius itself, disease and death are victorious; and Samuel Brown was early called to a martyrdom that only ended with his life. After a youth of strenuous labour and extraordinary attainment, just when his mental powers were matured, the instruments of knowledge within his grasp, and visions of long-sought truths opening brightly before him—then came the fatal disease which held him fast for ever. From this time, says the preface, 'and till his death, seven long years, he was probably never for an hour, except in sleep, free from pain, and often in extreme agony—his existence being little else than the fulfilling of his capacity for suffering. When in Russia, he had typhus fever; and it is likely he never was sound afterwards, and carried his death within him in the form of an internal disease, necessitating pain of the sharpest and steadiest kind. He died in the full exercise of his intellect and affections, having fought his disease to the last.'

How nobly he bore this stern fate, how brightly the soul shone out through all these clouds of suffering, how humbly and thankfully he spoke of all the deeper

things that pain and trial had taught him, cannot be told here. But there are many who look back to his example with loving gratitude, and treasure his words in their inmost hearts as a precious legacy of strength and consolation. 'How pathetic to think that this intense and bright nature—

Appearing ere the times were ripe—

should so "soon come to confusion," that he should suffer as he did, and die with little else fulfilled but pain—his hopes withered, his secret purposes broken off, his years unaccomplished, fame and a great place in the world's history, merely seen from under the opening eyelids of the morn, and then vanishing away; his sun going down while it was yet day; the tree of mortal life withering in all the leaves of his spring—all this is strange and sad; but what in this world has not in it something both sad and strange?'

Thus much it seems necessary to premise before speaking of the merits of these Essays, for some of them were written in extreme youth, and while they overflow with its fire and generosity, they also bear the marks of it, in occasional rashness of conclusion and extravagance of words. Others were composed in the rare intervals of comparative ease which occurred during his last years of suffering and weakness, and we can but look with tender admiration on the spirit which could so far overcome pain and exhaustion as to write them at all, while we wonder at their brilliancy and power. The range of subjects they embrace is very wide. Though science has the larger share, art and poetry are treated of with the insight that comes only from sincere love and feeling. A few of his own poems are in the first volume, and are very pure and fine; but it is rather in his prose writing we feel what a true poet he was. There the bright imagination continually lights up the sternest subjects, not with conscious rhetoric or fine writing of any sort, but with a pervading feeling for what is lovely and picturesque, and the fine instinct which seizes the noblest and most poetic aspect of everything, and revels in it with that enthusiasm which never fails to awaken a corresponding delight in the reader. It is the mixture of poetic feeling and calm reasoning which gives its chief charm to the book.

The first volume is mainly devoted to the history of chemical science, and part of it is a sort of reproduction of the brilliant lectures which Dr Brown delivered in Edinburgh in 1849, and of which those who heard them will be glad to be reminded. However unacquainted with science the reader may be, he will find in the series of Essays which commence with 'Alchemy and the Alchemists,' some of the most fascinating sketches that can be conceived. 'The playful and apparently unsuccessful childhood of chemistry may be said to have passed among those young-souled Greeks from whom phlogiston came down. They asked such profound questions of nature that they could not understand her motherly responses, yet the very putting of those questions foreshadowed the whole history of the science. Its busy but little-doing boyhood was spent in the east, under califs and physicians whose very names are fragrant with romance; its ardent and imaginative pubescence, in the unbroken Christendom of the middle ages, amid the hum of scholasticism and under the shadow of Gothic architecture; and we have just seen something of its sturdy youth of somewhat positive effort during the reign of phlogiston. The fifth of its ages, that of victorious and self-confident manhood, now offers itself to the attention of the historical student.'

Along this pleasant path, so full of variety and interest, we are carried in a series of vigorous and characteristic descriptions of the lives and labours of workers in chemistry, beginning with the Greeks,

* Lectures on the Atomic Theory, and Essays Scientific and Literary. By Samuel Brown. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

and then pausing among the oriental alchemists, whose mystical theories have caused their earnest investigations of natural facts to be undervalued—'sincere, devout, industrious men, who, toiling away among their crucibles and furnaces, discovered many new facts and new processes, and did many a good thing;' and next, among their European successors; where, foremost in his own school, and mighty among all schools of natural science, in all time, appears the great name of Roger Bacon, one of whom England has just cause to be proud; but his legendary fame as a magician has eclipsed his true glory as a man of science. That he believed in the elixir of life and the philosopher's-stone, like the rest of his contemporaries, is confessed, but he did not devote himself to searching for them; and 'in truth,' says Dr Brown, 'we should never look at the little particular beliefs and notions of great spirits in the history of science, but to their great ideas, otherwise we shall run the risk of despising men so exalted in character as to remain for ever incapable of despising us.' And again: 'There is indeed no room for national or epochal vanity in the study of the history of science; there is rather occasion for humility and emulation; for those old men worked with grand ideals and small means upon an obdurate and an unbroken soil, while we stand on fields which they have ploughed, armed with an elaborate instrumentation, and too often guided by ideals which savour more of the shop than of the universe.'

The sketches of Paracelsus and the rest of that race are vivid and interesting, but they cannot be quoted without spoiling them; for the history must be read as a whole, and the thread of their real discoveries followed, as it runs bright and clear through the strange webs of their romantic fancies, and still more romantic lives. In the next essay on 'Phlogiston and Lavoisier,' we pass through another long epoch of true experiment and mistaken theory, and read the stories of Beccher and Stahl, Priestley and Cavendish, Black and Watt, till the young Lavoisier appears, with the inexorable balance in his hand, to change the whole form of chemical science; to open a new path to all succeeding philosophers, and to perish in the very midst of his labour, and in the zenith of his powers; one amongst a batch of victims in the high frenzy of the first French Revolution. The two or three pages in which his short life is related are full of pathetic beauty. A brilliant and genial essay on Sir Humphry Davy, full of cordial appreciation of his character and discoveries, worthily completes this striking series, and is in itself a delightful piece of biography. With one more short extract, we must close this volume:

'There are poets who wonder at the spectacle of such keen spirits as Humphry Davy, for example, labouring with might and main at the dry births of stone and iron, when they might well be abroad among the strong and the beautiful, stirring the life of man in its august depths. But a man must work where he is placed; and he must also obey the hint of his peculiar talent, else he will never do the most he can for the race and for himself. These are two of the great rules of duty. There is little matter what a man finds to be his proper task, so he rest not until he have won all it can teach him; so he relax not until he have made the most of it for the world; so he relent not before he has adorned it with his proper virtue, and ennobled it by his proper genius. Truth is a globe like the world; and it is of small moment where you begin to dig, for you will come as near the centre as another, if you dig deep enough. It is at the same time an important, though a secondary duty of the industrious miner, to ascend every now and then from his particular shaft, both to see what others are about, in case he should become the

egotist of a single pursuit, and to refresh himself with the inexhaustible variety of nature and of life.'

The rest of the Essays are on a great variety of subjects, and we can do little more than name a few of them. Among the most interesting are those on George Herbert's poetry; on 'Physical Puritanism,' including vegetarianism, hydropathy, &c.; on David Scott the painter, a most touching account of that great but wayward genius, who, like Samuel Brown himself, died before he had accomplished half his work; as a tender and friendly memoir of the artist, and as a piece of general art-criticism, it is a striking and excellent essay. 'Ghosts and Ghost-seers,' the last of the Essays, is also one of the best, and contains some of the most striking remarks. How true and well put is the following:

'Few people are aware of the extreme difficulty of the art of simple observation. That art consists not only in the ability to perceive the phenomena of nature through uncoloured eyes, but also of the talent to describe them in unobstructed and transparent words. To observe properly in the very simplest of the physical sciences, requires a long and severe training. No one knows this so feelingly as the great discoverer. Faraday once said that he always doubts his own observations. Mitscherlich, on one occasion, remarked to a man of science of our acquaintance, that it takes fourteen years to discover and establish a single new fact in chemistry. An enthusiastic student one day betook himself to Baron Cuvier with the exhibition of a new organ—we think it was a muscle—which he supposed himself to have discovered in the body of some living creature or other; but the experienced and sagacious naturalist kindly bade the young man return to him with the same discovery in six months. The baron would not even listen to the student's demonstration, nor examine his dissection, till the eager and youthful discoverer had hung over the object of inquiry for half a year; and yet that object was a mere thing of the senses! In a word, the records of physical science are full of instances in which genuine researchers—men formed by nature and trained by toil for the life of observation—have misstated the least complicated phenomena. Nor would the intelligent public fail to be amused, as well as astonished, if they only knew how very few of the noisy host of professing men of science, in even this matter-of-fact country, ever discover a single new fact; ever describe with irreversible fidelity a new phenomenon of any significance; ever add one true word to the written science of the world.'

With these words, important to every aspirant after real knowledge, and to every lover of exact truth, we take leave of this remarkable book, earnestly commending it to a close and attentive perusal.

THE CHANNEL BRIDGE.

ONE of those little difficulties which are common to the matrimonial state, even among the best regulated couples, are constantly occurring between my wife and me with regard to a continental tour. So surely as the autumn shews its face, she wants to visit that 'dear darling Paris,' or that 'exquisite Chamouni,' or some other absurdly belauded spot beyond the sea, instead of being content with the bracing airs of Brighton, or the yellow sands (and slippers) of Margate or Ramsgate. She affirms that there are no dresses to be got in Regent Street fit for a lady to wear, and no mountains worthy of the name to be seen in all Great Britain. To this I reply, that if such be the case, she must abandon her outer garments altogether, and content herself with a comparatively level country, for that out of England, or I'm a Dutchman, she does not get me to stir. Now, the true reason of this I do not care to own to her, and shall therefore

carefully keep this particular Journal out of her sight; but the fact is, that I become so absolutely and hopelessly wretched so soon as I set foot on board a steamer, that I am well determined never to encounter the misery of it again. Of course, the sea has a good deal to do with it; but the steamer—the rolling, the throbbing, the heat, the panting of the steamer—is quite sufficient for this result, without the sea. I am rendered intellectually an idiot, and physically a helpless log, from the instant the terrible yell of departure is raised by the escape-valve, and when the first half-turn of those hissing wheels gives me a whole one.

The arguments I address to her ear are national and patriotic; such as, how right it is that every Briton should spend his money in his own country, and by no means pour it into Frenchmen's pockets; with other even nobler sentiments, which I have culled diligently from the newspapers of my native land; but my real and sole objection—which I keep, as I have said, in my private bosom—is simply to the sea-passage, the crossing of the Channel. I know that she who 'halves my sorrows, and doubles my joys,' as the poet satirically sings, would urge—before she gave up the contest as hopeless, and began to call names—that it was 'only a little suffering after all,' and 'the inconvenience is over in no time,' and I should not be able to convince her to the contrary. The term 'suffering' does not in the least express the mental and bodily agony of my position on ship-board; and after I land—after I have been carried on shore laminate—I don't recover for a week.

'Never,' quoth I, the last time I was dropped like a sack on Folkestone pier—'never, if I know it, and remain in my right mind, do I catch myself on board ship again.' This resolution I have kept, and mean to keep; but yet, may be, I may take my wife to Paris nevertheless.

The French engineer, Mathieu, so long ago as the First Consulate, and when railways were entirely unknown, considered the scheme of a roadway under the Channel practicable, and laid it before the great Napoleon. More recently, other Frenchmen of science have proposed various plans for land-communication between England and France, under much more favourable circumstances. One of these ambitious projectors has within the last few months procured for himself something more than interest and attention. A commission of eminent engineers appointed by government to report upon his stupendous theory, has returned a favourable verdict. It has, moreover, recommended that twenty thousand pounds should be granted for experimental examinations. Finally, and above all, Napoleon III. is a believer in the matter himself. The submarine ground has been accurately surveyed already, and nothing is wanting but the following little preliminary arrangements to the tunnel of M. Thomé de Gamond. His scheme is doubtless worthy of our highest admiration, but still I cannot dismise from my mind his aristocratic name. What chance, I wonder, upon this side of the Channel, would an engineer of the name of Tommy Gammon have, who proposed such operations as these:

To tear up rocks, and having carried the same out to sea, to drop them in the Channel.

To form thirteen islands in that fashion in the said Channel.

To dig down through the above islands into *terra firma* under the sea, and there to begin the tunnel, east and west.

There are a few other difficulties to be overcome, whereof one is the formation of a sort of Swindon Station in mid-channel, with a well-staircase leading up to an artificial island in the open air; but they are scarcely worth dwelling upon in comparison with those we have mentioned.

The great objection which attaches to M. de Gamond's tunnel, in connection with the trip of myself and my wife to Paris, is, that I know she will never be got by any means to travel by it. She will not even go to Bath on account of the excitement, between our home and that city, of the Box Tunnel. Her behaviour during any subterranean passage—whenever I have caught a glimpse of her by light of lamp or shaft—is ridiculous, and personally uncomfortable in the extreme. She shuts her eyes very tightly, takes her under-lip between her teeth, puts a finger into each of her ears, and, in short, assumes a state of physical tension, which it would be impossible for her to maintain during half the time consumed by this proposed subterranean journey. As far, therefore, as we two are concerned, M. Thomé de Gamond might just as well never have existed; but I am by no means inclined to say the same of Mr Charles Boyd, of Barnes, Surrey, the projector of the *Marine Viaduct*, or *Continental Railway Bridge*. I have his pamphlet now lying before me, written with all seriousness and gravity, and with a charming section of the viaduct, by way of illustration, on the scale of an inch in a hundred feet, and showing the greatest depth of the Straits of Dover, and the relative space afforded for the passage of shipping. The book is of a yellow cover, like a *Bradshaw*, and of so amusingly convincing a character, that one is quite disappointed not to find the hours of starting of the super-charged trains, both ordinary and express, week-day and Sunday, at the end of it.

The marine viaduct will consist of a succession of tubes 50 feet deep by 30 feet wide, made of wrought-iron, riveted and braced together, interspersed with ventilators and sky-lights, and supplied with the ordinary lines of railway within. This is to be supported by 190 towers, and to be raised, one tube at a time, to the required height of 300 feet above the level of the sea, by means of hydraulic machinery placed in pontoons. This great elevation will admit of the passage of the tallest ships in the highest tow, with 45 feet to spare, in case of vessels being built of unprecedentedly large dimensions. The space between the towers will be sufficient not only for three line-of-battle ships to sail through abreast, but even for three *Lazavathans*, should so many good brethren ever chance to be keeping such close company. Each tower will be of 100 feet in diameter, and, after rising upon its pedestal 260 feet, is to be continued 60 feet above the viaduct for the formation of a light-house, and again 60 feet higher still for use of a belfry or gong-tower, and for a central air-shaft for the viaduct.

These light-houses, whose illuminating surfaces are to be forty-three feet in diameter, are to reflect a bright red light on the south side, and a vivid blue one on the north, in order that vessels may clearly ascertain their own position with regard to the Channel Bridge. The belfries will hold a gong—a bell not being loud enough, and a whistle liable to be confused with that of the steam-engines—to be struck by a hammer propelled by clock-work. The light-houses are to be lit up at sunset throughout the entire length of the bridge by electricity, and the same power will set the gongs sounding in case of fog. All the towers are to be fitted at water-mark with fenders, consisting of spindles of wrought iron, very thickly coated with India-rubber, and made to revolve vertically in an iron framework attached to the tower bases, in order to repel collision; so that any vessel conceiving and at right angles with the fender, would be simply sent on her way. The towers are to bear the arms of France and England alternately; and in summertime, on occasions of any increase in the Napoleonic family, will, I daresay, be tastefully decorated with flowers. Thus far, every part of the scheme looks

not only practicable but alluring—only we have yet to inquire, 'upon what are these towers which support the viaduct to stand?' This, as it seems to me, is an almost insurmountable difficulty, but not so does it seem to Mr Boyd. He proposes to form, as foundations for these towers, enormous pedestals, which will be formed by sinking into the bed of the Channel blocks of stone each of several tons' weight, securely riveted through their centres with iron bolts, and with their connecting faces strongly cemented, so that a succession of blocks will form one ponderous and immovable mass. The operation of placing them—this art of sinking—is to be conducted by means of machinery on board ship, or on pontoons at anchor; 'so that each block may gradually sink therefrom into its proper place below, first ascertained by the compass-bearings on deck, and by divers, who will be employed with diving-bells to examine the bed of the channel, to arrange, secure, and connect the blocks and other materials as they descend: and who are to communicate with the workmen on board by signal-lines and speaking-tubes. In addition to the blocks so placed, strong iron grapples chained together at short distances apart will be fixed around and to the base of the pedestal, to prevent any movement of the blocks when once in position.' The bases are to be 300 feet square, and the pedestals will gradually rise at an angle of 75 degrees until they reach the level of the sea, and there form an insular plain 40 feet high by 150 square, for the reception of the tower. The French terminus—as in M. Thomé de Gamond's plan—is to be at Cape Grisez, which, however, being only 147½ feet above the sea, will require to be brought to the same elevation as the English terminus at Dover, of 300 feet.

'To relieve any anxiety that may be entertained by the proposed union of Britain with the continent, it is intended that the English approaches shall be commanded by the batteries of Dover Castle, and that a battery shall be erected to cover the French terminus, as a part of the viaduct could then be suddenly disconnected without damaging the whole structure; and when hostility ceased, the injury done might be repaired in a few weeks, and the traffic be readily resumed—an arrangement for destruction and reparation which seems to me to be a very pleasant satire upon war.

By the detailed official statement of the commerce between the United Kingdom and the continent, and by the calculations made thereon by Mr Boyd of the probable sources which will make his marine viaduct their channel, it seems that the necessary outlay for this ambitious project will be returned to an enterprising company in eight years; the various items of each outlay being nicely estimated to a pound, and amounting in the aggregate to the trifling sum of thirty millions.

'It is calculated that the entire structure can be concluded and thrown open to public traffic in three years, as the whole of the pedestals, with their assigned towers, can be erected simultaneously; the workmen being lodged upon, or rather over, the spot which is the scene of their labours, in vessels prepared for that purpose. The tubes may be also constructed simultaneously upon shore, so that the entire edifice may be erected almost in the same space of time which is devoted to one pedestal, tower, and intermediate tubes.

Finally, says Mr Charles Boyd, 'This bridge will form the high road to Europe, India, China, and all parts of the Mediterranean, and testify to the World, by its visible presence, the Power and the Unanimity of the greatest Nations of the Earth; in addition to which—to descend to small letters and the practical—there will then be some probability of my wife and myself recrossing the British Channel. The fact of the light of the sun illuminating this viaduct by day

seems to be of great importance in the sense of comparative safety it will convey to the passenger; while the circumstance of it being admitted through a sky-light will prevent him seeing the horrors of his way, and also, perchance—for a glimpse of the tossing ocean would be sufficient for me—from getting seasick. For persons of stronger stomachs, there might be easily constructed a promenade—protected, of course, by balustrades—above the viaduct, where sea-air might be imbibed as on a pier, at a certain charge, or which might be used by an active pedestrian instead of the railway; a turnstile being placed at both its French and English terminations, as at the Middlesex and Surrey ends of Waterloo Bridge.

HINTS TO NOVELISTS.

THE novelists are, after all, 'dull dogs.' Travelling in one continual narrow round of characters and relations of character, they never observe the infinite variety of others which go to form the web of society. Always, with them, the rich man is an oppressor or a fool, and poverty the inseparable associate of talent, learning, and virtue. Always the new rich man is vulgar, and a despoiler of all left behind him in the race; always the governess a paragon of the amiable and accomplished, amongst mean, harsh, ungenial employers; though, strange to say, when she sets up a boarding-school, she is just as sure to be a grasping, pretentious, hypocritical, pupil-starving humbug. A person bearing the name of step-mother never can do anything that is right. In an action at law, justice, as a matter of course, is exclusively on the side of the party whose circumstances are the meanest; only, law being so costly, the really poor man seldom gets his rights advocated. It is almost absurd to insist how partially all such things are true. Yet we may just take leave—for the information of these slaves of the conventionalisms of their art—to assert, that we continually meet rich and titled men who are neither fools nor oppressors, and generally find talent, learning, and virtue in tolerably good worldly circumstances; that our experience finds self-raised men often possessed of the most cultivated tastes, and rather humble in mind and modest in their social predilections, even where their origin is not generally known; that, singular as it may appear, a governess is now and then unreasonable in her expectations amongst people immensely her superiors in both amiableness and accomplishment, while, on the other hand, the mistress of the 'institution for young ladies' is frequently a painstaking, conscientious, and essentially kind-hearted woman struggling with a thankless profession. So also step-mothers in real life, so far from being necessarily harsh to the young brood they have adopted, are often only too kind and forbearing, as fearful to abuse that power in correction which a real mother would have used unsparingly. So also, we have known poor people prosecuting unjust or imaginary claims at law, and thus inflicting infinite annoyance and damage upon rich people who had been their best benefactors. In all of these actual relations of life there is surely a rich fund of new material for the fictionist, if he would open his eyes and see it. Why does he not give us, as a new kind of comedy, some of the persecutions and hardships suffered by rich people? Why should we not have from him a tragedy founded on the sufferings which a jealous, rancorous mother—for such a character exists—has it in her power to inflict upon her children? A well-treated governess who *would* be unhappy, a kind step-mother, a worthy boarding-school keeper, a penniless raiser of vexatious lawsuits—all of them creatures of frequent occurrence in actual life—are all perfect novelties

in fiction, and would therefore be sure of a good reception.

One part of the principles of social life, which has never been apprehended by novelists, and is little observed by men generally, but is a most important thing in our ordinary experiences, is that regarding the feelings which actuate us in the formation of acquaintanceships and friendships. There is here not merely ignorance, but much positive mistake. When Smith and his family decline the offered society of Jones and Jones's family, there is never any other presumption in Jones than that Smith has been determined in the matter wholly by some external considerations, as that Jones is a man of comparatively little means or influence, and that there is to be nothing gained in the eye of the world by knowing him. When Brown chances to be drawn on by fortune to a prominent and brilliant position, and gets new friends, then are all his old ones jealous if he abates in the least in the attentions he formerly paid them, as understanding that he now looks down upon them. Now the truth may be, nay, generally is, that Smith finds Jones and his connections unfitted to his tastes, or moving in a wholly different round of sympathies and interests, and very naturally reserves himself for friends who are in these respects more suitable. So also when Brown's position in life is changed, he necessarily comes into contact with new people, who must in a great measure engross any time he has to bestow on social pleasures; without any failure of good feeling towards old acquaintances, he cannot give so much time to them, perhaps cannot give any; one thing, in short, is superseded by another. Or with changed circumstances have come changed tastes and new sympathies; so he no longer finds the enjoyment he did in the society of those old acquaintances. Surely, in a world so full of change, this should not excite very much surprise. And there is surely no great difficulty in seeing how it all comes about. Community of tastes, sympathies, and interests mainly determine us in all these matters. Yet there is no subject on which the truth seems more screened from the common view.

For much of what is complained of in the common world on these subjects, there is a ground in rationality, if our self-love would only allow us to see it. When Hugh Miller rose from his original condition of a stone-mason to be a leader of public opinion and a cultivator of literature and science, could his old fellow-workers have reasonably expected him to associate as much with them as ever? No one who knew the man can doubt that he would continue to regard them with kindness, that he would be willing to help and serve them within reasonable bounds, and that any particular old favourite would be as sure of a shake of his horny hand as ever, when accident threw them together. But it was manifestly impossible for Miller to be both what he now was and what he once was: Circumstances were changed, and he was changed with them. He had new associates, suitable to his present frame of intellectual and moral being, and he could not also keep up on the original terms with the old, for the two were wholly incompatible. It chanced that another man of genius, who rose about the same time from humble life to an equally high level in one of the fine arts, endeavoured, from a misjudging good-nature, to keep up with his old associates, instead of adopting new ones more suitable to his altered circumstances, and the consequence was that he got into wholly false positions, and was utterly deranged in his course of life. In an early state of society, such a man would have been quite safe with all his genius and its *éclat*; but the world chances to be some thousands of years old, and it has in the course of time crystallised into social

forms and rules which we cannot transgress with impunity.

There is, we suspect, another mistake in the views of Mr Jones and his compeers on matters of this kind. He considers Smith as having been formerly on his own level in mind and tastes, as well as in worldly circumstances, and complains accordingly as if there were no cause for the alienation but a change in the latter. But perhaps Smith was all the time a man of higher powers as well as higher tendencies, thrown by the mere accident of fortune into Jones's society, and good-naturedly to a certain extent enduring it, while aspiring to something better. The very progressiveness of some men, as compared with others, progressiveness in tastes above all, would account for much of that gradual separation which is continually seen taking place between them, without the necessity of presuming any lack of constancy or of kindly feeling in one of the parties.

It is strange, while by our adage, 'a man is known by his associates,' we practically acknowledge that men choose their society by elective affinity, and have a right to do so, that we should at the same time leave our neighbours so little freedom in the choice. There is no privilege of humanity in which there is more interference, more foolish censure, more want of reasonable judgment. Poor Smith and his woman-kind cannot make a single move in the social world, but the Joneses are upon him, misconstruing all his motives and aims, and this for no observable reason but that the Joneses would believe in anything before they would believe that there was any point of intelligibility about themselves. Mrs Smith never projects a dinner-party in perfect freedom. 'We have not room for the Joneses; they might be asked at another time; but then they will take offence if omitted from a party where we are to have the Browns—they will think it is because the Browns have got a rise lately, and are thought their superiors.' So the plan of the party—and a party, to be successful, demands a plan—has to be deranged and probably spoilt, in order to avoid giving offence in a quarter where there was no real occasion for taking it. Unfortunately, the acquaintances least appreciable for any attractive qualities, are just those who are always on the most ticklish terms with us, and therefore the most liable to be offended by any imagined slight; hence the most tyrannical over us, if we are good-natured enough to study and concede to them.

We are disposed to form acquaintances under the influence of the elective affinity, and we have to bear all the consequences of being presumed to do so; but in how many cases have we our associates assigned to us without any choice in the matter! Our son, while absent with his regiment, marries a thoughtless girl of mean tastes and ideas, with whom the circle of her husband's relations can never be harmonious. Old Tomkins foolishly takes a second wife, whom he imposes on his grown-up children as a person they must respect, the fact being that, while having some inscrutable charm in his eyes, she is disagreeable in those of most other persons. Brothers and sisters bring wives and husbands into the field, whose affinity of feeling with their new relatives is a mere matter of chance: they may or may not be 'pleasant people.' Your partners in business bring you associates, who are not to be avoided, however much they may be disrelished. In such ways you become half-surrounded with people whom you would never think of choosing as friends from any community of sympathy or taste, or from any approbation or esteem. There is here matter for much serious consideration—how to 'get along' with all these associates of accident. It is to be feared that the getting along is often of a halting kind, and that from this cause mainly spring those family quarrels which are remarked to be so much

bitterer than others. It would require great judgment, great patience, great good-nature, to steer well through such difficulties, even where there are respectable qualities on both sides. Where it is otherwise, or even where there is simply a decided antagonism of disposition, the matter must be all but hopeless. Still we cling to the belief that a Christian tolerance—a subjection of the passing feelings to the rule of a high moral principle—a higher kind of good-breeding—will avail much in softening away the worst difficulties of the kind.

Is it want of width of view that is the matter with the novelists, that they let so much of both the comedy and the tragedy of real life slip past them unworked up? Or is there something owing to the exigencies of art? Is it imperative that we always see, in their pages, the gifts of fortune avenged and redressed on a principle of contraries? Is there something in the mysterious abyss of human sympathies and antipathies, that makes us demand ridicule for the keepers of boarding-schools, a hateful description for a step-mother, and a pattern case of justice for a poor man at law? Perhaps so. But, if so, then we must pronounce that 'veluti in speculum' can never be an applicable motto for a book of fiction.

A YARN ABOUT SPINNING.

SOME five-and-twenty years ago, when the reform agitation was at its height, we chanced to be in a small country town in the west of Scotland on the very day when an open-air meeting, followed by a grand procession, was held in favour of the popularly desired measure. Previous, however, to the procession starting, a hitch took place in the proceedings, caused by a difference of opinion on the important question of precedence. The gardeners, as 'old Adam's likeness,' claimed to lead the van, on account of the antiquity of their calling. On the other hand, the tailors, claiming a still higher antiquity, insisted on their incontrovertible right to the post of honour; asserting that Adam was not required to cultivate the earth until his expulsion from the garden of Eden, whereas, previous to that time, he had exercised the craft of a tailor, by sewing a garment of fig-leaves. Long and wordy were the arguments; both sides displaying that thorough knowledge of the sacred writings, which no other people possess in so remarkable a degree as the Scotch. At last, whether by dint of argument, numerical force, or their evident desire of pugnaciously pushing the dispute to the *ultima ratio*, the tailors gained their point, and, with waving banners and sounds of music, the procession started.

That the arts of obtaining food and clothing have been practised from the earliest period, is a mere common-place truism known to all. Yet, while willingly admitting the great antiquity and usefulness of both gardeners and tailors, we must, nevertheless, assert that the human race is much more indebted to the spinsters, who, making the first advances in civilisation and refinement, relieved mankind from the necessity of wearing either leaves of trees or skins of beasts. Nor has the world been forgetful of the boon thus conferred upon it. The literature, proverbs, customs, superstitions, habits of thought, and modes of expression of most nations have reference to this important fact; while the distaff and spindle have been the type and symbol of female industry, and the natural insignia of the softer sex, in nearly every age and country.

Among the many popular fancies of the middle ages, there was none so widely spread, or so firmly held, as the belief that Eve, the mother of mankind, was the first spinster. Those most mendacious of humbugs, the old heraldic writers, unblushingly assert that the shield and lozenge, the distinguishing armorial symbols

of male and female, were severally derived from Adam's spade and Eve's spindle. The lines,

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

formed the rallying-cry in many popular insurrections, as the people began to discover their own strength, and the hollow weakness of the feudal assumptions under which they were enslaved. The expulsion of our first parents from the garden of Eden was a favourite subject with the medieval sculptors and painters; and they almost invariably represented it in the following manner. Adam, as he passes out of the portal of the earthly paradise, receives, with an air of the most abject submission, a spade from the hands of an attendant angel; while Eve, already supplied with spinning materials, and apparently quite unabashed, holding up her head as if she had done no wrong, boldly struts forth, carrying her distaff, and twirling the spindle as she walks along. This bold demeanour, attributed to Eve, may be one of the unjust and petty slurs against the female character which the artists of the period delighted to perpetrate; or it may denote her confidence that the evil would eventually be remedied, that through her progeny the serpent's head would ultimately be crushed.

In one of the old religious plays, annually acted by the Franciscan friars on the festival of *Corpus Christi*, we find the same popular idea dramatically expressed. In the scene of the expulsion, Adam, with spade in hand, addressing Eve, says:

Let us walk into the land,
With right hard labour our food to find,
With delving and digging with my hand,
And, wife, to spin now must thou fend,
Our naked bodies in cloth to wind.

Eve, with her distaff and spindle, suiting the action to the word, and the word to the action, replies:

Alas! that ever we wrought this sin—
Our bodily sustenance for to win,
Thou must delve, and I must spin.

The allusions to spinning in the sacred writings are numerous and appropriate, pointing to the great antiquity of the art, as well as eulogising its professors. Abraham refused to take a thread of the spoil; flax was cultivated in the time of Moses; the women that were wise-hearted spun with their hands; those whose hearts stirred them up in wisdom spun goat's hair; and she, the virtuous woman *par excellence*, whose worth was above rubies, laid her hands to the distaff and the spindle.

By the classical writers of Greece and Rome, Minerva, as the instructress of man in the useful arts, was fabled to be the inventress of spinning. Homer speaks of a distaff being a present fit for a queen; and everybody has heard of the labours of Penelope, though Valerius, in *Coriolanus*, spitefully enough, says, that 'all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence only served to fill Ithaca full of moths.' Herodotus relates a pleasing story respecting the removal, by Darius, of the Pæonian and neighbouring tribes to the shores of Asia. The Pæonian brothers caused their sister, dressed in her best attire, to pass before the Persian monarch, carrying a vase upon her head, and a distaff in her girdle, and leading a horse with her left hand, while she twirled her spindle with the right. The king's attention being attracted by this unusual appearance, he kept the young woman in view, and saw her approach a fountain, fill the vase, water the horse, and return spinning as before. Darius immediately asked to what country she belonged, and was told Pæonia. Were all the females of that country equally industrious? he next inquired, and was told that they were so. The result was that the politic

monarch, considering that so diligent a people would be valuable subjects, had them all transported to his own territories in Asia.

Pliny tells us that the distaff and spindle of Caia, the queen of Tarquinius Priscus, was long preserved in the Temple of Fortune. This royal spinstress was considered to be the perfect model of a good wife; hence a distaff, charged with wool, and a spindle, were carried before a Roman bride; and when the marriage-procession reached the husband's house, she was asked her name, to which she replied Caia. The three Fates, who, according to the ancient mythology, presided over man's mundane existence, were spinners; one held the distaff, another spun, the third cut the thread of life. Catullus, however, in his beautiful poem on the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, describes all three as spinning. Affording an accurate description of the ancient mode of using the distaff and spindle, the lines are interesting:

And as their hands the sacred labour plied,
The left the distaff grasped, the right hand drew
The wool from thence, and twisted in the clew,
On the bent thumb the winding spindle held,
And as the whirlwind moves its course impelled.
Still as they spun, they bit off every shred
That roughly hung about the new-made thread.

A picture of Leda, on the wall of a house in Pompeii, represents a female spinning in exactly the same manner as is described by the above lines; and the peasant-girls of Italy still carry the distaff and twirl the spindle, as they did in the time of Caia. Yet, long 'ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled,' as we learn from paintings in the tombs of Beni-hassan, the yarn for 'the fine-linen of Egypt' was spun in the same manner; and so do the wretched ophthalmia-stricken fellahs of Egypt still spin in the shade of the great pyramid. Mummy has become merchandise, Pharaoh has been sold for balsam, and, as that has gone out of fashion, even, the eagle and fasces, symbols of imperial dominion and consular power, have long since been swept away; but the distaff and spindle, emblems of domestic peace and household cares, still remain. Their history, if it could be written, would be the history of the human race: the same aims and aspirations, wants and wishes, hopes and fears, have been experienced by millions of the various nations, tribes, religions, colours, and tongues, who have used these simple implements.

Among our Saxon ancestors, the terms *spear-half* and *spindle-half* expressed the male and female lines of descent; and in their tombs, we find a spear beside the skeleton of a man, a spindle with the remains of a woman. In Germany, even at the present day, the jurists divide families into male and female by the titles of *swerdt-magen* and *spindel-magen*—in other words, sword-members and spindle-members. Among the ancient Franks, when a free woman formed an attachment to a slave, she was summoned before the elders of the tribe, who, in open council, offered her the choice of a sword or a spindle. If she accepted the former, she not only retained the freedom, which was her birthright, but also acquired supremacy over the serf with whose fortunes she had connected herself; on the contrary, if she chose the spindle, she reduced herself to the level of her lover.

The French law, by which 'No woman shall succeed in Salic land,' has been expressed in popular phraseology by the words, *le royaume de France ne tombe point en quenouille*—the kingdom of France never falls under the distaff. The well known *fleur de lis* is said to have been adopted as the regal cognizance of France, in allusion to the Salic code, and with reference to the passage of Scripture respecting the lilies of the field—'they toil not, neither do they spin.'

When the royal sepulchres of France, in the abbey of St Denis, were disgracefully desecrated at the period of the first revolution, several distaves and spindles, richly gilt, were found in the tombs of various queens. In Germany, it is still as customary to suspend a distaff and spindle over the tomb of a lady, as it is to place a sword and helmet over that of a knight. Pennant tells us that he saw a distaff, carved in stone, on the tomb of Alice, prioress of the nunnery of Emanuel, in Stirlingshire. The most remarkable instance of this kind in England is the tomb of Judge Pollard, of the Common Pleas, who died in 1540. On one side of the judge's tomb are the stone-carved effigies of his eleven stalwart sons, each girded with a sword; on the other, are represented his eleven fair daughters, each carrying a spindle. A curious story is related of the bustling housewife, the mother of those twenty and two children. When twenty only of them had been born, the lady, in commemoration of her large family, erected a magnificent painted window in her seat of Ninnet Bishop in Gloucestershire; and on this window she caused to be depicted herself and husband, with their ten sons and ten daughters. By some mistake, the artist left a blank space, which the lady ordered to be filled up by another son and daughter; and, as quaint old Fuller tells us, 'her expectancy came to pass in accordance.'

About the very time when matronly Dame Pollard was erecting her painted window, events of much greater importance were in progress. The spinning-wheel that worked with the foot was invented, and in course of introduction into England. Previous to this invention, spinning, though a most necessary art, was merely the occupation of female leisure; the employment of high and low, rich and poor, in the intervals of more important business, and during the long, tedious nights of winter. Fitzherbert, a writer on husbandry in the earlier part of Henry the VIII's reign, says: 'Let thy distaff be always ready for a pastime, that thou be not idle; undoubted a woman cannot get her living by spinning on a distaff, yet it stoppeth a gap, and yarn must needs be had.' But, through the more rapid production of yarn by the wheel, enabling a few to spin for many, spinning became a means of obtaining a livelihood, the higher classes had less necessity to practise it, and, consequently, the time-honoured appellation of *spinster* sank considerably in the social scale. That title, which in the primitive period of the distaff and spindle had been given to royal princesses, after the invention of the wheel, became legally applicable only to unmarried females under the rank of viscount's daughters. A somewhat similar change has been caused in our own time by the invention of the machine, and consequent extinction of the spinning-wheel. In Sir Richard Steele's *Spinster*, published in 1719, the daughters of wealthy farmers are among the spinners of linen and woollen, who petition against the use of the 'tawdry, pie-spotted, flabby, ragged, low-priced thing called calico; a foreigner by birth; made the Lord knows where, by a parcel of heathens and pagans that worship the devil, and work for a halfpenny a day.' Randle Holme, writing about the same time, describes three kinds of wheels then in use: the country, or farmer's wheel; the city, or gentlewoman's wheel; and the girdle wheel, which, being carried at the girdle, could be used when walking about. This last, Randle says, was 'a little wheel with gigam-bobs, pleasing to ladies that love not to overtoil themselves.' Indeed, down to the present century, the wheel was sedulously plied by ladies of slender income. There are not alive now, riding in their carriages, who were indebted for their first start in life to their mother's wheel. Many a college expense has it aided to defray, many an Indian outfit has it helped to purchase. But the wheel, emblem of 'variations and mutabilities,' as

Fluellen says, is subject to the very changes it so aptly symbolises. It is persons of much lower standing in the social scale who now wait in the halls of the giant Steam, to tend the whirling bobbins of the many-spindled mule and jenny.

The quantity of yarn produced by a good spinner from the wheel in a certain time depended principally upon its fineness. From *The Two Dogs*, we learn that a hank or twelve cuts was considered a fair day's work :

A country lassie at her wheel,
Her dizen done, she's unco weel.

But the spinners of Tyrone, who had the reputation of being the best in Ireland, thought two dozen no extraordinary task; and at their kemps, or contests of skill in spinning, they frequently produced as many as four dozen in one day. The native Irish—we use the term in contradistinction to the descendants of Scotch and English settlers—had songs specially composed and appropriated for singing at the wheel. Three of those 'spinning-wheel songs' are preserved in Bunting's *Ancient Music*; and the keen or funeral-cry of young Ryan, translated from Irish by the late Mr Croker, commences thus :

Maidens, sing no more in gladness
To your merry spinning-wheels;
Join the keener's voice of sadness,
Feel for what a mother feels.

The able authoress of *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*, in a late number (184) of this Journal, speaking of the needle, says it is 'a wonderful brightener and consolator; our weapon of defence against slothfulness, weariness, and sad thoughts; our thrifty helper in poverty; our pleasant friend at all times.' In the mediæval period, when men were women's tailors, the needle was little used by females, but the spindle and distaff, being their constant companions, afforded the same benefits and consolations to the sisterhood as the needle does now. Curiously enough, an old proverbial Latin verse, of the kind termed Leonine, actually alludes to this fact, though in other respects unjust to the sex :

Fallere, flere, nere, dedit Deus in muliere ;

which Chaucer thus translates in his prologue to the *Wife of Bath's Tale* :

Deceit, weeping, spinning, God hath give
To women kindly, while they may live.

Besides being the universal, and we may say natural symbols of the softer sex, and their unfulfilling source of profit and pastime, the spindle and distaff were also their legitimate offensive and defensive weapons. In the south of Europe, the keen-pointed steel spindle has often served as a stiletto; while in the north, the large distaff could readily be used as a club. 'We'll thwack him hence with distaves,' says Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*; again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*, a paltry fellow is spoken of as one 'so below a beating that the women find him not worthy of their distaves.' Goneril, in *King Lear*, alluding to the 'cowish terror' of her helpmate, says : 'I must change arms at home, and give the distaff into my husband's hands.' The wife of the immortal host of the Tabard, also, when she found her husband unwilling to resent her fancied injuries, exclaims :

I will have thy knife,
And thou shalt have my distaff, and go spin.

Chaucer, in another place, in the *Nonnes Prestes's Tale*, shews the use of the distaff on an emergency. When Dan Russell the fox, runs off with Chanticleer the cock, the widow and her daughters cry :

Harrow and well-a-way !
Ha, ha, the fox ! And after him they ran,
And eke with staves many another man ;
Ran Colley our dog, and Talbot and Garland,
And Malkin with her distaff in her hand.

One of the most curious of the early printed books, that are embellished with wood-cuts, is well known to connoisseurs as *The Shepherd's Calendar*. A chapter of this rare work is entitled, 'Of an Assault against a Snail.' The accompanying wood-cut represents a fortified palace. Upon one of the most accessible towers there is a snail, with head protruded and horns elevated, evidently in an attitude of defence. Two soldiers, fully equipped, and a woman, armed only with a distaff, form the assaulting-party against the snail-defended tower. In the letter-press, the snail defies his opponents, telling them that his strength and valour are fully commensurate with his terrific appearance, and concludes his braggadocio thus :

If that these armed men approach me near,
I shall them vanquish every one,
But they dare not for fear of me alone.

The snail has a correct opinion of his antagonists' courage. The soldiers, like the ancient Pistol, use 'brave words,' but that is all. Commencing their speech with the words, 'Horrible snail !' they threaten to eat him with pepper and salt, but end with the impotent conclusion of merely requesting their horned enemy to abandon the tower :

Get thee hence, by our advice,
Out of this place of so rich edifice,
We thee require, if it be thy will,
And let us have this tower that we come till.

The woman, however, exhibits more pluck than her male companions, soldiers though they be. Brandishing her distaff, she exclaims :

Go out of this place, thou right ugly beast,
Which of the vines the tender shoots doth eat.
Out of this place, or I shall thee sore beat
With my distaff, between the horns twain,
That it shall sound into the realm of Spain.

This 'assault against a snail' has been a grievous puzzle to antiquaries. Mr Ofor, in England, asks : 'What does it all mean ?' M. Nisard, in France, says that it is an insoluble enigma. The following nursery-rhyme, however, which we quote for the gratification of the curious, seems to sufficiently explain, at least to our own satisfaction, the mysterious affair :

Four-and-twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man amongst them durst not touch her tail ;
She put out her horns like a great Kyloe cow—
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all enow.

Nor has the rock, the modern representative of the distaff, been found less useful as an offensive weapon than its predecessor. An episode in domestic life, known in Scottish song as the *Weary Pound of Tow*, is much too natural to be wholly unfounded on fact :

I bought my wife a stone of lint,
As good as e'er did grow ;
And all that she has made of it
Is one poor pound of tow.
Quoth I : ' For shame, thou idle dame !
Go spin your top of tow.'
She took the rock, and with a knock,
She broke it o'er my pow.

When a French peasant wishes to designate the golden age of his country, the good old times as we often absurdly enough phrase it, he says it was in the days when Queen Bertha spun—*au temps que la reine Bertha filait*. This is generally understood to refer to a certain, or rather very uncertain, long-footed, or, according to some authorities, goose-footed Bertha, who figures in romantic legend as the mother of Charlemagne. But, allowing for difference of language, the same saying (*nel tempo ove Berta filava*), with exactly the same signification, is current in Italy. Who, then, was Bertha ? A clue to her real character is found in *The Gospels of Distaves* (*Les Evangiles des*

Queenouilles), one of those extraordinary old French works known as *joyousestes*, and which mingle Christianity with paganism, piety with obscenity, and sound sense with the absurdest superstition. One of the preachers, in this remarkable production, is a Dame Bertha of the Horn, who can be readily identified with the spinning Queen Bertha of French romance, on the one hand, and with a Frau Berta of German superstition, on the other. This Frau Berta, sometimes termed Fricke, still holds a conspicuous position in the folk-lore of Northern Germany. She visits the farmhouses and peasants' cottages during the twelve nights immediately succeeding Christmas. She inspects the condition of the spinning-wheels, and is particularly pleased to find all the flax spun off from the rocks. The maidens who are tidy and industrious spinners, she rewards with all kinds of good-luck; while she showers misfortunes on the lazy and the sluttish. And we have had her here, even in England, but in the character of a saint. Of the many miracles ascribed to St Bertha, we need only mention one. A convent founded by her was deficient of water, but, by merely drawing her distaff along the ground, she formed a noble aqueduct, copiously supplied with the pure liquid, for the use of the establishment. Her festival, termed St Distaff's Day, was kept on the morning after Twelfth-day, and Herrick thus alludes to it:

Partly work and partly play,
You must on St Distaff's Day.
If the maids a-spinning go,
Burn the flax, and fire the tow.

In short, Queen Bertha of the long-foot, and Dame Bertha of the Horn, Berta the fairy, and Bertha the saint, are all derived from one source, being the modern representatives of a much more ancient patroness of spinners, the Herthus or Frija of the Scandinavian mythology. It has been truly said that the religion of one era becomes the superstitions of the next. The three well-known stars in Orion's belt, which Scottish peasants term 'the ell-wand,' were known to the ancient Northmen as Frija's Distaff; but since the introduction of Christianity among them, those stars have been termed Mary's Rock.

The ramifications of popular superstitions are widely spread. One of the Roman rural laws forbade a woman to spin on the highway, it being considered an inauspicious omen to the travellers who might meet her so employed. Nearly two thousand years later, the very same notion was common in France. In the *Gospels of Distaves*, we read that it is exceedingly unlucky for a man travelling on horseback to pass a woman spinning; he should either put off his journey, or avoid her by turning back and going another way. In the Isle of Man, and also in Northern Germany, it was considered sinful to spin on Saturday; and the peasantry still relate a story of two old women, indefatigable spinners, who would spin on that day. At last one of them died; and while the survivor was spinning on the following Saturday, the deceased appeared to her, and holding out a dreadfully burned hand, said:

'Behold what I have justly won,
Because on Saturday I spun.'

In the Scottish cottage and farmhouse, the wheel was always carefully put away at an early hour of the Saturday afternoon; not from any superstitious feeling, but out of respect for the approaching day of rest. There was, however, a curious feeling connected with the reel in Scotland, no later than in the times of the grandmothers of many now living. The reel, registering the amount of yarn wound upon it, was looked upon as an approach to a magical contrivance, and with a conscientious feeling of avoiding the slightest

tampering with forbidden arts, numbers of Scottish matrons never used the 'winnle blades,' but measured their yarn by winding it over the left hand and elbow, repeating a certain formula to aid the memory in retaining the reckoning. The useful agricultural implement for winnowing corn, termed a fan, was long unused in Scotland for a similar reason. As another illustration of this feeling, we are induced to copy the following paragraph in full from the *Scots Magazine* of 1756. Without giving the whole, we would despair of affording the reader a correct idea of the curious affair:

'Peter Pairny, servant to Mr Thomas Muir, minister of the Seceding congregation at Orwell, who worked his wheel-plough, was lately accused before the session of using pranks something like enchantments, pretending to stop or render unfit for service a wheel-plough, by touching the beam with a rod, and bidding the plough stop till he should lose (loose) it. The session agreed to declare him under scandal, to debar him from sealing ordinances till the offence be purged; and to ordain him to appear and be publicly rebuked; at the same time leaving room for further inquiry into the matter, and for inflicting what further censure may be judged necessary. This sentence was intimated from his pulpit by Mr Muir on Sunday, September 12th, and the man appeared and was rebuked.'

If Pairny had lived a hundred years earlier, in all probability he would have been burned; if a hundred years later, he might have been honoured and feted as a benefactor of his race. But we are wandering from the thread of our discourse, and the length of our yarn warns us to cut it short, and reel up, without more than alluding to the numerous songs, anecdotes, proverbs, and homely tales connected with hand-spinning, an art, in most places, completely passed out of recollection; for the spinning-wheel, after superseding the distaff and spindle, was in its turn deposed by machinery worked by steam. Like the black-jack, the wheel of the turnspit dog, the pillion, and the pack-saddle, the spinning-wheel is now almost unknown, save as a relic of the past. As such, it may sometimes be found on the upper back-shelf of a museum or collection of antiquities. And when we take into consideration that a steam-engine will whirl 150,000 spindles at once, rattling off 80,000 miles of yarn in an hour, at an expense of less than a halfpenny for every six miles—that the thousands of women tending steam-spinning machines earn more in one day than they could have earned in a week by hand-spinning—we may, in spite of all the pleasing associations and recollections of the spinning-wheel, be very well contented to leave it on the shelf: its work is done—our yarn is spun.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXII.—THE CONDITION OF BLACK JAKE.

WE had escaped from the block-house in boats, down the river to its mouth, and by sea to St Marks. Thence the volunteers scattered to their homes—their term of service having expired. They went as they listed; journeying alone, or in straggling squads of three and four together.

One of these groups consisted of old Hickman the hunter, a companion of like kidney, myself, and my ever-faithful henchman.

Jake was no longer the 'Black Jake' of yore. A sad change had come over his external aspect. His cheek-bones stood prominently out, while the cheeks themselves had fallen in; his eyeballs had retreated far within their sockets, and the neglected wool stood out over his temples in a thick frizzled shock. His skin had lost its fine ebony polish, and shewed

distinct traces of corrugation. Wherever 'scratched' by his now elongated finger-nails, a whitish dandruffy surface was exhibited.

The poor fellow had fared badly in the block-house; and three weeks of positive famine had played sad havoc with his outward man.

Starvation, however, but little affected his spirits. Throughout all, he had preserved his jovial mood, and his light humour often roused me from my despondency. While gnawing the corn cob, and washing down the dry maize with a gourd of cold water, he would indulge in rapturous visions of 'homin' and hog-meat,' to be devoured whenever it should please fate to let him return to the 'ole plantayshun.' Such delightful prospects of future enjoyment enabled him the better to endure the pinching present—for anticipation has its joys. Now that we were free, and actually heading homeward; now that his visions were certain soon to become realities, Jake's jovialty could no longer be kept within bounds; his tongue was constantly in motion; his mouth ever open with the double tier of 'ivories' displayed in a continuous smile; while his skin seemed to be rapidly recovering its dark oily lustre.

Jake was the soul of our party, as we trudged wearily along; and his gay jokes affected even the staid old hunters, at intervals eliciting from both loud peals of laughter.

For myself, I scarcely shared their mirth—only now and then, when the sallies of my follower proved irresistible. There was a gloom over my spirit, which I could not comprehend.

It should have been otherwise. I should have felt happy at the prospect of returning home—of once more beholding those who were dear—but it was not so.

It had been so on my first getting free from our block-house prison; but this was only the natural reaction, consequent upon escape from what appeared almost certain death. My joy had been short-lived: it was past and gone; and now that I was nearing my native home, dark shadows came over my soul; a presentiment was upon me that all was not well.

I could in no way account for this feeling. I had heard no evil tidings. In truth, I had heard of home or of friends for a period of two months. During our long siege, no communication had ever reached us; and at St Mark's, but slight news from the settlements of the savanee. We were returning in ignorance of what had transpired there during our absence—what might have transpired worthy of being known.

This ignorance itself might have produced uncertainty, doubt, even apprehension; but it was not the sole cause of my presentiment. Its origin was different. Perhaps the recollection of my abrupt departure—the unsettled state in which I had left the affairs of our family—the parting scene, now vividly recalled—remembrances of Ringgold—reflections upon the wicked designs of this wily villain—all these may have contributed to form the apprehensions under which I was suffering. Two months was a long period; many events could happen within two months, even in the narrow circle of one's own family. Long since it had been reported that I had perished at the hands of the Indian foe; I was believed to be dead, at home, wherever I was known; and the belief might have led to ill results. Was my sister still true to her word, so emphatically pronounced in that hour of parting? Was I returning home to find her still my loved sister? Still single and free? or had she yielded to maternal solicitation, and become the wife of the vile catiff after all?

With such conjectures occupying my thoughts, no wonder I was not in a mood for merriment. My

companions noticed my dejection, and, in their rude but kind way, rallied me as we rode along. They failed, however, to make me cheerful like themselves. I could not cast the load from my heart. Try as I would, the presentiment lay heavy upon me, that all was not well.

Alas, alas! the presentiment proved true—no, not true, but worse—worse than my worst apprehensions—worse even than that I had most feared.

The news that awaited me was not of marriage, but of death—the death of my mother—and worse than death—horrid doubt of my sister's fate. Before reaching home, a messenger met me—one who told an appalling tale.

The Indians had attacked the settlement, or rather my own plantation—for their foray had gone no further: my poor mother had fallen under their savage knives; my uncle too; and my sister? *She had been carried off!*

I stayed to hear no more; but, driving the spurs into my jaded horse, galloped forward like one suddenly smitten with madness.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

A SAD SPECTACLE.

My rate of speed soon brought me within the boundaries of the plantation; and, without pausing to breath my horse, I galloped on, taking the path that led most directly to the house. It was not the main road, but a wood-path here and there closed up with 'bars.' My horse was a spirited animal, and easily leaped over them.

I met a man coming from the direction of the house—a white man—a neighbour. He made motions as if to speak—no doubt, of the calamity. I did not stop to listen. I had heard enough. My eyes alone wanted satisfaction.

I knew every turn of the path. I knew the points where I should first come in sight of the house.

I reached it, and looked forward—Father of mercy! there was no house to be seen!

Half-bewildered, I reined up my horse. I strained my eyes over the landscape—in vain—no house.

Had I taken the wrong road, or was I looking in the wrong direction? No—no. There stood the giant tulip-tree, that marked the embouchure of the path. There stretched the savanna; beyond it the home-fields of indigo and maize; beyond these the dark wood-knoll of the hommock; but beyond this last there was nothing—nothing I could recognise.

The whole landscape appeared to have undergone a change. The gay white walls—the green *jalousies*—the cheerful aspect of home, that from that same spot had so often greeted me returning hungry and wearied from the hunt—were no longer to be seen. The sheds, the negro-cabins, the offices, even the palings had disappeared. From their steads I beheld thick volumes of smoke ascending to the sky, and rolling over the sun till his disc was red. The heavens were frowning upon me.

From what I had already learned, the spectacle was easy of comprehension. It caused no new emotion either of surprise or pain. I was not capable of suffering more.

Again putting my horse to his speed, I galloped across the fields towards the scene of desolation.

As I neared the spot, I could perceive the forms of men moving about through the smoke. There appeared to be fifty or a hundred of them. Their motions did not betoken excitement. Only a few were moving at all, and these with a leisurely gait, that told they were not in action. The rest stood in groups, in lounging attitudes, evidently mere spectators of the conflagration. They were making no attempt to extinguish the flames, which I now observed

mingling with the smoke. A few were rushing to and fro—most of them on horseback—apparently in the endeavour to catch some horses and cattle, that, having escaped from the burnt enclosure, were galloping over the fields neighing and lowing.

One might have fancied that the men around the fire were those who had caused it; and for a moment such an idea was in my mind. The messenger had said that the foray had just taken place—that very morning at daybreak. It was all I had heard, as I hurried away.

It was yet early—scarcely an hour after sunrise—for we had been travelling by night to avoid the hot hours. Were the savages still upon the ground? Were those men Indians? In the lurid light, amidst the smoke, chasing the cattle—as if with the intention of driving them off—the conjecture was probable enough.

But the report said they had gone away: how else could the details have been known?—the murder of my mother, the abduction of my poor sister? With the savages still upon the ground, how had these facts been ascertained?

Perhaps they had gone, and returned again to collect the booty, and fire the buildings? For an instant, such fancies were before my mind.

They had no influence in checking my speed. I never thought of tightening the rein—my bridle-arm was not free; with both hands I was grasping the ready rifle.

Vengeance had made me mad. Even had I been certain that the dark forms before me were those of the murderers, I was determined to dash forward into their midst, and perish upon the body of a savage.

I was not alone. The black was at my heels; and, close behind, I could hear the clattering hoofs of the hunters' horses.

We galloped up to the selvidge of the smoke. The deception was at an end. They were not Indians or enemies, but friends who stood around, and who hailed our approach neither with words nor shouts, but with the ominous silence of sympathy.

I pulled up by the fire, and dismounted from my horse: men gathered around me with looks of deep meaning. They were speechless—no one uttered a word. All saw that it was a tale that needed no telling.

I was myself the first to speak. In a voice so husky as scarcely to be heard, I inquired: 'Where?'

The interrogatory was understood—it was anticipated. One had already taken me by the hand, and was leading me gently around the fire. He said nothing, but pointed towards the hommock. Unresistingly I walked by his side.

As we neared the pond, I observed a larger group than any I had yet seen. They were standing in a ring, with their faces turned inward, and their eyes bent upon the earth. *I knew she was there.*

At our approach, the men looked up, and suddenly the ring opened—both sides mechanically drawing back. He who had my hand conducted me silently onward, till I stood in their midst. I looked upon the corpse of my mother.

Beside it was the dead body of my uncle, and beyond the bodies of several black men—faithful slaves, who had fallen in defence of their master and mistress.

My poor mother!—shot—stabbed—scalped. Even in death had she been defeated!

Though I had anticipated it, the spectacle shocked me.

My poor mother! Those glassy eyes would never smile upon me again—those pale lips would neither chide nor cheer me more.

I could control my emotions no longer. I burst into tears; and, falling upon the earth, flung my arms

around the corpse, and kissed the cold mute lips of her who had given me birth.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

TO THE TRAIL.

My grief was profound—even to misery. The remembrance of occasional moments of coldness on the part of my mother—the remembrance more especially of the last parting scene—rendered my anguish acute. Had we but parted in affection—in the friendly confidence of former years—my loss would have been easier to endure. But no; her last words to me were spoken in reproach—almost in anger—and it was the memory of those that now so keenly imbibed my thoughts. I would have given the world could she have heard but one word—to know how freely I forgave her.

My poor mother! all was forgiven. Her faults were few and venial. I remembered them not. Ambition was her only sin—among those of her station, almost universal—but I remembered it no more. I remembered only her many virtues—only that she was my mother. Never until that moment had I known how dearly I loved her.

It was no time to indulge in grief. Where was my sister?

I sprang to my feet, as I gave wild utterance to the interrogatory.

It was answered only by signs. Those around me pointed to the forest. I understood the signs—the savages had borne her away.

Up to this hour I had felt no hostility towards the red men; on the contrary, my sentiments had an opposite inclination. If not friendship for them, I had felt something akin to it. I was conscious of the many wrongs they had endured, and were now enduring at the hands of our people. I knew that in the end they would be conquered, and must submit. I had felt sympathy for their unfortunate condition.

It was gone. The sight of my murdered mother produced an instantaneous change in my feelings; and sympathy for the savage was supplanted by fierce hostility. Her blood called aloud for vengeance, and my heart was eager to obey the summons.

As I rose to my feet, I registered vows of revenge. I stood not alone. Old Hickman and his fellow-hunter were at my back, and fifty others joined their voices in a promise to aid me in the pursuit.

Black Jake was among the loudest who clamoured for retribution. He too had sustained his loss. Viola was nowhere to be found—she had been carried off with the other domestics. Some may have gone voluntarily, but all were absent—all who were not dead. The plantation and its people had no longer an existence. I was homeless as well as motherless.

There was no time to be wasted in idle sorrowing; immediate action was required, and determined upon. The people had come to the ground armed and ready, and a few minutes sufficed to prepare for the pursuit.

A fresh horse was procured for myself; others for the companions of my late journey; and after snatching a breakfast hastily prepared, we mounted, and struck off upon the trail of the savages.

It was easily followed, for the murderers had been mounted, and their horses' tracks betrayed them.

They had gone some distance up the river before crossing, and then swam their horses over to the Indian side. Without hesitation, we did the same.

The place I remembered well. I had crossed there before—two months before—while tracking the steed of Ogeola. It was the path that had been taken by the young chief. The coincidence produced upon me a certain impression; and not without pain did I observe it.

It led to reflection. There was time, as the trail

was in places less conspicuous, and the finding it delayed our advance. It led to inquiry.

Had any one seen the savages?—or noted to what band they belonged? Who was their leader?

Yes. All these questions were answered in the affirmative. Two men, lying concealed by the road, had seen the Indians passing away—had seen their captives, too; my sister—Viola—with other girls of the plantation. These were on horseback, each clasped in the arms of a savage. The blacks travelled afoot. They were not bound. They appeared to go willingly. The Indians were 'Redsticks'—led by *Oceola*.

Such was the belief of those around me, founded upon the report of the men who had lain in ambush.

It is difficult to describe the impression produced upon me. It was painful in the extreme. I endeavoured not to believe the report. I resolved not to give it credence, until I should have further confirmation of its truthfulness.

Oceola! O heavens! Surely he would not have done this deed? It could not have been he?

The men might have been mistaken. It was before daylight the savages had been seen. The darkness might have deceived them. Every feat performed by the Indians—every foray made—was put down to the credit of *Oceola*. *Oceola* was everywhere. Surely he had not been there?

Who were the two men—the witnesses? Not without surprise did I listen to the answer. They were *Spence and Williams!*

To my surprise, too, I now learned that they were among the party who followed me—volunteers to aid me in obtaining revenge for my wrongs!

Strange, I thought; but stranger still that *Arens Ringgold* was not there. He had been present at the scene of the conflagration; and, as I was told, among the loudest in his threats of vengeance. But he had returned home; at all events, he was not one of the band of pursuers.

I called *Spence and Williams*, and questioned them closely. They adhered to their statement. They admitted that it was dark when they had seen the Indians returning from the massacre. They could not tell for certain whether they were the warriors of the 'Redstick' tribe, or those of the 'Long Swamp.' They believed them to be the former. As to who was their leader, they had no doubt whatever. It was *Oceola* who led them. They knew him by the three ostrich feathers in his head-dress, which rendered him conspicuous among his followers.

These fellows spoke positively. What interest could they have in deceiving me? What could it matter to them, whether the chief of the murderous band was *Oceola*, *Coa Hajo*, or *Onopa* himself?

Their words produced conviction—combined with other circumstances, deep painful conviction. The murderer of my mother—he who had fired my home, and borne my sister into a cruel captivity—could be no other than *Oceola*.

All memory of our past friendship died upon the instant. My heart burned with hostility and hate, for him it had once so ardently admired.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE ALARM.

There were other circumstances connected with the bloody affair, that upon reflection appeared peculiar and mysterious. By the sudden shock, my soul had been completely benighted; and these circumstances had escaped my notice. I merely believed that there had been an onslaught of the Indians, in which my mother had been massacred, and my sister borne away from her home—that the savages, not satisfied with blood, had added fire—that these outrages had

been perpetrated in revenge for past wrongs, endured at the hands of their pale-faced enemies—that the like had occurred elsewhere, and was almost daily occurring—why not on the banks of the *Suwanee*, as in other districts of the country? In fact, it had been rather a matter of wonder, that the settlement had been permitted to remain so long unmolested. Others—far more remote from the *Seminole* strongholds—had already suffered a like terrible visitation; and why should ours escape? The immunity had been remarked, and the inhabitants had become lulled by it into a false security.

The explanation given was that the main body of the Indians had been occupied elsewhere, watching the movements of *Scott's* triple army; and, as our settlement was strong, no small band had dared to come against it.

But *Scott* was now gone—his troops had retired within the forts—their summer quarters—for winter is the season of campaigning in *Florida*; and the Indians, to whom all seasons were alike, were now free to extend their marauding expeditions against the trans-border plantations.

This appeared the true explanation why an attack upon the settlement of the *Suwanee* had been so long deferred.

During the first burst of my grief, on receiving news of the calamity, I accepted it as such: I and mine had merely been the victims of a general vengeance.

But the moments of bewilderment soon passed; and the peculiar circumstances, to which I have alluded, began to make themselves apparent to my mind.

First of all, why was our plantation the only one that had been attacked?—our house the only one given to the flames?—our family the only one murdered?

These questions startled me: and natural it was that they did so. There were other plantations along the river equally unprotected—other families far more noted for their hostility to the *Seminole* race—nay, what was yet a greater mystery, the *Ringgold* plantation lay in the very path of the marauders; as their trail testified, they had passed around it to reach our house; and both *Arens Ringgold* and his father had long been notorious for bitter enmity to the red men, and violent aggressions against their rights.

Why, then, had the *Ringgold* plantation been suffered to remain unmolested, while ours was singled out for destruction? Were we the victims of a particular and special vengeance?

It must have been so; beyond doubt, it was so. After long reflection, I could arrive at no other conclusion. By this alone could the mystery be solved.

And *Powell*—oh! could it have been he?—my friend, a fiend guilty of such an atrocious deed? Was it probable? was it possible? No—neither.

Despite the testimony of the two men—vile wretches I knew them to be—despite what they had seen and said—my heart refused to believe it.

What motive could he have for such special murder?—ah! what motive?

True, my mother had been unkind to him—more than that, ungrateful; she had once treated him with scorn. I remembered it well—he, too, might remember it.

But surely he, the noble youth—to my mind, the *beau idéal* of heroism—would scarcely have harboured such petty spite, and for so long?—would scarcely have repayed it by an act of such bloody retribution? No—no—no.

Besides, would *Powell* have left untouched the dwelling of the *Ringolds*? of *Arens Ringgold*, one of his most hated foes—one of the four men he had

sworn to kill? This of itself was the most improbable circumstance connected with the whole affair.

Ringgold had been at home—might have been entrapped in his sleep—his black retainers would scarcely have resisted; at all events, they could have been overcome as easily as ours.

Why was *he* permitted to live? Why was *his* house not given to the flames?

Upon the supposition that Ogeola was the leader of the band, I could not comprehend why he should have left Arens Ringgold to live, while killing those who were scarcely his enemies.

New information, imparted to me as we advanced along the route, produced new reflections. I was told that the Indians had made a hasty departure—that they had, in fact, retreated. The conflagration had attracted a large body of citizen soldiery—a patrol upon its rounds—and the appearance of these, unexpected by the savages, had caused the latter to scamper off to the woods. But for this, it was conjectured other plantations would have suffered the fate of ours—perhaps that of Ringgold himself.

The tale was probable enough. The band of marauders was not large—we knew by their tracks there were not more than fifty of them—and this would account for their retreat on the appearance even of a smaller force. The people alleged that it was a retreat.

This information gave a different complexion to the affair—I was again driven to conjectures—again forced into suspicions of Ogeola.

Perhaps I but half understood his Indian nature; perhaps, after all, *he* was the monster who had struck the blow.

Once more I interrogated myself as to his motive—what motive?

Ha! my sister, Virginia—O God! could love—passion—

'The Indiyens! Indiyens! Indiyens!'

COUSIN ROBERT.

O Cousin Robert, far away
Among the lands of gold,
How many years since we two met?
You would not like it told.

O Cousin Robert, buried deep
Amid your bags of gold,
I dreamt of you but yesternight,
Just as you were of old.

You own whole leagues—I, half a rood
Behind my quiet door:
You have your lacs of gold rupees,
And I my children four.

Your tall barques dot the dangerous seas,
My 'ship's come home'—to rest
Safe anchored from the storms of life
Upon one faithful breast.

And it would cause nor start, nor sigh,
Nor thought of doubt or blame,
If I should teach our little son,
Our Cousin Robert's name.

That name—however wide it rings,
I oft think, when alone,
I rather would have seen it graved
Upon a church-yard stone—

Upon the white sunshiny stone
Where Cousin Alick lies;
Ah, sometimes, woe to him that lives!
And blessed he that dies!

O Cousin Robert, hot, hot tears,
Though not the tears of old,
Drop, thinking of your face last night,
Your hand's pathetic fold:

A young man's face—so like, so like
Our mothers' faces fair;
A young man's hand, so firm to hold,
So resolute to dare.

I thought you good—I wished you great;
You were my hope, my pride:
To know you good, to make you great,
I once had happy died;

To tear the plague-spot from that heart,
Place honour on that brow,
See old age come in crown'd peace,
I almost would die now;

Would give—all that's now mine to give,
To have you sitting there,
The Cousin Robert of my youth—
A beggar with gray hair.

O Robert, Robert, some that live
Are dead, long ere grown old:
Better the pure heart of our youth
Than palaces of gold.

Better the blind faith of our youth
Than doubt, which all truth braves:
Better to mourn—God's children dear,
Than laugh—the devil's slaves.

O Robert, Robert, life is sweet,
And love is countless gain,
Yet if I think of you, my heart
Is stabbed with sudden pain:

And as in peace this holy eve
I close our Christmas-doors,
And kiss good-night o'er sleeping heads—
Such bonny curls! like yours—

I fall upon my bended knees
With sobs that choke each word—
'On those who err and are deceived
Have mercy, O good LORD!'

THE INK OF THE ANCIENTS.

In a letter from Mr Joseph Ellis, of Brighton, addressed to the *Society of Arts' Journal*, he states that, by making a solution of shellac with borax, in water, and adding a suitable proportion of pure lamp-black, an ink is produced which is indestructible by time or by chemical agents, and which, on drying, will present a polished surface, as with the ink found on the Egyptian papyri. He made ink in the way described, and proved, if not its identity with that of ancient Egypt, yet the correctness of the formula which has been given him by the late Mr Charles Hatchett, F.R.S.

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OUR LOST PET.

Tax beson d'aimer is perhaps one of the least mean of human weaknesses. Many are the troubles it causes to all of us, and yet we would fain not quite get rid of it, and are, on the whole, rather more respectable people with it than without it. For the unfortunate man to whom even his wife is only

A little better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse; for the forlorn old maid who, dying without heirs, endows her twelve parrots with enough to make the fortune of more than one poor family, it is at least a degree better to be fond of something, be it only a brute beast, than nothing. And many a brute beast is capable of being raised, by education, attention, and kindness, to an affectionate rationality which makes it quite as pleasant company, alas! as a great many human beings.

This is not meant to be an essay in defence of pets—often most intolerable nuisances to everybody but the possessor—pet dogs (perhaps the most unbearable), pet birds, fowls, rabbits, monkeys—and the long line of domesticated quadrupeds and bipeds, down to the featherless biped, the child-pet, or the charity-pet, whose lot is the most cruel-kind of any. I am only going to tell a very plain and simple story about a lost pet of ours, who cost us the usual amount of pain which all who are guilty of the afore-named human weakness must consent to endure.

We—that is, myself and the sharer in my loss—are not universally benevolent. We do not take to our bosoms every walking, hopping, and creeping thing. We are eclectic in our tastes, and though we hope we would treat civilly and kindly every creature alive, still, we have never had any particular interest in more than one sort of pets, and that is *cats*.

I hope the gentle reader will not here immediately lay down this paper in a mood of calm contempt; or if he has done so, may I respectfully request him to take it up again? I assure him that he shall meet with nothing insanely extravagant, or sentimentally maudlin; that his prejudices will be treated with deference, and himself regarded as a person who is simply mistaken—nothing more. He never could have had a pet cat.

We have had—many: the fact that a cat's nine lives do not equal one human being's, necessitating that plural. Otherwise, we would have kept faithful to this day unto our first favourite 'Muff'—fallen in with at the age of three—or his successor, our veritable first-love, Rose; Rose, the flower of cats, who

bloomed in our household for ten years. My heart softens as I recall her. Her memory is green still; and I may yet, for a newer generation, write a *Biography of our Rose*.

Since her day, we have both had several pets, *en passant*—confiding cats who followed us home through London streets, as they always have a trick of doing; eccentric cats who, changing their natures, would go shooting in the forests, 'point' the game, and bring it to the master with an unflinching faithfulness; sea-borne cats, cherished during half a voyage, and then missed—after which rumoured to have been seen floating away, helplessly mewing, for a quarter of a mile astern. Yet we never had but one pet who at all supplied the place of the never-forgotten Rose. Of him I am now about to tell.

He was the first-born of his mother, but in nowise like her—she being the ugliest, stupidest, and most untender of feline animals. Her very kittens she would carry into damp corners and under grates, and there forsake them, to be trodden to death or shovelled unwittingly on the back of the fire: nay, with some she is reported to have done as the New Zealand husband did with the wife whom he couldn't keep and was too fond of to part with—she is reported to have eaten them. Peace to her manes! Nothing in her life ever became her like the leaving of it.

But her son was quite a different character. His beauty was his least merit. In kittenhood he had such winning ways that he was continually asked to tea in the parlour; cradled in apron-pockets, gowns, and shirt-fronts; taught to walk on the table, and educated with a care and distinction which could not but make him the most gentlemanly of cats. And such he grew. There was a conscious 'fine-young-fellowism' in the very arch of his back, and curve of his handsome tail. His tail, we always said, was his weak point—a pardonable vanity. He seemed to take a conscious pride in it, as a fashionable Antinous might in his curls, his hands, or his whiskers. For his morals, they were as unexceptionable as his appearance. He was rarely heard to mew, even for his dinner; and as for theft, I remember the sublime indignation of his first friend and protector, the cook, when one day I suggested shutting the pantry-door: '*He steal!* He never would think of such a thing!'

Have I sufficiently indicated his mental and moral perfections? Add to these a social and affectionate disposition, remarkable even in parlour-educated cats, and a general suavity of manner which made him considerate to the dog, and patronisingly indifferent to the fowls—and what more need be said of him, except his name?

This cannot be revealed; such publicity might wound his delicate sensitiveness. In this article he must only be known as 'Lo.' No bad name either: there was once a Saint Lo, of knightly memory; so 'Lo' is well suited to designate the most chivalrous of cats.

He grew up to maturity in the house where he was born. For three years his familiar apple-tree, on which he tried his youthful claws, blossomed and bore; for three years, the sparrows in the thorn and willow provided him with a little useful recreation—no worse, certainly, than deer-stalking and hare-hunting; and then his destiny darkened. We were about to fit—a long fitting of some hundred miles and more; and of all the questions involved therein, one of the most difficult was, what was to be done with Lo? We could not leave him; we did not like to give him away; and yet we feared that the cry, 'A new home—who'll follow?' would never be responded to by him. The most frequent suggestion was to take his photograph, and then give him a little dose of the 'fixing' material, which would 'fix' both him and his likeness for ever in this world, and save all further trouble. But this idea was not likely to be carried out.

'When there's a will there's a way.' I made up my mind concerning him.

On the day of the fitting—when he was lying peacefully and unconsciously on his native kitchen hearth, which he was never more to behold—I carried him, purring and fondling, to an empty room upstairs, and locked him in, together with a hamper and dinner. He did not quite understand the proceeding, but accommodated himself to circumstances, and lay down to sleep in the sunshine. There, ignorant of the black future, he passed his day. At nightfall I packed him and sewed him up, still purring, in the hamper of his woes. To parody the old axiom: 'When a cat's carried, his sorrow begins.' From that hour there was no more peace for our unfortunate Lo.

He, with myself, was taken in for a week by a benevolent family, who kept a bird. This necessitated Lo's solitary confinement in a wash-house. Thither, almost exanimate from fright—I believe he even fainted in my arms—was he conveyed; and there, though visited, fed, and consoled with, he remained in a state of mind and body of indescribable wretchedness—sleeping in the copper, and at the least noise retiring for refuge up the chimney. His appearance, when being repacked for his second journey, was that of a disconsolate, half-idiotic sweep.

Through all the roar of London, on the top of cab or omnibus, was borne the luckless cat. What could he have thought of the great Babel? he who, among suburban gardens and fields, had passed his peaceful days. He never uttered a sound; not even when, finding no boy at hand, I took up his hamper myself, and carried it the length of a square, conversing with him meantime, till the sight of a passer-by turning round, reminded me that this might possibly convey to the public in general the impression of my being slightly insane. One pause he had in his miseries—one happy evening by a charitable kitchen hearth, and then he was, hamper and all, consigned to the parcel-van of the northern mail.

'Please take care of it—it's a cat.'

'A what, ma'am?' asked the magnificent-looking guard.

'A cat—a live cat.'

He laughed. 'O yes, ma'am—all right.' And so I bade poor Lo a temporary farewell.

Letters communicated his wellbeing. He had arrived at home—had recovered from his first paroxysms of terror—had even begun to wash himself and appear like a cat of civilised mien. There was

hope that I should find him sitting happily on the hearth, which, we are weak enough to fancy, never looks quite comfortable and home-like without a cat. But hope deceived. My first question: 'How is he?' was answered dolefully: 'He has run away.'

Ay, just when his troubles were ended, when his mistress was coming home, when all the delights of milk and cream, sunshiny lawns to sleep on, green trees to climb, mice, and—dare I say it?—young birds to eat, were opening before him—he ran away! We returned to a catless fireside.

Of course, every search was made: a reward offered, the village policeman applied to; but day after day passed, and no sight of Lo. Sometimes flying rumours reached us of his being seen in gardens, or scampering across fields, or sheltering in some stable or barn. Once, the policeman paid us a special visit, stating formally his knowledge of his whereabouts, and that every measure should be taken for his recovery; but even the professional skill, worthy of being exercised on some distinguished criminal, failed with regard to our cat. We had almost given him up for lost.

Now, one ought never patiently to submit to any loss, till every possible means tried have proved it irremediable. One evening after he had been a week missing, and taking into account his exceedingly shy and timid disposition, the strange country in which he had lost himself, and his utter ignorance of ill-usage, we began to relinquish all hope of his return, I resolved to go in search of the cat myself. A scheme about as wild as starting to hunt up a brother in Australia, or a friend in the far west—a sort of 'Evangeline' expedition: yet most women reading Longfellow's exquisite poem, must feel that such a proceeding as Evangeline's would be perfectly natural, reasonable, and probable under similar circumstances.

So, after tea, I went out. It was a lovely evening, with hedges just budding, and thrushes just beginning to pipe out that peculiar rich note which always reminds one of the return of spring—an evening when one enjoys, and likes to think of all those belonging to one as enjoying, the renewal of nature, life, and hope. I did not like to think of even my cat—my poor cat, for whom was no after-life, no immortal and eternal spring—dying in a ditch, or starved, beaten, ill-used, till death was the kindest thing I could hope for him. I almost wished I had taken his friend's advice, that we had photographed him, and 'fixed' him, safe from all mortal care.

At the nearest house, where he had once been seen, I had inquired the day before. Both the civil husband and pleasant-looking wife knew quite well 'the lady who had lost her cat': they sympathised; and I felt sure that if he appeared again he would be coaxed, caught, and brought safe home. I then continued my pilgrimage.

Door after door did I attack with the stereotyped inquiry: 'Have you seen a strange cat? I have lost my pet cat, which I brought all the way from London; he is a great beauty, gray, with a particularly fine tail. I will give five shillings to anybody who brings him back; my name and address are so and so.'

This brief and simple formula was repeated, with slight *ad libitum* variations, from house to house within a mile. Once I ventured to address a milk-woman, with no result; she was a stranger: and once a little boy, playing about the road, whom I afterwards heard commenting to a friend in this wise: 'I say, Jack, that lady's hunting after a strange cat. He, he, but I wouldn't hunt after a strange cat—would you?'

Equally unsympathetic was an elderly gentleman, the owner of a beautiful house, garden, and conservatory, and who came most politely to the door, his bonnie little grand-daughter holding by his hand. He had a fine face, long silvery hair, was bland and

amiable of demeanour, reminding me of Mr Dickens's 'Casby the Patriarch.'

'Madam,' said he, after hearing my tale, 'if those animals are allowed to inhabit such a place, I devoutly wish all the cats in this world were in paradise. They are the ruin of us horticulturists. Do not regret yours. I can supply you out of my garden with any number, dead or alive.'

I explained that mine was an individual pet.

'Then, madam, could you not place your affections upon pets more worthy?' and he stroked the little girl's pretty flaxen hair. 'I am sorry to wound your feelings; but there have been—and I should rather regret their leaving—some Birmingham people in this neighbourhood who make a trade of catching and skinning—cats.'

I turned away, yet could hardly forbear a smile; the eccentric, but, I firmly believe, well-meaning old gentleman, received my adieus, and bowed me to the very gate.

Many another house I tried; my search having one result—namely, the discovery that I had a number of nice neighbours—old ladies, neat as a new pin; spruce parlour-maids; kindly mistresses, mostly with babies—such an abundance of civil tongues, and pleasant, good-natured, nay, handsome faces, as might well be satisfactory to a new-comer into this country place. I also gained one consolation, that it was the safest neighbourhood in which Lo could possibly have been lost, since all the good folk seemed personally acquainted, not only with one another, but with one another's cats. Ours might yet turn up, or, if not, might find an asylum in the bosom of some unknown family, who would console him for the cruel mistress and uncomprehended miseries which doubtless had unsettled his reason, and driven him to despairing flight.

So, having done all that could be done, I was fain to turn homeward—

In the spring twilight, in the coloured twilight,

—never seen except in spring. It tinted the bare trees and brown hedges, throwing over the whole sky a tender light, and changing the shiny bit of far-away western sea into a lake of burning roses. Wonderful was the peace over all animate and inanimate nature, as it lay, waiting in faith the step-by-step advance of another unknown year.

Passing the lodge of the big house of the village—an open door, fire-light, and children's prattle, inspired me with one last vague hope. I knocked.

'Have you seen,' &c., &c., &c., as usual.

No. Yet the sight disclosed almost atoned for the disappointment. An interior, such as only an English cottage could furnish; a cottager's wife, such as Morland or Gainsborough would have delighted to immortalise. Her face, healthy, fair, and sweet—nay, downright beautiful, was reflected feature by feature in two other little faces—one staring out bravely from beside mother, the other half-hidden in her gown. This last charming little face, which no persuasions could allure from its shelter, was itself worth the whole evening's pilgrimage to look at; and the centre picture, half twilight, half fire-light, is a thing to be set down in memory, among passing glimpses of unutterably beautiful fragments, which remain dagger-retyped as such, for ever.

This episode, with the rest, amused us for some time, when, coming home, we talked over our chances of recovering our lost pet; conjecturing that for a month to come, we should have all the stray cats of the neighbourhood brought to us for recognition—except the right one. But to 'greet ower spilt milk' is not our custom, lest life should become not only a *via lactea*, but a *via lachrymosa*. So, having done our best, we dismissed the subject.

Next day, sitting at work, I heard a scuffle in the hall; the door was flung joyfully open—

'Ma'am, there's your cat.'

It was indeed. Gaunt, scared, dirty; fierce with hunger, and half-wild with fright, the poor runaway was brought home to his mistress's arms.

After the immemorial fashion, I drop a veil over the pathetic scene which followed.

He now lies fast asleep at my feet. He has made a clean breast of it—that is to say, he has resumed his usual costume of white shirt-front and white stockings, which contributes so largely to his gentlemanly appearance. He has also gradually lost his scared look, and is coming into his right mind. A few minutes since, he was walking over my desk, arching his poor thin back in the ancient fashion, and sweeping my face with his sadly diminished but still inimitable tail; putting his paws on my shoulders, and making frantic efforts at an affectionate salutation—had I not a trifling objection to that ceremony.

Surely, after all this bitter experience, he will recognise his truest friends—true even in their unkindness; will believe in his new quarters as home, and play the prodigal no more.

Poor Lo! I hope it is not applying profanely 'the noblest sentiments of the human heart,' if, as he lies there, snugly and safely, I involuntarily hum to myself a verse out of *The Clerk's Two Sons of Owsenford*:

The hallow days o' Yule were come,
And the nights were lang and mirk,
When in there cam her ain twa sons,
Wi' their hats made o' the birk.

Blaw up the fire now, maidens mine,
Bring water frae the well:
For a' my house sall feast this nicht,
Since my twa sons are well.

And she has gane and made their bed,
She's made it saft and fine,
And she's happit them in her gay mantil,
Because they were her ain.

(Bless us, what would 'Mr Casby' say?)

I here end my story. Better—since fortune is fickle, and affection often vain—end it now; lest, as Madame Cottin says in the final sentence of her *Exiles of Siberia*—'did I continue this history, I might have to chronicle a new misfortune.'

THE TRAINING OF BEASTS IN ANCIENT ROME.*

THE art of taming and training wild beasts was never practised on a grander scale than during the latter period of Roman antiquity. Very justly has Goethe represented 'delight in the wonderful, the incredible, and the monstrous,' as the most striking peculiarity of the later Romans. In fact, it may be said, that among these degenerate descendants of the world-conquerors, throughout a constant succession of the most powerful excitements, so effeminate a relaxation had crept in, that only one thing could give them interest—namely, the accomplishment of the impossible. Theatres that turned round upon pivots with all the audience, buildings in the sea, dishes composed of rarities from all quarters of the globe, are some of the fruits of this tendency, which ignored the limits of space and time, and regarded the laws of nature with scorn.

It was not enough that the rarest, fiercest, and most beautiful beasts were gathered together in Rome from the ends of the earth, they were also compelled

* Translated from the German.

to lay aside their instinctive impulses, and be obedient to what was most repugnant to their nature. The art of taming wild beasts was, at first, connected with the exhibitions of the amphitheatre and the circus; but to avoid wearying the public by successive repetitions of bloody contests between men and animals, recourse was had to games in which naturally tame beasts were exhibited along with others that had been tamed by art. In consequence of the great number of amphitheatrical displays, the labour of taming and training gave employment to multitudes of men. In an astrological poem of the early imperial date, where the constellations which predestine men to their several callings are given, there is found the horoscope of those who 'tame the tiger, soften the rage of the lion, converse with elephants, and render these unwieldy masses fit for human arts and duties.' In another poem of the fourth century of our era, the horoscope is represented of those who 'make bears, bulls, and lions fit for intercourse with men.' The whole imperial era, in fact, seems to have abounded in these tamers (*mansuetarii*).

Pliny observes that the smallest and most timid of beasts and birds, such as the swallow and the mouse, were altogether intractable; while the largest and fiercest, as the elephant and lion, were easy to tame. The ancient Indians had already very successfully tutored the elephant; but in Rome the discipline was carried to a much greater length. We quote Pliny's own words: 'In a play given by Germanicus, the elephants brought their clumsy evolutions into the shape of a dance. Sometimes they used to brandish their weapons in the air, to fight one another like gladiators, and to riot in a wanton dance. Later, they practised on the rope, on which four of them carried another in a litter, which was supposed to represent a woman in childbed, and whom they let down so gently upon the sofas of a guest-table, that they disturbed none of its occupants. It is told of an elephant that was slow at learning, and which had often been beaten on that account, that it was watched in the night, and found practising its lesson by itself. These huge animals mounted the tight-ropes with the greatest agility, and, what is even more remarkable, descended them with equal ease. Mucianus mentions an elephant that had learned to write Greek, and to its performances used to add: "I have written this with my own hand," &c.'

The taming of lions, also, had already been prosecuted to a great extent in ancient Greece and in Africa. The Indian lion, according to the Greek naturalist, was particularly easy to train when young. The Carthaginian Hanno is said to have been the first who went about attended by a tamed lion. Berenice, the Egyptian queen, had a favourite lion that ate at her table and used to lick her cheeks. Marc Antony rode about Rome in a chariot in which two lions were yoked. Domitian had a lion that was taught to carry the game in hunting, who let himself be chased by hares, and into whose throat one might thrust his hand with impunity. This prodigy was the subject of several poems. Martial counsels the hare to take refuge from the pursuit of the hounds in the jaws of the lion, and asks which was the greater miracle, that the eagle of Jupiter had not hurt Ganymede, or that the emperor's lion had not injured the imprisoned hare? This wonderful lion, however, was torn in pieces by another beast that broke out from its cage in the arena; but he had the consolation, as Statius says, of being mourned by both the people and the senate, and that the emperor took his loss worse than that of ever so many Egyptian, African, or German beasts. Heliogabalus used sometimes, for a joke, to terrify his guests by bringing his tame lions suddenly into the dining-room. Even tigers were sometimes so far

subdued as to lick their keepers' hands and faces. Leopards were easily reduced to submit to the rein of the charioteer.

Another triumph of this training was the inuring of land-animals to the water. Among the splendid exhibitions to which Titus owed no small amount of his popularity, was the arena under water, where horses, oxen, and other animals were collected, and taught to go through the duties to which they were accustomed on the dry land. The story of oxen being in the habit of carrying women, may probably have suggested the mode in which the abduction of Europa was accomplished. Oxen in general were very tractable; they learned to stand upon their hind-feet, and would allow jongleurs to perform their tricks on their backs, and were even skilled in playing the part of drivers in chariots at full speed.

Tamed beasts frequently served both to raise the splendour of mythological tableaux and ballets, and to enhance the comic displays at masquerades. Carnivals of the same kind were often held at the festivals of the gods. Apuleius describes a procession at a festival of Isis: there was a tame she-bear clothed as a woman, borne on a chair; an ape, in the costume of Ganymede, with a Phrygian cap and saffron-coloured mantle, presented a golden cup; an infirm old man, travelling with a winged ass, parodied Bellerophon with Pegasus. It may be supposed that, in such parodied representations, apes were the best adapted, and the favourites; and several monuments indicate this to have been the case. In these, apes are represented as being trained, sometimes under fear of the whip, at others by caresses; some with the head-gear and castanets of dancers, or in the long robe of the *citharædi* with the lyre, or as flute-blowers, or driving chariots with whip and reins, or as soldiers, &c., are mentioned by historians, and are to be seen in pictures. The most interesting of these is a wall-painting in Pompeii, where the deliverance of Anchises and Ascanius from the burning of Troy by *Æneas*, is represented by apes. These works, fortunately preserved, prove that the ape-comedy was zealously cultivated in ancient Rome. Also, as domestic animals, trained apes were in great request, especially for the amusement of children: an ape of clay has been found in a child's grave, evidently a plaything.

The comedy of the dogs flourished no less than that of the apes. We have the description of a play in which a dog acted the chief part, which was performed with great applause in the presence of the Emperor Vespasian, in the theatre of Marcellus at Rome. The four-footed actor shewed the greatest self-possession, when, in the course of the representation, some drink was given to him which purported to be poison, but which was really only a sleeping-draught. 'After he had swallowed the draught,' says the narrator, 'he began to tremble, to reel, and to become unconscious; at length he stretched himself out, as if dying, lay as really dead, and allowed himself to be pulled and dragged about at the plot of the drama required. But as soon as the signal was given, he began to move gently, as though awaking out of a deep sleep, lifted his head, and looked round him; and while the spectators were expressing their admiration, he went up to the person to whom, according to the fiction of the play, he belonged, and shewed so much delight and fondness by wagging his tail, as to excite universal astonishment.'

The boudoirs of fashionable Roman ladies were, as is well known, furnished with tame birds. Who does not remember the sparrow of Lesbia, which Catullus has made immortal?

How much tame doves were in request may be judged of by the fact, that towards the close of the republic, a celebrated breeder sold a single pair for

400 denarii, or about £14. Still higher prices were paid for speaking and singing birds; of the latter, the nightingale deservedly fetched the highest price. Pliny says they cost as much as slaves, and even more than armour-bearers in old times.

Music was played near the nightingales that were under training, which they used to answer and imitate. Of the talking birds, the parrot naturally held the highest place. The ancients maintained that the head of this bird was unusually hard; on which account he had to be beaten thereon with an iron rod, when he was under instruction, else he would not feel his chastisement. Next to beating, starving was the best mode of enforcing obedience. It is without doubt not owing to mere chance that speaking-parrots are scarcely ever mentioned by writers and poets of the imperial era without the observation that they had learned to salute the emperor with the 'Ave, Cæsar.' Probably it was dangerous, if a bird, which could speak at all, was not able to bear witness to the loyal disposition of its owner; at any rate, sins of omission of that kind led to accusations and trials at law. Two elegies on the deaths of parrots have come down to us; one by Statius upon the death of his friend Melior's favourite bird, which was so domesticated that it used to hop about at table among his guests, and eat out of their hands. Its cage was made of splendid tortoise-shell, the bars were silver and ivory, and the doors also of silver. The remaining elegy by Ovid is on the parrot of his Corinna, and is a very feeble and servile imitation of Catullus's poem on Lesbia's sparrow.

'Less famous than the parrot,' says Pliny, 'is the magpie, because it does not come from so great a distance: it speaks, however, much more distinctly. These birds get used to the words they are taught, and not only retain them, but become very fond of them, and frequently practise them by themselves. It is a fact that magpies have died in the vain attempt to utter a hard word. If the same word be not often repeated to them, it slips their memory; they then strive to recall it, and exhibit remarkable delight as soon as they hear it again.'

A story of a remarkable magpie is told in Plutarch's treatise on the cleverness of animals. A barber in Rome had a bird which not only imitated human speech, but also the noises of beasts and the tones of instruments, all spontaneously. One day, a great funeral procession happened to pass the barber's shop, and stopped immediately against it, upon which the accompanying trumpeters blew a long tune on their instruments. From this moment the magpie became dumb, and uttered no cry even to make its wants known. The whole neighbourhood became excited, and various surmises were circulated on the occurrence; some said the bird had been robbed of his voice by witchcraft, while the more knowing ascribed the calamity to a sudden deafness produced by the blowing of the trumpets. After a time, however, he recovered his voice, but did not exercise it in his former tricks, but sang the whole trumpet-piece from beginning to end. From this it was evident that his former silence arose from the pains he took to learn the melody.

The Empress Agrippina, who was a great fancier of birds, had a thrush which could imitate the human voice: the first instance of the kind, according to Pliny. Pliny adds, that at the time of his writing, the imperial princes had a starling which could speak Greek and Latin words; nightingales also which had learned the same, added daily to their knowledge, and could even speak good long sentences. These were taught in a separate room, where they heard no other sound than the voice of the trainer, who was constantly repeating the same words to them, and rewarded their proficiency with some favourite delicacy.

It is well known, also, that there were speaking-ravens, as this bird, in consequence of his human speech, had in the remotest antiquity acquired the honour of being regarded as the envoy of the god Apollo. In the time of Tiberius, there was a raven's nest on the temple of Castor, and from this a young raven flew into a neighbouring shoe-shop, the owner of which received him kindly, and taught him to speak. After a time, he used every morning to fly to the forum, to accost and greet Tiberius, and after him Germanicus and Drusus, and then the whole Roman people, after which he would fly back to the shop. This he continued to do for several years, and excited the admiration of all Rome. The owner of a neighbouring shop, through envy, killed the bird, which so roused the fury of the people, that the murderer was obliged to leave his quarters, and was afterwards put to death. The raven was buried with the most solemn pomp. Two Moors carried him on a bier; a flute-player went at the head of the procession; crowns in abundance decorated the body; and thus was he borne to a cemetery in the Appian Way, where he was burned and buried. This took place on the 27th of March A.D. 35. Pliny also knew a Roman knight who possessed a remarkably black crow from Spain which spoke several words very distinctly.

Besides the birds that were trained to speak, but little mention is made of others that distinguished themselves by their docility and cleverness. Pliny mentions only that goldfinches learn to execute with their feet and bill what they were ordered; and that tamed cranes were very amusing, and went through a kind of dance. In the plays of Titus, cranes were exhibited which fought each other.

Fishes in basins used, at the sound of a bell or rattle, to come to the edge to receive food from their owners' hands, a sight very often seen at the mansions of distinguished Romans: it is even maintained that some fishes recognised the names that were given them.

In these accounts, there may no doubt be something due to the score of exaggeration and embellishment, but by far the greater part rests on the evidence of unimpeachable eye-witnesses. If it be further remembered that we have only isolated and chance-preserved communications on the subject, we shall be led to confess that the beast-training of to-day cannot even remotely be compared with that of ancient times.

INGLEBOROUGH WITHIN.

Old Ingleborough, the Saxon Hill of Fire, is very rightfully one of the chief glories of Yorkshire.

Penyghent, Pendle, and Ingleborough,
Are the highest hills the country thorough,

is an ancient proverb of that boastful county; and considering that the Cumberland and Westmoreland mountains, half as high again, are within sight of all the three, it is a very creditable one. *Magna est veritas* is a quotation almost run to death, so true is it, but the thing which is popularly known as 'a whopper,' is sometimes more tremendous still. Ingleborough is, as its inhabitants would say, at the tail-end of the great northern hill-district, and, although not such a fine fellow as his betters, holds his head well above the flat country, like a country-gentleman of consideration who has, at least, married into the peerage. It is naturally divided into 'pastures' by terraces or scars of limestone, which give to the whole hill the appearance of being fortified by a power even greater and more ancient than that of the Roman. He had his camp upon Ingleborough, we may be pretty sure, and dropped his money about

— principally fourpenny-bits of the Constantine period—his brooches, his pottery, and his own bones, all over that neighbourhood, with his accustomed profusion. The Druids were there, of course, giving that artificial ringworm to the crowns of the hill, which it was their duty and pleasure to effect upon all waste places. It had a beacon also, which can still be seen, and has often given warning to canny Yorkshire when canny Scotland was about to make a flurry. There is a good deal of contention between these neighbours still, but after quite another sort of fashion, and diamond cuts diamond, instead of claymore broadsword. The northern folks arrive now quietly enough by the London and North-western Railway, and Bradshaw gives token of their approach instead of the beacon of old Ingleborough. But there is a grand look-out yet from the place where its ruins lie, two or three thousand feet above you waste of waters: Lancaster tower and town; the little caravans crossing the perilous sand-roads, which, in a few hours, the sea will again claim for her own; smoke-pennoned steamer and white-sailed ship; curved bays, with little fishing-hamlets; belts of woodland with a glimmering star, vast—and very properly so—of some ivy-mantled village church; the mouths of three fair rivers, running down with many a curve and sweep from awarded uplands; on this side, a sandbank or an island low in the sea, and on that, a group of mountains, the highest which our England has to boast of.

But, after all, our business is with Ingleborough Within. The whole district of Craven—the British Crayven, country of rocks—of which this hill is lord, is honeycombed by innumerable earth-chambers. Ribblesdale, Wenningdale, Wharfedale, and half a score of other dales, named after their respective rivers, which curve so shallowly and broadly around the wooded limestone cliffs, are undermined and tunnelled for miles by the hand of nature, and beneath them flow 'sunless streams,' like Alph, the sacred river, none knows whither, and 'measureless to man.' Often as we wander over the shoulders of Ingleborough, we hear voices and gurglings from torrents which never find their way at all to the upper world, and from out one cavernous mouth in the hill Wharfedale, flows a stream which, in flood-time, washes out periodically old silver coins of the reign of Edward I, from who-knows-whose deep-hidden treasury. In Giggleswick Scar, whose name unhappily does not convey any idea of their real grandeur, is an ebbing and flowing well, of exceedingly irregular habits, having a flux and reflux, with a difference of from a few inches up to a foot and a half, caused by some wondrous subterranean power, which miserable mathematicians explain by the principle of the double syphon. If you lay your ear to the ground at a certain spot in Ribblesdale, you will hear how the water comes down at Lowdons in fairyland, although not so much as a rivalet is to be seen outside of Robin Hood's Mill. Sometimes tremendous fannels, of two hundred feet in depth, lead by a very direct route, and one which would take no time at all to traverse, right down upon these mysterious streams, which are lit by them here and there, upon their dark road, as a tunnel by its shafts. Black and deep enough the water seems, as we peer over the edge of the 'pot' to look at it, nor does it make us at all ambitious to imitate that subterranean explorer, Sinbad, in trespassing on kelpie ground. Hellen Pot, which contains in it an underground water-fall of no less than forty feet, has been descended to the depth of three hundred and thirty feet, where the black river sinks into a quiet rotatory pool, and does not resurface to mortal eye for more than a mile. Some few of these pots have fish in them: large dark trout abound in Harle Pot, where 'the boggart,' in

rainy weather, is heard to threaten and fret, and can also found in less quantity in the chann above it, though the upward force of the water is then as strong as to cast up stones of considerable size to the surface, and even on the bank.

There is a village under Ingleborough called Clapham, a great deal more picturesque than its metropolitan namesake; and from it the ascent of the hill is generally begun. At the neighbouring railway-station are to be read considerable puff about his serene highness, and particularly concerning the structure of his internal arrangements, which cannot but be gratifying to any mountain. The tourist is entreated to come early, and to spend a week in visiting Ingleborough and its caves.

A quarter of an hour's walking brings us to the hamlet, with its verdurous ravine and the fall issuing from the artificial lake above it; and half an hour afterwards, we arrive by a beautiful path which winds through larch-plantations, round the mountain's side, at the mouth of the cave. The entrance is wild and imposing, embowered in trees, and overhung with trailing foliage, and commands such a view of the deep ravine beneath it, and of the limestone shoulder of opposite Ingleborough, bare or half draped in green, as would be fit enough to gladden the eye of an anchorite, did any chance to dwell here. When the tallow candles are lit, and the iron gates closed and locked upon us, we begin to wish ourselves outside again; and when we have stumbled over the sixty yards or so of rock-passage, which is the entire length of the old cave, and admired the few gloomy perforations which gleam about in the dark vault as cheerfully as mouldy coffin-plates, we feel quite over that we have had enough of caverns. That, at least, was our experience of Clapham Cave a score of years ago.

Up to that time, notwithstanding railway, and what is called the march of intellect, and in spite of all the newspapers had written against them, the water-fairies still dwelt under Ingleborough in the beautiful palace they had inhabited ages before the Hongist Brothers were a firm, or Agricola was a husbandman, or even a child in arms. They knew, because they could hear us talking where their secret wall was thinnest next to the old cave, that foolish mortals paid a shilling apiece for looking at what had once been a cattle-stable of their own; but between it and them a partition had been built up some two or three thousand years before, of 'calcareous concretion' upon our side, and of fretted rock upon theirs; so that they feared no intrusion. Their manners were similar to those prevailing in European courts. The king spent a great deal of time in racing, and worse; the queen, good old creature, up-born, and was content with eating bread and honey in her parlour, or, as is more likely in the house-keeper's room, out of the way, for her simple tastes were much reflected upon and ridiculed by her disrespectful children. The young prince had his bee-companions, and loved his rubber at skittles; and the princess, his sister, amused herself with her organ—for she was very high-church—or reclined upon frosted silver cushions, while her maidens (who, poor things, were kept standing all the time half out of the water) regaled her with stories of fabulous woman martyrs, till they brought quite a dryness into her eyes.

The palace itself was of extraordinary extent and splendour; the apartments, though many of them were very lofty, being indeed used in some instances as air-baths, never needed any support for their roofs, but the architect had built up a crystal pillar or two, here and there, for ornament, and in order to swell his bill, which, after all, he had great difficulty in getting settled by the late king (1240 A.D.)

never paid anybody except in his own I O U's, which were a sort of bank-note without the water-mark.

A statue was, however, erected to him by an admiring public in the Stalactite Gallery, where it is still standing; and as far as we can judge of a statue in the absence of the head and shoulders, a most excellent likeness.

It was in this very gallery that the princess was sitting with her attendants, modelling a little Gothic church out of crystallised sugar, when the catastrophe occurred that drove all the fairy family out of their ancestral halls. The king was in his counting-house—which, to say truth, was little better than a betting-office—counting out the money which he had won at a late spring-meeting; the queen was in her parlour, partaking of her usual refreshment; the prince was in the skittle-alley, knocking the pins about; when—'by the holy St Hookem,' exclaimed the princess, who was caught by the jaws, 'if the air isn't coming in, and the water running out!' The princess was not often right when she was positive, but this time she spoke like a book. A servant of the gentleman who owns the ground had been pecking in the old cave at the 'calcareous concretion' with a pickaxe, until he had pecked a hole in it!

Into what dismay and terror the royal household was thrown by this catastrophe, we can imagine, from the awful sounds which were heard from within at the time of the accident, but we shall not describe. We would rather be accurate than ever so poetical, and we confine ourselves only to those matters of which we have a certain knowledge. We ourselves did not enter the palace until long after its inhabitants had left it, but not a thing has been removed from the place where it was found at the period of their flight. Immediately upon setting foot upon the fairy side of the old cave, we find ourselves in the Stalactite Gallery. There lie the frosted silver cushions, with their pillows and footstools of the same material, and having—as it seems to us—the very impression which the princess must have left upon them when she swam away with her maidens through what little water remained. There stands the glittering little Gothic structure, only wanting the porch to complete it, and with a steeple of delicate spar which needs no peal of bells, inasmuch as itself returns, to the slightest touch, the sweetest bell-music imaginable. On the left hand, a little further on, are proofs of the housewifely care of the good queen, in fleeces of silvery wool and the ebony spoke of a spinning-wheel; a turkey's head is all that remains of her well-ordered larder; but her favourite bee-hive of frosted silver lies on its stalactite shelf, and her dark rich honey-combs are ranged beneath it. Beyond is the little counting-house, with a watery abyss close by, into which the sporting monarch leant upon the very first alarm, leaving in his haste his jockey-cap, also of frosted silver, upon the brink of it, where it now stands. A passage leads off, through water, to the left, as yet untrudged by mortal foot, up which the princess must have fled, for we can swear to her crystal slipper dropped at the entrance. Presently, we come to a water-fall, up which, when they were young, many a generation of the water-fairy family must have loved to leap, with that torso of the old bankrupt king beside it of which we have already spoken. Here, too, are crystal pillars separated in the centre, but still standing, the one half rising up from the marble floor to meet the other, depending from the vaulted ceiling—stalagmite and stalactite—which proves what little real necessity there was for their being erected. Besides these, crystallised air-plants—as they seem—hang everywhere from the roof, to which they are attached by a number of delicate silver icicles, which, when lighted up, have the prettiest and most magical effect.

And now we mortals have to stoop painfully for some distance along a depressed passage, where the original inhabitants had, doubtless, no sort of difficulty in gliding, and by the side of the stream which still traverses the palace from end to end, at this time shallow enough, except in particular spots, and many feet below the marble water-line which marks upon the walls what its depth has been wont to be; a solemn, melancholy sound it ever makes, 'low on the sand, and loud on the stone,' as though it bewailed its banished indwellers.

At last, and two hundred and sixty feet from the old cave, we arrive at the Gothic hall, of enormous length, and with groined and lofty ceiling. At one end of it is the splendid throne of the queen-mother, glittering with diamonds, with an unexplored vista on the right, up which, it is probable, she escaped with her household goods; in the right centre is the magnificent organ, formed of thin plates of silver spar, whose notes, awakened even by a mortal hand, are still most ravishing; in the left, and opposite—where he built it, perhaps, for the purpose of annoying his sister at her anthems—is the prince's skittle-alley, dry, and with three of the pins still standing. On both sides of the hall are various chambers filled with gleaming spar, transparent, and tapering perpendicularly from the summit, or branching into shrubberies of coral-work. From above depend numbers of sparkling chandeliers of stalactite, which are multiplied by mirrors of limpid water ingeniously placed beneath them; and below, there is a noiseless carpet of silver sand. A noble archway leads hence into the Alhambra Gallery, which, from the circumstance of it having been so long unpaid for, joined to that of its similarity to the Moorish court built by our own architect at Sydenham, bore the name of Owing Jones. The lofty roof, which is beautifully tessellated with intersecting lines of white marble, after extending, without a single pillar to support it, for a very great distance, suddenly sinks to a mere vaulted passage, between two and three feet in height, along which mortals have to crawl upon wooden clogs provided for that purpose. This is called the Cellar Gallery; but there is not a vestige of bin or bottle left to account for the designation; and this is the more to be regretted, as the travelling here upon all-fours is so laborious as to demand some kind of stimulant. When we have almost made up our minds to become semicircular for the rest of our lives, the roof rises unexpectedly to an enormous altitude, and a man would be enabled to straighten himself though he should stand thirty feet in his shoes. We are now in what was evidently the great chamber of audience, and it is the last in the palace to which we shall be able to penetrate. A grand, stern justice-hall it is, surrounded with objects of awe rather than of beauty. Upon the huge sombre walls are written mysterious Runic characters; and from the roof hang dusky chandeliers of stalactite, which shed a doubtful light over the scene. We are now two thousand horizontal feet from the entrance of the palace, and half as many feet perpendicular from the upper air! It is indeed Ingleborough Within, and yet we have probably not seen one-tenth of the wonders of this fairy home. A low archway leads from the hall into water, and darkness, and space, along which adventurous mortals have swum and struggled for several hundred yards further, and still have been far from finding the places whither the banished race have betaken themselves. That they are within there, somewhere, is all we must be content to know.

And now we must return along the splendid succession of hall and corridor, into daylight. The sun gleams brightly enough upon herb and leaf, upon rock and downland, but it meets with no

such glittering response as our homely candles have been evoking from stalactite and spar. This poor dull earth of ours cannot stand comparison with fairyland! Ah, who to see the rugged face of that bluff old Yorkshire mountain, would dream of the rich heart-chambers that lie in Ingleborough Within?

A MIGRATORY ROSE.

STRANGE as the heading of this paper may appear to the reader, the flower is nevertheless an entity—a thing that exists, and may be handled; a plant almost as regular as the swallow in its fittings to and fro; one that travels many miles annually; and, what is more, a fashionable one—resorting to the sea-side during the hottest season, to indulge in a swim among the cool billows of the Mediterranean. The name of this remarkable vegetable phenomenon is *Anastatica hieracantha* among the botanists; the *Rose of Jericho* with the unlearned.

Very many superstitions are connected with this extraordinary plant in the minds of Bedouins and other Arab tribes. The ancients attributed miraculous virtues to the *Rose of Jericho*. Dispensing with the notions of both, however, there remains to us quite a sufficient charm about this apparently insignificant shrub, which seldom attains six inches in height, to apologise for introducing the subject to our readers.

To behold this little rose, it is not necessary to tell you 'to go to Jericho;' no such uncomplimentary journey is required. In the arid wastes of Egypt, by the borders of the Gaza desert, in Arabia's wilderness of sands, on the roofs of houses and among rubbish in Syria, abundant specimens are to be met with. But, like many other things of insignificant exterior, few pause to look upon or handle this wayside shrub, which nevertheless carries with it a lesson and a moral.

By the laws of germination, there are, we are told, three things necessary for a plant—humidity, heat, and oxygenised air. The first of them is indispensable, inasmuch as without it the grain or seed would not swell, and without swelling, could not burst its shell or skin; and heat, in union with water, brings various gases to young plants—especially oxygen—which are necessary for its existence.

With these facts before us, and a knowledge that rain seldom falls in most places where the *Rose of Jericho* thrives, how are we to account for the extraordinary circumstance of this plant being periodically abundant and flowering at precisely the same season year after year, when, by the acknowledged laws of germination, there has been that succour wanting which is indispensable to propagate vegetation? Now appears the most remarkable and most direct interposition of nature for her offspring—an interposition little short of miraculous, and, indeed, apparently so fabulous as to be unworthy of record. But the fact has been established beyond doubt that, for its own purposes, this little plant performs annual journeys over a large extent of country, and into the ocean, whence, at a stated period, it, or rather its offspring, returns to the original haunts, takes root, thrives, and blossoms.

In the height of spring, when nature casts her brilliant vesture, set with flowers and flowerets of a hundred varied hues, over the fertile valleys and hills of Syria and part of Palestine; when every breeze is laden with rich incense from orange groves or honeysuckle dells, then unheeded, amidst the rich profusion of vegetation, or isolated amid the desert sands, blossoms the tiny *Rose of Jericho*. On house-tops, where the sun's fierce rays read crevices—on dust-heaps, where half-starved wretched curs prow and dig for food or a resting-place—where

multitudes throng the streets, and where neither foot of man nor beast has ever left imprint on the baking sand, there sprouts the wonderful *Anastatica hieracantha*. When summer has fairly set in, and flowering shrubs have ceased to blossom—about the same season of the year that Mr Bull and his family are meditating a month's trip to the seaside for fresh breezes and sea-bathing, when the whole house is turned topsy-turvy in the pleasurable excitement of packing for the month's holiday—the *Rose of Jericho* begins to shew symptoms of a migratory disposition also. How astonished Mr Brown would be if his gardener rushed in with the startling intelligence that some favourite rose-bush or other plant in the garden had evinced sudden signs of restlessness, and, after a few preliminary efforts, had quietly taken itself off for the season!

Hadji Ismail, the Bedouin camel-driver, who witnesses this phenomenon annually, encountering scores of migratory *Anastatica hieracantha*, simply pauses to stroke his prolific beard and fresh charge his pipe, while he pours into the eager ears of some untravelled novice legends about this wonderful rose—legends replete with fairy romance, in which almost invariably a certain unmentionable gentleman comes in for a volley of invectives, as being the instigator of this mysterious freak of nature.

The first symptom the *Rose of Jericho* gives of an approaching tour is the shedding of all her leaves; the branches then collapse, apparently wither, and roll themselves firmly into the shape of a ball. Like the fairies that travelled in nut-shells, this plant ensconces itself in its own framework of a convenient shape, size, and weight for undertaking the necessary journey. Not long has the flower assumed this shape when strong land-breezes sweep over the land, blowing hot and fiercely towards the ocean. In their onward course, these land-winds uproot and carry with them the bulbs or framework of our rose; and, once uprooted, these are tossed and blown over many and many a dreary mile of desert sand, till they are finally whirled up into the air, and swept over the coast into the ocean.

Soon after the little plant comes into contact with the water, it unpacks again, unfolds itself, expands its branches, and expels its seeds from the seed-vessels. Then, I presume, the mother-plant finishes her career, or is stranded a wreck upon the sea-beach. However this may be, it seems evident that the seeds, after having been thoroughly saturated with water, are brought back by the waves, and cast high and dry upon the beach. When the westerly winds set in with violence from the sea, they carry these seeds back with them, scattering them far and wide over the desert, and among inhabited lands; and so surely as the spring-time comes round will the desolate borders of the desert be enlivened by the tiny blossoms of the *Rose of Jericho*.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXVI.—FALSE ALARM.

THE significant phrase at once put a period to my reflections. Believing the savages to be in sight, I spurred towards the front. Suddenly and simultaneously the horsemen had drawn bridle and halted. A few who had been straggling from the path now hurried up and ranged themselves closer to the main body, as if for protection. Others who had been riding carelessly in the advance were seen galloping back. It was from these last the cry of 'Indyuns' had come, and several of them still continued to repeat it.

'Indyuns?' cried Hickman, interrogatively, and with an air of incredulity; 'whar did ye see 'em?'

'Yonder,' responded one of the retreating horsemen—'in yon clump o' live-oaks. It's full o' them.'

'I'll be dog-goned if I b'lieve it,' rejoined the old hunter with a contemptuous toss of the head. 'I'll lay a plug o' Jeemes's river, it war stumps you seed! Ind'yuns don't shiew 'emselves in timmer like this hyar—specially to sech verdunts as you. Y'ull hear 'em afore you see 'em, I kalklate.'

'But we heard them,' replied one; 'we heard them calling out to one another.'

'Bah!' exclaimed the hunter; 'y'ull hear 'em dif'rent from that, I guess, when you gits near enough. It'll be the crackin' o' thar rifles y'ull hear first. Dog-gone the Ind'yun's thar. 'Twar a coon or a catbird ye've heern screamin'. I know'd ye'd make a scamper the fust thing as flittered afore ye.'

'Stay whar yez are now,' continued he, in a tone of authority—'jest stay whar yez are a bit.'

So saying, he slipped down from his saddle, and commenced hitching his bridle to a branch.

'Come, Jim Weatherford,' he added, addressing himself to his hunter-comrade, 'you come along—we'll see whether it be Ind'yuns or stumps thet's gin these fellers sech a dog-goned scare.'

Weatherford, anticipating the request, had already dropped to the ground; and the two, having secured their horses, rifle in hand, slunk silently off into the bushes.

The rest of the party, now gathered closely together, sat still in their saddles to await the result.

There was but slight trial of our patience; for the two pioneers were scarcely out of sight, when we heard their voices ringing together in loud peals of laughter.

This encouraged us to advance. Where there was so much merriment, there could be but little danger; and without waiting for the return of the scouts, we rode forward, directing our course by their continued cackinnations.

An opening brought both of them in view. Weatherford was gazing downward, as if examining some tracks; while Hickman, who saw us coming up, stood with extended arm pointing to some straggling woods that lay beyond.

We cast our eyes in the direction indicated: we observed a number of half-wild horned cattle, that, startled by the trampling of our troop, were scampering off through the woods.

'Now!' cried the hunter triumphantly, 'thar's yur Ind'yuns! Ain't they a savage consarn? Ha, ha, ha!'

Every one joined in the laugh, except those who had given the false alarm.

'I know'd thar war no Ind'yuns,' continued the alligator-hunter, 'that ain't the way they'll make thar appearance. Y'ull hear 'em afore you sees 'em: an' jest one word o' device to yur greenhorns, as don't know a red Ind'yun from a red cow: let someb'dy, as diz know, go in the devance, an' the rest o' ye keep well thegither; or I'll stake high on't thet some o' yez'll hear the night 'thout har on y'r heads.'

All acknowledged that Hickman's advice was sage and sound. The hint was taken; and leaving the two hunters henceforth to lead the pursuit, the rest drew more closely together, and followed them along the trail.

It was evident the marauders could not be far in advance of us; this we knew from the hour at which they had been seen retreating from the settlements. After my arrival on the plantation, no time had been lost—only ten minutes spent in preparations—and altogether there was scarcely an hour's difference between the times of our starting. The fresh trail confirmed the fact—they could not be a league ahead of us, unless they had ridden faster than we; but that would have been impossible, encum-

bered as they were with their black captives, whose large tracks—here and there distinctly perceptible—shewed that they were marching afoot. Of course their captors would be detained in getting these forward; and in this lay chances of overtaking them.

There were but few who feared for the result, should we be able to come up with the enemy. The white men were full of wrath and revenge; and this precluded all thoughts of fear. Besides, we could tell by their trail that the Indians scarcely outnumbered us. Not above fifty appeared to constitute the band. No doubt they were able warriors, and our equals man to man; but those who had volunteered to assist me were also of the 'true grit'—the best men of the settlement for such a purpose. No one talked of going back; all declared their readiness to follow the murderers even to the heart of the Indian territory, even into the 'cove' itself.

The devotion of these men cheered me; and I rode forward with lighter heart—lighter with the prospect of vengeance, which I believed to be near.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

A 'SPLIT TRAIL.'

It was not so near as we anticipated. Pressing forward as fast as our guides could lead us, we followed the trail for ten miles. We had hoped to find revenge at half the distance.

The Indians either knew that we were after them, or, with their wonted craft, were marching rapidly, under suspicion of pursuit. After the committal of such horrid atrocities, it was natural for them to suppose they should be pursued.

Evidently they were progressing as fast as we—though not faster.

Though the sun was broiling hot, sap still oozed from the boughs they had accidentally broken—the mud turned up by their horses' hoofs, as the guides expressed it, had not yet 'crusted over,' and the crushed herbage was wet with its own sap, and still procumbent.

'Jest half a hour ahead,' remarked old Hickman, as he rose erect after examining the tracks for the twentieth time—'jest half a hour—dog darn 'em! I never know'd red-skins to travel so fast afore. Thar a streakin' it like a gang o' scared bucks, an' jest 'bout now thar clouts are in a putty consid'able sweat, an' some o' thar duds is stannin' at an angle o' forty-five, I reckon.'

A peal of laughter was the reply to this sally of the guide.

'Not so loud, fellers—not so loud,' said he, interrupting the laughter by an earnest wave of his hand. 'By Jeroozolim, th'ull hear ye; an' if they do, th'ull be some o' us 'thout scalps afore sundown. For your lives, keep still as mice—not a word, or we'll be heern: thar as sharp-eared as thar own wolf-dogs; an' darn me if I b'lieve thar more 'n half a mile ahead o' us.'

The guide once more bent himself over the trail; and after a short reconnaissance of the tracks, repeated his last words with more emphasis.

'No, by —! not more 'n half a mile. Hush, boys; keep as quiet as 'possums, an' I promise ye we'll tree the varmints in less 'n a hour. Hush!'

Obedient to the injunctions, we rode forward, as silently as it was possible for us to proceed on horseback.

We strove to guide our horses along the softer borders of the path, to prevent the thumping of their hoofs. No one spoke above a whisper; and even then there was but little conversation, as each was earnestly gazing forward, expecting every instant to see the bronzed savages moving before us.

In this way we proceeded for another half mile, without seeing aught of the enemy except their tracks.

A new object, however, now came in view—the clear sky shining through the trunks of the trees. We were all woodsmen enough to know that this indicated an ‘opening’ in the forest.

Most of my companions expressed pleasure at the sight. We had now been riding a long way through the sombre woods, our path often obstructed by lianes and fallen logs, so that a slow pace had been unavoidable. They believed that in the open ground we should move faster, and have a better chance of sighting the pursued.

Some of the older hands, and especially the two guides, were affected differently by the new appearance. Hickman at once gave expression to his chagrin.

‘Cuss the clarin,’ he exclaimed; ‘it are a savanner, an’ a big un too. Dog-gone the thing, it’ll spoil all.’

‘How?’ I inquired.

‘Ye see, Geordy, if thar a’ready acrosst it, they’ll leave one on tother side to watch—they’ll be sartin to do that, whether they know we’re arter’em or not. Wal, what follers? We kin no more cross ’ithout bein’ seen, than a carryvan o’ kaymels. An’ what follers that? Once they’ve sighted us, in coorse they’ll know how to git out o’ our way. Judgin’ from the time we’ve been a travellin’—hey! it’s durned near sundown!—I reckon we must be clost to thar big swamp. If they spy us a comin’ arter, they’ll make strait custrut for thar, and then I know what they’ll do.’

‘What?’

‘They’ll scatter thar; an’ ef they do, we mought as well go sarchin’ for birds’ nests in snow-time.’

‘What should we do?’

‘It are best for the hul o’ ye to stop here a bit. Me an’ Jim Weatherford’ll steal forrad to the edge o’ the timmer, an’ see if they’ve got acrosst the savanner yet. Ef they are, then we must make roun’ it the best way we kin, an’ take up thar trail on the tother side. Thar’s no other chance. If we’re seen crossin’ the open groun’, we may jest as well turn tail to ’em, an’ take the back-track home again.’

To the counsels of the alligator-hunter there was no dissenting voice: all acknowledged their wisdom, and he was left to carry out his design without opposition.

He and his companion, once more dismounted from their horses; and, leaving us halted among the trees, advanced stealthily towards the edge of the opening.

It was a considerable time before they came back; and the other men were growing impatient. Many believed we were only losing time by this tardy reconnaissance, and the Indians would be getting further away. Some advised that the pursuit should be continued at once, and that seen or not, we ought to ride directly along the trail.

However consonant with my own feelings—burning as I was for a conflict with the hated foe—I knew it would not be a prudent course to pursue. The guides were right.

These returned at length, and delivered their report. There was a savanna, and the Indians had crossed it. They had got into the timber on its opposite side, and neither man nor horse was to be seen. They could scarcely have been out of sight before the guides arrived upon its nearer edge, and Hickman averred he had seen the tail of a horse disappearing among the bushes.

During their absence, the cunning trackers had learned more. From the sign, they had gathered another important fact—that there was no *longer* a trail for us to follow!

On entering the savanna, the Indians had scattered

—the routes they had taken across the grassy meadow were as numerous as their horses. As the hunters worded it, the trail ‘war split up into fifty pieces.’ They had ascertained this by crawling out among the long grass, and noting the tracks.

One in particular had occupied their attention: it was not made by the hoof-prints of horses, though some of these appeared alongside it, but by the feet of men. They were naked feet; and a superficial observer might have fancied that but one pair of them had passed over the ground. The skilled trackers, however, knew this to be a *ruse*. The prints were large, and mis-shapen, and too deeply indented in the soil to have been produced by a single individual. The long heel, and scarcely concave instep—the huge balls, and broad prints of the toes, were all signs that the hunters easily understood. They knew that it was the trail of the negro captives, who, doubtless, had proceeded thus by the direction of their guards.

This unexpected *ruse* on the part of the retreating savages created chagrin as well as astonishment. For the moment, all felt outwitted; we believed that the enemy was lost; we should be cheated of our revenge.

Some men talked of the idleness of carrying the pursuit further; a few counselled us to go back; and it became necessary to appeal to their hatred for the savage foe—with most of them a hereditary passion—once more to invoke their vengeance.

At this crisis, old Hickman cheered the men with fresh hope. I was glad to hear him speak.

‘We can’t get at ’em to-night, boys,’ said he, after much talk had been spent; ‘we dasent a cross over this hyar clarin’ by daylight, an’ it’s too big to git roun’ it. It ’ud take a twenty-mile ride to circumvent the durned thing. Ne’er a mind! Let us halt hyar till the dark comes on. Then we kin steal across; an’ if me an’ Jim Weatherford don’t scare up thar trail on the tother side, then this child never ate allygator. I know they’ll come thegither agin, an’ we’ll be like enough to find the durned varmints camped somewhar in a clump. Not seein’ us arter ’em any more, they’ll be feelin’ as safe as a bar in a bee-tree—an’ that’s jest the time to take ’em.’

All appeared to agree to the proposal of the hunter. It was adopted as a plan; and, dismounting from our jaded horses, we awaited the setting of the sun.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

CROSSING THE SAVANNA.

I now suffered the very acme of misery. While riding in hot haste along the trail, there was an excitement, almost continuous, that precluded the possibility of intense reflection, and kept my mind from dwelling too minutely upon the calamity that had befallen me. The prospect of retribution, eye appearing near at hand—at every step nearer—all but cancelled my emotions of grief; and motion itself—knowing it to be forward, and towards the object of vengeance—had a certain effect in soothing my troubled soul.

Now that the pursuit was suspended, and I was free to reflect on the events of the morning, my soul was plunged into the deepest misery. My fancy distressed me with dire images. Before me appeared the corpse of my murdered mother—her arms outstretched, waving me on to vengeance. My sister, too, wan, tearful, dishevelled!

No wonder that, with painful impatience, I awaited the going down of the sun; I thought I had never seen that grand orb sink so slowly. The delay tortured me almost to distraction.

The sun’s disc was blood-red, from a thick haze that hung over the woods. The heavens appeared lowering and angry; they had the hue of my own spirit.

At length there came twilight. Short it was—as is usual in southern latitudes—though, on that eve, to me it appeared long and tardy in passing away.

Darkness followed; and once more springing to our saddles, I found relief in motion.

Emerging from the timber, we rode out upon the open savanna. The two hunters conducted us across in a direct line. There was no attempt made to follow any of the numerous trails. In the darkness, it would have been impossible; but even had there been light enough to lift them, the guides would have pursued a different course. Hickman's conjecture was, that, on reaching the opposite side, the marauding party would come together again at some rendezvous previously agreed upon. The trail of any one, therefore, would be sufficient for our purpose; and, in all probability, would conduct us to a camp. Our only aim, then, was to get across the savanna unobserved, and this the darkness might enable us to accomplish.

Silently, as spectres, we marched over the open meadow. We rode with extreme slowness, lest the hoof-strokes should be heard. Our tired steeds needed no taming down. The ground was favourable—a surface of soft grassy turf, over which our animals glided with noiseless tread. Our only fears were that they should scent the horses of the Indians, and betray us by their neighing.

Happily, our fears proved groundless; and, after half-an-hour's silent marching, we reached the other side of the savanna, and drew up under the shadowy trees.

It was scarcely possible we could have been observed. If the Indians had left spies behind them, the darkness would have concealed us from their view. We had made no noise by which our approach could have been discovered, unless their sentinels had been placed at the very point where we re-entered the woods. We saw no signs of any, and we conjectured that none of the band had lingered behind.

We congratulated one another in whispers; and in like manner deliberated on our future plan of proceeding.

We were still in our saddles, with the intention to proceed further. We should have dismounted upon the spot, and waited for the light of morning to enable us to take up the trail, but circumstances forbade this: our horses were suffering with thirst, and their riders were no better off. We had met with no water since before noon, and a few hours under the burning skies of Florida are sufficient to render thirst intolerable. Whole days in a colder climate would scarcely have an equal effect.

Both horse and man suffered acutely—we could neither sleep nor rest without relief: water must be reached before a halt could be made.

We felt keen hunger as well, for scarcely any provision had been made for the long march; but the pangs of this appetite were easier to be endured. Water would satisfy us for the night, and we resolved to ride forward in search of it.

In this dilemma, the experience of our two guides promised relief. They had once made a hunting-excursion to the savanna we had crossed. It was in the times when the tribes were friendly, and white men were permitted to pass freely through the reserve. They remembered a pond, at which, upon that occasion, they had made their temporary encampment. They believed it was not far distant from the spot where we had halted. It might be difficult to find it in the darkness; but to suffer or search for it were our only alternatives.

The latter of course was adopted; and once more allowing Hickman and Weatherford to pioneer the way, the rest of us rode silently after.

We moved in single file, each horse guided by the one that immediately preceded him: in the darkness,

no other mode of march could be adopted. Our party was thus strung out into a long line, here and there curving with the sinuosities of the path, and gliding like some monstrous serpent among the trees.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

GROPING AMONG THE TIMBER.

At intervals the guides were at fault; and then the whole line was forced to halt and remain motionless.

Several times both Hickman and Weatherford were puzzled as to the direction they should take: they had lost the points of the compass, and were bewildered.

Had there been light, they could have recovered this knowledge by observing the bark of the trees—a craft well known to the backwoods hunter—but it was too dark to make such a minute observation. Even amidst the darkness, Hickman alleged he could tell north and south by the 'feel' of the bark; and for this purpose I observed that he was groping against the trunks. I noticed that he passed from one to another, as if the better to confirm his observations.

After carrying on these singular manœuvres for a period of several minutes, he turned to his comrade with an exclamation that betokened surprise.

'Dog-gone my cats, Jim,' said he, speaking in an under-tone, 'these woods are altered since you an' I wur hyar: what the ole scratch kin be the matter wi' 'em? The bark's all peeled off, an' thar as dry as punk.'

'I was thinkin' they had a kewrious look,' replied the other; 'but I s'posed it war the darkness o' the night.'

'Ne'er a bit of it: the trees is altered someways, since we war hyar afore. They are broom-pines—that I recollects well enough. Let's git a bunch o' the leaves, an' see how they looks.'

Saying this, he reached his hand upward, and plucked one of the long fascicles that drooped overhead.

'Ugh!' continued he, crushing the needles between his fingers, 'I see how it are now: the durnationed worms has been at 'em—the trees are dead.'

'D' yer think thar all dead?' he inquired after a pause, and then advancing a little, he proceeded to examine others.

'Dead as durnation—every tree o' 'em. Wal, we must go by guess-work now; thar's no help for it, boys. Ole Hick kin guide you no furrer. I'm dead beat, an' know no more 'bout the direkahun o' that ere pond than the greenest greenhorn among ye.'

This acknowledgment produced no very pleasant effect. Thirst was torturing all those who heard it. Hitherto trusting that the skill of the hunters would enable us to find water, we had sustained it with a degree of patience. It was now felt more acutely than ever.

'Stay,' said Hickman, after a few moments had elapsed: 'all's not lost that's in danger. If I ain't able to guide you to the pond, I reckon I've got a critter as kin. Kin you, ole boss?' he continued, addressing himself to the animal he bestrode, a wiry old jade, that Hickman had long been master of—'kin you find the water? Gee up! ole beeswax, an' let's see if you kin.'

Giving his 'critter' a kick in the ribs, and at the same time full freedom of the bridle, Hickman once more started forward among the trees. We all followed as before, building fresh hopes upon the instincts of the dumb brute.

We had not proceeded far when it became known that the horse had got scent of the water. His owner alleged that he 'smelt' it, and the latter knew this as well as if it had been his dogs taking up the trail of a deer.

The horse exhibited signs of such an intelligence. His muzzle was protruded forward, and now and then he was heard 'sniffing' the air; in addition to this, he walked in a direct line, as if making for some desired object.

The news produced a cheering effect, and we were advancing in better spirits, when all at once Hickman drew up and halted the line.

I rode forward to him to ascertain the cause. I found him silent, and apparently reflective.

'Why have you stopped?' I inquired.

'You must all o' ye stop here a bit.'

'Why must we?' demanded several, who had pressed alongside.

'Taint safe for us to go forrad this way. I've got a idea that them varmints is by the pond. They've camped thar for sartin—it's the only water thar is about hyar; an' it's devilitch like that thar they've come thegither an' camped. If that be the case, an' we ride forrad in this fashion, they'll hear us a-comin', an' be off agin into the bushes, whar we'll see no more o' 'em. Ain't that like enough, fellers?'

The interrogatory was answered in the affirmative.

'Wal, then,' continued the guide, 'better for yez all stay hyar, while me an' Jim Weatherford goes forrad to see if the Indyans is thar. We kin find the pond now. I know whar it lies by the direkshun the hoss war takin. It ain't fur off. If the redekins ain't thar, we'll soon be back, an' then yez kin come on to it.'

This prudent course was willingly agreed to; and the two hunters once more dismounted, and stole forward afoot. They made no objection to my going along with them; my misfortunes gave me a claim to be their leader; and, leaving my bridle in the hand of one of my companions, I accompanied the guides upon their errand.

We walked with noiseless tread. The ground was thickly covered with the long needles of the pine, forming a soft bed, upon which the footstep made no sound. There was little or no underwood, and this enabled us to advance with rapidity. In ten minutes we had separated far from our party.

Our only care was about keeping the right direction. This we had almost lost—or believed so—when, to our astonishment, we beheld a light shining through the trees. It was the gleam of a fire that appeared to be blazing freely.

Hickman at once pronounced it the camp-fire of the Indians.

At first, we thought of returning and bringing on our party; but upon reflection, it was determined to approach nearer the fire, and make certain whether it was the enemy's camp.

We walked no longer in erect attitudes, but crawling on hands and knees. Wherever the glare penetrated the woods, we kept under the shadow of the tree-trunks. The fire burned in the midst of an opening. The hunters remembered that the pond was so placed; but we now saw the sheen of water, and knew it must be the same.

We drew nearer and nearer, until it was not safe to advance further.

We had arrived at the edge of the timber that surrounded the opening; we could see the whole surface of the open ground: there were horses picketed over it, and dark forms recumbent under the fire-light. They were murderers asleep.

Close to the fire a man was seated upon a saddle; he appeared to be awake, though his head was drooped to the level of his knees. The blaze was shining upon his face; and both his features and complexion might have been noted, but for the interposition of paint and plumes. The face appeared of a crimson red, and three black ostrich feathers fell straggling over his temples till their tips almost touched his

cheeks. These plumed symbols produced a painful recognition; I knew that it was the head-dress of Ogeola.

I looked further. Several groups were beyond; in fact, the whole open space was crowded with prostrate forms.

There was one, however, that soon occupied my whole attention. It was a group of three or four individuals, seated or reclining along the grass. They were in shade, and from our position, their features could not be recognised; but their white dresses, and the outlines of their forms—soft, even in the obscurity of the shadow—told that they were females. Two of them were side by side, a little apart from the rest; one appeared to be supporting the other, whose head rested in her lap.

With emotions fearfully vivid, I gazed on these two forms; I had no doubt they were my sister and Viola.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE most lively floating topics of late are: the preparations for laying down the Atlantic telegraph cable—the fitting up of the *Leviathan*—the new arrangements, and the Technological Museum at the Crystal Palace—the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition with an admirable collection of paintings—the underground railway—the London drainage, and Thames embankment question—the recasting of Big Ben, and the noble aspect of the Parliament House, now that the towers are stripped of their scaffolds—Professor Owen's lectures on palæontology at the School of Mines—the soirées given at Burlington House, by Lord Wrottesley, president of the Royal Society, and Mr Bell, president of the Linnæan Society—and the fifteen candidates selected for election into the Royal Society, among whom are David Livingstone, Harvey the psychologist, Haughton the geologist of Dublin, H. D. Rogers of Boston, now professor of natural history at Glasgow, Waugh, chief of the trigonometrical survey of India, and discoverer of Mount Everest, the highest peak of the Himalayas, and others of good repute. Moreover, people have not yet left off talking about Buckle's *History of Civilisation*, a book of 800 pages, which comprise a part only of the introduction. What will the history itself number? Most readers consider the book to be like the author's lecture *On Women* at the Royal Institution: brilliant, but fallacious. Mr Buckle, nevertheless, is perhaps the most remarkable person now rising in the literary hemisphere. He is described to us as a young man of fortune, who, up to eighteen, received scarcely any education—has never been at any school or college—but has nevertheless studied profoundly, and made wonderful acquirements. He lives quietly with his mother in London, and may be said to spend his days and nights amongst books, of which he possesses a vast store.—And students are congratulating one another, and Mr Panizzi, on the success of the new reading-room at the British Museum, as proved by the fact, that it was visited by 94,370 readers in 1857; that is, including the visits to the old room from January to May, the new room not having been opened till the latter month. This is a triumph, and Londoners may well be proud of a room which has not its equal in the world. The number of readers in 1856 was 53,422.

As regards the telegraph, there appears now to be a better chance of success than could by any possibility have been expected last year, considering the hurried way in which the preparations were made. Great schemers too often forget that time shews but little respect to the things he has not had a pretty good share in the formation of. In the present

instance, the cable has been coiled on board the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara*, with all needful carefulness; and an almost self-acting paying-out machine or break has been constructed, which is to obviate all the shocks and plunges a ship encounters on a rolling sea. Mr Appold has applied to this break the principle of his crank, so much detested by prisoners condemned to hard labour, as much for its utter unprofitableness, as for its distressing monotony. Henceforth, the unlucky wind-grinders will have the satisfaction of remembering that for once the crank has done noble service. The two vessels are to steam away to the centre of the Atlantic, where the two lengths of cable will be united, and then *Agamemnon* will make the best of her way to Newfoundland, and *Niagara* to Valentia Bay, and each thus having the shortest possible voyage, we may hope that the grand experiment will be crowned with the success it so eminently deserves. The interest it has excited may be judged of from the fact that the institution of Civil Engineers spent four evenings of their ordinary meetings in a discussion as to the best method of sinking the cable to the bottom of the sea, and of preserving it there. It was generally thought that a coat of concrete would form round the cable, and give sufficient protection.

The Crystal Palace, besides certain desirable improvements in the interior arrangements, has now, in the second gallery of the great transept, an excellent collection of natural products and manufactures, forming an instructive technological museum. It has been arranged and classified by Dr Price; and now, with this and the museums at Kensington and the British Museum, it will be the Londoners' own fault if they become not well informed on common things, and uncommon things too.

As regards the metropolitan drainage-question, a new report has been drawn up, shewing that the former estimated cost may be reduced in amount: it recommends that the outfalls should be placed on each bank of the Thames between Woolwich and Erith; and asserts—what has long been known by those best acquainted with the subject—that the statements so often made as to the noxious influence of the Thames is an exaggeration. A tidal river must necessarily be muddy; the water in its recurrent flow produces no ill effects; it is the mud-banks only which taint the air. Hence, by carrying the outfalls down to the locality proposed, and by embanking the stream in its passage through the metropolis, the deposition of mud will be prevented, and the bottom will never be left dry at low-water. The most harmful condition of river-water is when mixed with seawater, as near the mouth. The report insists upon the embankments, not only for the improvement of the channel, but also for the architectural embellishment of the city, and the recreation of the inhabitants. And are not open spaces for recreation indispensable in a city where, as in the week ending March 13, a child is born every five minutes? There is to be a new park of forty acres in the neighbourhood of the Kensington Museum; why not lay out Smithfield as playground for the benefit of those who do not live at Kensington? Play favours physical development; hence London and Londoners would alike be gainers.

Papers have been read and discussed before the Society of Arts, on the progress of the electric telegraph—on iron—and the progress and present state of British mining; the last no unimportant subject, seeing that our metalliferous products are valued at £35,000,000 a year. One of the results of the war with Russia was a marked improvement in the manufacture of iron, and this has suggested the way for further improvements. Bessemer's process is still being experimented on, with a view to perfection; and there is another kind of interest attaching to

mining subjects: a plan has been laid before the Scottish Society of Arts by Mr Robert Aytoun, for working coal-mines in a way that renders explosions impossible; and he suggests that in mines worked on the present system, 'rooms of refuge' should be established, to which, in case of explosion, the miners might fly from the effects of the after-damp.

Mr Mallet has returned from Naples with a full report of the terrible, yet interesting phenomena of the earthquakes which occurred in that kingdom a few months ago. He found that the particulars hitherto published concerning the catastrophe are by no means exaggerated. Whole districts are literally ruined, turned upside down, as it were; and one of the towns through which he passed—a place as large as Tamworth—was, to use his own figure of speech, reduced to powder. He explored the effects of the shocks as far as they were visible in all directions, and has arrived at many important conclusions as to earthquake phenomena generally; all of which, as well as details of his journey, and pictures of the havoc, will appear in due time in a scientific journal. The journey, made in a severe season, exposed him to much privation; and besides witnessing the frightful destitution, he was attacked by fever, and delayed thereby for three weeks.

In France, M. Beclard has made some curious experiments on the Influence of Light on Animals, and finds that those creatures which breathe from the skin, and have neither lungs nor branchiæ, undergo remarkable modifications under different coloured rays. He exposed the eggs of flies (*Musca carnaria*) under bell-glasses of six different colours: little maggots were hatched from all; but those under the blue and violet rays were more than a third larger than those under the green. Frogs, which by reason of their naked skin, are very sensitive to light, give off half as much more carbonic acid in a given time under the green ray as under the red; but if the frogs are skinned, and the experiment is repeated, the excess is then with those under the red ray. Frogs placed in a dark chamber lose one-half less of moisture by evaporation, than when placed in common daylight. Hence it appears that these poor amphibians, which some physiologists believe were created for experimental purposes, after having furnished data as to the phenomena of the muscular and nervous systems, the effect of poisons on both, and thereby advancing the science of physiology, are now to be tortured into manifestations of the influence of light, for the benefit of humanity.—M. de la Rive, in the third volume of his *Treatise on Electricity*, just published, reviews the whole science of electrophysiology; and reminds practitioners that, as the difference between the electricity of the muscles and of the nerves is now clearly established, so must they be careful in applying their remedies, not to waste on the muscles, which are the best conductors, the electric currents intended solely for the nerves.

The Geological Society have had a paper on 'Changes of Level in Sicily, Wales, and Scotland;' and one on the 'Natural Origin of Rock Basins'—a question which, it might be thought, had been decided long ago in favour of nature. Sir Charles Lyell is busily employed on the important subject of volcanic geology; and it appears, to the no small pride and encouragement of geologists, that the more discoveries are made in their favourite science, the more do there appear still to make. Mr Henwood, while considering the numerous observations he has made on the temperature of mines, sets on foot the inquiry: whether the heat below the surface is caused by central fire, or by the simple juxtaposition of different rocks? And talking of mines, there is something to wonder at in the returns from the Burra Burra copper-mines, South Australia. The first excavations were made

in September 1845, by twelve miners; now the number of miners is more than a thousand, the ore hitherto dug has yielded 23,000 tons of copper; and a settlement numbering 5000 souls is established in the neighbourhood.—By news from Bahia we learn that about eighty leagues from that city, near the San Francisco river, a great natural deposit of nitrate of soda has been discovered, extending for sixteen miles along a valley.—Mr Colquhoun Grant, in a paper published by the Geographical Society, gives a description of Vancouver's Island, well worthy of consideration, seeing how much has been said concerning that island as a field for emigration. It is 270 miles long, and from 40 to 50 miles wide on the average, with but comparatively a small proportion of land available for cultivation, which is found upon the coast. The interior is described as hopelessly barren and dreary. The settlement of Victoria, founded in 1843 by the Hudson's Bay Company, is one of the pleasantest sites. But worst of all is the climate; nothing but snow and rain from October to March, and parching heat for the rest of the year. In the words of the Jesuit missionary—'huit mois d'hiver, et quatre mois d'enfer.'

Another fact connected with geology is the composition of building sandstones, on which some important information has recently been laid before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Mr Bloxam made experiments on sandstone taken from Craigleith quarry and other places near Edinburgh, and finds, as one of the causes of disintegration, that even pure water will dissolve something out; carbonic acid more; and free mineral acids, such as are found in the rain-water of towns, most. The absorbent power is astonishingly great: a block of stone, submitted to a drying process, lost nearly six fluid ounces to the cubic foot; another block, soaked in water, gained more than three pints and a half to the cubic foot. Remarkings on these properties, Dr George Wilson truly says, 'the error of those who hope to render buildings dry, by constructing their walls of solid sandstone, will be sufficiently apparent.' Architects and builders will do well to bear these facts in mind when drawing plans for new houses, or when examining the specimens of building-stone from Scotland in the Crystal Palace.

An inquiry instituted by the Belgian government merits attention. For some years, a notion had grown into a belief that certain manufactories were prejudicial to health and vegetation, and so much disquiet arose thereupon, especially in the province of Namur, that the governor reported it to the home department at Brussels. A commission was appointed, two chemists and two botanists, who, commencing their inquiry in June 1855, pursued it carefully for several months, confining themselves to factories in which sulphuric acid, soda, copperas, and chloride of lime were made. The two chemists watched the processes, and noted the escape of gases from the chimneys. They consider soda-factories to be the most noxious, and tall chimneys more hurtful than short ones, because of the greater surface over which they diffuse the vapours; and tall chimneys, by quickening the draught, discharge gases which otherwise would be absorbed in the passage. Hence, contrary to the commonly received opinion in this country, they hold that there is less dispersion of deleterious vapours with a short chimney than a tall one.

The botanists on their part shew, as might be anticipated, that the effect on vegetation is most shown in the direction of the prevalent winds, and more during rains and fogs than in clear weather. They establish beyond a doubt the hurtful influence of smoke, due to the presence of hydrochloric and sulphuric acid, and they find that the greatest

distance at which the mischief is observable is 3000 metres (a little over an English mile); the least 600 metres. They enumerate thirty-four kinds of trees which appear to be most susceptible of harm, beginning with the common hornbeam (*Carpinus Betula*), and ending with the alder; and between these two occur, in sequence, beech, sycamore, lime, poplar, apple, rose, and hop. As regards the effect on the health of men and animals, the commission find the proportion of deaths per cent. to be lower now in the surrounding population than before the factories were established: from 1 in 55 it has fallen to 1 in 65. One reason for this improvement may consist in the better means of living arising out of the wages earned in the factories. However, the commission wind up their report with an assurance that health, either of men or horses, suffers nothing from the factories, and vegetation so little, that farmers and gardeners may dismiss their fear, and the government refrain from interfering.

The Academy of Sciences at Vienna is actively engaged in multiplying stations for meteorological observation throughout the Austrian empire.—In Upper Canada, the education office at Toronto has made arrangements whereby certain senior grammar-schools all over the province shall be furnished with trustworthy instruments made in England for taking complete series of observations; from all of which we may hope for valuable results.—There are, again, certain curious weather-facts to record: on the 21st of April it was hotter in Turin—45 degrees—than in any of the stations in correspondence with Paris, two of which are Algiers and Madrid; but here in London on the 16th of the same month, the temperature rose to 76 degrees, and the day ended with a heavy thunder-storm.

Lovers of ancient art will be gratified to hear that a considerable collection of the *Bedrum antiquities* are now in the British Museum. They are believed to be of the age of Mausoleus.—The postmaster-general's report shews that the number of letters delivered within the United Kingdom in 1857 was 504,000,000, an increase of 26 million over 1856. As many letters pass through the Manchester post-office alone as were delivered in the whole of Russia in 1855—namely, 16 million. The average distribution of that astounding number of letters was 31 to every person in England, 16 in Scotland, and 9 in Ireland.

DR ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

It is not customary for one periodical work to make extracts from another; but there may be instances in which a breach of the rule will be held as justified. We find, in the second number of a new monthly magazine, styled the *English Woman's Journal*, a piece of actual life-history of a most heroic and touching character. By presenting some parts of it to a wider circle of readers, we believe we shall be at once improving the hearts of our friends by a profoundly interesting story, and making known to them a clever and promising aspirant of the periodical press, having specially in view the advancement of the interests of womankind. The narrative is an account of the professional education of a young Englishwoman reading in America, who has somewhat astonished the world by becoming a regular diplomated physician, and settling in that capacity in New York. The narrative is the production of an admiring and sympathizing sister. Elizabeth Blackwell was the eldest of a family of seven, thrown with their mother on the world by the early death of their father in embarrassed circumstances. She had a severe struggle for some years, striving to maintain herself and help the junior branches by teaching. At length, having by inconceivable self-denial saved a little money, she entered upon a course of education for the profession of a physician, being of opinion that women are fitted to become medical practitioners, and that she would be doing her

sex some service by shewing them the way. It will be found in the ensuing extract, what difficulties, in addition to those of poverty, she had to overcome before the attainment of her wishes.

'In May 1847, after three years of incessant application, during which the closest study had occupied every moment not engaged in teaching, she left Charleston, and went to Philadelphia, where she endeavoured to obtain admittance to the medical schools, but without success. The physicians at their head were either shocked or angry at her request, and the doors of all those schools were closed against so unprecedented an application; and finding it impossible to avail herself of the facilities provided for students of the other sex, she now entered upon a course of private anatomical study and dissection with Professor Allen, and of midwifery with Dr Warrington of Philadelphia. But although she could undoubtedly learn much from the private lessons of competent instructors, she felt that so fragmentary a mode of study could not give her the solid medical education resulting from a regular collegiate course; and, moreover, as it was her aim not to incite ignorant or half-educated female pretenders to an unauthorised assumption of the physician's office, but, on the contrary, to procure the opening of the legitimate approaches of the medical career to women seriously desirous to qualify themselves for the worthy discharge of its duties, by passing through the course of preparation prescribed to men, her admission to a regular medical college, and the acquisition of the medical diploma—as a sanction for her own course and a precedent for other women—were essential to the carrying out of her plans. She therefore procured a list of all the medical colleges in existence in the United States, and proceeded to address an application for admission to each of them in succession.

"I am sending out arrows in every direction, uncertain which may hit the mark," she remarks in a letter written at this time.

'Her application, though accompanied by a certificate of her having gone through the requisite preparatory study under Dr Dickson, was refused by twelve medical colleges. In some cases, the refusal was couched in the shape of a homily on the subordinate position assigned to woman by nature and society, and her presumption in wishing to enter a sphere reserved to the nobler sex; or an exposition of the impropriety and indelicacy implied in a woman's attempting to learn the nature and laws of her own physical organisation. For several months it appeared as though even her tenacity of purpose would fail to break through the barriers of prejudice and routine opposed to her on every side. But at length her path, so long obstructed, began to grow clearer.

'Among the applications she had made throughout the length and breadth of the United States, one had been addressed to the Medical College of the University of Geneva, in the state of New York. The faculty of that institution having considered her request, agreed that they saw no reason why a woman, possessed of the requisite preparatory acquirements, should not be admitted; but feeling that the question was one whose decision must rest, practically, with the students themselves—as it would have been easy for them, if so disposed, to render a place in the amphitheatre untenable by a lady—they determined to refer the matter to them, and, having called them together, left the application with them for examination and decision. The students, having discussed the subject, decided unanimously in favour of the new applicant; and a "preamble" and "resolutions" were drawn up and voted by them, inviting her to enter the college, and pledging themselves "individually and collectively, that, should she do so, no word or act of theirs should ever cause her to regret the step."

'A copy of these "resolutions," accompanied by a letter of invitation from themselves, having been transmitted to her by the faculty of the university, she went to Geneva in November of that year, was entered on the college books as "No. 417," and threw herself into the study of the various branches of medical learning thus opened to her, with an ardour proportioned to the

difficulties she had had to overcome in gaining access to them.

'But the position she had striven so hard to attain was not without certain inconveniences, inseparable from the nature of the case; and though she had weighed, and was prepared to endure them, for the sake of the knowledge that she could obtain in no other way, it will be readily understood that a young and sensitive woman could not find herself placed in so novel a situation, and assist at all the demonstrations involved in a complete course of medical exposition, without occasional severe trial to her feelings. Aware that the possibility of her going through with such a course depended on her being able, by her unmoved deportment, to cause her presence there to be regarded, by those around her, not as that of a woman among men, but of one student among five hundred: confronted only with the truth and dignity of natural law, she restricted herself, for some time after her entrance into the college, to a diet so rigid as almost to trench upon starvation, in order that no involuntary change of colour might betray the feeling of embarrassment occasionally created by the necessary plain-speaking of scientific analysis. How far the attainment of a self-command which rendered her countenance as impassable as that of a statue can be attributed to the effect of such a diet, may be doubtful; but her adoption of such an expedient is too characteristic to be omitted here.

'From her first admission into the college until she left it, she also made it an invariable rule to pass in and out without taking any notice of the students; going straight to her seat, and never looking in any other direction than to the professor, and on her note-book.

'How necessary was her circumspection to the prosecution of the arduous task she had assumed, may be inferred from an incident which occurred during the lecture in the amphitheatre, a short time after her admission. The subject of the lesson happened to be a particularly trying one; and while the lecturer was proceeding with his demonstration, a folded paper—evidently a note—was thrown down by somebody in one of the upper tiers behind her, and fell upon her arm, where it lay, conspicuously white, upon the sleeve of her black dress. She felt, instinctively, that this note contained some gross impertinence, that every eye in the building was upon her, and that, if she meant to remain in the college, she must repel the insult, then and there, in such a way as to preclude the occurrence of any similar act. Without moving, or raising her eyes from her note-book, she continued to write, as though she had not perceived the paper; and when she had finished her notes, she slowly lifted the arm on which it lay, until she had brought it clearly within view of every one in the building, and then, with the slightest possible turn of the wrist, she caused the offensive missive to drop upon the floor. Her action, at once a protest and an appeal, was perfectly understood by the students; and, in an instant, the amphitheatre rang with their energetic applause, mingled with hisses directed against her cowardly assailant. Throughout this scene she kept her eyes constantly fixed upon her note-book, taking no more apparent notice of this welcome demonstration than she had done of the unwelcome aggression which had called it forth. But her position in the college was made from that moment; and not the slightest annoyance of any kind was ever again attempted throughout her stay. On the contrary, a sincere regard at once kindly and respectful, was thenceforward evinced towards her by her fellow-students; and though, for obvious reasons, she still continued to hold herself aloof from social intercourse with them, yet, whenever the opportunity of so doing presented itself in the course of their common studies, they always shewed themselves ready and anxious to render her any good offices in their power, and some of them are among her truest friends at this day.

'The feeling of embarrassment which had caused her so much pain on her first appearance among her fellow-students was, however, soon modified by familiarity with

topics forming the subject of daily study, and was at length entirely absorbed in the growing interest and admiration excited by the wonderful and beautiful mechanism of the human frame. But the suffering it had caused her, on her entrance into the college, suggested to her the desirability of providing a first-class medical school for the reception of female students only—an institution which she hopes to establish in the course of time.

But though the "lady-student" had thus made good her position within the walls of the college, the suspicious and hostile curiosity with which she was regarded in the little town was long in subsiding. She could not, at first, obtain admission to a suitable boarding-house; the heads of those establishments having been threatened with the desertion of their "best" inmates if she were received. As she went through the streets, on her way to and from the college, audible whispers of "Here she comes!" or rude cries of "Come on, Bill, let's have a good look at the lady-doctor!" would meet her ears; and not only idle boys, but well-dressed men and women, would place themselves before her, or draw up in little knots along the pavement, to see her go by, as though she had been some strange animal from another planet. But the passage of the quiet-looking little figure, dressed with the utmost simplicity, taking no notice of the rude people about her, and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, gradually ceased to excite remark; and when she had been called upon by the wives of some of the professors, the most "respectable" of the boarding-houses consented to receive her as an inmate. . . .

From the time when she had first resolved to enter upon the study of medicine, until a very recent period, she pursued a system of self-denial in every branch of personal expenditure so rigid that it would be hardly credible to those who had not witnessed its details, and involving privations that only her exceptional temperament could have enabled her to undergo. Her arrangements were invariably made on the most inexpensive scale; she put up with the simplest accommodations, dressed with more than Quaker plainness, went about on foot in all weathers to the utmost limit of her strength, and resolutely denied herself everything, without exception, that it was possible for her to do without. Her refusing herself a little bottle of eau de Cologne, which she could have bought for fourpence-half-penny, and to which, being very fond of scents, she happened one day to take such an especial fancy that she was haunted for years with occasional visions of that same little bottle, was in accordance with the invariable rule she had marked out for herself. Acts of rare generosity on her part towards others during this period might be cited; but with regard to herself—although additional resources were placed at her disposal by her relatives in England—her self-denial was inexorable; every farthing thus economised being regarded by her as so much gained for the exigencies of future study, and treasured accordingly. Such having been her mode of action from the beginning of her student's career, it was not without an almost heroic effort that, as her course of study drew towards its close, she compelled herself to purchase a handsome black silk dress for the grand affair of her graduation. In a letter written at that time, she says: "I am working hard for the parchment, which I suppose will come in due time; but I have still an immense amount of dry reading to get through with and to beat into my memory. I have been obliged to have a dress made for the graduation ceremony; and meanwhile it lies quietly in my trunk, biding its time. It is a rich black silk, with a cape, trimmed with black silk fringe, and some narrow white lace round the neck and cuffs. I could not avoid the expense, though a grievous one for a poor student; for the affair will take place in a crowded church; I shall have to mount to a platform, on which sits the president of the university in gown and triangular hat, surrounded by rows of reverend professors; and of course I can neither disgrace womankind, the college, nor the Blackwells, by presenting myself in a shabby gown."

In January 1849, the ceremony in question took

place, as just described. The church was crowded to suffocation; an immense number of ladies being present, attracted from every point of the compass, from twenty miles round, by the desire to witness the presentation of the first medical diploma ever bestowed on a woman; and among the crowd were some of her own family, who had come to Geneva to be present on the occasion. When the preliminary ceremonial had been gone through with, and various addresses had been delivered, the wearer of the black silk dress ascended to the platform with a number of her brother-students, and received from the hands of Dr Lee, the venerable president of the university, the much-desired diploma, which with its seal and blue ribbon, and the word *Dominus* changed to *Domina*, admitted her into the ranks of the medical fraternity, hitherto closed against her sex. Each student, on receiving the diploma, returned a few words of thanks. On receiving hers, Dr Elizabeth replied, in a low voice, but amidst a hush of curiosity and interest so intense that the words were audible throughout the building:

"I thank you, Mr President, for the sanction given to my studies by the institution of which you are the head. With the help of the Most High, it shall be the endeavour of my life to do honour to the diploma you have conferred upon me."

The president, in his concluding address, alluded to the presence of a lady-student during the collegiate course then closing, as "an innovation that had been in every way a fortunate one;" and stated that "the zeal and energy she had displayed in the acquisition of science had offered a brilliant example to the whole class;" that "her presence had exercised a beneficial influence upon her fellow-students in all respects;" that "the average attainments and general conduct of the students during the period she had passed among them were of a higher character than those of any class that had been assembled in the college since he had been connected with the institution;" and that "the most cordial good wishes of her instructors would go with her in her future career."

Dr Elizabeth Blackwell is now a highly successful doctor at New York, where she has been latterly joined by a junior sister, Dr Emily Blackwell, who has passed through the same professional education with equal éclat, but under greatly less difficulty.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

WHEREFORE bid me say I love you?

Nay—appeal you to the past;

If my deeds no tale have told you,

Words may to the winds be cast;

These, though every hour repeated,

Ne'er had held your heart so fast.

Years ago I would not bind you,

Though your pledge you bade me take;

Lest some future day should find you,

For your honour's, not my sake,

Riveting, before God's altar,

Chains you rather longed to break.

Think not that your love I doubted

Even in its earliest spring;

But I asked myself the question:

What will years of waiting bring?

God be thanked—the trial ended,

Both our hearts the closer cling.

Why, then, bid me say 'I love you;'

Look into the past, and see

If each thought of mine and labour,

Were not for us—not for me.

Deeds, not words, have bound us—may we

Still by them united be.

Grimsby.

RUTH BUCK.

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A PARISIAN SOIRÉE.

Nor very long ago, I, Beatrice Walford, paid my first visit to Paris, and stayed there some time. I was very young, very fresh, and ardent in those days. I was open-eyed, open-eared, eager to enjoy, prone to admire, and not unwilling to criticise. I started, to be sure, with a great contempt for the French character: I knew that the men were monkeys, and not to be trusted; that the women were vixens, and given up to dress. This was all the mental provision I had made for my two years' residence amongst them. Otherwise, I entered almost in that state of innocence which finds it astonishing that the natives of France should speak French. My first single emotion was delight at the radiant world I found myself in. I was on a visit to a sister, who, some six years before, had married a French gentleman of the *petite noblesse*, had become a widow, and having lived a good deal in Paris, preferred still to reside there, but was very glad to have me, as she said, to give a little liveliness to her '*triste home*.' I did not myself think it at all triste when I first arrived. It was in that bright bit of Paris, the Avenue des Champs Elysées, one of a row of elegant houses, all glittering in their brilliant white stone, with their moulded and gilded façades on each side of those broad sunny walks and their double avenue of trees. And did not my sister's small, pretty apartment open on me as a tiny Peri palace, as on entering the ante-chamber, I heard the gay piano sounding, and just saw into the bright little drawing-room within, where the sun, shining in from the Champs Elysées, played on a little shrine, gay and fragrant with flowers. And like the nymph of flowers and fragrance herself, came forward my graceful sister, to kiss and smile at me. When the first vague, happy greetings were over, she made me sit by the fire, and threw herself carelessly back in a low chair by my side, playing with her little queen-baby, a rose-and-white child with two dancing sapphires of eyes. We were soon laughing together, for she was excitable and easily amused, and, though older by some years than I, more of a child. The dear Sybil! I never could describe Sybil, she was such a delicate blending of counter-elements—white nymph-like figure, with ethereal complexion, and golden-brown hair, and a kind of celestial sweetness in her eyes, and her still smile. The admiring Frenchman, *monsieur or ouvrier*, would pronounce her in the streets a *blonde angelique*; and I have known a lecture or concert room fill with a low general murmur of pleasure as she entered, followed by the not whispered

word '*Anglaise*.' But beyond that white charm, I do not know that Sybil was particularly English; there was a life and play, a foreign grace in dress, manner, and speech, that seemed to have been kindled in a warmer, more exciting atmosphere than ours. I believe that, nevertheless, the quick French eye could discern, underneath, the English simplicity and spontaneity which has so complete a charm of its own. Perhaps she was something of a coquette, but I did not mind that.

'Why, Sybil, it seems to me,' I said, as I leaned out on the light iron *grillage* of the balcony, 'that one can see all Paris without stirring from one's place. It is as if all the world was gathered into a picture below these windows for our amusement. From that bronze fountain, with its silvery jet-and-foam halo, in the Place down there, to that arch of triumph, so cut out in the blue air at the other end, it is all a dream.'

'There goes the President,' said Sybil; and I looked, though the name was not then much of a spell. I saw a low-hung, elegant *calèche*, with four horses, valets and postillions in livery of green and gold; and leaning back in it, with folded arms, a slight, inanimate-looking man, of clayey, or rather leathery complexion, who touched his hat now and then, with a wooden, immovable face, to the scant greetings of the passers-by. That tired and passionless man was patiently biding his time, seeing by the light of his star—in what appeared to others the dark chaos of his future—a clear, sharp path up to strange power and grandeur for himself; and in the dark silent workshop of his brain, forging with the hammer of his iron will the chain that he threw over France in a single hour. Was he laughing deep down at the folly of those who despised him, because, unlike themselves, he knew how to form his own plans, and hold his tongue?

To me, as to the rest of that unforeseeing world, all was enjoyment—the enjoyment of eyes ever pleased, never satiated. The day was given, as were many after-days, to walking through this brilliant modern Paris, admiring her in her ordered and stately grace; then wandering into the gloom and squalor of the older city, entering grand buildings, the shrines of past ages—hearing divine thunders and angelic voices in churches; then, at one step again, amidst a torrent of human life, while the quick French nature seemed ever running like a light sound of laughter or music by our side. It was always a pleasure to come back to our own street, with its regular clean white houses, its row of windows *à deux battans* on the upper stories, all opening down to the floor upon long

light balconies of prettily carved ironwork, the white and green *persiennes* thrown back against the walls, shewing the fair muslin curtains within, and all shining as nothing in London ever shines. We approach our own house; the great double doors fly open at a touch of the bell, and by the pull of a string, and before us appears a large handsome court, with two or three glass-doors at the end, one into the *concierge's* lodge, the others opening on the great common staircase. Within, is another large court, built round by the four sides of the house. The outer court is adorned with flowers in boxes, dahlias, oleanders, and orange-trees; a marble Venus stands at the foot of the staircase. As we pass the *concierge's* lodge, I see, through the glass-door, the comfortable-looking room, lighted with fire and candle, and that grim, respectable old dragon and his wife reclining at their ease in *fauteuils* placed opposite each other. In the *loge* or the court is often to be seen that prime French favourite, a superb Cyprus cat, with waving, plummy exuberance of fur. But when I inquire after him, I am so often sternly told that 'Monsieur se promène,' that I have given up this dissipated gentleman as scarcely a respectable acquaintance.

Then comes the wide staircase, up whose smooth well-waxed *parqueted* steps we trip so easily. But stop, I must learn to walk demurely, at least when I am alone; for I am told by Sybil's careful *bonne*, who watches over my morals, that on such occasions *les demoiselles* must not run up stairs; they must go *la tête relevée*, and leisurely, to shew that they are not ashamed of being seen. I must be careful too, short-sighted as I am, to see the *concierge*, wherever he may be, and to bow to him, for he is a man of lofty politeness, whose good manners I ought at least to try to imitate; and, as Gabrielle says, nothing is so necessary to *demoiselles*, nothing so carefully taught them in France, as a gracious and careful deportment. So up we pass, only bowed to by some stranger *locataire*, should he pass at the same time, each landing-place exhibiting the safe-locked door of some elegant asylum in which a family may be dwelling, joyous, yet quiet, as at home in some English country cottage. We reach our own. Sybil and I each take possession of a deliciously elastic *causeuse*, all soft and rich with crimson velvet, see our own pleased tired faces in many a gilded mirror, and discuss the incidents of the day.

'Well, you little Anglaise,' said Sybil, a few days after my arrival, 'I must take you into a little society this evening. Very often I have two or three friends myself, who drop in, in a quiet way; but to-night we must go to Madame Gibbs.'

'Who is Madame Gibbs?' I asked.

'Oh, she is a droll little body—a Frenchwoman, married to an Englishman, who piques herself on being quite English, though you won't think so. Her society is very mixed; but the party will just suit you for a beginning, being quiet, yet very amusing. How do you expect to like it, from the specimens of humanity you have seen by day?'

'I confess,' I said, 'I am not yet so far reconciled to black beards and moustaches, cigars, absurdly cut clothes, and prolonged stares. Not that I long to kill every man I meet; but this, you will say, is illiberal; and perhaps it is.'

'It seems to me so,' said Sybil candidly; 'but then I have been some years learning toleration. As for staring and talking to one, you know, there are two things a Frenchman never can help using, his eyes and his tongue. As that dear Monsieur Lamonette once said to me, when, being younger, I objected a little to the process—no impertinence is intended; it is only an artless, spontaneous tribute. "Un homme naïf et ingénu comme moi," as he was pleased to say, "can't help expressing his feelings."

But I have since grown so hardened or corrupted, that when the more serious Emile said to me: "Comment, madame, osez vous quelquefois vous promener seule? vous visrez d'entendre des choses désagréables;" I answered with the most innocent fifteen-years old air: "Les choses que j'entend ne me sont pas désagréables." But I don't wonder that you do not yet feel accustomed to hearing varying statements as to your nationality and candid information about your "typé, your hair, and your complexion." But wait for this evening's experience; Frenchmen in the street and in the *salon* are not the same thing. At anyrate, don't utter those opinions before Hermine, as, though she may very possibly think the same, she may also betray you to her countrymen.'

'Parlez du soleil et vous verrez ses rayons.' Just as Sybil spoke, the door opened, and in came two ladies—an elder and a younger, of whom the latter engaged at once my beauty-loving eye. They were Madame de Fleury—Sybil's mother-in-law, who lived in the same hotel, on a lower floor—and her young daughter, Hermine, with whom I instantly made acquaintance. A brilliant little French sylph she looked, as she half-tripped, half-glided into the room. She moved quick and decidedly, with a grace half-careless, half-coquette; her small, trim figure had just that happy degree of compression which gives slightness without stiffness. Her face, I thought at the first moment, young and fresh as it was, was hard; it had a metallic sharpness and clearness, the very reverse of the soft, dreamy, veiled charm of young English beauty. She wore a smile, not soft or timid indeed, but full of a gay, conquering brilliant sweetness of its own.

Hermine was very gracious to me. Had she met me in the street as a stranger, she would most likely have measured me with the eye of quick, unsparing criticism, which, in a moment, takes in the whole figure and dress, and which not a spot, a wrinkle, or a fold of it, if the fashion, escaped; and then turned away with that slight derisive smile, so singularly calculated to disconcert or provoke an Englishwoman. But now, perhaps Hermine satisfied herself in that glance that my pretensions as a rival were not formidable, my gown and bonnet having obviously not been made in Paris. At any rate, coming up to me, graceful and self-possessed, she made her felicitations with a tone of affectionate interest, in her light, ringing, singing voice, and that air, so winningly *empressé*, which attracts, flatters, and caresses to the highest degree. A pretty Frenchwoman, who means to please, knows how to manage the briefest meeting, the slightest chance-intercourse, especially with the other sex—be it only a handing from a *voiture*, a making way in the street, and with but a bow, a smile, a 'Merci, monsieur,' so as to turn it all into a little sentimental passage; and this charming manner they all have, more or less, from the high-bred young countess to the poor fruit-woman at her stall.

Hermine and I exchanged a few light sentences; I making crude efforts to rival her manners, to smooth and refine my phrases as prettily as I could, instead of trusting only to my downright *sans façon* English good-will, which was quite put to shame by her exquisitely polished conventionalities, and all this in a language of which not a word came straight to my tongue when I wanted it. Sybil soon relievingly interposed that it was time to dress for Madame Gibbs. We withdrew together, leaving Hermine and her mother, who were prepared to accompany us.

'Will you put me up a little to these soirees?' I asked of my sister; 'you know I have lived so long in a lonely corner of Cumberland, I shall feel giddy at this sudden plunge into Paris life, and disgrace you by my blunders.'

'Oh, these people are so indulgent,' said Sybil: 'they regard a foreigner's first crudities as charming and piquant novelties: to the newly arrived, all things are forgiven. I will tell you the sort of thing. One evening in every week, a lady receives company; and her acquaintance, if once they have had an invitation, are expected always to come that evening. They come, however, or not, as they like; the party is large or small, as may happen; they dress as they please; they come in and go out with no ceremony beyond just that of greeting their hostess; they stay long, if they find it amusing, or only a few minutes, if it is not so, or if they want to go elsewhere. The same people get a habit of frequenting the same places; so that one very often becomes intimate with a person whose family, or even name, one scarcely knows, and perhaps never sees by daylight, from meeting him or her two or three times a week, which, as mutual acquaintance have also their evenings, will often happen. So you see there is no effort, no *gêne*. People here meet to talk, and that with all their hearts. There is always the pleasant expectation of meeting there again any one who has begun to interest you, and the certainty of new faces, and of watching foreign and amusing ways.'

'Well, I like that,' I said; 'if only I need not talk a word the first three evenings.'

I did not know my fate; or rather, I did not know myself.

'I shall name no one to you beforehand,' said Sybil; 'it is so much more amusing to find out for one's self, except Emile de Fleury, who is a sort of relation: he is Hermine's cousin; has lately left the Ecole Polytechnique, and is in the army.'

Our voiture rumbles and jumbles along the execrable *pavés* of the aristocratic Faubourg St Germain, which is also the literary quarter, the colleges being chiefly there, and in this class of society lay our present acquaintance.

We stop at a large old dingy-looking house, in the Rue de l'Université, once the handsome hôtel of some grand seigneur, whose various floors are now filled with artists, students, and full-grown *littérateurs*. The *porte cochère* is open; we drive through into the paved open court, where several carriages are already standing. Three flights of stairs lead to the apartment of Madame Gibbs; we are ushered into a nice little ante-room, where an open stove or brasier, with its white marble top, diffused a delicious warmth, in compensation for the starry frozen bitterness without. Two smiling maids took charge of the ladies' mantles, *cachemires*, *capotes*, and all the rich winter-wrappings that shroud till then the still more elegant evening-dress within. The light chorus of voices from within reached the ante-chamber, and in a few moments we were amongst them.

Madame Gibbs had just re-commenced her weekly soirées. These were of a kind very frequent among the lettered, artistic, professional, and generally not very rich or exclusively fashionable circles in Paris, consequently, very mixed, very easy, and very agreeable. There was no show, expense, or elaborate hospitality of any kind; the greater part of the guests having long been in the habit of attending, were as much at home there as by their own firesides. Besides this regular and natural re-union of intimates, Madame Gibbs—being a brisk and vigorous society-lover—was at some pains to flavour it with a spicy ingredient or two—a new arrival, a foreign celebrity, a queer character, a known talker, who either became permanently added to her set, or just lighted it up for the winter, or perhaps the evening, like a passing meteor. As yet, the season for gaieties, for balls, and fêtes, had not begun; the full flood of strangers has not poured in; as yet, therefore, these soirées have more of a quiet domestic character; the *parqueté*

dancing-room is not made use of, except by an *impromptu*. The ladies' dresses are simply *demi-toilettes*—the *corsage montant* not yet replaced by the *décolleté*. The young ones bring their fresh clear tints of pink and white, unworn by a long Paris campaign; there are plenty of happy idle men, the Chamber of Deputies not having yet opened, nor the college-lectures begun. The rooms of this apartment are not large, but they are pretty ones—well arranged for receptions, well furnished, and well lighted. They consist of two salons, just of the right sociable size and shape, each warm and cheerful, with a sparkling wood-fire in each, and couches and fauteuils scattered round in most inviting groups.

The rooms are gradually filling, but the full choir of conversation is not begun. People stand, flit about unfixedly, exchange a word here and there, presenting those who wish to meet, find each other out, choose their places, and fall into a happy cleft of talk, either in a duet, or a group of three and four, changing as people leave or join it. Ere long the salon seems to present nothing but a crowd of black-bearded moustached men, whose white gloves are all waving eagerly through the room, and their tongues incessantly going betwixt talk and laughter. All are voluble, easy, self-possessed, and seem in high enjoyment, except here and there an insular form, rising like a column above the rest, blonde-headed, reddish whiskered, heavy, good-looking, either silent or speaking quietly, perhaps with an air of *gêne*, and with looks and attitudes anything but at ease. Besides these there are very bearded artists, professors with *lorgnons*, a few *militaires*, some serious-looking Italian exiles, some half un-nationalised travellers—citizens of all worlds, and many of them queer ones—some suspected Jesuits, with smooth smiles, softly joining every lively group of talkers, listening and seeming as lively as any. Here and there is a stray grand *seigneur* of the old school, known by his more quiet polished manners—generally a zealous Catholic, *dévo*t without morality, and a chivalrous legitimist, doomed thus to *coudoyer* red republicans of the most emancipated creed; and finally, as large an element as any, fair bright English girls, often habituées of Paris, but national all over in speech, look, and dress, and evidently, in their fresh beauty and joyous simplicity, great favourites with these *causerie*-loving messieurs. French demoiselles make a very thin sprinkling; and when they do appear, it must be owned their countrymen neglect them a little.

There sits a knot of right English maidens—a bouquet of two or three of these island lilies or northern roses—and every now and then a lively-looking Frenchman slides up to them, hat in hand, and, with a smile, makes two bows, the first at a distance, reverential; the second near, *empressé*—however intimate, hands are never shaken—and after a most polite inquiry as to the health of the young lady he has singled out—which must be answered, as he will repeat it till it is—he opens at once an animated flirtation. The mixture of lively badinage with compliment only *implied*, the appearance of interest, the pretty turns of speech, shewing just enough consciousness of their different sexes, and not too much, the readiness to listen as well as to talk, and the open-hearted, confiding frankness with which he communicates for her sympathy his feelings, his cares, or his sorrows—all strike the young English mind as very un-English indeed.

The favourite beginning topic is a laughing rallery of mademoiselle on her *préjugés atroces* against his nation, which he either playfully deprecates or exaggeratedly confirms; and meanwhile, the English girl—if she be new and inexperienced—looks on the Frenchman with a sort of doubt, suspicion, and yet curiosity; he is a mystery of which she finds the study far from disagreeable. Theoretically, she has a

horror of him, as something wicked, worthless, dangerous; yet, while drawn on by him to express this, she finds her real actual feelings to be those of surprise, amusement, interest, and, above all, that delicious one of gently gratified vanity. For the benefit of such innocent English girls, I may observe that this way of talking and style of manners is with a Frenchman a mere matter of course, and means very little indeed. Of course, my initiation into French society was somewhat on this wise, but I missed a good many of the favourite personalities, from the fact of my not being precisely the *blonde et candide Anglaise* which seems stereotyped in their imaginations. In fact, I was not in person of the peculiar English type (to use their pet word), though I soon discovered that I was to them most abundantly *britannique* in character and *manière d'être*. I could, after a while, perceive, not indistinctly, that I was somewhat of a favourite, and that I owed this solely to Sybil's extreme popularity. There would come up to me one after another, either led by Madame Gibbs or by the strong spirit within, to inquire, in tender tones, if I was not 'La sœur de cette charmante Madame de F—'; and very good they were to endure my sins of grammar and absurdities of pronunciation for her sake.

So I sat by Sybil's side, and watched her innocent, delicate gaiety in the light passages of talk she had with divers kinds of people, her pretty caressing attentions to her female friends, her manners, so carelessly serene to the gentlemen, old and young, who came up to her. I had, as I said, my share of introductions; for some time, it was a quick desultory succession of indifferent persons. I scarcely caught a name, I hardly knew one face from another—all was equally strange, as Englishmen often wild, and bearded like a foreigner, a foreigner sometimes speaking excellent English.

Before long, there came up to Sybil a young man, who at once detached himself to my eye from the crowd of similitudes, and who was named by her as M. Emile. He had decidedly a military air; but the first thing that struck me was his superiority in height, figure, carriage, and style of face to almost all the other young men. I had not then learned to distinguish at once a 'meridional' from a true Parisian, or son of the north, and did not know how characteristic of M. Emile's half-Spanish race was the tall, slender form, the superb curl and splendid black of his hair, beard, and silky small moustache, the pale olive hue of the south relieved by the softness of the expression, and the depth of the large black eyes. He approached Sybil quietly, with an air of homage almost timid, yet very sweet; then, on being introduced, bowed and addressed me with a kind of gentle formality; but I noticed in him, as indeed in most Frenchmen, an ease and propriety of attitude which *gaucherie* or nonchalance too often hinders an Englishman from attaining. A Frenchman presents himself well, and stands or sits straight and at rest—all but his gesticulating hands: his bow and his smile, without being expressed, have the air of one who means to please and be pleased. In the case of M. Emile, the gentleness with which he entered into conversation, formed a kind of shelter from the exuberant, noisy vivacity of the others, and I soon found myself pleasantly floating along a stream of metaphysical, critical, sentimental, and other discourse with the intelligent young *militaire*. He talked well, like other Frenchmen; but though his smile was ready and sweet, and his remarks often playful, he yet seemed to me subdued in comparison with the others; and I took occasion of a break in our conversation, to ask my sister if the young officer's heart had been blighted.

'No, I think not,' said Sybil; 'the state of his country, and his own want of hope of rising, tend

to depress him; but you will often see him bold enough.'

This was enough. When M. Emile, with his own quiet perseverance, again found a place by Sybil and me, to make me begin to talk politics, I asked him how he liked his present ruler. He shrugged his shoulders à la Française. 'You think him only better than anarchy?' I persisted, with English directness.

'I am in his service—I must not speak ill of him,' he replied.

I begged pardon for my question *indiscret*, and was politely forgiven. Indeed, a determined *marotte* was not in M. Emile's character—at least, towards one in whom he began to place a friendly confidence; and he ere long developed feelings which made me say: 'I am charmed to find you really a republican.'

'Mais vous êtes la première qui en ayez senti,' he said in a gently injured tone.

Still further emboldened, I affirmed: 'Si j'étais à votre place, je jetterais mon brevet aux quatre vents.'

He pleaded the necessity of a profession, the duties and hope of serving his country in some way or other, which a present surrender of his position would forever destroy—alleged reasons which I felt to be valid, but would not allow. I stood to my text—affirmed, with easy heroism, 'il n'est pas nécessaire de vivre,' and so on, till he was reduced to a smiling, protesting 'mais vraiment, mademoiselle,' then to break off, wondering at such *enthousiasme exalté*—'he had no idea he should find an Anglaise so démocratique,' &c. I liked to see him as he stood smiling down from his tall, . . . under his dark silken moustache, and pleased, amused, half-embarrassed smile, crossing and uncrossing his arms in a light and gentle style of his own, as he entered his protest against my exultation. I was a little displeased with M. Emile for what appeared an absence of heroic consistency—at least a temporary submission to circumstances; but I did him wrong, as his conduct on an after-occasion proved.

It was perhaps fortunate for our nascent friendship that at this juncture there approached a gentleman whom I did not know, a complete contrast to the quiet, thoughtful, low-voiced militaire, and who had been fluttering about, or rather had passed in his erratic flight a moment near us, and then waiting for no introduction, plunged into the conversation, which from that moment he carried on, and almost carried with a torrent of spirits, esprit, badinage, language, and animation of look, tone, and gesture that I repeat of describing. To say that he was amusing is small. I was never in my life so amused before. To say that he was extremely noisy, is also strict justice; and when attracted by the flood of talk and *écarts* of laughter from our group, other gentlemen from time to time joined it, till it consisted of five, six, or even seven at once, contributing their quota to the excitement. I felt myself at last in a *bravade* and fever of amusement, surprise, and *excentric*. Sybil at first gave me some aid, but she was called away by Madame Gibbs, and left to herself, the unfortunate 'étrangère' found her difficulty in speaking become ten times greater. But this moment nothing; the flattering politeness, the inextinguishable conversation and electrical good-humour of the unknown, covered and overpowered all. Encouraged by these vehement talkers, I could not and did not think of escaping, and nothing but my own final departure put an end to the game, which seemed agreeable to these gentlemen, of astonishing the Anglaise. I must say that they were also extremely well-bred, and the quickness and courtesy with which the unknown in particular listened to understood, helped out, and replied to my very English French, was perfectly charming.

As for recording one-tenth of what he said, I

would be impossible; not without the tone and manner would it seem much worth recording; I can only collect some few stray drops from this Niagara of talk. I was first (of course) rallied on my supposed English prejudices against the French, and confirmed in them by the assurance that they were *bavards*, frivolous, foolish, and unreflective: the Gallic cock, said my new friend, was the exact emblem of the national character. Nothing could be more amusing than the way in which they ran themselves down, appealing constantly, in seductive tones, to 'mademoiselle,' for whose edification these tirades were uttered. They talked about national cruelty; their ferocity, especially that of the military, was admitted without a dissentient voice; but some one pronounced the cruelties of the English worse, because they were committed in cold blood, while the French were hurried away by passionate excitement. Finally, of all the excesses of all the most savage soldiery, those committed by the Austrians were said to be pre-eminent. Then the gentle M. Emile was rallied on the ferocity he had brought from one short campaign in Algérie; but to allay the horror I might be feeling for him, I was assured that he was the most humane of all, and that he had not 'égorgé plus d'une douzaine de femmes, ni mangé plus de quatre ou six enfans.' M. Emile then told compositely some stories of horrible massacres and murderous adventures in Algérie; but when he tried to allay the effect by touches of interesting incident or picturesque descriptions, he was unmercifully laughed at by his friend, who bade me believe nothing he said, for that M. l'officier was 'romanesque, ou peu sentimentale même.' 'You, at any rate, are not,' I thought to myself. It was great fun to see this lively man teasing his friend, and then consoling him with a patronising, caressing good-nature, all of which the militaire took with his usual amiable serenity. From foreign they came home to domestic cruelties, which they told apparently with great gusto. 'Voilà, mademoiselle, encore le tigre,' was the delighted wind up.

Having thus lighted on politics, we pursued the theme with something more of earnestness than before, and then my new friend, by certain oratorical poses, betrayed himself to be one accustomed to the tribune and to public representation. All Frenchmen, I observe, at all in the habit of public speaking, make a point, when interrupted for but two minutes, of following Lamartine's great example, and standing with their arms folded in an attitude of august calm. My friend's natural majesty was not much, but he did what he could. A pensive Italian joined the group; the sprightly professor—for so far I had made out what he was—instantly turned his fire of railery on him, said something with much emphasis about 'le roi Bomba,' and then turning again to me, said: 'We have one comfort; so long as the Neapolitans exist, we cannot be called the last of nations,' which hit the young democratical littérateur took very well. Then he gaily quoted the president's late reported saying: 'Il faut supprimer l'Angleterre,' and asked me how I liked it. 'Let him try!' I answered scornfully; adding, that it was very ungrateful of him to the country which had sheltered him so long. This remark was politely approved of; and when I was threatened with being detained prisoner at Paris in case of an English war, and answered 'Je resterai volontiers,' smiles and bows acknowledged my reciprocal politeness. When on being asked my political opinions, I confessed 'la rougeur la plus foncée,' and that I was ready to mount a barricade, M. le Professeur, with an air of most chivalrous gallantry, declared his determination 'de la monter derrière moi.' A general shout of laughter informed him of his mistake, and it was in vain that he

earnestly strove to improve it to 'devant vous;' he got nothing but the credit of the first assertion.

In the course of the conversation on various subjects, the Italian littérateur, with a placidly professorial expression and in a tone of the mildest inquiry, suddenly asked: 'Quelle est la plus belle mort dont parle l'histoire?' This produced several instances, none of which I thought perfect, chiefly on account of their public, and even ostentatious character, and brought forward the negro slave in the wreck, who gave up his place in the life-boat to his master's two little sons. When I had begun this story, I became aware how little competent I was to bring it to a conclusion, and heartily wished I had never thought of it; but my hesitating narrative was received with as much silent, courteous, apparently interested attention, as if it had been *le plus beau morceau d'éloquence au monde*. I was sorry when Sybil summoned me away.

A PLEA FOR THE EYES.

THE eye of the workman is assuredly one of the choicest of his working-tools—the one, indeed, most deserving to be cherished and protected; and yet how great and prevalent is the carelessness regarding this exquisite instrument! Men in after-life have too often to pay dearly for not minding their eyes in their early days. It is eminently proper that the Society of Arts, after a hundred years of usefulness, should take up this matter; seeing that few greater contributions could be made towards the advancement of arts and manufactures, than a set of practical, sensible suggestions tending to the preservation of eyesight on the part of those who are engaged in industrial avocations. Some time ago, the Society appointed a 'Committee on Industrial Pathology on Trades which affect the Eyes,' consisting of Dr T. K. Chambers, Mr Simon, and Mr Twining. The course which this body pursued was, to send a circular of printed queries to all classes of persons, in all parts of the kingdom, who appeared likely to afford useful information on the subject under consideration. Some of the persons thus applied to made no response; while others dilated upon irrelevant matter—sending, in fact, a streamlet of text in a meadow of margin. Much valuable detail, nevertheless, was forwarded; and the committee made a report to the Society, embodying the chief facts laid before them. By condensing these facts, and throwing them into a different order, it may be possible to render the general bearings of the subject easily intelligible.

The inquiry separates itself into two parts: what eye maladies are incident to particular trades? what eye maladies are due rather to injudicious management than to the exigencies of the worker's employment?

In relation to the first question, there are undoubtedly numerous trades that seriously affect the eyesight. Artisans occupied at furnaces, such as smelters, glass-blowers, and assayers, suffer in the eyes from excess of light; and it is difficult to see how this can be remedied; for the use of any kind of tinted spectacles that would modify the glare, would at the same time interfere with the workman's power of ascertaining when the glass or metal had arrived at its proper state of fusion—a point mainly to be determined by the intensity of light emitted from the molten substance. Chips of metal frequently cause injury to the eyes of metal-turners, fitters, hammermen, cutlers, and others, either by striking against the eyeball, actually entering the eye, or burning it when the particles are red-hot. Sparks are often very disastrous to foundry-men and blacksmiths, sometimes burying themselves in the very substance of the cornea, whence they have to be picked out. Chips of stone are sources of much eye-injury to

quarrymen, masons, stone-carvers, and stone-breakers. If the material be sandstone, the injury is less severe, because the stone can be worked without much force, and the particles have no keenly cutting edges; but granite is sadly disastrous, since the sharp fragments of this stone will cut into the eye as forcibly as chips of metal; and the like may be said of particles of flint. Coke-grit is a modern but not less mischievous cause of injury; railway-guards, and passengers in open third-class pleasure-trains, are much exposed to the attacks of sharp angular particles of coke, blown out by the strong blast of the engine; these particles, whether impacted in the cornea, or driven under the eyelid, of course occasion much inflammation. Formidable injuries are inflicted on the sight of masons, bricklayers, hodmen, plasterers, and lime-burners by particles of lime, especially if the lime be in a caustic state. Miners, firework-makers, rock-blasters, quarrymen, and gunpowder-makers are, from the very nature of their several employments, exposed to imminent peril of the destruction of eyesight by explosion; and particles of powder are also likely to be driven into or against the eye. Millers, chimney-sweepers, mortar-mixers, dustmen, and drug-grinders are constantly exposed to the irritating influence of small particles of dust upon the eyes. The fork-grinders of Sheffield, and, to a less degree, the needle-grinders of Redditch, are, in like manner, affected injuriously by steel-dust. In the clothing districts, many of the workers in wool, cotton, and flax are frequently liable to the intrusion of small fibrous particles under the eyelids; and the same may be said of feather-workers and fur-workers. Soda-water bottling is a perilous employment, seeing that the fragments of bottles that have burst, and corks that are forcibly driven out, are frequent sources of lamentable injury to the eyes. Engineers are sometimes placed on the sick-list, not merely by the attacks of small particles of metal on the eyes, but by the injurious influence of blasts of steam. When the finishers or gilders employed by bookbinders were accustomed to heat their embossing-irons by charcoal-stoves, the eyes suffered much from the fumes; but this evil has been lessened by a partial use of gas-stoves. Book-finishers and gold-beaters are not unfrequently observed to be near-sighted, an effect supposed to be caused by the yellow glare to which they are so constantly exposed.

Notwithstanding the length of this melancholy list, it is satisfactory to learn that by far the larger number of eye injuries are due to causes not necessarily attaching to particular trades, but are susceptible of improvement, if not absolute removal. These causes are numerous, as we shall presently see.

One cause is *overwork*. Mr White Cooper, surgeon to St Mary's Hospital, said in reply to the queries of the committee: 'Injuries bear but a small proportion to the enormous number of cases of overwork of the eyes, varying in degree from slight derangement to absolute blindness, but all interfering more or less with the due use of the organs of vision.' With the same opportunities of observation, Mr Dixon, surgeon to the London Ophthalmic Hospital, stated that a large proportion of patients who apply at that establishment, on account of what they term 'weakness of sight,' owe the defect to mere over-use of the eyes. 'I mention over-use rather than any special trade,' he says, 'as the exciting cause; for every day's experience teaches us that needlework, and other occupations requiring close attention to minute objects, may be followed without injury to vision. Tailors suffer much from this over-use; they frequently make long days of work; they are sewing black materials for many hours consecutively; their constrained posture causes congestion about the eyes; and the want of fresh air in their heated workrooms renders them susceptible to "catarrhal ophthalmia" when they go into the open air.

The same may, to a considerable extent, be said of dressmakers and needlewomen. The Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital includes always among its patients a large number of Spitalfields weavers, whose eyes become injured by long hours of work and insufficient exercise. The copying-clerks employed by law-stationers suffer much in eyesight through the long hours of night-work to which they are frequently subject during the sittings of parliament and of the law-courts. Lacemakers are found to suffer in sight, not only from the long-continued work necessary to furnish them with the means of subsistence, but also from the constrained position in which they bend over their cushions. A like observation applies to the lacemakers employed by the bobbin-net manufacturers at Nottingham. Mr White Cooper states: 'The number of persons in this metropolis who suffer from overwork of the eyes is very great. On referring to my records, I find that 1820 such cases came under my notice in nine years, the large majority being tailors, shoemakers, and female workers with the needle. . . . I have been repeatedly told by milliners that twelve, fourteen, or sixteen hours a day, was the ordinary duration of their labour, and this often in foul and badly ventilated apartments. Milliners and tailors are especially liable to suffer from extraordinary demands upon their powers of endurance; a large amount of work is required to be completed within a limited time; this involves the loss of sleep and close confinement in an atmosphere loaded with impurities, and heated to an exhausting extent.'

Another cause is *excess of light*. In large tailoring and dressmaking establishments, where many persons work in one room, much irritation of the eyesight arises from that superabundance of light which gas can be made to afford. Watchmakers and engravers are subject to premature exhaustion of the visual powers; for they are not only necessitated to throw a strong artificial light on their work during the long winter evenings, but they even concentrate the rays by magnifiers. Sailors often suffer from excess of sunlight, as do likewise harvesters and haymakers. Blacksmiths, cooks, and engineers are among those whose eyesight is troubled by excess of furnace-light. Mr France, lecturer on ophthalmic surgery at Guy's Hospital, adverts to a curious kind of superabundant light which would not have occurred to many besides oculists. 'If the Society of Arts,' he says, 'would exert its influence with the public to abolish the present custom of decorating shop-fronts with broad plates of brass, they would effect an important oculosanitary improvement: these brazen mirrors, when in summer weather the sunshine is perfectly reflected from them, are in truth a very serious evil to the vision of passers-by.'

A third cause is *deficiency of light*. Those tailors and sempstresses who work in large establishments, as has been said above, liable to irritation of the eye from excess of gaslight; but those who work at home too often suffer from deficiency of light; their windows are darkened by contiguous buildings, while a small cheap candle affords insufficient light in the evening. There appears to be a custom among dressmakers of making up their white and coloured materials during the day, and reserving black work for the evening, on the ground that white or delicate fabrics are apt to become soiled by the smoke of artificial light. The reason assigned may or may not be a sound one; but the practical effect is that of fatiguing the eye by evening-work upon a substance which, by the very circumstance of its being black, reflects little light to the eye. Nothing can tell more conclusively on this point than a few words used by Mr White Cooper: 'I have invariably found that a general mourning increased the number of applicants for relief at the ophthalmic institutions to which I am attached'—

owing to the blank, dreary, wearing and wearying obscurity of the light from black work. Fine work has some such effect as dark work upon the sight; for the eye aches in the endeavour to appreciate each minute spot on the work to be done. Engravers frequently suffer from this cause. The 'closers,' 'statchers,' and 'stabbers' of boots and shoes are in like manner troubled in eyesight by the closeness of the stitches to be made.

A fourth cause is *badly applied light*. The light by which a worker pursues his avocations may be neither too great nor too small in actual amount; yet there may be a want of tact in its adjustment sufficient to irritate and injure the eye. Wherever a draught of air gives a flickering motion to a flame, the eye becomes thereby irritated and inflamed; and in some printing-offices where the compositors are employed during long night-hours, this evil is said to be much felt. The colour of the light is often a subject of injury. Mr Cousins, one of those from whom the committee sought information, said: 'Needlewomen, embroiderers, and lacemakers should work in rooms hung with green, and having green blinds and curtains to the windows. When in North China, I became convinced of the very great advantage with which this rule has been adopted by the exquisite embroiderers of that part. Their books of patterns are frequently called *Books of the Lady of the Green Window*.' He further remarks: 'Needlewomen would find great advantage in changing the colour of their work as frequently as possible; the rationale of this is found in the law, that variation of stimulus is necessary to preserve the tone and health of any organ of sense, and that prolonged application of the same stimulus exhausts it.' The ill effect experienced through remaining many hours in a room lighted by several jets of gas, is probably due quite as largely to the exhalation of the gas as to the brightness of the light. Much unnecessary suffering, too, is borne by persons who work with a light at too low a level; in full many a case, ease would be found to result from an adjustment of the light at a higher level, such as to allow, as in nature, the brow and lashes to shelter the pupil and iris, and to prevent the impact of direct rays upon the optic nerve.

There are multitudes of minor causes of injury to sight, arising, in great part, from the recklessness of workmen while engaged at their employments. Mr Devlin, a bootmaker, who has written much and excellently both on the social and on the technical characteristics of his trade, drew the attention of the committee to the fact, that shoe and boot makers often ruin their sight by smoking short pipes while bending over their work. The bowl of the pipe, hour after hour, is sending out its fumes within a few inches of the down-turned eyes. 'A shoemaker,' he narrates, 'a voracious smoker, having been compelled to apply, through the failure of his sight, to the celebrated oculist, Dr (Mr?) Alexander, this gentleman, immediately he held the head of the wretched sufferer before his observation, exclaimed: "Why, you have brought this all upon yourself! You are your own eye-destroyer! That short pipe which you stick in your lips is doing it all! Throw that bad and filthy thing aside. There can be no remedy for you until you drop this vile propensity. Why, man, you are burning your very eyeballs out of their sockets!" So he told him, and then and afterwards he did what he could for his patient; but all unavailing as regarded a complete restoration of sight; and now, in his visual benightedness, he is compelled to sell matches in the streets of London.'

Now, in collecting all this sad calamity of eye misfortunes, the Society of Arts, of course, had something more in view than to excite commiseration. The primary objects have been, to ascertain the value of all existing

means of prevention, and to suggest others for future adoption. These means must necessarily depend on the nature of the employment. All artisans who are exposed to eye injury from chips, splinters, dust, grit, or fluff, would do well to look about them for eye-protectors. 'Goggles,' or spectacles of wire-gauze, might often be used with advantage by such persons; and, indeed, stone-breakers in Germany are said to use such. The grinders at Messrs Rodgers' cutlery-works at Sheffield wear, many of them, very large spectacles of plain flint-glass. Dr Gibb expressed to the committee the following opinion on the great 'beard' question: 'I am quite certain that many, in fact a large number of artisans, who are exposed to the influence of dust, grit, chips, splinters, &c., from the nature of their occupation, suffer more in proportion to the absence of beards and whiskers, than those who possess those appendages. This is a fact which is becoming established every day. I have followed this observation out to some extent in practice, in the treatment of diseased eyes from dust, &c., with shaven faces, where there appeared, at the same time, to be a weakness in the organ of vision from the latter cause. On the growth of the beard, when the affection of the eyes was cured, the weakness disappeared, and many whose eyes were before diseased through the nature of their occupations, after obtaining beard and whiskers, were to a great extent exempt from a return of their eye affections. This may be attributable to two causes: the first, the protection afforded to the face by the hair, the strengthening and tonic influence imparted in consequence to the nerves of the face and eyes, and the general improvement of the health from the comfort experienced in wearing the beard; the second, the arrest of the particles of dust and grit by the hair of the beard and whiskers, thereby relieving the eyes. Without at all going into the question as to the propriety of wearing the beard and whiskers, I mention these facts as likely to prove useful, in reply to some of the questions in the special memorandum; but I will observe, in conclusion, that there is a great deal of sympathy between the beard and the eyes, and an abundance of evidence could be brought forward to prove it.'

Many workmen are exposed to the sudden entrance of small particles between the eyeball and the upper lid: a careful laving or bathing of the eye seems the best cure here; and Mr White Cooper has devised an ingenious little contrivance for this purpose, to be fitted up in workshops. In the numerous cases where the light which falls upon the workman's eye or upon his work is either too great or badly arranged, many preventives have been partially adopted, and others suggested—such as due caution against overworking the eye at one time; frequent changes, if possible, in the size and colour of the substances worked upon; avoidance of black work, if practicable, by artificial light; the employment of slightly tinted blue glass-shades, or judiciously arranged paper-shades, in front of gas-jets; a substitution of daylight for nightlight in all employments, so far as the usages of modern society and the necessities of the workers will permit; the avoidance of red or warm colours, and the substitution of green or blue, in avocations wherein the eyesight is much employed; the use of a reflector over a gaslight, to throw down the illumination on the work, and shield it from the eyes of the workman, &c. Mr White Cooper, when speaking of eye-shades, observes: 'The ordinary shades have had the objection of heating the forehead and eyes, by not allowing the escape of vapour from them. An optician has, at my suggestion, made a shade working on hinges, which does away with the objection by allowing of ventilation; and it can also be adjusted at any angle most convenient to the wearer.'

As to injuries to the eyesight resulting from excessive

smoking, snuff-taking, drinking, or excesses in any habit whatever, nothing need be urged concerning the best mode of prevention—to name the indulgence is, at the same time, to name the direction in which reform is to be sought.

This sheet will fall into the hands of many whose daily employments call for much exercise of eyesight; and if it should induce them to attend to the various modes in which the eyes may suffer, or to adopt any suggested preventives, or to suggest preventives for the use of others, the purpose for which this article is written will have been well attained.

PRIZE OR NO PRIZE.

I WAS at the Cape, on sick leave. When I sailed from India, I was as languid and yellow-visaged as the most listless nabob that ever supplied material for farce or novel. A smart bout of jungle-fever makes one see the world and all its advantages through a diminishing lens; and when I crawled from the Masoolah boat up the side-ladder of the good ship *Mary Jane*, I should not have been in the least excited by the news of my appointment to the office of governor-general. But a few months at the Cape, where the dry air and pure skies absolutely seem to impart vitality to an enfeebled frame, made a wonderful difference in me, both mentally and corporeally. As my strength and appetite returned, so did my interest in sublunary matters; and now that I was a convalescent, I became a victim to boredom. There are few places in which one may enjoy more hearty, honest, solid dulness than at the Cape of Good Hope. No doubt, an English market-town, a cathedral city, a decayed watering-place, are tolerably lifeless, especially in hot summer weather, when dozing dogs have the sunny pavement to themselves, and the blue-bottles that haunt the butcher's shop seem to monopolise all the activity of the place. But Cape Town!—Cape Town on a regular baking-day, before the breeze springs up, may challenge the world to compete with it on the score of monotony.

I was not located in the town itself, but at Simonswald, a little place among the hills, perched at a respectable height above the sea, and whose boarding-houses were full of the recovering, the sick, and the dying, who owed their shattered health to the vampire climate of India. There was no diversion at Simonswald, however, except three: you might stroll up to Constantia Farm, and see the world-famous vineyards, read the newspapers over and over again, or play cards. Now, a newspaper is apt to grow tedious by the time of its fourth perusal; and vineyards have a sameness about them; and of card-playing and its effects, I had seen rather more than enough in the hill-stations in India. By the by, I have known men who had withstood all temptation to become gamblers while on service, gradually imbibe a morbid love of high play at the Cape, from pure dearth of employment, and ruin themselves for life to save a yawn. Well, to escape the dulness of Simonswald, I ordered my hack every day at the same hour, and rode to plunge into the dulness of Cape Town. Not that Cape Town is so utterly uninteresting to a stranger; for a short time—say a week—one might be agreeably enough employed in looking about one.

The Cape has its lions, figuratively, at least, on the hither side of the Orange River. There are the Cape pigeons, bolder than any pigeons Europe can produce; albatrosses and cormorants, and other great white or gray birds, perpetually screaming and soaring over the waves that sparkle with gamboling fish. There are the plump Cape belles; the Cape sheep with their astounding tails, which, somehow, never seem real honest appendages, but have all the air of artificial

beside whom most of the visitors to the colony look contemptible pigmies, an opinion you may generally read pretty legibly on the broad face of the Afriander himself. And there are the Hottentots, of whose vicinity, if they should happen to be to windward, you cannot long remain unconscious; and the wonderful wagons from the interior; and the Cape burghers, and the Cape sharks, and the vats of Cape wine, and the miserable booths where Cape brandy inspires a company of negroes to dance to the music of a gourd fiddle; and more cattle, more hides, more clay-pipes, and more queer costumes than would give a travelling artist materials for fifty sketches. But still, in a month or two, a man is sure to grow weary of the Cape of Good Hope, and think the best hope he could cherish would be to get well away from it.

One day, as I was yawning about on the pier, looking up now and then at Table Mountain, to see if the cloth was spread, and any elemental frolic probable, a salute was suddenly banged out by the Flagstaff Battery. As quickly as was natural to a man who, for the last day or two, had had no pleasanter problem to busy his mind than an attempt to solve the question, *why* Cape horses cannot trot, but must gallop or canter, I spun round, and asked for information.

'A king's ship, sir, with a prize in tow—a slaver, belike,' said a seafaring man, the mate of some merchantman, and very civilly handed me his glass, through which I could make out a frigate 'clawing' into the bay, in company with a large suspicious-looking black brig. Meanwhile, signals were being rapidly exchanged between the frigate and the shore; and soon the rumour spread that the new-comer was the *Lynx*, 36, Captain Horne. *Lynx*, Captain Horne! here was a chance for me, for Horne was an old friend, a sort of Welsh cousin of mine, and I had even been a cruise in the *Lynx*. Here was a remedy for the Cape blue-devils, for a few days anyhow. I should dine with Horne, and Horne would dine with me, and then I should join the gun-room mess, and hear some yarns not absolutely threadbare. But here is the gig pulling fast for the pier-head, and in the stern-sheets sits the weather-beaten naval commander, Captain Horne, full fig, on his way to the governor's. To my surprise, he seemed in wretched spirits, and winced when I congratulated him on his success in the anti-slavery line.

When he came out of government-house—the 'residence,' as the natives call it—Horne, who had agreed to dine with me, passed his arm through mine.

I asked him what made him wear such a hang-dog look, being lucky enough to have caught a slaver.

'Caught a slaver!' he exclaimed—'caught a Tartar would be nearer the mark, I am afraid. I wish she had been under fifty fathoms of blue water before ever I heard of her.'

A little pressing, and I heard the whole story.

'I was hovering about the South American coast,' said Horne, 'keeping a bright look-out for any stray Brazilian that might be fitting for a trip to the slave-coast; but not one could I find. Either the craft were invisible, or the negro-trade was a myth, one would have thought. At last—you know I always paid highly for good information, and picked up more prizes in that way than could otherwise have been gained—at last, I was informed that a brig was fitting out in Buenos Ayres harbour, and would sail shortly. She was under Brazilian colours, but the skipper was a Yankee, and a 'cute' one. He had been obliged to take on board a suspicious quantity of water-casks, salt provisions, and so forth, but he had hidden the shackles—Old Nick alone can tell where; and on the slave-deck he had placed six horses, in pens, as a pretext for his voyage. Ship's papers, man-

honest trader, don't you see? carrying on a traffic in horses, though I shall be able to prove that for the six hide-bound old screws he took out, he must have paid more in Buenos Ayres than he could possibly sell them for on the African coast. Besides these nags, the Yankee had a cargo of hardware, guns, nails, tools, metal rods—the proper things to barter with the natives—and he was to bring back produce, so he says.

'Well,' he sailed. I kept a bright look-out, and never lost sight of his topmasts during the voyage.

'His course was evidently towards the Bight of Benin; but when he got within eighty miles of the Guinea Coast, the old fox doubled, and ran down in the night towards Cameroons. The brig sails fast, as slavers always do; but the *Lynx* is the tightest, trimmest little boat on a wind, in the whole'—

'There, there, Horne; I know all that.'

'Well,' resumed Horne, 'I was coming up with him, hand over hand, so round he went; and running round some sandy keys, made for the Calabar River. I gave chase, and he then steered for the Bonny. This would never do; a squall, a fog, even a dark night, and he would escape me, and carry his cargo of ebony safe to America. So I ran down, fired a gun, and sent a boat to fetch the skipper. He met me with a provoking grin, and said, as he squirted tobacco-juice over my clean white decks: "Well, cap'n, you've got me, and I hope you like me. You've captured me, I guess; but to get the brig condemned is another and a nation different story." And so it is, Ned, and I'm afraid I've only burned my fingers by my precious caption. The mixed court won't condemn her on bare suspicion. The crew are as close as wax, and the Yankees keep watch on the Spanish sailors, so no one can split if he wanted to.'

'And if you don't get her condemned, Horne?' said I.

'If I don't, I'm a ruined man, that's all,' he returned with a quiver in his lip very unusual to him. 'I'm a poor man, as you know; and if my prospects are blighted, what is to become of my wife and my poor boys? It was for their sake I was so anxious for more prize-money, and I thought this ship would have paid for James's three years at Cambridge, and left a handsome nest-egg in the bank too. But if the brig's declared an honest trader, I must pay compensation for seizing her, and detaining her illegally, and dockyard-men, labourers for the search, fees, wages, and what not, until I'm a beggar. Worse, too; I shall be in the "black books" of the Admiralty, and perhaps never get another ship, and then'— And the honest fellow stopped, for his heart was too full to allow him to say more. Day after day the slaver lay in Table Bay, and nothing came to light. No seaman peached—no shackles were found. The Yankee skipper grinned triumphantly when he met us on the pier. You would have thought him the captor, and poor dejected Horne the prisoner, to have seen them both.

The mixed court could not come to a decision. There were the water-casks, the salt pork, and so on, but no shackle-bolts and leg-irons. 'Why don't you search the hold?' said I daily to poor Horne.

'I dare not,' was the answer; 'for there is a heavy cargo; and what with the wages of dockyard-men, and compensation to the owners for breaking bulk, the search would cost me a hundred pounds.'

I offered him all the assistance in my power, but he was a proud man, and declined it. So the cause went on, and the naval officer, poor man, was on his trial as well as the rascally slaver. Many a captain has let a negro-trader escape rather than face such a risk. The day of the final trial came, and the Yankee skipper was in court, and snapped his fingers at us. He did not take the trouble to sham innocence, confident he could not be proved guilty. Without

saying a word to Horne, I slipped out of court, ran to the pier, and was pulled on board the brig. I soon secured an ally in the midshipman who commanded the prize-crew, and we made a most irregular onslaught on the contents of the brig's hold. Strange to say, we found the shackles! they had been wrapped in tow, and headed up in casks apparently full of salt-meat; so that, but for an accident, we might have searched till doomsday in vain. But the discovery was useless after all; for when I returned in triumph, I found Horne radiant with joy, and the Yankee crest-fallen and utterly subdued. Unable to agree, the Brazilian and English judges had agreed to *toss up*, heads or tails of a dollar, for condemned or acquitted. Heads came up, and thus, most justly, though by sheer accident, the vessel was condemned.

COOKERY AND COOKS.

We have long been of opinion that not only your poet and your gardener must be 'to the manner born'—overshadowed from the cradle by the flowers of Parnassus or the green-house—but that those very important house-genii, cooks, are likewise so by right of birth-right. To be really a cook, as to be really a poet, one must possess qualities accorded to but few. Quick sense of aromatic odours, equal delicacy of taste in its primary sense, fertility of invention and expedient, powers of combination, must belong to the cook in no ordinary degree. The badness of mere professors of this important art, the skill with which they spoil the good gifts of Providence, are no more arguments against this theory than the detestable infliction of sham poetry is against the heaven-born genius of the poet; nay, it is rather an argument in its favour, the rareness of the gift proving its excellence.

The truth is practically acknowledged by the remuneration of the gift when possessed. One of the late Sybarites of the regent's days gave, we know from certain authority, L.400 a year to her cook; and L.100 a year are the ordinary wages of one who would probably designate himself as an *artiste*.

And like other followers of art, your true cook has an idiosyncrasy of his own: a self-consciousness, a jealousy of non-appreciation, a delight in discovering new combinations of old materials—what else is left to either cook or poet?—and an exultation in casting a glamour over the senses of his duller neighbours by the witchery of his art—an art, too, let us whisper, of much greater importance than we coarse Anglo-Saxons have comprehended till lately, when a great cook became one of the supporters of an army, and made manifest the fact that, as man is an eating animal, he may not with impunity disregard one of the laws of his being.

In ancient times, when man had not learned the evils of indigestion—judging by his length of days and the paucity of physicians—cooking was held in high honour, and practised by noble and princely persons. It is the hands of the queenly Sarah that prepare flesh of the calf and baked cakes for the food of angels. Rebecca's delicate cookery deceived even the practised taste of Isaac, and was the instrument misemployed to bring a prophetic blessing on a peculiar people.

Turn from these great mothers of the ancient race to the Greeks of Homer's days, and you will find kings cooking in honour of their gods; and roast-pork greeting the return of Ulysses. Both the kingly and the swineherd cook develop the idiosyncrasy of which we speak. Important events are celebrated by their art. The sacrifice must be followed by the feast; the royal exile's return, in like manner, by an impromptu slaughter and frying of swine, just as the

poet by a certain instinct celebrates a solemnity or a victory by a lay.

The Spartan cooks, too, even when their art was curbed and checked by the puritanical laws of their country, and their skill was doomed to evaporate in the steam of black broth, were as jealous of their honour as the most tenacious of modern artistes. One has gone down to all ages as reproving a monarch with equal boldness and wit, whilst resenting an insult to his own skill.

The king murmurs over the legal repast of his country—"the broth was naught."

"It lacks its seasoning," was the reply.

"What is that?"

"Labour and exercise, O king."

The cooks of old Rome—we mean of the empire—were obliged to supply by their skill the deficiency of this seasoning. We wonder how many slaves cooked for Lucullus—how they managed their delicate dishes of peacocks' tongues and brains. How pleased the fraternity of cooks must have been at every new creature, "meet for food," which the luxurious conquerors of the world brought back from every vanquished land!—how they must have welcomed the delicious oyster of Britain, the cherries for their first tart, brought home from Greece by Lucullus himself! The days of the Roman Empire must have been a palmy time for cooks. In far-off Egypt, where Antony's capricious appetite taxed the patience and skill of his *chef de cuisine*, twelve cooks constantly prepared the meal that was ever to be ready, and might be called for at all hours; and twelve wild-boars, in different stages of roasting, astonished the stranger's eyes. But we are digressing from the chief purport of our article.

One of the saddest, and yet most apt, illustrations of the jealous sensitiveness of cooks, is that recorded by Madame de Sevigné of the celebrated Vatel, servant to Louis Quatorze. The king was at Chantilly for the day, with all his brilliant court. They walked in those pleasant gardens, and on a spot carpeted with jonquils a collation was served. Roast-meat failed at some of the many tables, for a far greater number of guests had arrived than had been announced in the preparatory orders. Vatel felt the want—the defect in his perfect feast, as his sensitive tribe ever do. He said several times: "Je suis perdu d'honneur; voici un affront que je ne supporterai pas." He added to M. Gourville these touching words, explanatory of the catastrophe which followed: "My head turns; for twelve nights I have not slept; help me to give orders." Gourville helped him to the best of his power, and communicated his distress to the prince, who went to his room, and assured him that all was well; that nothing could be better than the king's supper. He replied: "Monseigneur, votre bonté m'achève; je sais que le rôti a manqué à deux tables." We shall quote the remainder of the sad tale from Madame de Sevigné herself: "At four o'clock in the morning, Vatel walks round the place; he finds everybody asleep; he meets a little purveyor, who brings him only two baskets of salt-water fish. He asks him: "Is that all?" "Yes, sir." The boy did not know that Vatel had sent to all the sea-ports for more. Vatel waits some time; the other purveyors do not arrive. His head grows confused and troubled; he believed there would be no more salt-water fish. He found Gourville, and said to him: "Monsieur, I shall not survive this disgrace." Gourville laughed at him. Vatel ascends to his chamber, puts his sword against the door, and passes it through his heart; but it was only at the third blow—for he gave himself two wounds, which were not mortal—that he fell dead."

Too late, too late came the fish. The grief of the courtiers was great at first, but 'Gourville tried to

repair the loss of Vatel, and it was repaired. The court dined well; they had a collation—a supper; they walked—played. Everything was perfumed by jonquils: everybody was enchanted."

One shudders as one reads. Was there no memory of the unfortunate man who had perished in that sweet perfume? No trace of the recent horror amidst that selfish throng? No marvel if the next time we meet with a royal French cook, it is in the prison of the Temple. The glittering, heartless throng have vanished. The sceptre is in the dust. "Le Roi"—that golden idol—is no longer amid the jonquils of Chantilly, but a captive to his own people; and Turgu, his old cook, faithful amidst so many false, serves, aids, helps the fallen monarch in his hour of need.

The same nervous temperament which led to Vatel's fearful fate, produced in England another tragedy, in which a cook was the principal actor. Some supposed insult offered to his skill, drew the vengeance of this man on the family he served; and they were all poisoned by him. We do not wish to dwell upon such a tale; but as its punishment was the last act of one of our old terrible laws, we could scarcely leave it out in our chat about cooks. In those days, the law condemned 'cooks who were guilty of poisoning to be boiled alive!' and this hideous doom was fulfilled in this case.* The cook was boiled in a large kettle in Smithfield Market! Probably the opportunities of destruction possessed by cooks, suggested fears and suspicions which gave rise to this frightful law, and not any frequency of the crime in the persons for whom it was framed. This opinion is confirmed by the fact that the instance we have cited was the first and last time of the frightful punishment being carried into effect.

But we will turn to a pleasanter phase of character—that is, the skill and art of combination, and even transformation, belonging to this peculiar idiosyncrasy. We suppose almost all our readers know the story of the bet made by the French *gourmands*, one of whom asserted that he could detect the component parts of any dish put before him; the other, betting at great odds that he would not be able to tell the materials wherewith his cook would prepare a 'savoury dish' for them. The bet was taken; the one confident in his quick natural sense; the other in the skill of his cook. The matter was of importance beyond a mere gambling transaction, because the fallen fortunes of a noble family would be raised by the timely pecuniary help. The cook—a Frenchman of course—exerted all his talents, and surpassed all praise. The dish was placed before the knowing epicure. He tastes, smacks his lips, tastes again, smells it—your epicures don't stand on elegance of manner in such a case!—tastes again. Alas! it is redolent of all rich odours; such sauces, so marvelously blended; such gravy, such solids—so soft, tender! What can it be? A wondrously prepared tripe? No! Calves' head in a new shape? No, no, no!—a thousand 'Nos.' Our epicure gives it up. 'It is old white kid gloves!' is the cool explanation, when the bet is resigned up as lost. We remember reading in our childhood, in an old, old history of the Netherlands, of similar skill proving of inestimable value to some Black Walloons, who were besieged and famine-stricken somewhere—our memory cannot recall the name. The cook of the garrison, being a true cook, and therefore possessing the idiosyncrasy of his tribe, made most appetising salads of grass; dressed stinging nettles like spinach with eggs, whilst he had any; made admirable ragouts of rats, and mice, and lapdogs; a splendid second course of dried onions, and finally disguised

* Vide Blackstone's Commentaries.

the officers' old boots à *merville*, and made leather digestible! not to speak of the hot rolls made of saw-dust and a few chestnuts! Finally, the Soyer of that age made his dependents confident that 'if they cut off their left arms, and fought with their right,' he could make wholesome food from the lost members!

The artistic skill of cooks is shewn frequently in ornament as well as in substantial matters. The graceful centre-dishes, and garnishings of sugar, &c.; the vegetable flowers, architectural jellies, the blending of colours, are all proofs of this power. The culinary art appeals to the eye as well as to the palate, and charms three or four senses at once. In the age of chivalry, a fortress of pasty stands, attacked by mimic warriors, on the centre of the baron's board. As taste and knowledge spread, lighter and more fanciful devices appear. Barley-sugar baskets and turrets emulate topazes in clearness and brilliancy, and 'dough' becomes the instrument for the art of a modeller, who might vie with the sculptor, the material taken into consideration.

It was the despair of the Duke of Tuscany's cook for a lacking centre-ornament that brought to light the genius of Canova—the boy, who was lingering about the kitchen—so runs the tale—offering to supply the want, and forming from dough and white sugar so perfect a lion that the duke, perceiving his talent, took him under his own care, and he became the great sculptor of modern times.

Of all people, the negroes are most generally gifted with the skill required for the culinary art. This is shewn, we think, by the choice of a negro for cook on board almost all ships of war. We remember well when we—in our childhood—dwelt on board a man-of-war possessing such a cook; and in how many points our 'Black John' partook of the idiosyncrasy of greater artists; for he was a genius in his way, and delighted in all things beautiful. We can see him now! How he used to strut down the deck, with a certain dignity about him too; there was no lack of self-appreciation in John. How he ordered his subordinates, the boys attached to the galley; and how marvellously quick he was in understanding a 'receipt' for even the most difficult and delicate operations of his art. There was nothing he could not do, though our mother, from some slight prejudice as to his colour—we ourselves thought it was because it would 'come off'—did not permit him to make pastry for us. He liked flowers very much; and in return for some gift of sweets, we presented him with a flower-pot, containing our only flower—a marigold! He was amusingly diverted by the gift, declaring, 'Marigold proper flower for cook, 'cos good to put in soup.' We had even then read a little of Shakespeare, and quoted instantly the verses:

The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping.

Black John was charmed; he made us repeat the lines again and again, till he knew them; and afterwards we heard him, negro-fashion, singing them to a tune of his own—one of those wily melodies which prove how much of the artist's soul dwells often in the bosom of the blackamoor.

But it was—as we said at the commencement of this article—reserved for our own day to shew us the value of cookery as an art, and the idiosyncrasy of cooks in its best form. When our armies were perishing for lack of nourishment rather than food—for they had enough to spoil—a cook, with the self-consciousness of power, and chivalrous feeling peculiar to the character we have tried to draw, volunteered to go and aid the sufferers with the best resources of his skill. He went, and was successful, and raised for ever his art and the skill of its followers in the

estimation of Europe and the East. With the names of the brave men who fought and fell by the shores of the Euxine, will be united hereafter the name and memory of Soyer the cook.

O Ç E O L A :

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXX.—SIGNAL-SHOTS.

I SHALL not attempt to depict my emotions at that moment; my pen is unequal to the task. Think, thou, of my situation, and fancy them if thou canst.

Behind me, a mother murdered and basely mutilated—a near relative slain in like fashion—my home—my property given to the flames. Before me a sister torn from the maternal embrace, borne ruthlessly along by savage captors—perhaps outraged by their fiendish leader. And he, too, under my eyes, the false perfidious friend—the ravisher—the murderer! Had I not cue for indulging in the wildest emotions?

And wild they were—each moment becoming wilder as I gazed upon the object of my vengeance. They were fast rising beyond my control. My muscles seemed to swell with renewed rage; the blood coursed through my veins like streams of liquid fire.

I almost forgot the situation in which we were. But one thought was in my mind—vengeance. Its object was before me—unconscious of my presence as if he had been asleep—almost within reach of my hand—perfectly within range of my rifle.

I raised the piece to the level of those drooping plumes; I sighted their tips; I knew that the eyes were underneath them; my finger rested against the trigger.

In another instant, that form—in my eyes, hitherto heroic—would have lain lifeless upon the grass; but my comrades forbade the act.

With a quick instinct, Hickman grasped the lock of my gun, covering the nipple with his broad palm; while Weatherford clutched at the barrel. I was no longer master of the piece.

I was angry at the interruption, but only for an instant; a moment's reflection convinced me they had acted right. The old hunter, putting his lips close to my ear, addressed me in an earnest whisper:

'Not yit, Geordie—not yit: for your life, don't make a fuss. 'Twould be no use to kill him. The rest o' the varmints ud be sartin to git off, an' sartin to toat the weemen along wi' 'em. We three ain't enough to stop 'em; we'd only git scalped ourselves. We must slide back for the others, an' then we'll be able to surround 'em: that's the idea—ain't it, Jim?'

Weatherford, fearing to trust his voice, nodded an affirmative.

'Come, then!' added Hickman, in the same low whisper. 'We musn't lose a minute. Let 's git back as rapid as possyble. Keep yur backs low down—genteele, genteele!' and, as he continued giving these injunctions, he faced towards the ground, extended his body to its full length, and crawling off like an alligator, was soon lost behind the trunks of the trees.

Weatherford and I followed in similar fashion, until safe beyond the circle of the firelight, when all three rose erect to our feet.

We stood for a moment listening backward. We

were not without anxiety lest our retreat might have disturbed the camp; but no sounds reached us save those to which we had been listening—the snore of some sleeping savage, the ‘crop-crop’ of the browsing horse, or the stamp of a hoof upon the firm turf.

Satisfied that we had passed away unobserved, we started upon the back-track, which the hunters could now follow like a path well known to them. Dark as it was, we advanced almost in a run, and were progressing rapidly, when our speed was suddenly checked by the report of a gun.

Each halted as if shot in his tracks. Surprise it was that stopped us, for the report came not from the Indian camp, but the opposite direction—that in which our party had been left.

But it could not be one of them who had fired? They were at too great a distance—or should have been—for their guns to have been heard so distinctly. Had they advanced, tired waiting for our return? Were they still advancing? If so, the shot was most imprudent; it would be certain to put the camp on the *qui vive*. What had they fired at? It might have been an accidental discharge—it must have been.

These conjectures were rapid as thoughts can be: we did not communicate them to one another; each had them of himself.

We had scarcely time to speak to one another, when a second shot rang in our ears. It came from the same direction as the former, appearing almost a repetition; and had there been time to re-load, we should have so deemed it. But there had not been time, even for the most accomplished rifleman. Two guns, therefore, had been fired.

My companions were puzzled as well as myself. The firing was inexplicable under any other hypothesis than that some Indians had strayed from their camp, and were making ‘signals of distress.’

We had no time to reflect. We could now hear behind us the camp in full alarm, and we knew it was the shots that had caused it. We heard the shouts of men—the neighing and hurried trampling of horses.

Without pausing longer, we again took to the track, and hastened onward in the direction of our friends.

Farther on, we perceived some men on horseback. Two there appeared to be—though in the darkness we were not certain, as their forms were scarcely distinguishable.

They appeared to retreat as we approached, gliding off like ghosts among the trees. No doubt these were they who had fired the shots; they were just in the direction whence the reports had come, and at the proper distance.

Were they Indians or whites?

Risking the chance of their being our foes, old Hickman hailed them.

We paused to listen. There was no reply—not even an exclamation from either. We could hear, by the hoof-strokes of their horses, that they were hurrying off in a direction altogether different from that either of our friends or foes.

There was something mysterious in the behaviour of these two horsemen. For what purpose had they fired their guns? If to signal the camp, why had they retreated from us as we came forward? Why, moreover, had they gone off in a direction that did not lead to the camp—since its position was now known to them by the noise of the alarm they had themselves occasioned?

To me, their behaviour was inexplicable.

Hickman appeared to have found some clue to it, and the knowledge seemed to produce a singular effect upon him. He exhibited signs of astonishment, mingled with feelings of indignation.

‘Devil swamp ‘em! the wuthless skunks, if’t are them; an’ I’m good as sure it are. I can’t a be

mistaken in the crack o’ them two guns. What ay ye, Jim Weatherford? Di ye reconnoize ‘em!’

‘I war thinkin’ I’d heern them afore—somewhar, but I can’t ‘zactly tell whar. Stay: one on ‘em’s preecious like the ring o’ Ned Spence’s rifle.’

‘Preecious like—it are the same, an’ tother’s Bill Williams. What on airth kin the two be arter? We left ‘em ‘long wi’ the rest, an’ hyar they are—I’m sure it’s them—gallivantin’ about through the woods, an’ firin’ off thar guns to spoil everything we’ve done. They’ve sot the Indiyuns off to a surtisy. Devil swamp ‘em both! what kin they be arter? Some hellniferous game, I ‘spect. By the tarna catawampus! I’ll make both on ‘em pay for this when we git thegither. Come on quick, feller! Let’s git the party up, or we’ll be too late. Them Indiyuns ‘ll make tracks, an’ slope afore we git near ‘em. Durn the shots! they’ve spoilt the hul bismen. Quick—come along hyar!’

Following the old hunter’s direction, we hurried on after him.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

AN EMPTY CAMP.

We had not gone far before we were within earshot of voices, mingled with the hollow thumping of horses’ hoofs.

We recognised the voices as those of our comrades, and hailed them as they came nearer, for we perceived that they were advancing towards us. They had heard the reports; and, believing them to proceed from our rifles, had fancied we were engaged with the Indians, and were now riding up to our aid.

‘Hullo, boys!’ shouted Hickman as they drew near, ‘is Bill Williams an’ Ned Spence among ye? Speak out if ye be.’

There was no reply to this interrogatory; it was succeeded by a dead silence of some seconds’ duration. Evidently the two men were not there, else they would have answered for themselves.

‘Where are they?’ ‘Where have they gone to?’ were the inquiries that passed through the crowd.

‘Ay, whar are they?’ repeated Hickman. ‘Thar not hyar, that’s plain. By the tarna alligator! thar’s some ugly game afoot atween ‘em two fellers. But come, boys! we must forrad. The Indiyuns a jest afore ye. It’s no use creepin’ any more—thar a gwine to slope, an’ ef we don’t git up to ‘em in three shakes o’ a squirrel’s tail, thar won’t be a cussed redskin o’ ‘em on the groun’. Hooraw for scalp! Look to yur guns. Let’s forrad, an’ gie ‘em partickler tarnation!’

And with this emphatic utterance, the old hunter dashed into the front, and led the way towards the camp of the savages.

The men followed, helter-skelter, the horses crowding upon each other’s heels. No strategic method was observed; time was the important consideration, and our aim was to get up to their camp before the Indians could retreat from it. A bold charge into the midst of our enemies—a volley from our guns, with knives and pistols to close the conflict—this was the programme that had been hastily agreed upon.

We had arrived near the camp—within three hundred yards of it. There was no uncertainty as to the direction. The noises from the camp itself, which had continued ever since the first alarm, had served to guide us.

All at once these noises became hushed; no longer reached us, either the voices of men, or the hurried trampling of horses. In the direction of the camp, all was still as death.

We needed no more the guidance of sounds: we were within sight of the fire, or rather of their light, that glittered afar among the trees: with this as our beacon, we continued to advance.

We no longer rode rashly forward. The change from confused noise to perfect silence had been so sudden, so abrupt, as to have the effect of making us more cautious. The very stillness appeared ominous. We read in it a warning; it rendered us suspicious of an ambuscade—the more so, that all had heard of the great talents of the 'red stick chief' for this very mode of attack. We approached, therefore, with greater prudence.

When within a hundred yards of the fires, our party halted. Several dismounted, and advanced on foot. These glided from trunk to trunk till they had reached the edge of the opening, and then came back to report.

The camp was no longer in existence; its occupants were gone; Indians, horses, captives, plunder—all had disappeared from the ground; the fires alone remained! These bore evidence of being disturbed in the confusion of the hasty decampment. The red embers were strewn over the ground, their last flames faintly flickering away.

The scouts continued to advance among the trees, till they had made the full circuit of the opening. For a hundred yards around it, the woods were searched with caution and care, but no enemy was found—no ambuscade. We had arrived too late; our savage foes had escaped us, and carried off their captives from under our very eyes.

It was impossible to follow them in the darkness; and, with mortified spirits, we advanced into the glade, and took possession of the deserted camp—determined to remain there for the rest of the night, and renew the pursuit in the morning.

Our first care was to quench our thirst by the pond, then that of our animals. The fires were next extinguished; and a ring of sentries—consisting of nearly half the number of our party—was placed among the tree-trunks that stood thickly around the opening. The horses were staked over the ground; and this done, the men stretched themselves along the sward, so lately occupied by the bodies of their foemen.

In this wise we awaited the dawning of day.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

A DEAD FOREST.

My comrades, wearied with the long ride, were soon in deep slumber, the sentries only remaining awake. For me was neither rest nor sleep—my misery forbade repose. Most of the night I spent in pacing to and fro around the pond, that lay darkly gleaming in the centre of the open ground.

I fancied I found relief in thus roving about—it seemed to still the agitation of my spirit—it prevented my reflections from becoming too intense.

A new regret occupied my thoughts—I regretted that I had not succeeded in my intention to fire at the chief of the murderers—I regretted I had not killed him on the spot: the monster had escaped, and my sister was now perhaps beyond the power of rescue.

I blamed the hunters for having hindered me. Had they foreseen the result, they might have acted otherwise; but it was beyond human foresight to have anticipated the alarm.

The two men who had caused it were again with us. Their conduct, so singular and mysterious, had given rise to strong suspicions of their loyalty; and their re-appearance—they had joined us while advancing towards the camp—had been hailed with an outburst of angry menace. Some even talked of shooting them out of their saddles; and this threat would most probably have been carried into effect, had the fellows not offered a ready explanation. They alleged that they had separated from the troop before it made its last halt—that they knew nothing of the advance

of the scouts, or that Indians were near—that they had got lost in the woods, and had fired their guns as signals in hopes that we might answer them. They acknowledged having met three men afoot, but they fancied them to be Indians, and had kept out of their way—that afterwards seeing the party near, they had recognised and ridden up to it.

Most of the men were contented with the explanation. What motive, reasoned they, could the two have in giving an alarm to the enemy? Who could suspect them of rank treason?

Not all were satisfied. I heard old Hickman whisper some significant words to his comrade, as he glanced towards the estrays.

'Keep yur eye skinned, Jim, an' watch the skunks well—thar's somethin' not hulsome about 'em.'

As there was no one who could openly accuse them, they were once more admitted into the ranks; and were now among those who were stretched out and sleeping.

The wretches lay close to the edge of the water. In my rounds I passed them repeatedly; and in the sombre darkness I could just distinguish their prostrate forms. I regarded them with strange emotions, for I shared the suspicions of Hickman and Weatherford. I could scarcely doubt that these fellows had strayed off on purpose—that, actuated by some foul motive, they had fired their guns to warn the Indians of the approach of our party.

By midnight there was a moon. There was no cloud to intercept her beams; and after, rising above the tree-tops, she poured down a flood of brilliant light.

The sleepers were awakened by the sudden change. Some rose to their feet, believing it to be day. It was only after glancing up to the heavens they became aware of their mistake.

The noise had put every one on the alert. A few talked of continuing the pursuit by the light of the moon. Such a course would have coincided with my own wishes, but the hunter-guides opposed it. Their reasons were just. In open ground, they could have lifted the trail, but under the timber, the moon's light would not avail them. True, they could have tracked by torchlight, but this would only be to expose us to an ambuscade of the enemy. Even to advance by moonlight would be to subject ourselves to a like danger. Circumstances had changed. The savages now knew we were after them. In a night-march, the pursued have the advantage of the pursuers—even though the numbers be inferior. The darkness gives them every facility of effecting either an attack or escape.

Thus reasoned the guides. No one made opposition to their views, and it was agreed that we should keep the ground till daylight.

It was time to change the sentinels. Those who had slept, now took post; while the relieved guard came in, and flung themselves down to snatch a few hours of rest.

Williams and Spence took their turn with the rest. They were posted on one side of the glade, and next to one another.

Hickman and Weatherford had fulfilled their tour—as they stretched themselves along the grass, I noticed that they had chosen a spot near to where the suspected men had been placed. By the moonlight, they must have had a view of the latter.

Notwithstanding their recumbent attitudes, the hunters did not appear to go to sleep. I observed them at intervals. Their heads were close together, and slightly raised above the ground, as if they were whispering to one another.

As before, I walked round and round. The moonlight enabled me to move more rapidly, and this eased my spirit. Oft-times I made the circuit of the little pond—how oft, it would be difficult to determine. My steps were mechanical. My thoughts had no

connection with the physical exertions I was making, and I took no note of how I progressed.

After a time there came a stillness over my soul. For a short interval, both my griefs and vengeful passions seemed to have departed. I knew the cause. It was a mere psychological phenomenon—one of common occurrence. The nerves that were the organs of the peculiar emotions under which I was suffering, had grown wearied, and refused any longer to vibrate.

I knew it was but a temporary calm—the lull between two billows of the storm—but during its continuance I was sensible to impressions from external objects.

I could not help noticing the singularity of the scene around me. The bright moonlight enabled me to note its features somewhat minutely.

We were inside what by backwoodsmen is technically termed a *glade*—oftener in their idiom a 'gleed'—a small opening in the woods without timber or underwood of any sort. This one was circular—about fifty yards in diameter—and with the peculiarity of having a pond in its midst. The pond, which was only a few yards in circumference, was also a circle, perfectly cocentric with the glade itself. It was one of those singular natural basins found throughout the peninsula, and appearing as if scooped out by mechanic art. It was deeply sunk in the earth, and filled with water till within three feet of its rim. The water was cool and clear, and under the moonbeams, shone with a silvery effulgence.

Of the glade itself, nothing more—except that it was covered with sweet-smelling flowers—that, now crushed under the hoofs of horses, and the heels of men, gave forth a double fragrance.

It was a pretty parterre, and under happier circumstances, I should have esteemed it a picture pleasant to contemplate.

But it was not the picture that occupied my attention at that moment; rather was it the framing.

Around the glade stood tall trees in a ring, as regularly as if they had been planted; and, beyond these, as far as the eye could penetrate the depths of the forest, were others of like size and aspect. The trunks of all were nearly of one thickness—few of them reaching a diameter of two feet, but all rising to the height of many yards without leaf or branch. They grew somewhat densely over the ground, but in daylight the eye might have ranged to a considerable distance through the intervals—for there was no underwood, save the low dwarf palmetto, to interrupt the view. The trunks were straight, and almost cylindrical as palms; and they might have been mistaken for trees of this order, had it not been for their large heads of leaves terminating in a cone-shaped summit.

They were not palms: they were pines—'broom' pines*—a species of tree with which I was perfectly familiar, having ridden many hundreds of miles shaded by the pendant fascicles of their acicular foliage.

The sight of these trees, therefore, would have created no curiosity, had I not noticed in their appearance something peculiar. Instead of the deep green which should have been exhibited by their long drooping leaves, they appeared of a brownish yellow. Was it fancy? or was it the deceptive light of the moon that caused this apparent change in their natural colour?

One or the other, soliloquised I, on first noticing them; but as I continued to gaze, I perceived that I was in error. Neither my own fancy nor the moon's rays were at fault. The foliage was really of the hue it appeared to be. In drawing nearer to them,

I observed that the leaves were withered, though still adhering to the twigs—I noticed, moreover, that the trunks were dry and dead-like—the bark scaled or scaling off—that the trees, in short, were dead.

I now remembered what Hickman had stated while groping for the direction. That was at some distance off; but, as far as I could see, the woods presented the same dun colour. I came to the conclusion that the whole forest was dead.

The inference was correct, and the explanation easy. The sphinx* had been at work. The whole forest was dead.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

A CIRCULAR CONFLICT.

Strange as it may seem, even in that dread hour these observations had interested me; but while making them, I observed something which gratified me still more. It was the blue dawn that, mingling with the yellower light of the moon, affected the hues of the foliage upon which I was gazing. Morning was about to break.

Others had noticed this at the same instant, and already the sleepers were rising from their dewy couches, and looking to the girths of their saddles.

We were a hungry band, but there was no hope of breakfast, and we prepared to start without it.

The dawn was of only a few minutes' duration; and, as the sky continued to brighten, preparations were made for starting. The sentries were called in—all except four, who were prudently left to the last minute to watch in different directions; the horses were unpicketed, and bridled—they had worn their saddles all night—and the guns of the party were carefully reprimed or capped. Many of my comrades were old campaigners, and every precaution was taken that might influence our success in a conflict. It was expected that before noon we should come up with the savage band, or track it home to its lair. In either case, we should have a fight, and once more all declared their determination to go forward.

A few minutes were spent in arranging the order of our march. It was deemed prudent that some of the more skilled of the men should go forward as scouts on foot, and thoroughly explore the woods in advance of the main body. This would secure us from any sudden attack, in case the enemy had formed an ambuscade. The old hunters were once more to act as trackers, and of course lead the van.

These arrangements were completed, and we were on the point of starting. The men had mounted their horses—the scouts were already entering the edge of the timber; when all on a sudden several shots were heard, and at the same time the alarms of the sentries who had fired them. These had not yet been called in; and the four had discharged their pieces almost simultaneously.

The woods appeared to ring with a hundred echoes. But they were not echoes—they were real reports of rifles and musketry; and the shrill war-cry that accompanied them was easily distinguished above the shouting of our own men.

The Indians were upon us.

Upon us, or, to speak less figuratively, around us. The four sentries had fired, therefore each had seen Indians in his own direction.

But it needed not this to guide us to the conclusion that we were surrounded. From all sides came the fierce

* *Pinus Australis*. One of the most remarkable of the *coniferae*. A true southern species.

* *Sphinx confervarum*. Immense swarms of insects, and especially the larva of the above species, insinuate themselves under the bark of the 'long-leaved' (broom) pine, attack the trunk, and cause the tree to perish in the course of a year. Extensive tracts are met with in Florida, covered solely with dead pines that have been thus destroyed.

yells of the foe, as if echoing one another, and their bullets whistled past us in different directions. Beyond doubt, the glade was encompassed within their lines.

Their first volley had but little effect. Two or three men were hit, and as many horses; but the balls were weak, and did but trifling harm. From where they had fired, our position was beyond the 'carry' of their guns, and spent bullets were seen plashing dead upon the pond. Had they crept a little nearer, before delivering their fire, the execution would have been fearful, clumped together as we were within the opening.

Fortunately, our staunch guards had perceived their approach, and in good time given the alarm.

It had saved us.

These are after-thoughts. At that crisis, no one paused to reflect. The nature of the attack was apparent to all of us; it was a 'surround,' and the best mode of meeting it was our only thought.

There was a momentary confusion with much noise—the shouting of men, mingled with the neighing and prancing of horses; but above the din was heard the guiding voice of Hickman.

'Off o' yer hosses, fellers! an' take to the trees. Down wi' ye, quick! To the trees, an' keep 'em back! or by the tarnal aithquake, every mother's son o' us 'll git sculped! To the trees!—to the trees!'

The same idea had already suggested itself to others; and before the hunter had ceased calling out his directions, the men were out of their saddles, and making for the edge of the timber.

Some ran to one side, some to another—each making for the tree that was nearest him—and in a few seconds our whole party had ensconced itself—the body of each individual sheltered behind the trunk of a pine. In this position, we formed a perfect circle, our backs turned upon each other, and our faces to the foe.

Our horses thus hurriedly abandoned, and wild with the excitement of the attack, galloped madly over the ground, with trailing bridles, and stirrups striking against their flanks. Most of them dashed past us; and, scampering off through the trees, were either caught by the savages, or having broken past them, escaped into the woods beyond.

We made no attempt to 'head' them. The bullets were hurtling past our ears. It would have been certain death to have stepped aside from the trunks that sheltered us.

The advantage of the position we had gained was apparent at a single glance. Fortunate it was that our last sentries had been so tardily relieved. Had these been called in a moment sooner, the surprise would have been complete. The Indians would have advanced to the very edge of the opening, before uttering their war-cry or firing a shot, and we should have been at their mercy. They would have been under cover of the timber, and perfectly protected from our guns, while we in the open ground must have fallen before their fire. But for the well-timed alarm, they might have massacred us all.

Disposed as we now were, our antagonists had not much advantage. The trunks of the trees intrenched us both. Only the concave side of our line was exposed, and the enemy might fire at it across the glade. But as the opening was fifty yards in diameter, and at no point had we permitted the Indians to get up to its edge, we knew that their bullets could not carry across; and therefore had no apprehension on this score.

The manœuvre, improvised though it was, had proved our salvation. We now saw it was the only thing we could have done to save ourselves from immediate destruction. Fortunate it was that the voice of Hickman had hurried us so quickly to our posts.

Our men were not slow in returning the enemy's fire. In a few seconds their guns were at play; and every now and then was heard the sharp whip-like 'spang' of their rifles around the circle of the glade. At intervals, too, rose a triumphant cheer, as some savage, who had too rashly exposed his red body, was known to have fallen to the shot.

Again the voice of the old hunter rang over the glade. Cool, calm, and clear, it was heard by every one.

'Mind yer hind-sights, boys! an' shoot sure. Don't waste neer a grain o' yer powder. Ye'll need the hul on't afore we've done wi' the cussed niggers. Don't a one o' ye pull trigger till ye've drawn a bead on a redskin's eye.'

These injunctions were full of significance. Hitherto, the younger 'hands' had been firing somewhat recklessly—discharging their pieces as soon as loaded, and only wounding the trunks of the trees. It was to stay this proceeding that Hickman had spoken.

His words produced the desired effect. The reports became less frequent, but the triumphant cheer that betokened a 'hit' was heard as often as ever.

In a few minutes after the first burst of the battle, the conflict assumed altogether a new aspect. The wild yells uttered by the Indians in their first onslaught—intended to drive us into confusion—were no longer heard; and the shouts of the white men had also ceased. Only now and then rose the deep 'hurrah' of triumph, or a shout from some of our party to give encouragement to his comrades.

At intervals rang out the 'Yo-ho-hee,' uttered by some warrior-chief to stimulate his braves to the attack.

The shots were no longer in volleys, but single, or two and three at a time. Every shot was fired with an aim; and it was only when that aim proved true—or he who fired it believed it so—that voices were heard on either side. Each individual was too much occupied in looking for an object for his aim, to waste time in idle words or shouts.

Perhaps, in the whole history of war, there is no account of a conflict so quietly carried on—no battle so silently fought. In the interludes between the shots there were moments when the stillness was intense—moments of awful and ominous silence.

Neither was battle ever fought in which both sides were so oddly arrayed against each other. We were disposed in two concentric circles—the outer one formed by the enemy, the inner by the men of our party, deployed almost regularly around the glade. These circles were scarcely forty paces apart; at some points, perhaps a little less—where a few of the more daring warriors, sheltered by the trees, had worked themselves closer to our line. Never was battle fought where the contending parties were so near each other, without closing in hand-to-hand conflict. We could have conversed with our antagonists without raising our voices above the ordinary tone; and were enabled to aim, literally, at the 'whites of their eyes!'

Under such circumstances was the contest carried on.

TO THE EDITORS OF CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

GENTLEMEN—In the series of papers contributed to your periodical by the gifted author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and recently published in a collected form, under the title of *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*, occur two serious misrepresentations of the doctrines of the Bible.

To your ever-present desire to disseminate truth, not falsehood—to inform, not to misinform, the people, the labours of your lives give unequivocal testimony. In accordance with the principles by which your efforts to popularise knowledge have ever been guided, you will

doubtless grant a place in your widely-circulated Journal to the few observations I am about to offer; the more readily, as they refer to the sacred, world-wide cause of Divine Revelation.

At page 301 of *Chambers's Journal*, Dec. 12, 1857, occurs this remark: 'I believe there is no other light on this difficult question, than that given by the New Testament. There, clear and plain, shines the doctrine of which, until then, there was no trace either in external or revealed religion—that for every crime, being repented of and forsaken, there is forgiveness with Heaven; and if with Heaven, there ought to be with men. This, without at all entering into the doctrinal question of atonement, but simply taking the basis of Christian morality, as contrasted with the natural morality of the savage, or even of the ancient Jew, which, without equivalent retribution, pre-supposes no such thing as pardon.'

I consider this, the second of the two passages referred to, *first*, because it is the more important in its action on the moral convictions of the human race. Its refutation here rests not on deductions, manifest as they are from the whole tenor of the writings of Moses and the Prophets. I shall, I am sure, best fulfil the duty I have undertaken by bespeaking the patience of your readers in verifying here the references I append below,* to one passage of each of certain of the inspired writers from Moses to Malachi. My difficulty in their selection has been, not to *find*, but to *withhold*; so numerous are the texts which shew that so far from the doctrine of the forgiveness of sin following on repentance, being 'unknown to the ancient Jew,' he was distinctly taught that by penitence, and penitence *alone*, could he secure the pardon of his God.

The other passage, whose fallacy but a superficial acquaintance with biblical history suffices to demonstrate, sets forth that: 'Nature herself has apparently decided for women, physically as well as mentally, that their natural destiny should be not of the world. In the earlier ages of Judaism and Islamism, nobody ever seems to have ventured a doubt of this. Christianity alone raised the woman to her rightful place as man's one help-meet for him, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, his equal in all points of vital moment.'

It seems to be almost an insult to the memory of your readers, who, from week to week, attend the services of their parish church, to remind them that the words quoted by our author as indicative of the true vocation of woman, and accompanied by the declaration that it was assigned to her by Christianity alone, are the very words in which her Creator's aim in her creation is described by Moses, in the earliest of all written revelations; or to advert to the part women played in the great drama of life, during the existence of both the republican and monarchical forms of government that prevailed in Judea. For, that the Hebrew women did appear as actors in many scenes of their race's history, is abundantly shewn by their *public* participation in all the most important national events; as also in that most sacred of all functions—prophecy. I once more cite,† on this head, the verses of Scripture. They tell of the 'Women of Israel,' who, by their words and deeds, aided the great cause of 'national and religious regeneration.'

The columns of a popular journal are not the fitting arena for polemical controversy or personal criticism, or it would be easy to prove, that while holding forth the urn, which our writer affirms is alone filled with the pure waters of life, the attempt to shew that the very source whence those waters *first* flowed, is turbid and impure, is as inconsistent as it is mistaken and futile.—I remain, Gentlemen, with much esteem, yours,

ANNA MARIA GOLDSMID.

ST JOHN'S LODGE, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.

* Lev., xxiii. 27-32; xxvi. 40-42; Deut., iv. 30, 31; 1 Kings, viii. 38, 39; 2 Chron., vi. 27; Nehemiah, i. 9; Psalms, li. 17; ciii. 3; Isaiah, lvii. 18; Jeremiah, iii. 12; Ezekiel, xviii. 21, 22, 23, 27; Joel, ii. 12, 13; Micah, vii. 18; Malachi, iii. 7.
† Exodus, x. 20, 21; Deut. xxx. 10, 11, 12; Judges, iv. 4; v. xiii.; 1 Samuel, i. 1, 2; 2 Kings, xi. 2; xxii. 14, 15; 2 Chron., xxiv. 27; the Book of Esther; Proverbs, xxxi. 1; Jeremiah, xiv. 20.

OH! LOVE WHILE LOVE IS LEFT TO THEE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Oh! love while love is left to thee;
Oh! love while love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'lt mourn by silent graves—alone!

And let thy breast with kindness glow,
And gentle thoughts within thee move,
While yet a heart, through weal and woe,
Beats to thine own, in faithful love.

And guard thy lips, and keep them still;
Too soon escapes an angry word:
'Ah, Heaven! I did not mean it ill!'
But yet, he sorrowed as he heard.

Oh! love while love is left to thee;
Oh! love while love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'lt mourn by silent graves—alone.

Unheard, unheeded then, alas!
Kneeling, thou'lt hide thy streaming eyes
Amid the long damp churchyard grass,
Where, cold and low, thy loved one lies.

And murmur: 'Oh! look down on me
Mourning my causeless anger still;
Forgive my hasty word to thee—
Ah, Heaven! I did not mean it ill.'

He hears not now thy voice to bless,
In vain thine arms are flung to heaven!
And stilled the loved lip's fond caress,
It answers not: 'I have forgiven!'

He *did* forgive—long, long ago!
But many a burning tear he shed
O'er thine unkindness—softly now!
He slumbers with the silent dead.

Oh! love while love is left to thee;
Oh! love while love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'lt mourn by silent graves—alone!

M. G.

PURE AIR.

It is not only necessary that men may have sufficient air to breathe, but it is necessary to *provide air for the apartment itself* in which they live, as well as for the men who inhabit it. The influence of impure air is not only exercised upon the men through their breathing organs, but the surface of their bodies, their clothes, their seats, their tables, beds and bed-clothes, the walls of the apartments; in short, the free surfaces of everything in contact with the air of the place become more or less impure, a harbour of *foetides*, a means of impregnating every cubic foot of air with poison, unless the whole apartment has its atmospheric contents continuously changed, so that everything animate and inanimate is freshened by a constant supply of pure air.—*Medical Times*, May 1, 1858.

'FRENCH CRITICISM ON SHAKESPEARE.'

In the article with this title in No. 222, the translator of the Shakspearian sonnets alluded to is said to be Victor Hugo. To this announcement should have been added *this*: the translator is the son of Victor Hugo.

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SILENCE FOR A GENERATION.

Of making many books there is no end.

'Sir,' was heard to say the great monologuing moralist of our times—the modern Samuel Johnson of adoring English Boswells, American Goldsmiths, and aristocratic Mrs Piozzis—and since authors cannot be expected to write one thing and say another, the sentence may probably be found in print, though how could weak type deliver it with that ponderous monotonous roll of long-drawn vowels and harsh resolute consonants, which gives to the said moralist's speech even more originality than his pen—'Sir, the one thing wanted in this world is silence. I wish all the talkers had their tongues cut out; and all the writers had their pens, ink, and paper, books, and manuscripts, thrown into the Thames; and there were silence for a generation.'

One not a disciple might suggest that the illustrious moralist had better set the example; a satirical mind might begin to calculate the amount of possible loss to the world by such a proceeding. Nevertheless, a wise man's most foolish sayings are likely to contain some wisdom; and the above sentence deserves consideration, as involving certainly an ounce of solid truth in a bushel of eccentric extravagance.

Silence for a generation. What a state of things! No authors, and no reviewers, no orators political, controversial, or polemical; and no critics on oratory; no newspapers; no magazines; no new novelists to be advertised up; no new poets to be bowled down; travellers to wander, and never relate their adventures; men of science to make discoveries, and be unable either to communicate or to squabble over them; philanthropists allowed to speculate at will on the abuses of society, so long as they concealed their opinions; in short, returning to the ante-Cadmus period—the world to be compelled, in familiar but expressive phrase, 'to keep itself to itself, and never say nothing to nobody.'

What a wondrous time!—what a lull in the said world's history! Even to dream of it, sends through the tired nerves and brain a sensation of Elysian repose.

Silence for a generation—which generation of people, great or small, clever or stupid, should be born unheralded, grow up unchronicled, live uncriticised, and die unbiographised. It should feel, without discussing its feelings; suffer, without parading its sufferings; admire, without poetising its admiration; condemn, without printing its condemnations. Its good and ill deeds should spring up as naturally as

the flowers and weeds of a garden—to be left 'all a-growing and a-blowing,' or quietly pulled up. All this busy gabbling, scribbling, self-analysing, self-conscious society should be laid under a spell of hopeful dumbness—forced to exist simply, exempt even from the first axiom of metaphysics: 'I think, therefore I am.'

Such a state of universal silence, who would welcome? Possibly nobody; least of all those who have really nothing to say.

What in that case would become of the innumerable, shadowy throng who haunt every periodical; unanswered 'correspondents'; authors of unread manuscripts—of whom, a luckless editor once said to the present writer—in a sort of hopeless despair—'Don't say you're bringing me another manuscript. Look there! I've got a heap of them, two yards high.' And you, ye cumberers of publishers' shelves, in print and out of it, inditers of novels that nobody reads, poetry that nobody understands, and mental miscellanies that may be briefly ticketed as 'Rubbish: of no use to anybody except the owner'—what would be your sensations? You, too, young and ardent thinkers, so exceedingly anxious to express your thoughts, by word or pen, as if nobody had expressed the like before; and the world, as you honestly and devoutly believe, would be the better for that expression—as it might, Heaven knows!—truly, rather hard upon you would fall this compulsory silence. For you cannot yet see that, great as literature is, it is merely the fitful manifestation of the world's rich inner life—its noblest thoughts, its most heroic deeds; that this life flows on everlastingly and untiringly, and would continue to flow, were there no such things as pens, ink, paper, and authors; types, printers, book-sellers, and publishers.

Wofully, too, would such a crisis affect that race of *littérateurs* far, far below these, who pursue authorship simply as a trade, without the slightest faith in it or reverence for it—who, happening to have been brought up in what is termed 'literary circles,' possess hereditarily, or through habit, a certain aptitude with the pen, and accordingly make it a tool of business to write anything or everything, no matter what, so that, like any other tool, it suffices to earn their bread. What would become of them, who, like most gabblers, prate not out of their fulness, but their emptiness, if there were an age of silence?

There is another class as heavily to be condemned, and yet more pitiable than these—the authors, real authors, not bookmakers, whom such a law would teach, what they have not the moral courage to teach themselves, the timely necessity of silence. These

are, the writers who have written themselves out, yet still go on writing.

For example: a book appears; it has merit; it succeeds, and deserves to succeed. Its author rises into note, becomes a man whom coteries seek; whom the public flatters and esteems, publishers bargain with, urge, and sue. His wares are valuable, consequently the more produced of them the better. Money follows fame, and expenses follow money. He who wrote at first because he loved it, and could not help it, now writes for a living; or if he wrote at first for a living, now writes for an income—the handsome income that a man of talent can so willingly enjoy and so readily spend. People say: 'What a deal of money Mr So-and-so must make!'—as possibly he does; but they forget *how* he makes it. Not out of so many hours *per diem* of handwork or mechanical headwork, of ingenious turning of capital, or clever adaptation of other people's ingenuity. All his capital, all his machinery, all his available means of work, lie in a few ounces of delicate substance, the most delicate in the whole human structure, wonderfully organised, and yet subject to every disorganisation, mental or material, that chance may furnish—his brain.

People do not recognise this—perhaps he does not recognise it himself. He may be a very honest man, deserving all his fame and all his money. Yet both must be kept up; and how does he do it? He goes on writing for a long time—faithfully, no doubt, carefully, and well.

But Providence allows to every intellect only a certain amount of development, limited by certain laws, spiritual and physical, known or unknown, yet not one of which can be broken with impunity. The brain is like a rich quarry; you may work it out in a year, or you may, with care and diligence, make it last a lifetime; but you cannot get out of it more than is in it; and work as you will, you must get to the end of the vein some day. So does our author; but still—he writes on.

He must write; it is his trade. Gradually, he becomes a mere trader—traffics in sentiment, emotion, philanthropy. Aware of his own best points, he repeats himself over and over again. How can he help it? Whether he knows it or not, he has written himself out. For the rest of his career, he lives on the shadow of his former reputation—letting fall, perhaps, a few stray gems out of that once rich storehouse, his all but empty brain; or else he drops at once, a burnt-out candle, an oilless lamp, vanishes into such utter darkness, that at first, till posterity judges him more fairly, it is almost disbelieved that he ever shone.

This truth—fellow-authors, is it not a truth?—could be illustrated by a dozen instances, living as well as dead, did not charity forbid their being chronicled cruelly here.

Cases such as these, befalling not ignoble but noble minds, do indeed force us to see some sense in the severe moralist's impossible ultimatum. Surely it is worth pausing to consider whether the evil which he deploras could not be cured by any less arbitrary means than an age of silence.

The time is gone by when literature was a merely ornamental craft—when unsuccessful authors were Grub Street drudges, and successful ones some patron's idle hangers-on, or perhaps independent

patrons themselves. Gone by, also, except in very youthful and enthusiastic minds, the imaginary ideal of 'an author'—a demigod not to be judged like other men, whether he attain the climax of fame, or groan under the life-long wrongs of unappreciated genius.

Happily, in these days, we have very little unappreciated genius. Go round the picture exhibitions, and, depend upon it, you will find a large proportion of the really good pictures marked 'sold.' Go to any editor of magazine or journal, and he will tell you that he is thankful to get a really powerful original article by anybody, celebrated or obscure; that such papers will always command their fair price; and that the only reason of their rarely illuminating his pages is, the exceeding difficulty of getting them. Ask any publisher of honour, credit, and liberality—as the majority of them are—and he will own, that though a bad book may be puffed into factitious notoriety, and a good book, from various accidents, remain temporarily unknown—give each a fair chance, and they are sure to find their own level—a level which, in most instances, necessarily produces the same advantageous results to both author and publisher.

There can be little doubt that any writer of real genius, nay, even of available talent, will always be able, sooner or later, to earn a livelihood by the pen. Whether, hapless instrument! it will suffice to give dinners to millionaires, and furnish white gloves and velvet gowns for countesses' assemblies—whether it will, in short, supply to the man or woman of letters all the luxuries of the merchant-prince, and all the position of ancestral nobility, is quite another question—a question which is about as solemn as any writer can ask himself. Alas for him, if neither he nor his have the moral courage to give the answer!

In one sense, there is a great deal of cant sympathy and idle enthusiasm wasted upon authors and authorship. Noble as literature is, it is nevertheless no mere picturesque recreation; it is a profession, a calling, a trade if you will, to be pursued in all love and reverence, but as steadily, honestly, and rationally as any trade. You would laugh at a workman who threw away his materials; you would blame a merchant who rashly expended his capital; you would turn away, as from something dishonest, from a shopkeeper who tried to foist upon you, even through carelessness, goods inferior to those you expected him to sell, and wished to buy; and yet all these things, under fine names, are sometimes voluntarily or involuntarily perpetrated by authors. And surely not the least act of dishonesty—for it is fraud not against man only, but against his own soul and its Maker—is that when not for daily bread, but for 'position,' 'society,' 'keeping up a family,' and all the pegs on which excuses can be hung, a literary man goes on writing, writing, long after he has got anything to say.

For what is it that constitutes the author, as distinguished from the rest of the world, who live, suffer, and enjoy, in a placid, unconscious dumbness?—it is because he is the voice, the loosened tongue of all this mute humanity. Because, somehow or other, he knows not how or wherefore, he feels the infinite spirit stirring within him, teaching him to speak; and he must speak. He is no better—often, ~~about~~ less good—than the hundreds and thousands of silent ones. Yet in this he is set apart from them all—he is the speaker. Art, nature, with all their mysteries, by others only felt, are by him understood; perhaps into humankind generally he sees further than most people; but whether or no, to the extent that he does

see, has been given him the power to arrange and demonstrate, which has not been given to them. Without any vainglory or self-exultation—God knows how little there is to exult over!—every true author must be conscious of this fact, that by some great mystery, as incomprehensible to himself as to any one else, it has been granted him to express what others only experience—that, so to speak, he is the living voice of the world.

Then, in God's name—who has consecrated him such—let him dare not ever to open his mouth unless he has something to say.

Rather let him live moderately, feed plainly, eschew fashionable frivolities and expensive delights as he would the allurements of that disguised individual whom St Anthony's honest tongs seized by the beautiful nose. Let him turn his back upon adoring crowds who would win him from his true vocation—the worker and thinker, into that of the mere idler. Let him write, if needs must, for his daily bread—an honourable and lawful act; but as soon as he begins to write for his mere pleasures and luxuries, or for the maintenance of a certain status in the world, let him pause. And as soon as he feels himself writing, not because he is impelled thereto, having something to write about—but because publishers and public expect him to write about something—or worse, because money is to be made, and writing a book is the only way to make it—let him stop at once and cry: 'Get thee behind me, Satan. Lure me not to prostitute any gift I have—less for necessary bread and cheese than for things which are not necessary: riches, show, and notoriety.'

Better, in truth, live on honest bread and cheese, reducing his wants to the narrowest limit; better slip from the world of letters altogether into kindly obscurity, than go on—scribble, scribble, scribble—flooding the public with milk-and-water mediocrity, which does it no more good to read than him to write, reducing the noblest calling under the sun to mere journeyman's taskwork, and himself, his subtle intellect or brilliant imagination, to the condition of a spiritual suicide. For he has murdered worse than his body—his genius, his moral faculties, his soul.

And *cui bono*?

To most professional authors, this question at times presents itself forcibly. What is the good of writing at all, when the noblest of fictions, the grandest of poems, or the purest and most elevating of psychological disquisitions, is at best but a faint reflex of what is going on in the world every day? If that same world could only perceive it, its own simple and natural existence, in joy and grief, struggle, action, and endurance, is a higher thing than all imaginary representations or intellectual analyses thereof. Do we not, we authors, continually see living pictures, lovelier than any we can portray—ideals which, if transferred literally to paper and print, readers would never believe in? Do we not, creating our imaginary world—which the aforesaid reader may happen to think pleasant and fair—often smile at him in secret, while of ourselves and for ourselves we are more prone to sigh? What nonsense, what execrable travesty, all stage-paint, tinsel, and canvas, frequently appears this fictitious arena, compared to the realities around us, which we strive poorly to copy. How small seem our got-up tragedies—how shallow our feigned passions—how paltry our imaginary pathos, when we look at this, God's world, filled with men and women of His making; where we meet, as we do continually, scenes beyond all painting; characters of variety inexhaustible; histories that, in their elements of tragedy, pathos, heroism, tenderness, put to shame all our feeble delineations, making us feel that, so far from trying to portray it, we are hardly worthy to look in the face of it, this ideal beauty, this infinite perfection

—which, however disguised and corrupted, unseen or unrecognised, is the central essence of all our wonderful world.

And sometimes we would fain it were left as such, and not written about; that

Love, and beauty, and delight,
Whose might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure—

might rest in heavenly shadow, safe from frantic poets, vainly trying to imitate the inimitable;—that vice might perish out of the perishableness of her own corruption, undescribed, and unexposed; that virtue were left to dwell unconscious and at ease, without being startled by the sight of her own image—badly copied, and possibly somewhat out of drawing.

Ay, and oftentimes, especially on days such as this present day, when birds are singing, and green leaves budding, and all nature bursting out into redundant life—innocent of authors, printers, and books, does one long for a brief season of that celestial silence—to lie down and dream, without order, arrangement, or even consciousness in the dreams; to gaze, enjoy, observe, and act, naturally and involuntarily; to live and see all around us living—the life of a flower of the field.

Even as Wordsworth, the charm of whose genius is this power of making himself 'one with nature,' recalling how

I wandered lonely as a cloud
Which floats on high o'er vales and hills,
Till all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils:
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze;

so that ever afterwards

In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude—

Wordsworth himself can find no other form in which to define this exquisite sensation than that drawn from his flowers' existence:

And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Truly, this sort of writing bids us pause in our demand for silence. It makes us feel that there is some good in authorship after all; that genius, the marvellous power which, by means of a few inches of black type and white paper, can re-convey to the human mind all its passions, emotions, and aspirations—can re-translate to it the whole beautiful and immortal life of the universe—this genius must be a wondrous gift—a divine possession. Let those who have it hold it—intact, unalienated, unsquandered, undefiled.

And for those who have it not, there is little to repine. They possess most of its benefits, safe from its dangers and tribulations. Any man, so long as he can enjoy a fine poem, feel his heart strengthened by a good novel, and his spirit refreshed by a few pages of any wholesome writing, rich in that true humour which is so great a lightener of the heavy burdens of life, let him rejoice and be thankful; he also has been in Arcadia.

For the rest, sorry pretenders to literature—vain chattering pies, who really have no song to sing, and only desire to hear the clatter of their own sweet voices—let them be! No need to have their small tongues cut out, or their luckless manuscripts tied up in a bundle, and flung into the Thames, or any other river. A few years will end all their clamour in an unbroken and eternal silence; and their works, designed to float down the stream of time, will soon

sink to the bottom by their own ponderosity, and afflict its waters no more. *Requiescant in pace!* All things find their own level very soon. The world will do extremely well even without silence for a generation.

PROGRESS OF PISCICULTURE.

IN No. 148 of this Journal (1st November 1856) we gave, under the title of Pisciculture, some account of the interesting experiments which were, and are still, being carried on at Stormontfield on the Tay, with the view of increasing our supplies of salmon, and determining certain disputed questions in the natural history of this favourite fish. We purpose now to bring down the history by referring to the progress made since then in artificial fish-breeding both at home and abroad.

So far as Scotland is concerned, the only experiments yet made, have been with salmon; but we are not without hope that, as the success of these become known, the system will be extended so as to include other kinds of fish, and also to lend its aid to the introduction and naturalisation in our rivers of the best food-fishes of other countries—such as the magnificent black bass of Canada, and the salmon of the Danube—described in another portion of this article. The principal reason why salmon has been selected for experiment is, doubtless, because of its being considered our most valuable native fish, and also from the cry which has arisen as to its danger of extermination from over-fishing, and want of adequate protection during close-time, and also, in some degree, to put an end to the uncertainty which has so long prevailed as to its mode of breeding and growth, and generally to ascertain the various stages of its progress from the hour of its birth to the day of its capture—the want of such knowledge having impeded effective legislation. In all the varied stages of its career, the history of the salmon has been the subject of much controversy; and no wonder, if we consider the singular fact that salmon, fit for the purposes of the cook, can be caught in the Tay, while the little parr is just venturing on its way to the sea—both being of the same brood, hatched perhaps the same hour!

When the eggs now under experiment at Stormontfield come to maturity and assume the smolt state, a few more points in the salmon controversy will be determined; but it will be a year or two before this consummation takes place, a portion of the young setting out for the sea at the end of the first year, and the rest remaining in the pond a year longer. In the meantime, we may devote a few paragraphs to a minor controversy which has arisen as to the proper way of sending impregnated ova from the Perthshire ponds to New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, and other far-distant countries. The superintendent of the Perthshire fisheries has, we have reason to know, been overwhelmed with letters on the subject; and to lighten his correspondence, he promulgated, in conjunction with some of his Perth friends, a plan for the transmission of the ova, and also hinted at the possibility of transporting the infant fish. His idea was to fit up a small hatching apparatus on board ship, having a cistern containing ice to supply the water to the ova, and a reservoir to catch the fluid after its part was performed. No sooner was this idea made public than objections were taken to its practicability, and a multitude of epistles have appeared advocating different plans. One says the boxes containing the ova should be filled with sand; another, that they ought to contain horse-bean-sized gravel; while a third writer recommends 'stones the size o' life;' that is, such as are to be found on the natural spawning-

ground. We have not space to give even a brief *resumé* of all that has been said on this subject; but one individual recommends that, instead of ova, a quantity of the newly hatched fry should be sent out. Parr may be in water for a period of six or eight weeks before they begin to require food, and we know it to be a fact that they do not assume the livery of the smolt for twelve months, and that during that period they can be artificially fed with boiled liver, &c. Is it not possible, then, to carry the young fry to Australia instead of the ova, and thus make the thing a certainty? The voyage can be accomplished in from sixty to eighty days, and parr could be easily kept alive for so short a period. Our friend makes no pretension to be able to give practical instructions on this point—his wish is simply to recommend this mode of transporting the fish; and he even thinks that if the fry were near its first change, verging on the smolt stage, it might be still better, for then the instinctive desire for salt water could be freely gratified.

In detailing the great success which has attended the experiments conducted in various continental rivers and breeding-ponds, we may remind our readers that it is to the exertions of Gehin and Remy, two unlettered fishermen of the department of the Vosges in France, who practised pisciculture on the river Moselle and its tributaries, that we are indebted for the revival of this lost art. They were richly rewarded by the French government; while persons in our own country who had previously, or at least simultaneously practised the art as a means of settling various disputed questions in the natural history of the salmon, have been suffered to pass on their way unnoticed. The government of France, inspired by some of the learned savans of that country, at once took advantage of the example afforded by the success of Gehin and Remy, and the result was the construction at Huningue, near Basle, in 1852, of a monster fish-reservoir. By means of this parent establishment where the eggs are collected, upwards of seventy-one places in France have been furnished with ova.

Professor Anthony Wimmer of Landshut, in a letter to Mr Ashworth of Egerton Hall, near Bolton, gives an interesting account of the artificial propagation of the Danube salmon in Bavaria; and as some idea is entertained of acclimatising the fish in Scotland and breeding it in our rivers, we select such a portion of his communication as will give the reader some idea of its value:

'The Danube salmon is very similar in form to the trout, but much more gracefully shaped, and with a body similarly formed, and perfectly cylindrical. Its large mouth is furnished with very strong teeth; its back is of a reddish gray; its sides and belly perfectly white; the fins are bluish white; the back and the upper part of both sides are slightly and irregularly speckled with black and red roundish spots. But I could never discover any spots on its fins, which are the same in number and formed exactly like those of the trout. The young Danube salmon are always of a darker colour than those a little older, which become lighter in colour. From a single female salmon of this species, weighing 18 pounds, I obtained nearly 40,000 ova. These eggs are as large as those of the small salmon-trout, and are of a splendid golden hue. I could not refrain from observing, that I found the eggs of Danube salmon of this size, and, indeed, of the smaller Danube salmon, the most suitable for fecundation, and I never obtained such beautiful eggs, so fit for this purpose, from larger fish weighing from 30 pounds to 40 pounds each. The Danube salmon ova are hatched in 56 days, and the young fry attain to 1 pound in weight the first year; and, in the third year, if supplied with the requisite quantity of food, to 4 pounds-weight. The Danube salmon has similar migratory habits to

those of the sea-salmon, takes his regular journeys between the main river and the tributaries, in order to spawn; and for this purpose arrives every year in the month of March at Landshut (if water and weather are favourable, he arrives at the beginning of the month), where several hundred are annually caught. He selects a rapid place in the river Isar, but not exceeding five feet in depth; and upon loose gravel-beds the female makes holes with her tail, several feet in length, and at about 6 inches in depth—at which work she is assisted by her companion. At this season, great combats take place between the male fish. When the spawning is over, they immediately return down the Danube. The Danube salmon never entered the Black Sea. According to information, which I obtained with difficulty, I found they were never caught in the Sulina mouth of that river, and but very rarely in Moldavia or in Wallachia.

'One species only of the noble salmon genus is indigenous to the river Danube, and this is the Danube salmon, "*Salmo hucho*," called "Huck" in Bavaria. It is most striking that this large and beautiful fish is, with the exception of the mother-river, only to be found in those tributaries which flow into the Danube from the south; that is, those streams whose supply of water is derived from the Alps; and it is found very rarely in the tributaries which flow from any other districts. . . . The flesh of the Danube salmon is the most delicate, savoury, and valuable of any of our river-fish (excepting, perhaps, the Elmaul fish); it is sold in our market at from 24 kreutzers to 36 kreutzers per pound (not quite 1s.). Since the commencement of artificial propagation of fish, carried out under my direction, the quantity of Danube salmon has already perceptibly increased in the river Isar, along with the other species of salmon; and I hope, by this means, to obtain a still further increased quantity.'

Pisciculture has now extended to other parts of Germany, as well as Bavaria; and we extract the following brief notes on its general extension in the German states from a communication by Professor Fraas of Munich:

'Artificial propagation of fish is now being practised in almost every fishpond. All the various kinds of the salmon species, trout, Rhine salmon, sea-salmon, Salmon umbra, samleta, hucks (a German river-trout), pike, carp, tench, &c., are fit for this purpose. These may be produced in breeding-boxes and ponds, &c., in spring-water, during autumn, winter, and spring, according to our published methods. Salmon can be bred with success in vast quantities, two-thirds of their eggs being prolific, and all can be done at a very small cost. Salmon, moreover, are the most valuable of fresh-water fish; the sand-eels, sheat-fish, and eels, in general, alone rivalling them. Thousands and millions of these valuable fish may, therefore, be easily brought into our waters. In two instances, we reared with great success the fry of trout, in a canal which had for some time been dry, and did not contain traces of fish. The canal was 3 feet in breadth by 1 foot in depth, the current being about 6 feet in a second; the sides were covered with cresses, brook-lime, and water-parsnips; the soil was gravelly, and here and there holes from 2 feet to 2½ feet deep. The fry, six weeks old, were deposited in the current along with the breeding-box. One small fish after another escaped; after twenty-four to forty-eight hours the box was empty, and the trout dispersed in the water. One mile at least of canal is requisite for the sustenance of 2000 trout. They lived isolated in those places they at first occupied. In places surrounded by a wall, and through which fresh water ran, we kept trout-fry for one whole year. They swam singly, and attained the length of 2½ inches, without ever being fed by us.

They entered into secluded places at the entrance, and remained there for months, growing and increasing in size. We could not discover on what they lived.

'The fishermen of the Agricultural Society, as well as myself, travel to the different stations to give instructions to such establishments as desire it, in Bavaria. The connections of the establishment in Munich send fecundated eggs to Warsaw, Königsberg, Mecklenburg, Rhenish Prussia, Galicia, Hungary, and Carinthia; and people from all parts of Germany have come for instruction in pisciculture to Munich, even from Hanover, the place of its first discovery. The fisherman, who was formerly paid by the establishment, has earned so much money by the sale of fish-eggs, that he continues the business on his own account. He has sent to various places 200,000 Danube-salmon eggs in the last year, exclusive of millions of eggs of other species of fish. It must be remarked, that the size of the egg of the Danube salmon is the size of a pea, and they are not so numerous as those of other fish.'

The system of pisciculture has likewise been adopted throughout the Spanish peninsula, where considerable grants of money have been given to aid in its extension. In the course of a year or two, therefore, we may expect to hear that the rivers and lakes of Spain will be as prolific as those of the adjoining countries.

We will now lay before the reader a brief account of the interesting fisheries of the lake of Comacchio, near Ferrara, on the Adriatic. The inhabitants of this isolated district subsist chiefly on eels and other kinds of fish; and for the purpose of increasing the supplies and rendering them certain, they have constructed, from the mud of the lakes, an ingenious series of artificial dikes, which are interspersed with sluices, giving access both to the sea and to the two rivers which form the mouth of the Po. By this plan, Comacchio and its neighbourhood are partitioned off in districts or islands, each of which may be called a piscicultural farm, with its own particular fishery, fishing-implements, and residence. There are five hundred men, besides the manager, engaged in carrying on the fishery. These workmen and their families have to be maintained; and the poor of the community, the widow, the orphan, the infirm, and the aged, are all provided for out of the revenues of this lake-fishery. In 1597, the annual income derived was about L.12,000; but in the year 1792, it had increased to upwards of L.16,000, a very large sum in such a neighbourhood; and the annual income still continues to augment. It may be stated, as one of the remarkable features connected with this interesting community, that the lease invariably fixes the number of men to be employed, and designates the amount of pay they are to receive, which is irrevocable. 'This regular army of workmen is subject to the rules of a military hierarchy, and to the discipline of a life in barracks, and to a condition of passive obedience. They employ a brigade of 120 policemen and 100 overseers. The head-manager has under him a secretary keeping the registers. These two functionaries each receive ten shillings a month and their food, with an addition, daily, of two and a half pounds of fish. In each of the districts, there are young apprentices receiving two shillings and twopence a month, and their food.' At certain periods, we have been informed, there appears on the surface of the water myriads of small transparent fish, not unlike masses of gelatine, but which are, in fact, young eels just hatched, preparing to quit the place of their birth, in order to migrate to various other lakes, by way of the rivers of communication. 'The fishermen,' says M. Coste, 'have means of discovering whether or not the migration of these fish is abundant.

It consists in forming a frame of wicker-work, which, being placed at the bottom of the canal for a night or two, is then raised, and the abundance or paucity of the supply is thus ascertained. As the other kinds of fish are constantly appearing upon the surface of the water, it is only in reference to the eels that this plan is adopted.' After the eel has arrived at maturity, and it is about leaving the lagoon for the sea, it is captured in one of the marvellous reed labyrinths which have been constructed for the purpose—one of which, celebrated by Tasso, is still in use. There are many other fish reared at Comacchio—soles, plaice, and dory are abundant; and there is one in particular called *acquadelle*, not quite so large as our gudgeon, but so prolific as to be almost a nuisance, and which, after the eels have used great quantities of it as food, still yields an enormous amount of good manure. The chub are also most plentiful, and multiply infinitely. At one time they are so small that it takes a thousand or two to weigh a pound; but when twelve months old, they are twelve inches long, and five in girth.

The ceremonial of opening the season is presided over by one of their priests, who consecrates the lagoon by a solemn prayer, after which the fishermen open the various sluices and admit the waters of the sea: the fish are caught in the labyrinths in trying to get out. In one stormy night in the year 1797, 1000 baskets of fish were caught, and in one valley 200 baskets of eels. We may explain that annually, on the 2d of February, the sluices and labyrinths are opened, and remain open for two months, to admit of the passage of the young fish up the channel from the sea. Drag-nets of small mesh are prohibited during the migration of the fish. M. Coste says that the sea-harvest of Comacchio lasts for five months, commencing at the close of July. The weight of fish obtained in that period is at least one hundred thousand pounds per month. 'The want of water in the lake, excess of heat or frost, causes diseases among the fish; at one time, from five to six million pounds of dead fish had to be buried in consequence. In 1789, the Reno and Volano, mouths of the Po, were nearly dry, occasioning great losses to the inhabitants. In 1825, still greater loss was sustained from the same cause; when the inhabitants of the colony, in order to escape the pestilence, were obliged to dig deep ditches, and to bury upwards of six million pounds of fish in quicklime. A barrel of pickled eels costs 97 francs, and contains 150 pounds-weight. They have three methods of preparing the fish for market—by pickling, salting, and smoking them.'

So much for the cultivation of the water, which it is evident might become as fertile and important a field for human industry as the land.

THE BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH.

DESPITE the accusations that have been made against the aristocracy of this country, on account of their monopolising all the chief offices of the state, it is certain that a great number of them concern themselves with no other than that board whose title heads this paper. At all the great clubs of London, and at almost every country-house of any distinction, it sits, or rather stands, *en permanence*; and around it, all day long, and, at all events, for the most part of the night, its indefatigable members are to be found. In this one department at least, neither time nor health is grudged by those concerned in it; and so different is it from an institution of government in other respects, that he who, by assiduity and skill in its concerns, has proved himself the most deserving, is generally the best rewarded.

The board of green cloth, which probably originated in Italy, must have been in repute at least as

early as the sixteenth century, since Shakespeare alludes to it; but there is doubtless an anachronism in making Cleopatra one of its votaries. 'Let us to billiards,' says the Queen of Egypt to her attendant Charmian; but she can scarcely have meant to propose a contest upon a slate-table, with india-rubber cushions, and with cues with leathern tops. At Alexandria, and at that early period, none of the modern requisites would have been forthcoming, except, perhaps, the ivory balls. We cannot imagine the haughty beauty employed in such a pastime, any more than we picture to ourselves Mark Antony (as marker) calling the score.

In Mr Thackeray's *Edmond* we have some mention of the game as being a novelty even at the period of that tale; and certainly it was not until a very recent period that it assumed the complicated and scientific character which now distinguishes it. It was played for more than two centuries with only a couple of balls, and when the third or red ball was imported from France, the red winning hazard—that is to say, the holing of the red ball—was almost the sole object of the performers.

When we consider the many and wealthy firms whose trade has become exclusively that of making billiard-tables, the enormous number of rooms where tables are let out for hire in every populous town, and, in particular, the large and influential class who make the practice of this game, not so much their amusement as almost the very object of their lives, it certainly seems to us that billiards has got to be important enough to have a word or two written about it to the general reader. The professional and the amateur have already a score of elaborate works about this science, prepared with all the judgment and experience that would be necessary for the investigation of the most abstruse subject, and illustrated with accurate diagrams of what has been, and can be, effected upon a billiard-table for the instruction and edification of tyros.

It would, of course, be impossible to estimate the vast sums which depend upon every important match that chances to be, as the newspapers say, upon the toss—though, of course, it is to take place upon the table—and were we to mention the prices paid merely to witness such contests, they would exceed belief; but, as a proof of the interest with which great excellence at this game is regarded by its admirers, it may be stated that one guinea is habitually paid at the request of a certain professor for the privilege of witnessing his ordinary (and extraordinary) everyday play.

Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his novel of *The Caxtons*, has described a penniless lad who, by his skill at this amusement in France, rapidly acquires such considerable sums as he stands in need of; not in England, and in real life, does there appear to be any greater difficulty in so doing. What genius, what virtue, can procure its possessor, in ten times the period, a remuneration such as skill at billiards can in a few hours, and in almost any populous place, command! Carr, the celebrated Bath billiard-player, would have been immensely rich but for his fondness for another game at which he was by no means such a proficient: by this latter pastime he was perpetually being ruined; and on one occasion, having been forced to try his fortune in Spain, he returned from that country in even greater straits than those which occasioned his departure. Having landed, however, in Portsmouth, nearly penniless, and indifferently appraised, he repaired to his usual bank—the board of green cloth—in that town, and drew, from a respectable stranger, whom he found there, the sum of seventy pounds. By means of a portion of this he attired himself very splendidly, and betook himself to the same table the next morning, another and a better (dressed) man. His adversary was also there; and

not recognising him, after the metamorphosis, challenged him for still higher stakes, but with no better fortune. When he had lost as much as he could afford, he informed Carr that he was more unfortunate even than he seemed, for that he (Carr) was the *second* stranger, within twenty-four hours, to whom his really considerable skill had been obliged to succumb. This Bath player is said to have been the discoverer of 'the side-stroke,' an acquirement of great importance, the secret of which it is surprising that accident did not long before disclose, and the numerous frequenters of his rooms were excessively anxious to acquire this magic power of giving lateral impulse. After much solicitation, Carr confessed that the wonder lay in the particular kind of chalk which he was wont to use for his cue. He then procured a number of pill-boxes, and filling them with the powder of the chalk ordinarily used in the rooms, disposed of them to great numbers of the nobility and gentry, his patrons, at half-a-crown the box, as *Twisting Chalk!*

The spectacle of the play of some very first-rate performers, to one who knows the difficulties of billiards, is certainly such as almost to induce him to believe in patents of this description. The feats of Mr Kentfield—the celebrated 'Jonathan'—of Brighton, for instance, are more like things produced by magic than by natural skill. So continually are such as he accustomed to score, that himself and another excellent player finished thirty games of 'twenty-four up' within the hour. In a match of less than two hundred games, he beat his opponent eighty-five 'love-games,' those, that is, in which the adversary does not score a single hazard. With ordinarily good players, this gentleman is accustomed to take one pocket to his opponent's five; and, to convey a notion of his experience, he has played with one individual alone fifty thousand games of this kind; that is to say, estimating four games to be played within the hour—the one pocket-game being of course a very slow one—he has spent nearly one year and a half in knocking about ivory balls in company with a single fellow-creature. One celebrated match between a player still living (which one wonders at) and a French professor, lasted for two entire days and a night, during which the enthusiastic foreigner tasted nothing but liquids.

Mr Kentfield's principal excellence, according to his great panegyrist, Mr Mardon, from whose treatise upon billiards most of these notes are taken, consists in his admirable judgment of the amount of force to be employed in each stroke, with a view to the advantages that are to be made to follow; or, as it is technically expressed by members of the board of green cloth, in his 'good strengths.' He has been known, not uncommonly, to score four-and-twenty in canons alone; and on a particular occasion, two-and-thirty, *without moving the balls more than a span from their original position.* His greatest achievement—the diagram of which we would we could convey to these pages, from those of Mr Mardon, for the benefit, not of 'country gentlemen' (as the apology used to run for translating classical quotations), but of the unscientific public—was in a certain game with Captain W—, wherein Jonathan gave his adversary three strokes to one, and consisted in making a hazard from the red ball *off three different cushions!* It was his frequent custom, in the old days of the felling-linings, when his own ball was near the red one upon the spot, to score more than one hundred off that ball alone. Upon the present India-rubber cushions, no such positive certainties can be calculated upon; and the incorrectness of their angles is deservedly a reproach against them amongst the old school of players. The inventor of these resilient sides, himself a first-rate performer, was so annoyed with their

inaccuracy, that he was about to have them removed from his table after the first trial; but a party of gentlemen chancing to come in, were so delighted with the extraordinary speed, that he perceived the innovation must needs become a popular one. 'If the public is pleased,' said he, 'the cushions may as well remain.'

Mr Roberts, however, the superintendent of the billiard-rooms at the Manchester Union Club, seems to calculate even upon these with considerable nicety. He is said to have scored two hundred and eight in a single 'break,' and to have made one hundred and two upon another occasion from the red ball alone.

Of the strange effects produced in men of different dispositions, by having money dependent upon their skill at this amusement, there are many instances on record. The advantages of strong nerves over weak ones, in those who are members of the board of green cloth, are thus illustrated: Two gentlemen had for years frequented a certain subscription billiard-room without having taken or proposed a bet. One day, a spectator of the game then in progress offered to lay three hundred to two hundred on the result; and to the surprise of all present, one of the two gentlemen accepted the proposal. He won the three hundred pounds, and remained as cool as a cucumber.

On another match, his antagonist laid a wager of sixpence. During the progress of the game of 'twenty-four up' he evinced the greatest anxiety; and upon the marker calling the score, 'twenty-three all,' actually fainted away!

Inferior players, indeed, and even good ones, if excitable, or of weak nerves, when backing themselves for any stake that much affects them, are often reduced to a condition of almost prostration; in some instances, becoming incapable of imparting sufficient strength to a ball to enable it to reach the intended pocket. A game of fifty was once played, upon the result of which very large sums depended. The score of 'forty-nine all' was called by the marker, and repeated by the player. He hesitated; again asked for the score, and again the marker repeated, 'forty-nine all.' The player thereupon gave a safe 'miss,' whereby, of course, his adversary scored one, and won the game. On another occasion, in a room crowded with spectators greatly interested in the event, a nervous player required but two points to complete the game; a certain hazard was presented to him upon either side. The player, in anxious bewilderment, actually played with the red ball!

Although Mr Mardon recommends, indeed, that a stake sufficiently large to keep up the player's vigilance and attention be always played for, he is, for an *habitué* of the billiard-table, quite a moralist, and to the young, the most prudent of mentors. Never, advises he, be induced to bet with a stranger against his accomplishing a particular stroke, however difficult, since even an indifferent performer may, by practice, succeed in making a certainty of any single feat. Do not advance upon your original wager after losing a game or two. Nor, O youth, be thou inflamed with the desire of winning back what thou mayest have already lost—a weakness, it seems, so common among the associates of the board, as to have obtained for itself the technical expression of being 'pricked.' These temperate reflections and moral precepts of our author remind one of nothing so much as that celebrated address of the dying toper to his sons: 'Drink slow; never mix your liquor; nor sit, boys (if you can help it), with your backs to the fire.'

Was the progress of philosophy ever described by any of its professors, jealous for his particular school, in more glowing words—was delight in the contemplation of the long results of science, ever painted in more brilliant colours than these which follow?

'The game of billiards, I am inclined to believe,'

writes Mr Mardon, 'is in most parts of England still creeping with infant steps. At Brighton, it has reached to the stride of manhood, each break evincing the knowledge and sound judgment of maturer years. Persons witnessing the style of game of the parties to whom allusion is now made (that is, Mr Kentfield and Co.), and capable of appreciating the beauties attendant upon superior execution combined with exquisite *strengths*, would behold a mine of hidden treasure brought to light, and experience an enjoyment worthy of hours of reflection.' This book, remember, was published in its second edition (from which this extract is made) in 1844, so that by this time perhaps Brighton may have culminated, and lapsed into second childhood; and we may be all too late, however rapidly we may hasten to behold this mine. We ourselves, however, have done our duty in making public the precious advantages it holds out as soon as we learned them ourselves.

We have also the pleasing intelligence to communicate, obtained from the same source, of a golden cue being open to be played for by the amateurs of all England, subject to certain conditions, under which the winner is to hold it as champion of the billiard-table, president of the board of green cloth. It is open, as a reverend wit observed, to rich and poor alike, like law and the London Tavern, only you must pay ten pounds as entrance-money, and be prepared for a few matches more after you have got it, if you intend to keep it. Still, there is something chivalric, and almost regal, in a golden cue. Fancy one's winning it! Fancy one's walking away with it up the chain-pier, while the band was playing! Fancy one's horror if it chanced to slip through the side-rails into the sea! Fancy one's being robbed of it, and knocked on the head—like poor Miss Kilmansegg—with the but-end of it afterwards! Fancy one's leaving it within one's will, a richer legacy than house or land, unto one's issue! What a gold stick in waiting would it indeed be for one's eldest born! What a rich import would that simple expression then bear of 'I gave him the cue!'

THE BARON GRANDENIGO'S DAUGHTERS.

THE three young daughters of the great Baron Grandenigo having been deprived by death of their mother, who had always rather inclined towards spoiling them, her place was excellently supplied by an ancient female relative, who came unasked to superintend the domestic affairs of the Baron's secluded stronghold among the green mountains. There she regulated the household, jingled the keys, and was especially particular in watching over defences and drawbridge, the baron himself being usually absent at his sovereign's court, or fighting his sovereign's battles; so that old Madame Offugo felt she had a responsibility in her self-imposed task, which made her doubly careful. The three young ladies of Grandenigo were good-natured girls on the whole, but they had their faults like the rest of us; and Madame Offugo made it her study to discover and root out, as far as possible, those noxious weeds which disfigured the otherwise fair and promising parterres. Lisa, Lota, and Lora, as the three young ladies were named, greatly revered and respected Madame Offugo; nor had she failed to inspire them with a good deal of awe, though she never scolded them, nor treated them with harshness, but, on the contrary, was always kind and considerate. Yet Madame Offugo had queer ways of her own; and as those were the days, and theirs was the country, when fairies were still authentic facts, it is not in the least surprising that some folks went so far as to hint that Madame Offugo claimed kin with the elfin race.

At Grandenigo they all led a life of comparative

retirement, free from the cares, anxieties, and turmoils of the outer world; but this could not be expected to last always, as Baron Grandenigo was a person of importance in the solemn councils of the land, and his daughters would in time be summoned to the sovereign's court—roses and lilies fresh from the mountains, and sweet as their wild-thyme and blooming heather. Madame Offugo did not spare to tell her young charges of their faults, whenever she saw occasion to do so; to warn, exhort, and instruct. To Lisa, the eldest, she would say: 'You are prone to search for defects in everything, and not only that, but you see a great many things you ought *not* to see. People must sometimes walk with a shade over their eyes in this world; ay, even blindfolded it may be. Your eyes are not given to you in order to pick out flaws and to make quarrels, but for good and wise purposes: to be useful, and to behold the glories of a beautiful universe, the work of a beneficent Creator.'

Lisa perfectly understood old Madame Offugo's words; for her bright black eyes were dreaded at Grandenigo—poking and peering about everywhere, and into everything, and seeing things in such a manner, that the poor maids said Lady Lisa must surely wear a pair of magnifying-glasses. This did not effect much harm or perplexity in the quiet retreat of Grandenigo; but Lady Lisa was going to a town-life, to a courtly circle, and therefore Madame Offugo lectured her in time, and of course, as all lecturing is, for her 'own good.'

Lady Lota, though not quick-sighted, like her eldest sister, but, in fact, quite otherwise, made up for that defect by the extraordinary acuteness of her hearing—her ears doing as much mischief, in the way of quarrelling and magnifying, as the Lady Lisa's bright eyes. Madame Offugo had more than once, and with much majesty and severity, impressed on Lady Lota's mind that well-known adage—applicable at grand baronial Grandenigo as elsewhere—that 'listeners never hear any good of themselves.' Hence it may be inferred, alas! that the Lady Lota,—despite her descent from the ancient Grandenigos—was not wholly free from human failings, or rather, we might more justly say, meannesses. Hence the Lady Lota's temper, it is to be feared, was ruffled and disturbed by not hearing 'good of herself'; 'and if,' as Madame Offugo sagely remarked, 'good is not spoken of us at home, what shall be said of us in the cold, hard world?'

The Lady Lora, the youngest of the three sisters of Grandenigo, did not make so much use of her eyes and ears as she did of her own little tongue; she retailed what Lisa *saw*, and what Lota *heard*, fluently, unfailingly, and, we regret to add, exaggeratingly. She did not like the trouble of doing anything but talk—talk: she left her eldest sister to look about her, and poke and peer here, there, and everywhere; she left her second sister to saunter unsuspected, with her ears wide open, because *she was so near-sighted*, and who dare accuse a Grandenigo lady of listening? Now, that troublesome little member the tongue can do a world of mischief, as we all know; and Madame Offugo said everything to Lady Lora that was right, and true, and kind, and wholesome on this topic. And the Lady Lora listened with respectful attention, and promised not only to remember what was said, but to try to follow the kind and motherly advice. And so did the Lady Lisa, and the Lady Lota; but in the meantime, the unruly eyes, and ears, and tongue often rebelled, and occasioned a vast deal of petty trouble and vexation among the small community of Grandenigo.

Suddenly Madame Offugo was wanted elsewhere: the drawbridge was let down, and she crossed it quickly, disappearing in the winding road leading up

the hillside from Grandenigo, and leaving the three young ladies weeping bitterly, and waving their white handkerchiefs, and kissing their hands as the good old lady receded.

'Don't forget us, dear Madame Offugo,' said they on parting.

'I will not, my dears,' she replied, and she spoke with impressive emphasis.

And now Baron Grandenigo took his three girls away to the court of his sovereign, in the midst of a gay and populous city. The change was very great indeed for young ladies brought up in retirement, like our Lisa, Lota, and Lora; and at first they forgot good old Madame Offugo and her excellent advice and tender admonitions. But as time progressed, they were never out of 'hot-water,' as the saying is—always getting into trouble, from seeing what ought not to have been seen, hearing what was not meant to be heard, and speaking what it was inconvenient and dangerous to retail; far, far more so here in the city and the courtly circle, than at quiet Grandenigo, sleeping among the pleasant heathery hills. And their troubles and perplexities so increased, that one evening when they had retired rather earlier than usual, and had dismissed their attendants, and were conversing with terror and dismay on their lamentable position, all three exclaimed together: 'O that dear old Offugo was here to direct and aid us. I wonder if she has quite forgotten us by this time: she said she wouldn't.'

At that instant, a gentle tap, tap, came to their door, and a little page in green gave in a small packet, silken-bound, addressed to the ladies Lisa, Lota, and Lora. Quickly they opened it, and what did they behold? First the words written in golden type: 'I have not forgotten you—do not you forget old Offugo.' And the contents of the packet? Each sister blushed consciously as she appropriated to herself one of the three gifts it contained; thus proving that they had not altogether forgotten old Offugo's lessons. How the court circle would have laughed and jested had they seen these 'remembrances,' so carefully bound up with silken cord, and so fondly and reverently received by the sisters in the privacy of their own chamber. And what were they?—what mysterious and inexplicable things to send from a distance to three fair young ladies, daughters of the grand Baron Grandenigo?

First, there was a woven bandage—thick and smooth, flexible and elastic—to bind over the eyes, as if for playing at blind-man's-buff. Lady Lisa fitted it on directly; intuitively she understood its meaning and arrangement. Then came a bundle of fine white cotton-wool, rolled up in golden tissue. Lady Lota stuffed some into her ears on the spot. Then, what a funny-looking thing! They all three laughed aloud as the Lady Lora put it into her pretty mouth, though she declared afterwards it became as sweet as a sugar-plum to her taste. But the greatest wonder of these gifts was—proving beyond a doubt that Offugo must be a fairy—that although the three fair daughters of Grandenigo continued to wear them at all times and on state occasions, their true significance continued unsuspected. The bandage, by fairy contrivance, only resembled a becoming fillet round the ivory brow; the cotton-wool was hidden by the ebon tresses, so coquettishly disposed for the purpose; and as to the uncourtly gag, being inside the mouth, it was not seen at all. A fascinating reticence was the consequence of that; and for ever afterwards, the ladies of Grandenigo walked through this weary world with far less stumbling and discomfort to themselves, than if they had seen too much, heard too much, and spoken too much by the way.

Some of us in these days need the gifts of a good

for our own share; for sometimes, if we desire to live in peace, it is better to tie a bandage over our eyes, and to stuff our ears with cotton-wool, and furnish our mouths with a gag—even though it does not taste like a sugar-plum.

WIND-CHARTS AND BOTTLES OF SMOKE.

'Would you like to see my wind-charts?'

Such was the query wherewith that worthy mariner, Captain Scuttle, of the 'fast-sailing, A1 clipper-ship' *Flyaway*, one day startled the writer. At the time, we were in 57° 37' south latitude, and 85° 52' west longitude, heading east by south; in other words, we were approaching Cape Horn. In the innocence of our hearts, we had propounded a question relative to our course after passing that grim and dreary extremity of the earth; and the answer came in the form of the proposition quoted above. This mode of reply was but natural, for Captain Scuttle is a native of the Emerald Isle. Still, we were surprised to the extent of temporarily abandoning that dignified propriety of demeanour which, we flatter ourselves, is our usual characteristic. Had the question emanated from one of those disagreeable and irrational sailors who hold all and sundry landmen in utter contempt for their ignorance of the arts and mysteries of navigation, we should have concluded that a monstrous hoax was about to be played off upon us. But Captain Scuttle is a gentleman, not only when ashore, as is often the case; but on his own quarter-deck, or at the head of his cabin-table, he is still the very pink of courtesy; of a somewhat antique fashion, it may be, but none the worse for that.

We therefore repeated the phrase in astonishment. Wind-charts indeed! Well, Shakspeare long since called the air 'a chartered libertine.' But that the aerial dominions could be mapped out—that the jurisdiction of the several powers of the air could be accurately defined—their currents noted down, and their variations predicted, with a near approximation to precision; all this was a feat which, if the idea had ever occurred to us, would have been instantly dismissed from our minds, as something too wild even for the distorted imagination of a lunatic.

But we were not long suffered to remain incredulous. Our nautical friend dived into the recesses of his own peculiar cabin, whence he presently emerged with a portfolio, containing a series of veritable charts of the wind, which he proceeded to display for our information and gratification. At first sight, these appeared like the vague drawings of an experimental geometrician—angles and triangles, pentagons, hexagons, and all the rest of the poly-gon tribe, intermingling with each other in most admired disorder. But aided by the lucid explanations of Captain Scuttle, we quickly succeeded in understanding the real order which lay hidden under all this apparent confusion.

We found, then, that in these charts the surface of the ocean is divided into quadrangular areas, each containing ten degrees of longitude and ten of latitude. In the centre of each of these geographical spaces is one of the peculiar diagrams already noticed, and which consists, in fact, of a group of angles, symbolising the power and current of the prevailing winds in that particular region. The direction of these angles indicates that of the air, and their greater

suppose a figure, with one large angle, pointing southward, and three of smaller size, facing respectively south-south-east, south-east, and south-west by south: this would signify that strong northerly winds ordinarily prevailed, with occasional variations to the north-north-west, the north-west, and the north-east by north.

But, as in no part of the world does the wind incessantly blow in one uniform direction, it is necessary to have separate charts for each month in the year, and thus is maintained an entire circle of aerial intelligence.

The benefit derived, and yet more extensively derivable from this novel adaptation of meteorological science, is incalculable. By its aid, the mariner is enabled to avoid foul or contrary winds, hurricanes, and calms, and to steer in the direction of those latitudes where favourable breezes generally prevail at specified seasons. Not only, therefore, are the dangers of the ocean lessened, but the length of the voyage is often greatly reduced, and thus is effected a saving of labour, time, and expense.

These charts are, in fact, the records of past experience. The merit of their invention is due to Lieutenant Maury, of Washington, who first conceived the idea of tabulating the variations of the atmosphere at sea. In accordance with his plan, the officers of the United States navy were furnished with instructions and directions for observation, and were required to forward to Washington, at stated intervals, copies of their log-books, describing the force and direction of all winds and currents encountered, together with daily notes of temperature, &c. Masters of merchant-ships, willing to co-operate in this work, were also provided with similar facilities for observation. From the united records thus obtained, Lieutenant Maury compiled a series of tables, demonstrative of the important fact, that certain currents of air prevail in every portion of the Atlantic at regularly recurring intervals.

The beneficial effects of Maury's system soon became apparent; and in 1855, the English government established an office in London for the purpose of registering what may be termed the tides of the atmosphere. Admiral Fitzroy was placed at the head of the new department, and agents were appointed at the principal ports of the United Kingdom for the supply of instruments, books, and instructions. The attention of our mercantile marine was drawn to the subject, and their assistance invited. The commanders of some hundreds of British vessels have responded to the call—undertaking to make and record the necessary observations, and to transmit them periodically to the office. In 1857 it was stated that 'seven hundred months of logs' had been received from nearly one hundred merchant-ships, and that they were in process of tabulation, which is effected 'by collecting together, in separate books, the combined observations of each month, corresponding to geographical spaces, bounded by meridians and parallels, ten degrees apart. It is proper to observe that these observations are not confined to the Atlantic, but have been extended to the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and all seas ordinarily navigated. The results are the wind-charts we have described.

Philosophy and science destroy, in their progress, many time-honoured and fondly cherished ideas. No enthusiastic young poet, or magniloquent declaimer on the rights of man, can henceforth venture to speak of unloosing 'the four winds of heaven,' for they have never been chained up. It is proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that they perform their allotted functions periodically, in every quarter of the globe, with a surprising degree of regularity. Neither can that other figure of speech which terms the air 'a chartered libertine,' be tolerated, save out of respect

for our Shakspeare's genius. And, in truth, the expression is somewhat slanderous. Chartered he may be, but the charge of libertinism can scarcely be sustained. His incomings and outgoings have been registered; his irregularities 'set in a note-book;' his passionate humours, and his moments of supineness, duly recorded; so that every one who sails upon the deep may learn his character, and know pretty well what treatment to expect from him at all times and seasons, and in every part of the ocean.

Having discussed the wind, let us now indulge in a bottle of smoke.

We had such an article placed in our hands not long since. It was an ordinary glass bottle, such as those into which expert packers force a quart of porter; but which never, by any known process, can be compelled to disgorge more than a pint and half. It contained a thin liquid of a bluish-gray colour; and we were instructed to pour a certain proportion into such brine-pans as contained hams or other comestibles, for the purpose of imparting thereto the flavour peculiarly appertaining to smoked meats.

So we did; and very excellent we found the receipt to be.

Now, this liquid was not the cunningly devised product of chemistry, possessing the taste of smoke, without any approximation to the reality. It was real *bona-fide* smoke, procured from wood, and bottled up in its unadulterated purity, and was obtained in this wise:

In South Wales, there exists an establishment for the manufacture of pyroligneous acid, an article much in favour with the great pickling-houses. What is generally supposed to be white-wine vinegar, is often, in reality, the product of these works; and it is well for the consumer if more deleterious ingredients are not used. As its name indicates, this acid is obtained from burning wood, of which large quantities are annually consumed. For some time, the smoke arising therefrom was allowed to escape; but these are not the times to waste anything. Modern science, as Dr Lyon Playfair observes, is a great economist. She collects cast horseshoe nails, and, hey, presto! they reappear as murdering guns and glittering sabres; she carefully saves 'the clippings of the travelling tinker,' and, mixing them with 'the parings of horses' hoofs, or the cast-off woollen garments of the poorest inhabitant of the sister isle,' reproduces these unconsidered trifles in the form of 'hues of the brightest dye,' to adorn the dresses wherewith our courtly dames delight to deck their persons. The convenient vesta, or lucifer-match, owes its phosphoric constituents to the bones of dead animals. *Aquaforia*, and the offensive oils from gas-tar, are converted into perfumes for my lady's toilet; and the delicate odour of the costly *eau de mille fleurs*, can boast no better origin than the noxious effluvia of our sewers.

Clearly, then, it was a mistake to allow even wood-smoke to

Waste its fragrance on the desert air.

So, without the constraining influence of an act of parliament, the proprietors of the pyroligneous acid-works resolved on economising and utilising their smoke. For this purpose they built, over the pyre, a condensing chamber, and the smoke entering therein, and having no outlet, became converted into a fluid, such as we have described. In this state it was, and, we presume, still is, bottled off for public consumption; and its use effecting a great saving of expense in the curing of such meats as require to be smoked for the gratification of epicurean palates, a considerable demand for it has arisen. So that 'a bottle of smoke' is no longer the impossible fiction which it was supposed to be in the good old times of our youth, but has been resolved into a substantial reality, and

claims its place amongst those ingenious appetisers, which—as the manufacturers say in their advertisements—‘no good housekeeper should be without.’

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.—A DEAD SHOT BY JAKE.

FOR two hours this singular conflict was continued, without any material change in the disposition of the combatants. Now and then an odd man might be seen darting from tree to tree with a velocity as if projected from a howitzer—his object, either to find a trunk that would afford better cover to his own body, or a point that would uncover the body—or a portion of it—of some marked antagonist.

The trunks were barely thick enough to screen us. Some remained on their feet, using the precaution to make themselves as ‘small’ as possible, by standing rigidly erect, and keeping their bodies carefully aligned. Others, perceiving that the pines bulged a little at the roots, had thrown themselves flat upon their faces, and in this attitude continued to load and fire.

The sun was long since high in the heavens, for it had been near sunrise when the conflict began. There was no obscurity to hide either party from the view of the other; though in this the Indians had a slight advantage on account of the opening in our rear. But even in the depth of the forest there was light enough for our purpose. Many of the dead fascicles had fallen—the ground was deeply bedded with them—and those that still drooped overhead formed but a gauzy screen against the brilliant sunbeams. There was light sufficient to enable our marksmen to sight any object as large as a dollar-piece that chanced to be within range of their rifles. A hand, a portion of an arm, a leg badly aligned, a jawbone projecting outside the bark, a pair of shoulders too broad for the trunk that should have concealed them, even the outstanding skirt of a dress, was sure to draw a shot—perhaps two—from one side or the other. A man to have exposed his full face for ten seconds, would have been almost certain of receiving a bullet through his skull, for on both sides there were sharpshooters.

The two hours had passed, and as yet without any great injury received or inflicted by either party. There were some ‘casualties,’ however; and every now and then a fresh incident added to the number, and kept up the hostile excitement. We had several wounded—one or two severely—and one man killed. The latter was a favourite with our men, and his death strengthened their desire for vengeance.

The Indian loss must have been greater. We had seen several fall to our shots. In our party were some of the best marksmen in Florida. Hickman was heard to declare he ‘had draved a bead upon three, an’ wherever he draved his bead, he war dog gonad sartin to put his bullet.’

Weatherford had shot his man, killing him on the spot. This was beyond conjecture, for the dead body of the savage could be seen lying between two trees where it had fallen. His comrades feared, that in dragging it away, they might expose themselves to that terrible rifle.

After a time, the Indians began to practise a chapter of tactics, which proved that, in this mode of warfare, they were our superiors. Instead of one, two of them would place themselves behind a tree, or two trees that stood close together; and as soon as one fired, the other was ready to take aim. Of course, the man at whom the first shot had been discharged—fancying his *vis-à-vis* now carried an empty gun—would be less careful about his person, and likely enough to expose it.

Such proved to be the case—for before the bit of craft was discovered, several of our men received wounds, and one more of our number was shot dead by his tree.

This ruse increased the exasperation of our men, the more so that they could not reciprocate the strategy. Our numbers were not sufficient. To have taken post by ‘twos’ would have thinned our line, so that we could not have defended it. We were compelled, therefore, to remain as we were, but grew more careful how we exposed ourselves to the cunning fence of our enemies.

There was one instance, in which the savages were paid back in their own coin. Black Jake and I were partners in this *revanche*.

We were sheltered by two trees almost close together, and had for antagonists no less than three savages, who had been all the morning most active in firing at us. I had received one of their bullets through the sleeve of my coat, and Jake had the dandruff driven out of his wool; but neither of us had been wounded. During the contest, I had got sight upon one, and fancied I had spilled his blood. I could not be certain, however, as the three were well covered behind a clump of trees, and hidden by a thicket of dwarf palmettoes.

One of these Indians, Jake wished particularly to kill. He was a tall savage—and much larger than either of the others. He wore a head-dress of king-vulture plumes, and was otherwise distinguished by his costume. In all probability, he was a chief. What was most peculiar in his appearance was his face—for we saw it at intervals, though only for an instant at a time. It was covered all over with a scarlet pigment—vermilion it appeared—and shone through the trees like a counterpart of the sun.

It was not this, however, that had rendered the Indian an object of Jake’s special vengeance; the cause was different. The savage had noticed Jake’s colour, and had taunted him with it several times during the fray. He spoke in his native tongue, but Jake comprehended it well enough. He was spited—exasperated—and vowed vengeance against the scarlet chief.

I contrived to give him an opportunity. Cunningly adjusting my cap, so that it appeared to contain my head, I caused it to protrude a little around the trunk of the tree. It was an old and well-known ruse, but for all that, in Jake’s phraseology, it ‘fooled’ the Indian. The red face appeared above the palmettoes. A puff of smoke rose from below it. The cap was jerked out of my hand; I heard the report of the shot that had done it.

Simultaneously I heard another crack, louder and nearer—the report of the negro’s piece.

I peeped round the tree to witness the effect. A spot of darker red dappled the bright disk—the vermilion became suddenly encrimsoned. It was but a glance I had, for in the next instant the painted savage lay doubled up among the bushes.

During all the time we had been engaged, the Indians did not appear desirous of advancing upon us—although certainly they were far superior to us in point of numbers. The party we had been pursuing had been joined by another as numerous as itself. Not less than a hundred were now upon the ground, and had been so from the beginning of the fight. But for this accession, they would hardly have dared to attack us; and but for our knowing it, we should have charged them at once, and tried the chances of a hand-to-hand conflict. But we saw that they far outnumbered us, and we were content to act on the defensive to hold our position.

They appeared satisfied with theirs—though by closing rapidly inwards, they could have overpowered us with numbers. After all, their ranks would have

been well thinned before reaching our line, and some of their best men would have fallen. No men calculate such chances more carefully than Indians; and perhaps none are inferior to them in charging a foe that is intrenched. The weakest fort, the most flimsy stockade, can be easily defended against the red warriors of the West.

Their intention having been foiled, by the failure of their first charge, they appeared not to contemplate another—contented to hold us in siege—for to that situation we were in reality reduced.

After a time, their firing became less frequent, until it nearly ceased altogether; but we knew that this did not indicate any intention to retreat. On the contrary, we saw some of them kindling fires afar off in the woods—no doubt with the design of cooking their breakfasts.

There was not a man among us who did not envy them their occupation.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

A MEAGRE MEAL.

To us, the partial armistice was of no advantage: we dared not stir from the trees. We were athirst, and water within sight—the pond glittering in the centre of the glade. Better there had been none, since we dared not approach it; it only served to tantalise us.

The Indians were seen to eat, without leaving their lines. A few waited on the rest, bringing them food from the fires. Women were observed passing backward and forward, almost within range of our guns.

We were, all of us, hungry as famished wolves. We had been twenty-four hours without tasting food—even longer than that—and the sight of our enemies, feasting before our very faces, gave a keener edge to our appetites, reviving at the same time our anger and chagrin. They even taunted us on our starving condition.

Old Hickman had grown furious; he was heard to declare that he 'war hungry enough to eat a raw Indyan, if he kud only jist git his teeth upon one;' and he looked fierce enough to have carried out the threat.

'The sight o' cussed redskins,' continued he, 'swal-lerin' hul collops o' meat, while Christyian whites hain't neery bone to pick, war enough to rile one to the last jeint in the eend o' the toes—by the tarnal allygator, it war!'

It is a bare place, indeed, where such men as Hickman and Weatherford will not find resources; and the energies of both were now bent upon discovery. They were seen scratching among the dead needles of the pines, that, as already stated, formed a thick layer over the surface of the ground. Of what were they in search?—worms? grubs? larvæ, or lizards? One might have fancied so; but no—it was not come to that. Hungry as they were, they were not yet ready to feed upon the reptilia. A better resource had suggested itself to them; and shortly after, a joyful exclamation announced that they had discovered the object of their search.

Hickman was seen holding up a brownish-coloured mass, of conical form, somewhat resembling a large pine-apple. It was a cone of the broom-pine—easily recognisable by its size and shape.

'Now, fellers!' shouted he, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all around the glade, 'jest gather a wheen o' these hyar tree-eggs, an' break 'em open. Ye'll find kurnels inside o' 'em, that ain't bad chawin'. They ain't equal to hog an' hominy; but we hain't got hog an' hominy; an' these hyar 'll sarve in a pinch, I reck'n. Ef ye'll only root among the rubblege aroun' ye, ye'll scare up a wheen. Jist try it.'

The suggestion was eagerly adopted, and in an instant 'all hands' were seen scratching up the dead leaves in search of pine-cones. Some lay upon the surface near at hand, and were easily procured, while others further off were jerked within reach by ram-rods or the barrels of rifles. Less or more, every one was enabled to obtain a supply.

The cones were quickly cut open, and the nuts greedily devoured. It was by no means an inferior food, for the kernels of the broom-pine are both nutritive and pleasant to the taste. Their quality gave universal satisfaction—it was only in quantity they were deficient—for there were not enough of them within reach to stay the cravings of fifty stomachs hungry as ours were.

There was some joking over this dry breakfast; and the more reckless of the party laughed while they ate, as though it had been a nutting frolic. But the laughter was short-lived—our situation was too serious to admit of much levity.

It was an interval while the firing of the enemy had slackened, almost ceased; and we had ample time to consider the perils of our position.

Up to this time, it had not occurred to us that we were in reality *besieged*. The hurried excitement of the conflict had left us no time for reflection. We only looked upon the affair as a skirmish, that must soon come to an end by one side or the other proving victorious.

The contest no longer wore that look; it had assumed the aspect of a siege. We were encompassed on every side—shut up as if in a fortress, but not half so secure. Our only stockade was the circle of standing trees, and we had no blockhouse to retire to in the event of being wounded. Each man was a sentry, with a *tour* of guard-duty that must be continual!

Our situation was perilous in the extreme. There was no prospect of escape. Our horses had all galloped off. One only remained lying dead by the side of the pond. He had been killed by a bullet, but it came not from the enemy. Hickman had fired the shot. I saw him, and wondered at the time what could be his object. The hunter had his reasons; but it was only afterwards I learned them.

We could hold our ground against five times our number—almost any odds—but how about food?

Thirst we did not fear. At night, we would have relief. Under the cover of night, we could approach the pond.

We had no apprehension about the want of water; but how were we to obtain food? The cones we had gathered had proved but a bite: there were no more within reach; we must yield to hunger—to famine.

We conversed with one another freely, as if face to face. We canvassed our prospects. They were gloomy enough.

How was the affair to end? How were we to be delivered from our perilous situation? These were the questions that passed from mouth to mouth, and occupied the thoughts of all.

Only one plan offered a plausible chance of escape; and that was to hold our position until nightfall, make a sally in the darkness, and fight our way through the lines of our foes. It would be running the gauntlet; a few of us would certainly fall—perhaps many—but some would escape. To stay where we were, was to submit ourselves to certain sacrifice. There was no likelihood of our being rescued by others; no one entertained such a hope. As soon as hunger overcame us, we should be massacred to a man.

Rather than patiently abide such a fate, we resolved, while yet strong, to risk all chances, and cut our way through the midst of the besiegers. Darkness would

favour the attempt, and anxiously we awaited the going down of the sun.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

A BULLET FROM BEHIND.

If we thought the time long, it was not from want of occupation.

During the day, the Indians at intervals renewed their attack; and, notwithstanding all our vigilance, we had another man killed, and several slightly wounded.

In these skirmishes, the savages shewed a determination to get nearer our line, by making their advances from tree to tree. We perfectly understood their object. It was not that they had any design of closing with us, though their numbers might have justified them in doing so. They were now still more numerous than at the beginning of the fight. Another band had arrived upon the ground: we had heard the shout of welcome that hailed their coming.

But even with this accession of strength, they did not design to come to the encounter of short weapons. Their purpose in advancing was different, and we understood it. They had perceived that by getting close to our convex line, they would be near enough to fire upon those on the opposite side of the glade, who, of course, would be exposed to their aim.

To prevent this, therefore, now became our chief object and anxiety, and it was necessary to redouble our vigilance. We did so, regarding with scrutinising glances the trunks behind which we knew the savages were skulking, and eyeing them as keenly as the ferret-hunter watches the burrows of the warren.

They had but slight success in their endeavours to advance. It cost them several of their boldest men; for the moment these essayed to rush forward, the cracks of three or four rifles were certain to be heard; and almost as certain was one of them to deliver its messenger of death.

The Indians soon became tired of attempting this dangerous manœuvre; and, as evening approached, appeared to give up their design, and content themselves by holding us in siege.

We were glad when the sun set, and the twilight came on. It would soon pass, and we should be able to reach the water. The men were maddened with thirst, for they had been suffering from it throughout the whole day.

During the daylight, many would have gone to the water, had they not been restrained by the precepts of the more prudent, and perhaps more effectually by an incident, of which they had all been spectators. One more reckless than the rest had risked the attempt. He had succeeded in reaching the pond, drank to his satisfaction, and was hastening back to his post, when a shot from the savages stretched him dead upon the sward. He was the man last killed, and his lifeless body now lay in the open ground, before the eyes of his comrades. It proved a warning to all; for, despite the torture from thirst, no one cared to repeat the rash experiment.

At length the welcome darkness descended—only a glimmer of gray light lingered in the leaden sky. Men in twos and threes were now seen approaching the pond. Like spectres they moved, silently gliding over the open ground, but in stooping attitudes, and heads bent eagerly forward in the direction of the water. We did not all go at once—though all were alike eager to quench their thirst—but the admonitions of the old hunter had their effect; and the more continent resolved to endure their pangs a little longer, and wait till the others should get back to their posts.

It was prudent we so acted; for at this crisis, the Indians—no doubt suspecting what was going forward

—renewed their firing with fresh energy. Whole volleys were discharged inward, and without aim—the darkness must have hindered an aim—but for all that, the bullets buzzed past our ears like hornets upon their flight.

There was a cry raised that the Indians were closing upon us; and those who had gone to the water rushed rapidly back—some even without staying to taste the much desired water.

During all this time I had remained behind my tree. My black follower had also stuck to his post like a faithful sentinel, as he was. We talked of relieving one another by turns, and Jake insisted that I should 'drink first.' I had partially consented to this arrangement, when the fire of the enemy suddenly reopened.

Like others, we were apprehensive that the savages were about to advance, and well knew the necessity of keeping them back. We agreed to keep our ground for a little longer.

I had 'one eye round the trunk of the tree,' with my rifle raised to the level. I was watching for a flash from the gun of some antagonist, to guide me in my aim; when, all on a sudden, I felt my arm jerked upward, and my rifle shaken out of my grasp.

There was no mystery about it. A bullet had passed through my arm, piercing the muscles that upheld it. I had shewn too much of my shoulder, and was wounded—nothing more.

My first thought was to look to my wound; I felt it distinctly enough, and this enabled me to discover the place. I saw that the ball had passed through the upper part of my right arm, just below the shoulder; and in its further progress had creased the breast of my uniform coat, where its trace was visible in the torn cloth.

There was still light sufficient to enable me to make these observations; and furthermore, that a thick stream of blood was gushing from the wound.

I commenced unbuttoning my coat, the better to get at it. The black was already by my side, rending his shirt into ribbons.

All at once, I heard him uttering an exclamation of surprise, followed by the words:

'Gorramighty! Masser George, dat shot come from ahind!'

'From behind?' I shouted, echoing his words, and once more looking to the wound. Some suspicion of this had already been in my thoughts: I fancied that I had felt the shot from behind.

It had been no fancy. On a more minute examination of the wound, and the torn traces upon the breast of my coat, the direction of the bullet was plainly perceived. Undoubtedly, it had struck me from behind.

'Good God, Jake,' I exclaimed, 'it is so; the Indians have advanced to the other side of the glade—we are lost!'

Under this belief, we both faced towards the opening; when at the moment, as if to confirm us, another bullet whistled past our ears, and struck with a heavy 'thud' into the tree behind which we were kneeling. It had certainly been fired from the other side of the glade: we saw the flash, and heard the report of the gun that had sent it.

What had become of our comrades on that side? Had they abandoned their posts, and permitted the Indians to advance? Were they all by the pond, and thus neglecting their duty?

These were the first conjectures both of Jake and myself.

It was too dark for us to see them under the shadow of the pines, but neither did they appear in the open ground. We were puzzled, and shouted aloud for an explanation.

If there were replies, we heard them not; for at

that moment a wild yell from our savage enemies drowned all other cries, and a sight burst upon our eyes that caused the blood to run cold within us.

Directly in front of the position that Jake and I held, and close to the Indian line, a red flame was seen suddenly springing up from the earth. It rose in successive puffs, each leaping higher and higher, until it had ascended among the tops of the trees. It resembled the flashes of large masses of gunpowder, that had been ignited upon the ground, and such in reality it was. We read the intention at a glance. The Indians were attempting to fire the forest.

Their success was almost instantaneous. As soon as the sulphureous blaze came in contact with the withered fascicles of the pines, the latter caught as though they had been tinder; and with the velocity of projected rockets, the flames shot out in different directions, and danced far above the tops of the tallest trees.

We looked around: on all sides, we beheld a similar spectacle. That wild yell had been the signal for a circle of fire. The glade was encompassed by a wall of flame, red, roaring, and gigantic. The whole forest was on fire.

From all points, the flames appeared closing inward, sweeping the trees as if they had been withered grass, and leaping in long jets high into the heavens.

The smoke now came heavily around us, each moment growing denser as the fire approached, while the heated atmosphere was no longer endurable; already it stifled our breathing.

Destruction stared us in the face, and men shouted in despair; but the roar of the burning pines drowned their voices, and one could not even hear his comrade who was nearest. But their looks told their thoughts, for, before the smoke fell, the glade was lit up with intense brilliancy, and we could see one another with unnatural distinctness. In the faces of all appeared the anxiety of awe.

Not long continued I to share it; too much blood had escaped from my neglected wound. I tried to make into the open ground—as I saw others doing—but before I had advanced two steps from the tree, my limbs tottered beneath me, and I fell fainting to the earth.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

A JURY AMID THE FIRE.

I had a last thought as I fell; it was, that my life had reached its termination—that in a few seconds my body would be embraced by the flames, and I should horribly perish.

The thought drew from me a feeble scream; and with that scream my senses forsook me. I was as senseless as if dead—indeed, so far as sensibility went, I was dead—and had the flames at that moment swept over me, I should not have felt them. In all probability, I might have been burnt to a cinder without enduring further pain.

During the interval of my unconsciousness, I had neither dream nor apparition. By this, I know that my soul must have forsaken its earthly tenement. It may have been hovering above or around, but it was no longer within me. It had separated from my senses, that were all dead.

Dead, but capable of being restored to life; and, happily, a restorative was at hand, with one to administer it.

When consciousness returned, the first perception I had was that I was up to my neck in water. I was in the pond, and in a recumbent position—my limbs and body under the water, with only my head above the surface, resting against the bank. A man was kneeling over me, himself half immersed. My returning senses soon enabled me to tell who it was—the faith-

ful black. He had my pulse in his hand, and was gazing into my features with silent earnestness.

As my open eyes replied to his gaze, he uttered an exclamation of joy, and the words: 'Golly, Mass George! you lib. Thank be to Gorrarnighty, you lib. Keep up ya heart, young masser; yous a gwine to git ober it—cartin yous a gwine to git ober it.'

'I hope so, Jake,' was my reply in a weak voice; but feeble though it was, it roused the faithful fellow into a transport of delight, and he continued to utter his cheering ejaculations.

I was able to raise my head and look around. It was a dread spectacle that on all sides greeted my eyes, and there was plenty of light wherewith to view it.

The forest was still on fire, burning with a continued roar, as of thunder, or a mighty wind, varied with hissing noises and a loud crackling that resembled the platoon-firing of musketry. One might have fancied the fusillade of the Indians, but that was impossible. They must long since have retired before the spreading circle of that all-consuming conflagration.

There was less flame than when I had last looked upon it; and less smoke in the atmosphere. The dry foliage had been suddenly reduced to a cinder, and the twiggy fragments had fallen to the earth, where they lay in a dense bed of glowing embers.

Out of this rose the tall trunks, half stripped of their branches, and all on fire. The crisp scaling bark had caught freely, and the resinous sap-wood was readily yielding to the flames. Many trees had burst in inward, and looked like huge columns of iron heated to redness. The spectacle presented an aspect of the infernal.

The sense of feeling, too, might have suggested fancies of the infernal world. The heat was intense; the atmosphere quivered with the drifting clouds. The hair had crisped upon my head; my skin had the feel of blistering, and the air I inhaled resembled steam from the 'scape-pipe of an engine.

Instinctively, I looked for my comrades. A group of a dozen or more were upon the open ground, near the edge of the pond, but these were not all. There should have been nearer fifty. Where were the others? Had they perished in the flames? Who were they?

Mechanically, I put the question to Jake.

'Thar, masser,' he replied, pointing downward. 'The be all safe yet—ebbery one ob um, I b'lieve.'

I looked across the surface of the pond: slow dozen roundish objects met my glance; they were the heads of my companions.

Like my own, their bodies were submerged, most of them to the very neck. They had thus placed themselves to shun the smoke, as well as the boiling heat.

But the others—they on the bank—why had they not also availed themselves of this cunning protection? Why were they still standing exposed to the fierce heat, and amid the drifting clouds of smoke?

The latter had grown thin and gaunt-like. The forms of the men were seen distinctly through the magnified air in a mist. Like giants, they were standing over the ground, and the guns in their hands appeared of colossal proportions.

Their gestures were abrupt, and their whole bearing showed they were in a state of half-frenzied excitement. It was natural enough, amid the circumstances that surrounded them. I saw they were the principal men of our party. I saw Hinkman and Weatherford among them, both gesticulating freely. No doubt they were debating how we should act.

This was the conjecture I derived from my first glance; but a further survey of the group convinced me I was in error.

It was no deliberation about our future plans. In the lull, between the volleys of the crackling pines, I could hear their voices. They were those of men engaged in deadly dispute—especially the voices of Hickman and Weatherford, that reached the ear in conclamation, both speaking in a tone that betokened some desperate feeling of indignation.

At this moment, the smoke drifting aside, discovered a group still further from the edge of the pond. There were six men in this group, standing in threes; and I perceived that the middle man of each three was tightly grasped by the others. Two of them, then, were prisoners!

Were they Indians? two of our enemies who, amid the confusion of the fire, had strayed into the glade, and been captured?

It was my first thought; but at that instant a jet of flame, shooting upward among the tree-tops, filled the glade with a flood of brilliant light. The group thus illumined, could be seen as distinctly as by the light of day. I was no longer in doubt about the captives; their faces were before me—white and ghastly, as if with fear. Even the red light failed to tinge them with its colour; but, wan as they were, I had no difficulty in recognising them. They were Spence and Williams.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

QUICK EXECUTIONERS.

I turned to the black for an explanation, but before he could make reply to my interrogatory, I more than half comprehended the situation.

My own plight admonished me. I remembered my wound; I remembered that I had received it from behind. I remembered that the bullet that struck the tree came from the same quarter. I thought we had been indebted to the savages for the shots; but, no; worse savages—Spence and Williams—were the men who had fired them!

The reflection was awful; the motive, mysterious.

And now returned to my thoughts the occurrences of the preceding night: the conduct of these two fellows in the forest; the suspicious hints thrown out by old Hickman and his comrade; and far beyond the preceding night, other circumstances—still well marked upon my memory—rose freshly before me.

Here again was the hand of Arens Ringgold. O God! to think that this arch-monster—

'Dar only a tryin' them two daam raskell,' said Jake, in reply to the interrogatory I had put; 'dat's what they am 'bout, Mass George—dat's all.'

'Who?' I asked mechanically, for I already knew who were meant by the 'two daam raskell.'

'Lor, Mass George, doant you see um ober yonder? Golly! thar as white as peeled punkins—Spence an' Williams. It war them that shot you, an' no Ind-i-ens arter all. I know'd dat from the fust, an' I tol' Mass Hickman de same; but Mass Hickman 'clare he see um for hisself, an' so too Mass Weatherford. Boaf seed um fire tha two shots. Thar a tryin' on 'em for tha lives—dat's what tha am adoin'.'

With strange interest I once more turned my eyes outward, and gazed, first at one group, then the other. The fire was now making less noise, the sap-wood having nearly burnt out; and the detonations, caused by the escaping of the pent air from its cellular cavities, had grown less frequent. Voices could be heard over the glade, and to those of the improvised jury I listened attentively. I perceived that a dispute was going on. The jurors were not agreed upon their verdict; some advocating the immediate death of the prisoners; while others, averse to such prompt punishment, were for keeping them until further inquiry should be made into their conduct.

There were some who could not credit their guilt;

the deed was too monstrous and improbable; under what motive could they have committed it? at such a time, too, with their own lives in direct jeopardy?

'Ne'er a bit o' jeppurdy,' exclaimed Hickman, in reply to the interrogatory—'ne'er a bit o' jeppurdy. Thar hain't been a shot fired at eyther on 'em this hul day. I tell ye, fellers, thar's a unnerstannin' atween 'em an' the Indyens. Thar no better'n spies, an' thar last night's work proves it. 'Twar all bamfoozle about thar gittin' lost; 'em fellers git lost adeed! Both on 'em knows these hyar wuds as well as the anymals thet lives in 'em. Thuv both been hyar many's the time, an' a wheen too often, I reck'n. Lost! Wagh! did yez iver heer o' a 'coon gittin' lost?'

Some one made reply. I did not hear what was said, but the voice of the hunter again sounded distinct and clear.

'Ye palaver about thar motive. I s'pose you mean thar reezuns for sich a bloody bizness? Them, I acknuldge, ain't clar, but I hev my sespicious too. I ain't a gwine to say who or what. Thar's some things as mout be, an' thar's some as moutn't; but I've seed queer doin's in these last five yeern; an' I've heern o' others, an' if what I've heern bes true—what I've seed I know to be—then I tell ye, fellers, thar's a bigger than eyther o' thesen at the bottom o' the hul bizness—that's what thar be.'

'But do you really say you saw them fire in that direction? Are you sure of that?'

This inquiry was put by a tall man, who stood in the midst of the disputing party—a man of advanced age, and of somewhat severe, though venerable aspect. I knew him as one of our neighbours in the settlement—an extensive planter—who had some intercourse with my uncle, and out of friendship for our family, had joined the pursuit.

'Sure!' echoed the old hunter, with emphasis, and not without some show of indignation. 'Didn't me an' Jim Weatherford see 'em wi' our own two eyes? an' thar good enough, I reck'n, to watch sich varmint as 'em. We'd been a watchin' 'em all day, for we know'd thar war somethin' ugly afoot. We seed 'em both fire acrost the gleeed, an' sight plum-centre at young Randolph. Beside, the black himself sez that the two shots comed that away. What more proof kin you want?'

At this moment, I heard a voice by my side. It was that of Jake calling out to the crowd.

'Mass Hickman,' cried he, 'if dey want more proof, I b'lieve dis nigra can gib it. One ob de bullets miss young massr, an' stuck in tha tree. Yonner's tha berry tree itseff we wa behind; it ain't burn yet; it ain't been afire. Maybe, gen'l'm'n, you mout find tha bullet thar still; you tell whose gunl he 'longs to?'

The suggestion was instantly adopted. Several men ran towards the tree behind which Jake and I had held post, and which, with a few others near it, for some reason or other, had escaped the flames, and still stood with trunks black and unscathed, in front of the conflagration. Jake went with the rest, and pointed out the spot.

The bark was scrutinised, the shot-hole found, and the leaden witness carefully picked out. It was still in its globe shape, slightly torn by the grooves of the barrel. It was a rifle-bullet, and one of the very largest size. It was known that Spence carried a piece of large calibre. The guns of all the party were brought forward, and their measure taken: the bullet would enter the barrel of no other rifle save that of Spence.

Their guilt was evident; the verdict was no longer delayed. It was unanimous that the prisoners should die.

'An' let 'em die like dogs, as they are,' cried Hickman, indignantly raising his voice, and at the same

time bringing his piece to the level. 'Now, Jim Weatherford, look to yer sights! Let 'em go thar, fellows, an' take yerselves out o' the way. We'll gie 'em a chance for thar cussed lives. They may take to yonner trees if they like, an' git 'customed to it, for they'll be in a hotter place than thet afore long. Let 'em go—let 'em go, I say; or, by the 'tarnal, I'll fire into the middle o' ye!'

The men who had hold of the prisoners perceiving the threatening attitude of the hunter, and fearing that he might make good his words, suddenly dropped their charge, and ran back towards the group of jurors.

The two wretches appeared bewildered. Terror seemed to hold them speechless and fast, as if bound to the spot. Neither made an effort to leave the ground. Perhaps the complete impossibility of such a thing was apparent to them, and prostrated all power to make the attempt. They could not have escaped from the glade. Their taking to the trees was only a mockery of the indignant hunter; in ten seconds they would have been roasted among the blazing branches.

It was a moment of breathless suspense. Only one voice was heard—that of Hickman.

'Now, Jim, you Spence; leave tother to me.'

This was said in a hurried undertone; and the words were scarce uttered as the two rifles cracked simultaneously.

The smoke drifting aside, disclosed the deadly effect of the shot. The execution was over. The worthless renegades had ceased to live.

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

To a horse-fair—Newmarket, say, the name,
Where other wares were interchanged as well,
Once on a time a starving Poet came,
Urged by stern want, his Pegasus to sell.

Loud neighed the hippogriff, and proudly pranced
In splendid style before the astonished crowd;
All stood stock-still to gaze, as if entranced.
'The princely animal!' some cried aloud;
'What thousand pities that that form so slim
Should be disfigured by those odious wings;
The finest carriage else were meet for him—
'Tis said that from the noblest race he springs;
But in the air what Whip his seat could hold?'
So on the venture none would risk his gold.

At length, a country farmer courage found.
'The wings, 'tis true, serve for no use,' quoth he;
'But we may have them either clipt or bound,
And then for draught the horse would suited be.
Come! I will on him venture twenty pound.'
The owner, overjoyed, the offer heard;
Eager to sell his goods without delay,
The bargain strikes—'I take you at your word.'
So Hodge trots gaily on his prize away.

The noble creature straight in harness placed,
The unaccustomed burden hardly feels,
When off he starts in wildly flying haste,
By noble rage incensed. The carriage reels,
And sudden, on a precipice's brink,
Is overthrown. 'So, ho!' cries Hodge; 'I think
Experience makes men wise; no more I must
Alone this frantic beast with wheel-work trust.
But as to-morrow passengers I take,
The sprightly thing will a fine leader make;
Two other nags he'll spare me, not a doubt,
And this wild frenzy will with years wear out.'

At first all prospers well—the light-winged steed
Urges his comrades on; the carriage flies
Swiftly as with an arrow's speed,
But soon forsakes the sure and beaten track;
No shouts avail—no rein can hold him back;
Like wildness seizes all, in frantic guise

O'er bog and fen, through hedge and field they dash,
Until the shattered coach, with a loud crash,
Amidst the traveller's cries, stops short at last,
And on a steep ascent the wheels stick fast.

Poor Hodge exclaims, with thoughtful mien:
'We have not yet found out the way;
'Twill never answer thus: but stay,
Another sort of trial shall be seen;
We'll see what meagre fare and work will do,
The foolish creature's spirit to subdue.'

The trial made—ere many days are past,
The beauteous animal declines,
And soon to a mere shadow pines.
Cries Hodge: 'I've found it out at last.
Here, quick! come yoke him for me now,
Joined with my strongest ox in yonder plough.'

No sooner said than done—behold:
In ludicrous conjunction by one tether
The Ox and Wingèd Courser linked together.
Unwilling steps the Griffin bold,
But strains his last remaining might,
Eager to take his wonted flight.
In vain—his neighbour plods with steady pace;
Phœbus' bright steed must to the Ox give place.

With constant opposition worn at length,
And bowed with grief, the steed of godlike birth,
With trembling limbs and failing strength
Sinks, and lies prostrate on the earth.
'Accursed beast!' breaks forth the angry clown
(By heavy-showering blows his vengeance shews),
'E'en for the plough thou art too weak and thin.
Thy master was a rogue, and took me in.'

While still the swinging lash his wrath betrays,
A joyous youth with light elastic tread
Comes smiling on—a wreath of golden bays,
With his fair locks entwined, adorns his head;
The sounding lyre is in his practised hand.
'Whither with such a wond'rous pair, my friend?'
He from a distance to the peasant cries.
'The bird and ox linked in one band,
So strange a team must every one surprise,
I prithee for a space thy poor horse lend,
And for brief trial trust him unto me;
But be prepared—a marvel shalt thou see.'

The hippogriff is speedily unbound—
Upon his back the laughing youngster springs;
The master's steadfast hand he scarce has found,
When, champing at the bit, he spreads his wings;
With lightnings flashing from his soul-lit eyes,
See him, a thing regenerate, arise
King-like, a very spirit, or a god,
And rushing as a storm, he waves abroad
His pomp of pinion—now in heavenward flight,
Snorting with joy he darts, begins to soar,
And ere the eye can follow, seen no more—
Floating, has reached the empyrean height.

L'ENVOI.

The Pegasus that here you view,
Not fed on rich Castalian dew;
But travel-wearied, and foot-lame,
Will prove, I fear, ignobly tame.
And all unlike the noble steed
Of which, in German, you may read
(That scion of immortal race
Poets have ever loved to trace),
This poor, constrained, and awkward creature,
Scarce seems divine in any feature.

Has Schiller's Courser, then, been overrated?
No; but he verily hath been translated.

B. K. R.

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FAVOURS RETURNED.

An interesting meeting was lately held in a well-known reading-room in the northern part of the metropolis. The persons composing it were all of them working-people, and the object professedly was to form a society for the purpose of sending missionaries among the middle and upper classes of the community. John Duggin, a sailcloth-worker, occupied the chair, and professed his readiness to give all needful explanations. He said it was a notorious fact that, for a number of years past, the middle and upper classes had taken a great interest in the morals of the lower, trying to abate their habits of intemperance, to introduce knowledge amongst them, and to get their children trained up in the way they should go. This was a very obliging thing on the part of the rich towards the poor; and the poor felt duly grateful for it, as would by and by be seen. Now things were so far changed, that those who had once been called the better class of people, were more in need of moral improvement than ever their inferiors had been; and it became the duty of their poorer brethren to reciprocate their former good deeds. He would not enlarge upon the matter, for he knew there were abler men than himself prepared to address them upon it; he would content himself in the meantime with calling upon Mr Hobson to move the first resolution.

Mr Hobson, whom we understand to be a costermonger, accordingly rose and said that he was happy to take part in this movement, as he considered it pressingly needed. At all times, he observed, the lying advertisements of shopkeepers, and their many tricks to secure custom, had been matter of scandal. How to inveigle simple people, especially of the gentler sex—how to pass off inferior goods upon them—how to make them buy more than they wanted or could afford—how, in short, to pillage them, had, from the earliest ages, been the leading purposes of many belonging to that class. But all of these practices were innocent in comparison with others which late years had revealed. It had been found, by Dr Hassall and others, on strictly scientific grounds, that a great proportion of those dealing in articles of food were in the habit of adulterating them to a serious extent, careless though they should thus derange the stomachs and ruin the health of their customers, so that they should be able to put a little more money into their own pockets. To such an extent had this system been carried, that it was impossible to be sure of the genuineness of a single article of food or drink, whatever might be the price

paid for it. The working-classes were great sufferers by this system; and it was a strange but an actual anomaly of our age, that a serious brewer might be subscribing to ragged schools and churches with one hand, while cheating the ragged out of their money with the other. To pass from these matters—he would proceed to advert to various delinquencies of the middle classes which had been brought to light within the last two or three years. First came the trial of Paul, Strachan, and Bates for appropriation of the property of others intrusted to them—the first of the trio being a man who had not only been, to all outward appearance, a respectable man, but one who took a lead in all religious plans for the benefit of humbler people. Next, we had the Royal British Bank directors and the directors of the Eastern Banking Corporation establishing and keeping up a fraudulent system for the reception of poor people's money, in order that they might use it for their own purposes. Still, all these iniquities were insignificant in comparison with those which were revealed by the crisis of November 1857. Then did the mercantile community shine forth in what he feared he must describe as its true colours. Banks were found to have been kept up for years in good appearances and with large dividends, which had in reality lost all their capital. Manufacturing and commercial concerns had been started without capital, had been constantly losing from the beginning, and yet were kept up in fair show by assistance from banks, till it was no longer possible, and a crash ensued. Thus selfish adventurism had been encouraged, honest trade had been made nearly impossible, and thousands of innocent simple people had been deprived of their all. It was evident that, while the middle classes were accustomed to consider themselves as a highly moral community, as indeed the principal depositaries of the virtues in this country, the love of gain had eaten into them as a great corruption, and was threatening to swamp all truth and honesty amongst them, unless a remedy were provided. He (Mr Hobson) therefore felt pleased in moving the first resolution, that it has become eminently necessary for the working-classes to adopt measures for checking, as far as possible, the rapid deterioration of morals which cupidity is evidently producing amongst those engaged in commerce. The resolution was duly seconded, and carried without a dissentient voice.

Mr Jones, a second-hand bookseller, rising to move the second resolution, told the meeting that he had had some opportunities of observing the domestic habits of the people who called themselves genteel, as he had been a servant in several respectable situations.

He had become fully convinced that the prompting cause of that eagerness for riches which the preceding speaker so much deplored, was the prevalence of luxurious habits amongst those in fault. A man was thought nothing of unless he lived in a fine house, and entertained his friends with rich food and costly wines. His wife and daughters must dress elegantly, and partake of expensive amusements. Doing nothing whatever, they were a cause of outlay to their husband and father, without contributing anything to the general stock. He was thus obliged to devote himself, body and soul, to the making of money. Money must be had by whatever means. Could it be wondered at if, in these circumstances, many foul and fraudulent things were done? Sad to say, the luxuries and fineries on which the money was spent, gave little real enjoyment—often none at all—might rather be said to create inconvenience and bring pain, than do any real good. They ministered chiefly to vanity. He could testify from his own observation, that the dozen people sitting at a superb dinner which lasted two hours, were generally very dull and languid. You rarely heard a hearty laugh among them. Such a thing would indeed be considered improper. And after the entertainment was over, and the guests gone home, the whole affair was forgotten, and the party immediately became as much strangers to each other as ever. The truth is, fineness banishes friendliness, and you had to stay among plain people in the country, if you wished that anybody should care for you. One great object of the ambition of the people he was speaking of was to keep a carriage of their own and drive in the parks. But it was not for the sake of any enjoyment they had in carriage-driving in those places. Look in their dull inanimate faces, as they pass along, and you must see there is no enjoyment in it. It was all for the sake of vanity. The only thing relished was the reflection that they must be looked on as people of some importance; otherwise they could not afford to keep the carriage. Now it was clear that these were all contemptible objects, utterly degrading to those who cherished them; that there could be no true moral dignity, and no true Christian virtue, where the only things thought of were how to make fine shows in the eyes of one's neighbours. It appeared that even when these people professed to take part in plans for the improvement of the poor, it was in the spirit of vanity, rather than that of benevolence. They wished to appear in the position of people who could patronise the poor. They professed all the time to be zealous supporters of religion, and particularly anxious to make the poor religious. But true religion was far more wanting among themselves than among the poor; and a mission from the poor among the rich, or those who make riches their idol, was now the thing needful. When Christianity began, it was a preaching by the poor to the rich. Its founder had not whereon to lay his head. Its first apostles were working-men. The voice raised by them thrills through society to this hour. Suppose Dives, Nicodemus, and the rich young man had tried to make a similar religious impression on their fellow-citizens, would they have succeeded? The question requires no answer. 'Now, seeing how given up these money-hunting people are to all sorts of vanities, and how in them, owing to that base idolatry, all the nobler traits of humanity are in a manner lost, I think it becomes us,' said Mr Jones, 'that we who are unembarrassed with the world's possessions should bestir ourselves to go among them and try to recall them to a sense of the higher aims of life. Let us hold up before them an unflattering account of their iniquitous practices. Let us denounce the luxuries and the vanities for whose sake they strain to get wealth. Let us endeavour to impress upon them the

moral grandeur of the honest man who is contented with moderate things, and the high gratifications which wait upon frugal contentment. There are amongst us, I trust, abundance of men both able and willing to go forth upon this mission, and it is men, and not funds, that are wanting. I therefore with all confidence move, That a society be formed for the sending out of missionaries among the upper classes.' The motion was carried by acclamation.

Mr Smith, who described himself as a journeyman carpenter, supporting a wife and six children on thirty shillings a week, moved for the appointment of a committee to carry out the objects of the meeting. He said he had long felt how unsatisfactory was the condition of the upper class of people in this country. There were strong moral agencies, or what professed to be such, at work for the maintenance of sound morality in the community; but it was only too manifest that these had little effect upon the class in question. The universal devotion to vanity amongst that class, and the soul-corrupting chase of riches wherewith to gratify their vanity, had been depicted by the preceding speaker. The humbler classes, being comparatively exempt from these degrading influences, might well assume the duty of seeking to place their neighbours upon a higher moral platform—not, he trusted, in a pharisaic, but in a truly philanthropic spirit. He could not doubt that, both by their preachings on the meanness of all mere wealth-seeking, and by the example they held forth of contentment with their own humble gains, they would in time accomplish a reform in their better-housed and better-clad brethren. There was one consequence of mammon-worship in the middle and upper classes which he especially deplored, and that was the difficulty they professed to feel in regard to matrimony. Marriage was an institution notably favourable to virtue. Working-men generally married early, and so promoted at once their happiness and their virtue. But what a working-man could do on one hundred a year or less, a mercantile man or a gentleman professed to be unable to do on three! This was of course a confession that his class prefers fine outward appearances to the reality of virtue, and that he, as a member of the class, must yield to the rule. The consequences were deplorable. Every honest working-man must grieve to think that, while he dares to be poor with honest marriage, there are thousands upon thousands of his fellow-men—men of perhaps good education—men who go to church—men who are perhaps very good fellows in their hearts—so far given up to a corrupt idea of life, that they deliberately reject this good course. If anything more than another could demonstrate the pressing call there was for a mission to the well-off, it was surely this. He trusted in a few years to see some telling effects upon this plague-spot of refined society; but he believed it could not be till men had been brought to see that there are better things in this world than riches, and the shows which riches enable men to make. The whole of these errors, indeed, were inwrought with each other as part of one system. Men were a bane to women, instead of a blessing, almost solely because they prefer riches to honesty, and show to substance. Whenever we can open their eyes to the true value of money in a just relation to wants, we may expect to see the gentler and more helpless portion of our species treated more generally in a becoming manner, and the happiness of society proportionately advanced.

The meeting now separated, its objects being so far accomplished. An operative bookbinder, who reports it to us, states that there was an appearance of much good feeling throughout. The people present seemed deeply sensible of the sad case of their brethren of the middle and upper classes, and determined to

make a strenuous effort for the bringing about of a reform. The speakers delivered themselves, as may be seen, in good language, and seemed anxious to avoid all expressions calculated to raise feelings of irritation. How far the designed mission will succeed in checking the corrupting agencies now so conspicuous in operation throughout society, remains to be seen. The mission, we may say, has our best wishes, and may reckon upon our steady support.

TURKISH RAILWAYS.

It is impossible to doubt that of all the levers of modern civilisation, the railway is the greatest. It has already revolutionised the habits of the old countries of Europe; and although it was once supposed to be suitable only for countries already densely populated, and having an established goods and passenger traffic, we find in the United States that the railway actually precedes population, and stretches through forests and prairies, to pioneer the settlements of man. The railway proprietor in this way becomes a landholder of extraordinary magnitude. He possesses not merely a line of rail, and the land it stands on, but a broad band of the earth's surface, which, being intersected by locomotive facilities, may be turned at once into farming and building lots of the most valuable description. The company buys a waste, having no communication with the civilised world, and in a short space of time re-sells this land at a value enormously enhanced by the communication which annually adds thousands to the population, and takes to market produce that increases in a geometrical ratio. It is true that in America, through competing lines and financial jobbing, the results do not always answer the expectations of the projectors. But if we set aside these illegitimate influences, the principle is undoubtedly sound in the case of a line that goes through a rich soil, and is not beset with engineering difficulties.

Turkish railways occupy a middle position between the system of Europe, which subserves compact populations, and the system of the western parts of America, which entirely precedes them. In Turkey, there are towns, and some of considerable size; but on the intermediate parts of the proposed lines, from the scanty population, there would be little or no local personal traffic; recourse, therefore, must be had to the American system, of the railway company becoming a landholder on a large scale, so as to absorb to the credit-side of the enterprise as much as possible of the prospective rise in the value of the land adjoining the railway. Passenger-traffic will thus be drawn to the railway by increased settlement on the line. But the great revenue will be from the valuable agricultural and mineral products, which at present have no outlet in consequence of the enormous price of transport on mule or camel back.

The political importance of railways to Turkey can scarcely be overestimated. One great cause of the oppression and misgovernment of the internal parts of this empire, which are removed from the observation of the diplomatic and consular corps, is the distance and inaccessibility of these satrapships. This will all be altered under a system of railway reticulation. With the electric wire extending from one country to another, it becomes like one town. Everybody is in presence of public opinion, and no population can remain semi-barbarous that habitually associates with others more civilised in a railway-train. We have seen the effect of the overland transit through Egypt. In the beginning of this century, it was dangerous to go any distance from the walls of an Egyptian town. Even under the vigorous and intelligent despotism of Mohammed Ali, a journey to Suez was not unattended with danger. But from the moment the transit was

fairly established, the Arabs of the line became altered men, and instead of their hand being against every man, and every man's hand against them, their constant anxiety was to get the well-remunerated employment the British agents could give them.

The first executed of the railways of the Ottoman empire is from Alexandria to Suez; and this reminds us that Turkish railways are important to us, not merely in relation to the trade of our Turkish merchants with the interior, but in relation to our connection with India. What may be accomplished by large steamers like the *Leviathan*, in course of time, we cannot, of course, predict; and it will require very extraordinary speed in vessels doubling the Cape of Good Hope to make up the difference of the more direct overland routes: for it must be remembered that there are much shorter ways of getting to India than by Suez: such, for instance, is the projected line of the Euphrates Valley, which proceeds by Antioch to Bagdad and Bassorah. The celebrated Euphrates expedition, under General Chesney, did not result in introducing the regular navigation of this river for goods and passenger traffic to India; the Egyptian being found to be the preferable route (although not so direct), in consequence of the easy access to the port of Alexandria, the facilities offered by the Mahmoudieh canal, the steam-navigation of the Nile, and the security of the land-route from Cairo to Suez. On the other hand, by the Euphrates route, there was a tedious land-journey, and considerable obstructions in the rocks and shallows, except during a few weeks in spring, in consequence of the melting of the snows of the Taurus. But since the introduction of railways, and of vessels constructed by Messrs Laird, of a light draught of water, the Euphrates Valley line has attracted general attention; and a company has been formed to construct a railway from the mouth of the Orontes to Taber Castle, on the Euphrates, passing very close to the city of Aleppo, and thus providing for a considerable local traffic; for Aleppo has 70,000 inhabitants, and a large trade of exported produce, and import of British manufactures, which is at present carried on on mule and camel back.

When this first short railway is completed, steamers of light draught will be introduced for some years, in order to carry on the communication to Bassorah, at the head of the Persian Gulf, until the whole line of railway is completed. The total line of the railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf would be 1200 miles; it is therefore only to a perhaps distant futurity we may look for the completion of the whole line. But once arrived at the Euphrates, the whole track through Mesopotamia to Bagdad and Bassorah is a dead flat, traversing the richest part of the ancient Babylonian empire. Bagdad itself is a large city, carrying on a considerable trade with the western parts of Persia; and there can be no doubt that many light goods would be transported by rail. When all is completed, the transit from Bombay to Malta, which, by the Red Sea, takes twenty-one days, could be accomplished in fourteen.

The great anxiety of the company is to complete, in as short a space of time as possible, the first portion of the railway, beginning with Suéidiah. The Bay of Antioch is here very spacious, and free from rocks, the holding-ground good; only a small mole is required, on account of the south-easterly winds. The learned Dr Holt Yates, formerly secretary of the Syro-Egyptian Society, writes of this place as follows: "The importance of Suéidiah, in a political and commercial point of view, cannot be doubted. Situated at the very gates of Asia Minor, in a fine bay at the mouth of a large river, which communicates with an extensive fertile country, abounding in silk, grain, and fruits, flocks and herds, sheltered by lofty mountains, which are well wooded, and shew indications of coal, copper,

and iron ore, with plenty of lime and stone for building, an abundance of running water, and a fine climate—it attracted the attention of the ancient Romans, who, as long as they held possession of Syria, made Antioch the seat of government."

Proceeding northward and westward round the coast of Asia Minor, we come to Smyrna, the great port of this division of the Ottoman Empire, towards the Mediterranean. Formerly, Smyrna was the place of export of caravan-produce, and of the import of manufactures which found their way to Persia. But the opening up of the trade of Trebizonde caused this part of the trade of Smyrna to decline. For many years, no goods have ever gone from England to Persia by the Smyrna caravans. All find their way by Trebizonde and Erzeroum. But there is a very large local export trade in figs, grain, and dye-stuffs for manufactures. Aidin is in the interior, the centre of this large trade; and a railway has been subscribed for, and, we believe, commenced, between the port and this important internal entrepôt of western Asia Minor. Smyrna itself is a large city, having a considerable corps of British merchants, as well as those of the other countries bordering the Mediterranean, particularly French from Marseille, Italians from Genoa and Leghorn, and Austrians from Trieste.

Passing round to the north of Asia Minor, we come to Samsooun, and are again reminded that at no distant period Asia Minor, rather than Egypt, is the gate of India; and that when the lines across Moldavia and Galicia are finished, that by Samsooun to Diarbekir and Bagdad is the shortest of all possible routes to India, not excepting that of the Euphrates Valley.

This is no chimera, for the Porte has just conceded to Englishmen of the highest respectability the power to construct a railway from Samsooun to Tokat and Sivas, the latter towns being not very far distant from Diarbekir, the first important town in the vale of the Tigris, beyond which all is plain to Mosul and Bagdad; in fact, all the Lower Tigris is a dead flat. This line does not go through wastes or regions of desert, but a rich country, with several very large towns, where valuable productions are most abundant, and wanting only carriage to a port, instead of the slow, tedious, and expensive transport on the backs of animals. Tokat has inexhaustible copper-mines, which, for want of transport and other facilities, are not sufficiently utilised. Sivas is the centre of a district which produces in abundance most of those articles so extensively exported from Asia Minor to the manufacturing districts of England, in addition to fruits and grains. So that for this first stage of what we may call the direct India railway, there cannot fail to be an enormous local traffic. 'But how,' it is asked, 'are we to get to Samsooun most conveniently?' We answer, by rail from Calais to Galatz. This line is already completed across Germany and through the greater part of Galicia. The Moldavian line across a dead flat is all that would be wanting, on the completion of the line to Sivas, to make the communication by rail and steam uninterrupted. We believe it is not the intention of those who have received this valuable concession, to bring it into the money-market in its present state; but as the Porte has guaranteed 7 per cent, and engaged to take up one-third of the shares, we look upon the project as certain to be carried out. We think Turkey has acted wisely in the exercise of this liberality. The future prosperity of the Ottoman Empire is more likely to be found in the opening up of these productive internal regions, than by any other measures that can possibly be devised.

Until the ports of Turkey are cheaply accessible to the mineral and agricultural productions of the interior, the free trade she has possessed from

time immemorial loses half its value. This great principle is in Turkey like a fire without fuel, or a noble human faculty torpid from inadequate exercise, or inefficient from inadequate means.

We now pass from Asia to Europe, where we find several projects of railway, the most comprehensive of which is no doubt the Grand Trunk Railway from Constantinople to Belgrade *via* Adrianople. But this line may ultimately be executed, we look on as highly probable, because it is the ancient Roman line from the eastern capital to Mœsia. Adrianople, Philippopolis, Sophia, and Belgrade, are all very little out of the straight line to Vienna. But such a line can be executed only by a company of colossal capital, in consequence of its great extent, not only across the rich and level plains of Roumelia, but also through the gorges of the Taurus and its spurs, that extend all the way from Tatar-Bazardjik to Kism, on the borders of Servia; in all which regions much tunnelling would be requisite.

A less expensive project is the line from Rutchuk, the large grain-emporium on the Lower Danube, to Enos, on the Mediterranean below the Dardanelles—not going over the Balkan, but round it on the shores of the Black Sea; and a still shorter line is from Rutchuk to Varna. But both these schemes are as yet only projects. In the case of the railway from Kustendji to Czernavoda, which cuts off the great tongue formed by Lower Bulgaria or the Dobruja, the capital has already been subscribed, and the preliminary works actually begun. If any one looks at the map of this part of Turkey in Europe, it will be seen that the Danube, instead of continuing its easterly course to the Black Sea, makes a great detour to the north, and enters it by several numbered channels, the entrance to which, from the sea, is practicable only to vessels of small tonnage, and to these only in fair weather. At one time, a depth of fourteen feet was maintained over the bar by artificial means, but latterly it has not exceeded eleven feet, the width being five hundred yards. Yet the trade of Galatz and Ibraila, the former the port of Moldavia, and the latter of Wallachia, has increased fifteenfold between 1833 and 1853. Tim, from the small and uncertain depth of water, and the difficulties of the navigation through the channels of the delta, the trade has been confined to vessels of very light draught, which is seriously obstructive of much direct commerce with the west of Europe, which large vessels only can be profitably employed. The consequence is that the trade is very much confined to Levantine coasting-vessels of small tonnage. Captain Spratt has paid especial attention to the mouths of the Danube, and has produced new charts of the Sulina and St George mouths, and would appear from communications with him, and study on the spot, that it would take an enormous sum to establish a depth on the bar of twenty feet, so as to enable vessels of 800 tons to cross it at all times.

A very large proportion of the foreign grain imported into England now comes from those Danubian principalities, which are so much before the public in relation to political matters, which we will not now touch upon. But although the trade has increased so enormously, the internal arrangements for conducting it are still of a very rude character. From the western districts of Wallachia, the grain is sent by land to Kalafat, or down the Aluta, which separates Great from Little Wallachia, to the mouth of the river, and thence by barges to Ibraila. From Constantia Wallachia, Moldavia, and the interior of Bulgaria, the grain is brought mostly in carts to the Danube. The merchants employ agents to buy it in the country direct from the growers, and bring it to market at all risks, involving a great deal of loss.

delay, fraud, and wrangling. There is, therefore, a great want of a cheap and commodious conveyance to a Black Sea port; and it has been found that by clearing out the ancient port of Constantia, called Kustendji, on the Black Sea, and making a railway to Tchernavoda, on the Danube, the tongue of the Dobrudscha would be cut off, a great circuit saved, and the dangerous, difficult, and inconvenient navigation of the mouths would be avoided.

The main object of the proposed port and railway is to open the Black Sea to the products of the Danubian provinces more effectually, and thereby facilitate the trade with Western Europe. But a second object is to induce a return of population into Eastern Bulgaria, which is naturally one of the richest districts of Europe for the production of grain and the rearing of sheep, oxen, and horses.

Kustendji, under the name of Constantia, was an important place, and had a large harbour in ancient times. The ruins of ancient temples, the remains of ancient moles and quays still visible, prove this. And, certainly, in whatever point of view it be regarded, there can scarcely be imagined a more favourable site for a commercial city. Kustendji is backed by a vast extent of country, perfectly open, but with a great depth of the richest soil, producing, whenever cultivated, crops of the finest grain. The surrounding country is high, and peculiarly healthy; fever is rare; and the sheep, horses, and oxen, are fat and fine. The curse of the country has been war. The mouths of the Danube being in the hands of the Russians, the Danube below Silistria being undefended by any fortress of importance, and the coast having no safe harbour, this territory has always been overrun by the Russian forces at their first advance against Turkey, and made the prey of contending armies. A promontory running into the sea forms a natural protection from the north and north-east winds for a large area of water, which may, by dredging and enclosure, be converted, at a moderate expense, into a safe and commodious harbour, capable of receiving vessels of large tonnage.

Captain Spratt has, since the reconnaissance made by him for the generals of the allies in July 1854, given much attention to the subject of this port and communication with the Danube; and he is of opinion that, with a north-east entrance, it is accessible as a harbour of refuge in any wind. A breakwater will be carried out four hundred yards. It is therefore considered that it will have six times the accommodation of Odessa; with a deeper entrance than that port, and a better exit for the despatch of business. The importance of this will appear when we mention, that in consequence of the troublesome navigation of the mouths of the Danube, freights to Odessa are generally one-third less than to Galatz. The position of Kustendji has the advantage over Odessa of being at all times free from ice in winter, while it is two hundred sea-miles nearer to the Bosphorus, and these two hundred miles are of dangerous navigation.

With regard to the country to be passed over, we may mention that the Dobrudscha consists of five thousand square miles of rich soil, having a porous substratum generally of the coral rag and chalk formation. The general elevation of the country is about 300 feet above the level of the sea. At the northern extremity, however, the old formations appear, and have heaved up the younger formations, forming a fine range of mountains, rising, towards the extreme north, to an elevation of about 2500 feet, covered at their base, on the northern slopes, with fine forests. This vast extent of country is beautifully, but gently undulating, and is besides intersected and indented by numerous small valleys and dales, singularly tortuous and indeterminate in direction, but

opening ultimately into a few large valleys running to the Danube, and to lakes bordering on the Black Sea. The valleys have no streams to water them. Powerful springs rise at the head of some; but the rivulet thus formed dies almost at its source—is absorbed, forms a bit of green marsh, a mud-pool, and is lost. Very rarely is it that water runs on the face of the country. No ravines, no rocky or pebbly beds, worn by the rush of waters. At most are to be found some deep furrows on the steeper parts of the slopes, to shew that water does fall faster than the soil can absorb it. The porous substratum of coral rag and chalk absorbs the rain not retained by the deep free soil—a soil which resembles the finest garden-mould—and gives it off in springs, which gather in lakes towards the Danube and the Black Sea, and little above their level, or are tapped by the wells of its inhabitants. The soil is of amazing depth; and grain-crops and grass of the finest quality grow on parcels scattered over the length and breadth of the land, produced without manure, under the most primitive methods of culture. Onions, beans, cabbages, seem to grow luxuriantly wherever sown. The oak, the wild-pear, the ash, the plane, are still to be found, though not of great dimensions, in natural forests of fine trees.

The railway is proposed to be carried along a line of lakes, which are, in fact, back-waters of the Danube; and the line will be as much as possible along the margin of these lakes, on an embankment from four to six feet in height; and we learn by the report of the company just issued, that accounts have been received from their engineers that the banking of the Danube was begun on the 22d of October last; that Turkish commissioners, appointed for the purpose, have marked out the land reserved by government for fortifications. Nearly all the land on the line has been ascertained to be imperial property.

Such are the railways now projected, or begun, in the Ottoman Empire. That others will follow, we cannot doubt; for the government of that country is most anxious that all the districts of the interior, capable of large production, should be put in communication with the coast. From the period of the Greek revolution, down to the termination of the Crimean war, Turkey, owing to innumerable domestic revolts, foreign war, and diplomatic crises, has never been out of hot water. A new period is now opening up for her; and we look forward to the time when a large amount of British capital will be securely vested in Turkish railways.

SOMETHING ON MY MIND.

DARK masses of my threatening fellow-creatures, cloaked and cowed; chosen assassins equipped with noiseless goloshes and daggers diminishing to a point, wherefrom drips a gout of gore; an executioner with a half-mask and a chopper, with its edge turned towards me; vague and unknown shapes following, following, with a deadly unswerving purpose, whithersoever I take my frightened way; a thousand strangers with uplifted armed right hands, exclaiming together, artistically, and in the pauses of slow music: 'We swear, we swear,' and doing it; half-a-dozen of intimate friends striking at my breast with a curious and varied collection of weapons, from an overwhelming sense of duty, and averting their looks for pity's sake; secret conclaves setting down my name in blood, with a variety of other dismal pictures selected from the haunted chambers of imagination, had been presented to me in dreams for months. I was rendered miserable, through having been made a free-mason, with the terror of carrying about with me so

tremendous a secret. I felt that I was fated to be the unhappy wretch who should betray that which had been held sacred by multitudes for more than a thousand years. Nor was this idea altogether without grounds; for to so great a pitch of nervousness had I arrived, that I was continually whispering the matter confidentially to myself, and then, in the belief that I had spoken aloud, looking horror-stricken around me; or, not seldom, I would write it down upon slips of paper, which I afterwards took care to tear up small, or put them into the fire, or devoured them.

Once, however, when engaged in this practice, a high wind, coming in at the open window, scattered these interesting disclosures in every direction, and drove me as nearly mad as a sane man could go. There were as many as twenty distinct revelations of the most mysterious fact in the world's history thus set flying over space, so that any one might run and read them. Nineteen of these I recovered by means of almost superhuman exertions. Two were reclaimed, at peril of life and limb, from a neighbour's wall with *choux-de-fries* at the top of it; three of them had lodged in a very lofty tapering tree, which practically demonstrated the dreaded fact of my Sybilline leaves becoming poplar; five were carried into the river, and had to be rescued by boat; seven had been whirled into the kennel of a proverbially savage dog, which, however, was so impressed by my eager haste and furious vehemence, that he vacated his quarters at the first summons, and fled, howling, to the utmost extent of his chain. One was brought down from a chimney-pot by a very small sweep, who, luckily for me and for himself, proved to my satisfaction that he had never been taught to read; one I found the kitten at play with in the garden, which presently I put to death accordingly, without open trial, after the manner of the tribunals of Westphalia; the twentieth could nowhere be found. There was lying somewhere, patent to the first passer-by, an explicit solution of the whole art of freemasonry in my own peculiar and well-known handwriting. This thought, which was of a nature to make the most stolid anxious, excited me to frenzy. I went about demanding of my fellow-creatures whether they had seen a small piece of paper in the air lately.

'What paper? What was on it?' inquired they.

What was on it, indeed? A question not to be answered very readily. I did not go to bed for eight-and-forty hours, and then I found the precious missing manuscript neatly deposited between my neckerchief and my false collar; after which I abstained from writing out the secret any more. I carried it about with me on my mind, nevertheless, and a very dreadful burden it was. Waking or sleeping, but especially sleeping, I was always picturing to myself the consequences of revealing what I knew, and thereby endured the imaginary pains of half-a-dozen opium-eaters. Methought that the Provincial Grand of our lodge, who, in private life, is a most respectable grocer, was the individual selected by the society as the avenger of violated faith. He was wont to pursue me in his full official costume, which, however, seemed to attract no greater attention in the streets of the city than in the deserts (all bearing an absurd likeness to the back-garden of my private residence), whither I sometimes, in vain, betook myself for refuge. He

held his masonic ladder in one hand, and his trowel and pair of compasses in the other; when he had come up with me, he would describe with the compasses a magic circle, out of which I could not stir; plant his ladder against my back, as though I were a cucumber frame, and mounting upon my shoulders, trowel in hand, would mutter some cabalistic words, addressed to surrounding nature, explanatory of the reason of my being sacrificed; at which period I was wont to be awaked with the chattering of my teeth. Once, I remember throwing myself upon the protection of a policeman, who happened to be patrolling the street for the greater security of the ostrich-eggs; and he, instead of taking the Provincial Grand into custody, pointed to the collar of his own uniform, upon which, in place of a number, was emblazoned the final triangle which proclaimed the Peeler to be a Deputy Grand Arch himself. My state of mind became at length so unsupportable, that I was obliged to take a friend into my confidence. I did not, of course, confide to him the secret, but I told him of the anxiety which was continually consuming me regarding it.

'Well,' said Jones, after having listened patiently to the sad recital—he was a very well-meaning young man, only rather volatile—'I have a plan which, I think, will benefit you: for your sake—although I know the whole thing is nonsense—I am ready to become a freemason myself; then, you see, you will have a confidant—a being in whom you may repose your trouble. We will retire together for an hour or so every day into some lonely spot—down the well, or up the chimney, or into the House of Lords while they are despatching business—and there we will converse about this secret, if there be a secret, and relieve your mind.'

This project transported me with joy and gratitude. I made the necessary arrangements with the officials in our lodge for Jones's admission, without, of course, mentioning my particular reason for getting it done, and he came down to my house from London upon the evening preceding his installation. I had been useful to Jones more than once in the way of lending him a little money when he was hard up, and I was therefore not surprised when, as we were sitting together after dinner over our wine, he requested of me the temporary loan of a ten-pound note.

However, as there was a small account already between us, I moved as an amendment that the sum should be decreased by one half, to which, after a slight discussion, my friend acceded, and retired to rest apparently satisfied, with a five-pound note of mine in his purse.

We lay in a double-bedded room, for the convenience of conversing upon my all-engrossing topic, and we fell asleep while talking of it. I was awaked in the morning by the entrance into the room of my companion, ready dressed, and with his hat on, as though he had been out for an early stroll.

'Why, I never heard you get up,' said I; 'I must have slept very soundly.'

'You did,' replied Jones in a solemn and measured tone: 'very, very soundly; and you dreamed, I think?'

'I believe you, my boy,' cried I, chuckling with the thought of how soon such things would be all over. 'I just did dream.'

'You dreamed of the—the secret, did you not?' continued he.

'Of course I did,' said I; 'I always do dream of the secret.'

'Indeed,' observed Jones, with an unpleasantness in his manner; 'and do you also always talk of your sleep?'

I felt exactly as if a jug of ice-cold water had been poured down the nape of my neck.

We were both silent for at least a minute, and then Jones quietly remarked: 'I think you might just as well make that five pound a tenner, do you know!'

'Make it twenty,' exclaimed I, with eagerness: 'oblige me by accepting a twenty-pound note.'

'Thank you,' replied Jones coolly; 'I think I will. From what you said last night,' added he with a grim smile, 'I understood that you had not so much money in the house.'

Then I remembered having made use of that little tarriddle, or delicate evasion, in order to get rid of his importunity upon the previous evening. By his reminding me of it thus boldly, it was evident that I must have put myself into his power indeed.

'Do you know all?' inquired I hoarsely.

'Well,' said he carelessly, 'there is no need for my being masonified; I know all about the'—— He enunciated the awful secret, the mystery of the ages, the hidden wonder, as though he were retailing some political tittle-tattle of the clubs. 'You see,' he continued, 'you awoke me, and kept me awake by repeating it so very distinctly over and over again, that I have got it quite pat. I could not forget it even if I would. Since you seemed to be in such admirable case for it, I could not help trying that experiment—with which you are doubtless acquainted—of interrogating a sleeping person regarding the subject of his dreams, and your answers were astonishingly clear and pertinent. I never was spectator of anything more interesting and curious. It is positively a contribution to psychological science. I think, indeed, that I shall publish an ac'——

At that instant, I made my long contemplated spring out of the bedclothes, and placed myself between my enemy and the door. In my hand was the life-preserver with which my pillow is always furnished, and in my eyes was the determination to use it as a life-preserver. 'Jones,' I observed, 'as I must save my own life—you must die.'

'You mean to kill me, then, do you?' said he jauntily.

'My friend,' replied I, waving the weapon to and fro to give solemnity to my manner, 'I have unfortunately no choice; you have wantonly opened the Bluebeard's chamber of my mind, and now you must pay the penalty. I regret the sad necessity, believe me, almost as much as you can yourself, but the thing must be done. I shall hit you between the eyes as nearly as I can, so that the whole matter will be but the work of an instant, and the pain scarcely appreciable. However, in the meantime, if you have any message or document to leave behind you, intrust it to me, and be sure of its delivery.'

'Yes,' said Jones decisively, 'there are two documents down stairs in the possession of my servant, with whom I have but just left them. The one is to be delivered to your friend the Provincial Grand at once if anything should happen to me, and the other to the mayor of this town. The law will therefore hang you upon strong circumstantial evidence, unless the brotherhood put you to death beforehand by some more terrible method. You have not given me that twenty-pound note, by the by, old fellow. Where is it?'

'Here,' said I, tottering to my trousers, and taking out my pocket-book with a trembling hand: 'here's a fifty-pound note, which you may keep as a small token of my affectionate regard. I love you, Jones; you know I was only in fun all along.'

'Thank ye,' said my volatile friend, as he pocketed the money; 'so was I too. I have been playing a trick upon you from the very beginning.'

And then—with his nose, and knees, and

elbows, according to the orthodox manner, so often practised by me in secret—he made, to my astonishment, the freemason's sign.

'You must know, my dear fellow,' added he, 'that I have been a mason myself these ten years; and as for your revelations during sleep, they consisted of nothing beyond snoring.'

AN ASSORTMENT OF SURNAMES.

FAMILY nomenclature is a subject of considerable interest beyond the sphere of the etymologist and antiquary, of whose learned labours, however, we wish to speak with the greatest respect. Whence existing surnames have been derived, and the changes they have undergone, are points in the illustration of which much pains and patience have been expended. To use a comparison well understood in these days of mechanics and engineering, a broad highway has been carried through the midst of this special question; but we prefer just now turning aside into a bypath opened up by the registrar-general of England in his last annual Report. That communicative functionary devotes a whole chapter to this topic; and as probably not one in a thousand of our countrymen will ever see the original, we propose to present, in a simplified and reclassified form, the curiosities of fact which he has placed at our disposal. We are first of all informed that in the department over which he presides, there is a registration of more than 21,000,000 names, all collected between the 1st of July 1837 and the end of 1854. From the registration indexes thus possessed, the surnames at present borne in England and Wales could be pretty accurately ascertained; but the trouble involved in such an inquiry is sufficient to appal the Samson of statistics himself, who has limited his researches to two quarterly indexes—one of births, and another of deaths—resulting in the discovery, that of 275,405 individuals registered, 82,818 had different surnames—showing an average of 8·4 persons to every surname. It is then 'assumed as a rough estimate, that the whole number of surnames in England and Wales is between 35,000 and 50,000,' orthographical differences (as Clerk, Clark, Clerke) being allowed to pass for a difference of name. The roots of surnames now in use would be found to fall considerably short of the above number. Wales and Cornwall differ from England in the constantly recurring sameness of the nomenclature; in the former, nine-tenths of the people, it is said, could perhaps 'be mustered under less than 100 different surnames;' so that 'the primary object of a name, which is to distinguish an individual from the mass,' is in danger of being lost.

By the aid of a table compiled from 'nine quarterly indexes of births, eight of deaths, and eight of marriages,' we are enabled to see what the fifty most common surnames are, and the number of times each surname occurs. The Smiths, of course, are at the head of the poll, their name boasting 83,557 entries; but their supremacy is imperiled by the tribe of Joneses, who stand 83,841 strong. That of Williams numbers 21,986. Below 20,000 are arrayed the clans Taylor, Davies, Brown, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, and Johnson. The others have fewer than 10,000 followers, the lowest figure falling to Griffiths—4639. These fifty names embrace nearly eighteen in every 100 of those registered—about one in six; and as the total

entries of the fifty are 440,911, the nine indexes may be considered to contain about 2,500,000 entries—certainly a fair number from which to judge.

A second table deals with the same fifty surnames with reference to their origin, and furnishes the number of entries in the following order—

	Names.	Entries.
Derived from Christian or fore-names,	27	246,032
" occupations,	13	120,691
" locality,	7	46,373
" personal peculiarities } (White and Brown), }	2	22,154
" other circumstances (King),	1	5,661
Total,	50	440,911

Returning to the statistical case of *Smith versus Jones*, the registrar-general informs us that the whole of the indexes from 1838 to 1854 were searched 'to determine the relative frequency' of these competing surnames; and the numerical issue is in favour of the Smiths. Of Smiths, the entries were 286,037; of Joneses, 282,900—a *Smith* majority of 3137. In seven years, the Joneses were more numerous; in eleven years (including the last seven), the Smiths; and so, as there is no reason against our siding with the winning party, we cry—Hurrah for the Smiths! Both tribes, however, are entitled to all the deference which numbers can give them, since it is calculated that in England and Wales they include together not less than half a million persons—sufficient of themselves to people four towns as large as Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, and Hull. With respect to 'the fifty most common surnames,' we are favoured with a further computation, which makes it appear that in 1853 England and Wales contained 3,253,800 persons bearing these family names; or, in other words, that about two in every eleven Englishmen and Welshmen are known among men by one or other of these fifty surnames.

More of these statistical curiosities are behind. Descending to the letters of the alphabet, we learn that 'the letter B is the most frequent initial of surnames,' being about 10 per cent. of the whole. H is above, and S and W nearly 9 per cent. N and K are lowest in the scale of proportion, excepting X and Z.

Here we might conclude our ramble, but we are tempted to prolong it on account of the singular scene which the indefatigable general of registrars lays before us. This is no other than a list of more than 2000 *peculiar surnames* selected from the birth-indexes of the first quarter of 1851, and the death-indexes of the corresponding quarter of 1853. Very peculiar, in truth, many of these surnames are, and certain of affording a delightful feast to the lovers of the droll and the grotesque. In the book before us, they are placed in alphabetical order; but the amusement they offer is best secured by such an arrangement of them as will shew the treasures of descriptive phraseology they comprise. The *classical deities* live again in Bacchus, Mars, and Venus—a well-matched trio; in Flora, Fortuna, Muse, and the Muses; the Phoenix and the Griffin recall the fables of the East; while Mabb and Fay speak to us of myths that still linger in the villages of our land. *Classical history* is remembered in Damon and Dion; Hector and Troy are not yet extinct; neither is Rome nor the Roman name; and though Hannibal reappears, the honours of the Latin name are worthily committed to Cato, Scipio, and Cæsar, who may trace in Dominey a fragment of the language in which they harangued and wrote. *Modern nationalities* are pointed out by French and Gaul, Saxon, Dutch, and Dane. The Spaniard must be content with his Don, but the Turk comes in for a name. North and South Africa are arbitrarily represented by Barbary and the Caffre; and the sound of

Cashmere immediately connects in our thoughts the looms of that famous valley-kingdom with the spindles of our own. *Sacred Scripture*, as might be supposed, has suggested several names, although the selection is peculiar enough. Angel and Demon stand in contrast. Eve makes her entry, and, under her protection, her scapegrace first-born Cain. Noah—the hale old man, 'orphan of the old world, and father of the new'—is here; but whence comes Balaam, and stranger still, Dives and Pharrisæe? As much out of place in another direction are Calvary and Pentecost. Heaven and Heavens, Saint and Sanctuary, Priest and Prophet, with Christian itself, have clearly a Biblical origin; but to a later source we must refer Pagan, with Lent and Christmas. Church, with its compound Churchward, and less agreeable companion Churchyard, belong to a similar period; as do Abbot (not mentioned in this list) and Prior. There can be no doubt where Surplice, Spires, and Steeple come from.

The need of the *law* is vindicated by Lawless, Felony, and Felons—its character by Just and Justice—its operations by Sessions and Jury—its pleasures by Fee—and one of its results by Fines.

The science of *medicine* is celebrated under the homely name of Physick. The Potecary and his Pill are not far apart. A Hospital, indeed, leaves the mind free to roam over Collick, Cramp, Fever, and the painful plural Fevers; but more cheerful thoughts of Balm and Balsam are not absent; while Heal and Cure shed a cheerful hue over the sable scene.

Military operations for two years have commanded a large share of public attention; but previous to these, and although we are not a soldier-nation, the list of surnames testifies to the belligerent tendency of our population. The Warrior and Cavalier issue from their Castle; they have their Arms offensive and defensive. Armour of Mail is provided, with the Shield. Honour is done to the Dart and the Arrow, England's once formidable and favourite weapon. The Dagger and Dirk are in request, with the Lance and the Sword. Thus equipped, the Gauntlett is ready; but besides all, we have the Gunner with his Gun; even Cannon of the largest calibre. Then waves the Banner, and then beats the Drum, while Slaughter leads the way to Victory and Conquest.

Naval matters are not overlooked. The Ship multiplies into Shipping, and it swells into a Fleet. The single vessel has its Keel and Deck, its Helm, its Middlemast, and its Tackle; and for the boat there must be the Oar. When launched, it can Float, and with a Chart may set out upon its Cruise, in the course of which it will often have to Tack before the Gale. Should a Tempest cause a Leak, the sailors will look with anxiety for a Harbor or Haven on the Mainland; and sailing this, even the most skilful Diver will be liable to Drown.

Now, turning from the learned professions, and the contingencies of land and sea, let us examine Man as a member of the great creation; and not small is the help which our English surnames will impart to that compound being in his endeavour to obey the oracle, and know himself. First, they will inform him that he has a Bodily structure, a Body, and, not less really, an indwelling Soul. The former has vital organs, such as the Head—in old English a Pate, and in low English a Noddle. Within the head is a Brain or Brains, else it will be of little use to its owner. On the top is Hair, consisting of many Hairs, which on the female head fall down in many a Curl. In front is the Fore-head—beneath it, the Eyes; and beneath them, the Cheek. Tongue and Tooth appertain to the mouth, and so the face tapers down to the Chin. Why the nose is omitted in this inventory of the features is a mystery; so prominent a member must have a keen sense of the insult, and may be expected to set itself

to scent out the cause. Alone, the head would be in a sad predicament, and owes much to the Neck in joining it to the rest of the body. The Collarbone is not to be despised, though not to compare with the Heart, the Liver, and the Bowel departments of the system. More than one Limb is demanded for the symmetry of the body; and these are forthcoming in the Arms, with the Hand and Hands—and the Leg, with its Knee and Kneebone—and last of all, the Foot, with its great Toe and the lesser Toes.

Arising out of his physical nature, man has the power of movement. He can Tarry or Travel—his motion may be Slow or Swift; but without question it will be Quick if he has to take to Flight! As a *pedestrian*, we speak of his Gait, which may be Stiff or Easy, Awkward or full of Grace. He may Saunter or Skip, he may Waddle or Dance. Should he Jump and Slide, he may chance to Trip. Should he Go lightly, he is the better able to Flit from place to place. If he acts the *equestrian*, he will regulate the pace at which to Ride. His horse may be an Ambler, or he can make it Canter and Trot, or put it to the Gallop. If it should Prance or Kick, it may Fling him from his saddle, and for that day at least his exercise would be likely to Cease.

As man is endowed with *vocal organs*, we are not surprised that while he can be Silent, he may also make a Noise; animal-like he may Bray, or Howl, or Screech; or, using the faculty of speech, he can Chatter so volubly as to pass for a Chatterbox. In private, he may Grumble, or, worse still, become a Tattler. In public, he may be little better than a Bawler; yet should he Stammer, he will be less likely to indulge in Twaddle. When able to Sing and to Chant, he is provided with the means of gratification, exhilarating and innocuous.

Differences of *physical appearance* are often very striking. Some are Tall and Large, others Short and Small. Of some we speak as Thick, Fatt, or Stout; of others as Slight, Slender, or even Gaunt. To be Bandy is seldom the result of anything but neglectful nursing.

But human nature is the subject of deep emotions, and these, both the brighter and the darker, are of innumerable shades. Pain becomes Anguish; Care deepens into Fear—this into Dread. Sudden Fright is rarely so injurious as settled Grief. The Anger which smokes may flame into Wrath and burst into Fury. On the contrary, there is an Affection that must Gladden every observer. A Happy state of mind may rise into Joy, and this feeling culminates in Bliss. All emotions when intense cause the nervous system to Tremble with the excitement they produce.

As a *moral being*, man is capable of Virtue and Vice; Courage and Zeal may be displayed for any purpose; but Faith or Verity, with Peace, Patience, Prudence, Hope, and Love, are most frequently associated with that which is noblest in human life. Overagainst these, however, is Evil in the form of Folly, Vice, and Crime. Rant, Cant, and Fudge are at all times vexatious; but the Amour that depraves, the Gambling that inflames, and the Spite that turns the milk of human kindness into gall, leave a heavier Blot, and diffuse a deadlier Blight. Philosophers divide all moral qualities into Good or Base; and there is no sane mind which is Blank in this respect. It is possible to meet with some Badman, who is so Vile as to be a moral Blackamore—as here and there some may seem Allgood, and Perfect, or Faultless. Few would be disposed to apologise for the Wanton, the Prigg or Tricker, the Rake, the Scamp in general, the Swindler in particular, or the Tippler, who may be all in one. These, if Found or Caught, would be in some Danger of tasting the rigours of the law; but perhaps as much moral evil and discontent are occasioned by other parties deemed less culpable—as by the Vain,

the Sly, the Proud, the Greedy, and the Idle. It is not considered much Amiss to be Lax, Careless, or Cross; but the consequences are deplorable enough. Many a Bonfellow and Meanwell has made a sorry figure in the world. To be Innocent as infancy is not our lot; but to be Meek and Gentle to all, Humble in spirit, Constant and Faithful to our promises, Kind even to our enemies—this is possible; and in proportion as we Excel in these qualities shall we be deemed Trusty and Worthy; and he who is Good to man and Godly towards his Maker, has no cause for fear. In disposition, what varieties do the walks of life exhibit! The Coldman is apt to make his neighbour the Chillman, till the Merryman appears. It is natural to some to be Bold, Valliant, Gallant, and Doughty; another is predisposed to act the Coward. The man of Brag talks as a Bouncer, but seldom develops into the Boxer. One is Trim and Stiff; a third is Easy. The Coy and Dainty may be set against the Jolly and the Eager; while it is possible for the Lively man to have so much of the Fussey about him as to be far from Pleasant in society—even a Pester and a Bore.

Intellectually considered, we perceive one man to be Ready with an Argument, and able Cleverly to conduct it, while another has but a Faint or Crude conception of what it means. The Brightman, the Wise, and the Witty, to whom we must add the men of Fancy and the Bard, are the companions we seek, being as anxious to shun the society of the Muff, the Dolt, the Daft, as of him whose former acuteness has been Dulled by long excess.

The genus *homo* has its *genders and relationships*, and these are pretty fully expressed by the following terms—Male, Baby, Suckling, Child, Bratt, Boy, Daughters. Marriage and Wedlock involves a Partner of each sex. Man is the Husband or Younghusband, as the case may be: the Dame may be a Virgin—classically Virgo—vulgarily Wench, or taken from the interesting class of Widows. Cousin and Uncle, and many another Kinsman, form the Kindred which Fathers of families may be prepared to treat with relative amenity and good-will.

Eating and drinking constitute so important a portion of human occupation, that a liberal inventory of articles of fare may be expected in the surnames of the land. Meats of the Flesh description are plentiful—Gammon of Bacon, Ham, Veal, Mutton, and Giblett; with liberty to Frizzle, Fry, or Stew them. Every variety of Fish and Fowl is also present—from Turtle down to Trout, and from Chicken up to Goose. Eggs are at hand, with Mustard, Pepper, and Pickles as condiments. Cabbage and Butter are not lacking, with Pease and many a Spice besides. Rice as a pudding is on the board. As a dessert, every kind of fruit is in waiting—the Date, Figg, Cherry, Almond, Nut, Orange, Peach, Plum, Raisin, Grapes, &c. For tea, there are Cake, Cakebreed, Muffin, Bunn, Honey, and Sugars of every name. Of drinks there is no stint. The temperance man has his Wells and Streams, with the addition of Congo and other sorts of Tea, also Coffee and Milk; and the lover of intoxicating liquor is placed in hazardous proximity to his Gin or Punch, his Wines, yclept Port, Sherry, and Claret, and his Malt compounds of Beer and Porter. Tart, Sweet, and Mellow are borrowed from man's sense of taste, as Round and Square to his sense of touch.

Wearing apparel and domestic articles, from a Bodkin to a Broom, are represented by a long array of names. His sight is regaled with a diversity of colours—exclusive of the ordinary Browns, Blacks, and Greens—such as the various Blues of sky and water—Gray, Purple, Red, Yellow, and White the nondescript. But man is also a *numbering animal*—a capacity which in its highest developments separates him from the brute; hence we proceed from the Unit to Two, Twin, Double, Treble,

Triplett, up to Twelves, Eighteen, Forty, and a Million. Scarce, Few, Much, and Muchmore are indefinite terms in common use. Man, too, is a *dealer in money*—a propensity which is here indicated by the foreign Ducat, the obsolete Mite, the Farthing, Halfpenny, Penny, Twopenny, and Pound.

He distinguishes *times and seasons*—as Day and Night, and can even imagine a Doubleday. Half-night is familiar to him. Dark gives place to Dawn, and so on to Noon and Vesper, till the Daily course is run. The succession of time is marked by Early, Late, Later, Last. Monday and Friday are recorded, and Middleweek instead of Wednesday. Weeks appear, as also January and May, among the months. Mid-winter and Winter, Northeast and West, are remembered, besides every other point of the compass. Man can *measure* things to an Ace; and other surnames remind us of the Inch, Halfyard, Yard, Ell, Furlong, and Halfacre. The retail trader has his Peck and Bushel; the apothecary, his Grain; the liquor merchant, his Gallon, Firkin, and Butt.

Of *minerals* there is a Treasure—the native Copper and artificial Brass, followed by Silver, Gold, Pearl, Ruby, and Diamond.

Our form of government is a limited monarchy, and the English have a high respect for *Rank*. The Court is in public favour, for though we have no Rex, we have a Monarch who nobly wears the Crown, and is allied to a Prince who does honour to his Royal station.

In contrast with the preceding are a batch of names that call up anything but cheerful images. The Dead-man is the notion of Death (also Mort), and the funeral Knell tells his Coffin to the Grave. Murthor calls us to meditate on the Graves that single crime has dug.

A long list of surnames descriptive of tame and wild beasts, birds and insects, fishes and fowls, trees and flowers, must be omitted, or reserved for another occasion. In bringing up the rear of these remarks, Catchaside, Godbelieve, Gotobed, Maybee, Sneezum, will serve as a few examples of the oddities sprinkled over this list of 2000 words.

Nothing can now be said of the ridiculous combinations of Christian and surnames frequently to be met with. To call a child, for instance, whom we knew, 'Napoleon Chick,' was just pinning to the poor boy a life-long joke. The family name cannot easily be changed, but parents may avoid, by a little exercise of judgment, increasing the laughable and absurd associations which are already too freely mixed up with the nomenclature of our native realm.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.—AN ENEMY UNLOOKED FOR.

As upon the stage of a theatre, the farce follows the grand melodrama, this tragic scene was succeeded by an incident supremely ludicrous. It elicited roars of laughter from the men, that, under the circumstances, sounded like the laughter of madmen. Maniacs, indeed, might these men have been deemed, thus giving way to mirth with a prospect before them so grim and gloomy—the prospect of almost certain death, either at the hands of our savage assailants, or from starvation.

Of the Indians, we had no present fear. The flames that had driven us out of the timber, had equally forced them from their position, and we knew they were now far from us. They could not be near. The burnt branches had fallen from the pines, and the foliage was entirely consumed, so that the eye

was enabled to penetrate the forest to a great distance. On every side we commanded a *vista* of at least a thousand yards, through the intervals between the red glowing trunks; and beyond this we could hear by the 'swish' of the flames, and the continual crackling of the boughs, that fresh trees were being embraced within the circle of conflagration, still extending its circumference outward.

The sounds grew fainter apace, until they bore a close resemblance to the mutterings of distant thunder. We might have fancied that the fire was dying out; but the luminous ring around the horizon proved that the flames were still ascending. It was only because the sounds came from a greater distance, that we heard them less distinctly. Our human foes must have been still further away. They must have retired before the widening rim of the conflagration. Of course they had calculated upon doing so, before applying the torch. In all likelihood, they had retreated to the savanna to await the result.

Their object in firing the forest was not so easily understood. Perhaps they expected that the vast volume of flame would close over and consume us; or, more likely, that we should be smothered under the dense clouds of smoke. This in reality might have been our fate, but for the proximity of the pond. My companions told me that their sufferings from the smoke had been dreadful in the extreme—that they should have been stifled by it, had they not thrown themselves into the pond, and kept their faces close to the surface of the water, which of itself was several feet below the level of the ground.

It had been to me an hour of unconsciousness. My faithful black had carried me—lifeless as he supposed—to the water, and placed me in a recumbent position among the reeds.

It was afterwards—when the smoke had partially cleared away—that the spies were put upon their trial. Hickman and Weatherford, deeply indignant at the conduct of these monsters, would not hear of delay, but insisted upon immediate punishment; so the wretches were seized upon, and dragged out of the pond, to undergo the formality of an examination. It was at this crisis that my senses returned to me.

As soon as the dread sentence had been carried into execution, the *ci-devant* jurors came rushing back into the pond, and plunged their bodies under the water. The heat was still intense and painful to be endured.

There were two only who appeared to disregard it, and who shewed their disregard by remaining upon the bank; these were the two hunters.

Knives in hand, I saw them stooping over a dark object that lay near. It was the horse that Hickman had shot in the morning. I now understood the old hunter's motive, which had hitherto mystified me. It was an act of that cunning foresight that characterized the man—apparently instinctive.

They proceeded to skin the horse; and in a few seconds, had peeled off a portion of the hide—sufficient for their purpose. They then cut out several large pieces of the flesh, and laid them aside. This done, Weatherford stepped off to the edge of the burning timber, and presently returned with an armful of half-consumed fagots. These were erected into a fire near the edge of the pond; and the two men squatting down by its side, commenced broiling the pieces of horseflesh upon sapling spits, and conversing as coolly and cheerily as if seated in the chimney-corner of their own cabins.

There were others as hungry as they, who, taking the hint, proceeded to imitate their example. The pangs of hunger overcame the dread of the heat.

atmosphere; and in a few minutes' time, a dozen men might have been observed grouped like vultures around the dead horse, hacking and hewing at the carcass.

At this crisis occurred the incident which I have characterised as ludicrous. With the exception of the few engaged in their coarse *cuisine*, the rest of us had remained in the water. We were lying round the circular rim of the basin, our bodies parallel to one another, and our heads upon the bank. We were not dreaming of being disturbed by an intruder of any kind—at least for a time. We were no longer in dread of the fire, and our savage foemen were far off.

All at once, however, an enemy was discovered in an unexpected quarter—right in the midst of us. Just in the centre of the pond, where the water was deepest, a monstrous form rose suddenly to the surface—at the same time our ears were greeted with a loud bellowing, as if half a score of bulls had been set loose into the glade. In an instant the water was agitated—lashed into foam—while the spray was scattered in showers around our heads.

Weird-like and sudden as was the apparition, there was nothing mysterious about it. The hideous form, and deep bovine tone, were well known to all. It was simply an alligator.

But for its enormous size, the presence of the creature would scarcely have been regarded; but it was one of the largest of its kind—its body in length almost equalling the diameter of the pond, with huge gaunt jaws that seemed capable of swallowing one of us at a single 'gulp.' Its roar, too, was enough to inspire even the boldest with terror.

It produced this effect; and the wild frightened looks of those in the water—their confused plunging and plashing, as they scrambled to their feet, and hastened to get out of it—their simultaneous rushing up the bank, and scattering off over the open ground—all contributed to form a spectacle ludicrous as exciting.

In less than ten seconds' time, the great saurian had the pond to himself, where he continued to bellow, and brandish his tail as if triumphant at our retreat.

He was not permitted to exult long in his triumph. The hunters, with several others, seized their rifles, and ran forward to the edge of the pond, when a volley from a dozen guns terminated the monster's existence.

Those who had been 'ashore' were already convulsed with laughter at the scared fugitives; but the latter, having recovered from their momentary affright, now joined in the laugh till the woods rang with a chorus of wild cachinnations. Could the Indians have heard us at that moment, they must have fancied us mad—or more likely dead, and that our voices were those of their own friends, headed by Wykomé himself, rejoicing over the infernal holocaust.

CHAPTER XC.

A CONFLICT IN DARKNESS.

The forest continued to burn throughout the night, the following day, and the night after. Even on the second day, most of the trees were still on fire. They no longer blazed, for the air was perfectly still, and there was no wind to fan the fire into flame. It was seen in red patches upon the trunks, smouldering and gradually becoming less, as its strength spontaneously died out. From many of the trees the fire had disappeared altogether, and these no longer bore any resemblance to trees, but looked like huge, sharp-pointed stakes, charred, and black, as though profusely coated with coal-tar.

have been traversed, there were other places where the fire still burned—enough to oppose our progress. We were still besieged by the igneous element—as completely confined within the circumscribed boundaries of the glade, as if encompassed by a hostile army of twenty times our number. No rescue could possibly reach us. Even our enemies, so far as our safety was concerned, could not have 'raised the siege.'

The old hunter's providence had stood us in good stead. But for the horse, some of us must have succumbed to hunger; or, at all events, suffered to an extreme degree. We had now been four days without food, except what the handful of pine-cones and the horseflesh afforded; and still the fiery forest hemmed us in. There was no alternative but to stay where we were, until, as Hickman phrased it, 'the woods shed git cool.'

We were cheered with the hope that another day would effect this end, and we might travel with safety amid the calcined trunks, and over the black smouldering ashes.

But the prospect before us was even as gloomy as that around us. While our dread of the fire declined, that of our human foes increased in an inverse proportion.

We had but little hope of getting off without an encounter. They could traverse the woods as soon as we, and were certain to be on the look-out. With them the account was still to be settled—the gauntlet yet to be run.

But we had grown fiercer and more fearless. The greatest coward of our party had become brave, and no one voted either for skulking or hanging back. Stand or fall, we had resolved upon keeping together, and cutting our way through the hostile lines, or dying in the attempt. It was but the old programme, with a slight change in the *mise en scène*.

We waited only for another night to carry the plan into execution. The woods would scarcely be as 'cool' as we might have desired, but hunger was again hurrying us. The horse—a small one—had disappeared. Fifty starved stomachs are hard to satisfy. The bones lay around, clean picked—those that contained marrow, broken into fragments, and emptied of their contents. Even the hideous saurian was a skeleton!

A more disgusting spectacle was presented by the bodies of the two criminals. The heat had swollen them to enormous proportions, and decomposition had already commenced. The air was loaded with that horrid effluvia peculiar to the dead body of a human being.

Our comrades who fell in the fight had been interred; and there had been some talk of performing the like office for the others. No one objected, but none volunteered to take the trouble. In such cases, men are overpowered by an extreme apathy; and this was chiefly the reason why the bodies of the two spies were left uninterred.

With eyes bent anxiously towards the west, we awaited the going down of the sun. So long as his bright orb was above the horizon, we could only guess at the condition of the fire. The darkness would enable us to distinguish that part of the forest that was still burning, and point out the direction we should take. The fire itself would guide us to shunning it.

Twilight found us on the tiptoe of expectation, and not without hope. There was but little noise among the scathed pines; the smoke appeared slighter than we had yet observed it. All believed that the fires were nearly out, and that the time had arrived when we could pass through them.

An unexpected circumstance put this point beyond conjecture. While we stood waiting, the rain began

minutes it came pouring down as if all heaven's fountains had been opened together.

We hailed the phenomenon with joy; it appeared an omen in our favour. The men could hardly be restrained from setting forth at once; but the more cautious counselled the rest to patience, and we stood awaiting the deeper darkness.

The rain continued to pour, its clouds hastening the night. As it darkened, scarcely a spark appeared among the trees.

'It is dark enough,' urged the impatient. The others assented; and all started forth into the black bosom of the ruined forest.

We moved silently along, each tightly grasping his gun, and holding it ready for use. Mine was carried in one hand—the other rested in a sling.

In this plight I was not alone; half-a-dozen of my comrades had been also 'winged;' and together we kept in the rear. The better men marched in front, Hickman and Weatherford acting as guides.

The rain beat down upon us: there was no longer a foliage to intercept it. As we walked under the burnt branches, the black char was driven against our faces, and as quickly washed off again. Most of the men were bareheaded; their caps were over the locks of their guns to keep them dry; some sheltered their priming with the skirts of their coats.

In this manner we had advanced nearly half a mile—we knew not in what direction; no guide could have found a path through such a forest. We only endeavoured to keep straight on, with the view of getting *beyond* our enemies.

So long unmolested, we had begun to hope.

Alas, it was a momentary gleam! we were under-rating the craft of our red foemen.

They had been watching us all the time—had dogged our steps, and, at some distance off, were marching on both sides of us in two parallel lines. While dreaming of safety, we were actually in their midst.

The flashes of a hundred guns through the misty rain—the whistling of as many bullets—was the first intimation we had of their proximity.

Several fell under the volley—some returned the fire—a few thought only of flight.

Uttering their shrill cries, the savages closed in upon us; in the darkness, they appeared to outnumber the trees.

Save the occasional report of a pistol, no other shots were heard or fired—no one thought of reloading. The foe was upon us before there was time to draw a ramrod. The knife and hatchet were to be the arbiters of the fight.

The struggle was sanguinary as it was short; many of our brave fellows met their death, but each killed his foeman—some two or three—before falling.

We were soon vanquished. How could it be otherwise? the enemy was five to one. They were fresh and strong—we weak with hunger—almost emaciated—many of us wounded: how could it be otherwise?

I saw but little of the conflict—perhaps no one saw more; it was a struggle amidst obscurity—darkness almost opaque.

With only one hand—and that the left—I was quite helpless. I fired my rifle at random, and had contrived to draw a pistol; but the blow of a tomahawk hindered me from using it, at the same time striking me senseless to the earth.

I was only stunned; and when my senses returned to me, I perceived that the conflict was over.

Dark as it was, I could see a number of black objects lying near me upon the ground; they were the bodies of the slain.

Some were my late comrades—others their foes—in many instances locked in each other's embrace. Red Indians were stooping over, as if separating them.

On the former they were executing their hideous rite of vengeance—they were scalping them.

A group was nearer—the individuals who composed it were standing erect. One in their midst appeared to issue commands; even in the gray light I could distinguish *three waving plumes*. Again *Oceola*!

I was not free, or at that moment I should have rushed forward and grappled him—vain though the effort might have been. But I was not free. Two savages knelt over me, as if guarding me against escape.

I perceived the black near at hand, still alive, and similarly cared for. Why had they not killed us?

A man approached the spot where we lay. It was not he with the ostrich plumes, though the latter appeared to have sent him. As he drew near, I perceived that he carried a pistol: my hour was come.

The man stooped over me, and placed the weapon close to my ear. To my astonishment, he fired it into the air!

I thought he had missed me, and would try again. But this was not his purpose; he only wanted a *light*.

While the powder was ablaze, I caught a glance of the countenance. It was an Indian's. I thought I had seen it before; and from some expression the man made use of, he appeared to know me.

He passed rapidly away, and proceeded to the spot where Jake was held captive. The pistol must have had two barrels, for I heard him fire it again, stooping in a similar manner over the prostrate form of the black.

He then rose, and called out:

'It is they—both alive.'

The information appeared meant for him of the black plumes, for the moment it was given, the latter uttered some exclamation I did not comprehend, and then walked away.

His voice produced a singular impression upon me. I fancied it *did not sound like Oceola's*.

We were kept upon the ground only for a few minutes longer, until some horses were brought up. Upon two of them Jake and I were mounted, and fast tied to the saddles. The word to advance was then given; and, with an Indian riding on each side of us, we were conducted away through the woods.

CHAPTER XCL

THE THREE BLACK PLUMES.

We journeyed throughout the whole night. The burnt woods were left behind; and, having crossed a savanna, we passed for several hours under a forest of giant oaks, palms, and magnolias. I knew this by the fragrance of the magnolia blossoms, that, after the fetid atmosphere we had been breathing, smelt sweet and refreshing.

Just as day was breaking, we arrived at an opening in the woods, where our captors halted.

The opening was of small extent—a few acres only—bounded on all sides by a thick growth of palm, magnolias, and live-oaks. Their foliage drooped to the ground, so that the glade appeared encompassed by a vast wall of green, through which no outlet was discernible.

In the gray light I perceived the outlines of an encampment. There were two or three tents with horses picketed around them, and human forms—some upright and moving about, others recumbent upon the grass, singly or in clusters, as if sleeping together for mutual warmth. A large fire was burning in the midst, and around it were men and women seated and standing.

To the edge of this camp we had been carried, but no time was left us for observation. On the instant

after halting, we were dragged roughly from our saddles, and flung prostrate upon the grass. We were next turned upon our backs, thongs were tied around our wrists and ankles, our arms and limbs were drawn out to their full extent, and we were thus staked firmly to the ground, like a pair of hides spread out to be dried.

Of course, in this attitude we could see no more of the camp, nor the trees, nor the earth itself—only the blue heavens above us.

Under any circumstances, the position would have been painful, but my wounded arm rendered it excruciating.

Our arrival had set the camp in motion. Men came out to meet us, and women crowded over us as we lay on our backs. There were Indian squaws among them, but to my surprise I noticed that most of them were of African race—mulattoes, zamboes, and negroes!

For some time they stood over, jeering and taunting us. They even proceeded to inflict torture—they spat on us, pulled out handfuls of our hair by the roots, and stuck sharp thorns into our skins—all the while yelling with a fiendish delight, and jabbering an unintelligible patois, that appeared a mixture of Spanish and Yemassee.

My fellow-captive fared as badly as myself. Homogeneity of colour elicited no sympathy from these female fiends. Black and white were alike the victims of their hellish spite.

Part of their jargon I was able to comprehend. Aided by a slight acquaintance with the Spanish tongue, I made out what was intended to be done with us.

The knowledge was far from affording consolation: We had been brought to the camp to be tortured.

We were sufficiently tortured already; but it was not all we were destined to undergo. We were to be the victims of a grand spectacle, and these infernal hags were exulting in the prospect of the sport our sufferings should afford them. For this only had we been captured, instead of being killed.

Into whose horrid hands had we fallen? Were they human beings? Were they Indians? Could they be Seminoles, whose behaviour to their captives had hitherto repelled every insinuation of torture?

A shout arose, as if in answer to my questions. The voices of all around were mingled in the cry, but the words were the same:

'Mulatto-mico! mulatto-mico! Viva, mulatto-mico!'

The trampling of many hoofs announced the arrival of a band of horsemen. They were those who had been engaged in the fight—who had conquered and made us captive. Only half-a-dozen guards had been with us on the night-march, and had reached the camp along with us. The new-comers were the main body—who had stayed upon the field of battle to complete the despoliation of their fallen foes.

I could not see them, though they were near. I heard their horses trampling around. I lay listening to that significant shout:

'Mulatto-mico! Viva, mulatto-mico!'

To me the words were full of terrible import. The phrase 'mulatto-mico' was not new to me, and I heard it with a feeling of dread. But it was scarcely possible to increase apprehensions already excited to their highest. A horrid fate was before me. The presence of the fiend himself could not have made it more certain.

My fellow-victim shared my thoughts. We were near, and could converse. On comparing our conjectures, we found that they exactly coincided.

But the point was soon settled beyond conjecture. A harsh voice sounded in our ears, issuing an abrupt order that scattered the women away. A heavy footstep was heard behind—the speaker was approaching.

In another instant his shadow fell over my face; and Yellow Jake himself stood within the circle of my vision.

Despite the pigments that disguised the natural colour of his skin—despite the beaded shirt, the sash, the embroidered leggings—despite the *three black plumes* that waved over his brow, I easily identified the man.

CHAPTER XXII.

BURIED AND BURNED.

We had both been expecting him. The cry mulatto-mico, and afterwards the voice—still remembered—had warned us of his coming.

I expected to gaze upon him with dread. Strange it may appear, but such was not the case. On the contrary, I beheld him with a feeling akin to joy—joy at the sight of those *three black plumes* that nodded above his scowling temples.

For a moment I marked not his angry frowns, nor the wicked triumph that sparkled in his eye. The ostrich feathers were alone the objects of my regard—the cynosure of my thoughts. Their presence upon the crest of the 'mulatto king' elucidated a world of mystery; foul suspicion was plucked from out my bosom: the preserver of my life, the hero of my heart's admiration, was still true—Oceola was true!

In the momentary exultation of this thought, I almost forgot the peril that surrounded me; but the voice of the mulatto once more roused me to a consciousness of my situation.

'Carajo!' cried he, in a tone of malignant triumph. *'Al fin verguenza!'*—(At last vengeance.) Both too—white and black—master and slave—my tyrant, and my rival! Ha, ha, ha!

'Me tie to tree?' continued he, after a burst of hoarse laughter; 'me burn, eh? burn 'live? Your turn come pow—trees plenty here. But no; I teach you better plan. *Carrambo, si!* far better plan. Tie to tree, captive sometime 'scape, ha, ha, ha! Sometime 'scape, eh? ha, ha, ha!'

'Before burn you, me shew you sight. Ho, there!' he shouted, motioning to some of the bystanders to come near. 'Untie hands—raise 'em up—both—face turn to camp—*basta! basta!* that do. Now, white rascal—black rascal, look—what see yonder?'

As he issued these orders, several of his creatures pulled up the stakes that had picketed down our arms, and raising us into a sitting-posture, slewed our bodies round till our faces bore full upon the camp.

It was now broad daylight—the sun shining brightly in the heavens. Under such a light, every object in the camp was distinctly visible—the tents—the horses—the motley crowd of human occupants.

We regarded not these: on two forms alone our eyes rested—the well-known forms of my sister and Viola. They were close together, as I had seen them once before—Viola seated, with head drooping; while that of Virginia rested in her lap. The hair of both was hanging in dishevelled masses, the black tresses of the maid mingling with the golden locks of her mistress. They were surrounded by guards, and appeared unconscious of our presence.

This was but for a time. One was despatched to give them notice of it.

As the information was imparted, we saw them start, and look inquiringly around. In another instant, their eyes were upon us. A thrilling scream announced that we were recognised.

Both cried out together. I heard my sister's voice pronouncing my name. I called to her in return. I saw her spring to her feet, toss her arms wildly above her head, and attempt to rush towards me. I saw the guard taking hold of her, and rudely dragging her back. Oh, it was a painful sight! Death itself would have been easier to endure.

We were allowed to look upon them no longer. Suddenly jerked upon our backs, our wrists were once more staked to the ground, and we were left in our former recumbent attitudes.

Painful as were our reflections, we were not allowed to indulge in them alone. The mulatto continued to stand over us, taunting us with spiteful words, and, worse than all, making gross allusions to my sister and Viola. Oh, it was horrible to hear! Molten lead poured into our ears could scarcely have tortured us more.

It was almost a relief when he desisted from speech, and we saw him commence making preparations for our execution. We knew that the hour was nigh—for he himself said so, as he issued the orders to his fellows. Some horrible mode of death had been promised; but what it was, we were yet in ignorance.

Not long did we remain so. Several men were seen approaching the spot, with spades and pickaxes in their hands. They were negroes—old field-hands—and knew how to use such implements.

They stopped near us, and commenced digging up the ground. O God! were we to be buried alive? This was the conjecture that first suggested itself.

If true, it was terrible enough; but it was not true.

The monster had designed for us a still more horrible death!

Silently, and with the solemn air of grave-diggers, the men worked on. The mulatto stood over directing them. He indulged in high glee, occasionally calling to us in mockery, and boasting how skilfully he should perform the office of executioner. The women and savage warriors clustered round, laughing at his sallies, or contributing their quota of grotesque wit, at which they uttered yells of demoniac laughter. We might easily have fancied ourselves in the infernal regions, in the midst of a crowd of gibbering fiends, who every moment bent over, grinning down upon us, as if they drew delight from our anguish.

We noticed that few of the men were Seminoles. Indians there were, but these were of dark complexion—nearly black. They were of the tribe of Yamassees—a race enslaved by the Seminoles, and long ingrafted into their nation. But most of those we saw were black negroes, zamboes and mulattoes—descendants of Spanish maroons, or 'runaways' from the American plantations. There were many of the latter, for I could hear English spoken among them. No doubt, there were some of my own slaves mixing with the motley crew, though none of these came near, and I could only note the faces of those who stood over me.

In about half an hour the diggers had finished their work. Our stakes were now drawn, and we were dragged forward to the spot where they had been engaged.

As soon as I was raised up, I bent my eyes upon the camp, but my sister was no longer there. Viola too was gone. They had been taken, either inside the tents, or back among the bushes. I was glad they were not there. They would be spared the pang of a horrid spectacle—though it was not likely that from such motive the monster had removed them.

Two dark holes yawned before us, deeply dug into the earth. They were not graves; or if so, it was intended our bodies should be placed vertically in them. But if their shape was peculiar, so too was the purpose for which they were made. It was soon explained.

We were conducted to the edge of the cavities, seized by the shoulders, and plunged in, each into the one that was nearest. They proved just deep enough to bring our throats on a level with the surface, as we stood erect.

The loose earth was now shovelled in, and kneaded

firmly around us. More was added, until our shoulders were covered up, and only our heads appeared above ground.

The position was ludicrous enough, and we might have laughed at it, but that we knew *we were in our graves*. The fiendish spectators regarded us with yells of laughter.

What next? Was this to be the end of their proceedings? Were we to be thus left to perish miserably and by inches? Hunger and thirst would in time terminate our existence, but oh, how many hours was our anguish to last! Whole days of misery we must endure before the spark of life should forsake us—whole days of horror and—— Ha! they have not yet done with us!

No—a death like that we had been fancying appeared too easy to the monster who directed them. The resources of his hatred were far from being exhausted—he had still other and far keener pangs in store for us.

'*Carajo!* it is good!' cried he, as he stood admiring the work done. 'Better than tie to tree—good fire, eh? No fear 'scape—*carrai*, no. *Bring fire!*'

Bring fire! It was to be fire then—the extreme instrument of torture. We heard the word—that word of fearful sound. *We were to die by fire!*

Our terror had reached its highest.

It rose no higher when we saw *pagots* brought forward, and built in a ring around our heads; it rose no higher when we saw the torch applied and the dry wood catching the flame; it rose no higher as the blaze grew red and redder, and we felt its angry glow upon our skulls, soon to be calcined like the sticks themselves.

No—we could suffer no more. Our agony had reached the acme of endurance, and we longed for death to relieve us. If another pang had been possible, we might have suffered it on hearing those cries from the opposite side of the camp. Even in that dread hour, we could recognise the voices of my sister and Viola. The unmerciful monster had brought them back to witness the execution. We saw them not; but their wild plaints proved that they were spectators of the scene.

Hotter and hotter grew the fire, and nearer licked the flames—my hair crisped and singed at the fiery contact.

Objects swam dizzily before my eyes—the trees tottered and reeled—the earth went round with a whirling motion.

My skull ached as if it would soon split open—my brain was drying up—my senses were forsaking me!

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AUGUSTE COMTE.

As through the narrow portal, the poet approaches the Elysian fields, so in seeking to give a slight sketch of one of the greatest intellects of his generation, the writer is forced to refer to circumstances of his own insignificant existence.

In 1836, when the world was still young to me, or I to it—algebraically if not otherwise identical positions—fretting under the fancied insufficiency of private tuition in England, with hard prayers I wrung from my parents permission to continue the studies preparatory to going to the university, in Paris. Here, in each branch of the education sketched out for me with no sparing hand, I was consigned to the care of the first professors of the day. Long afterwards, I learned with what difficulty the lessons of one of these had been obtained, but youth though I then was, I still felt, indistinctly indeed, their value. This

tutor, whose last mathematical pupil I was, was Auguste Comte.

Daily as the clock struck eight on the *horloge* of the Luxembourg, while the ringing of the hammer on the bell was yet audible, the door of my room opened, and then entered a man, short, rather stout, almost what one might call sleek, freshly shaven, without vestige of whisker or moustache. He was invariably dressed in a suit of the most spotless black, as if going to a dinner-party; his white neckcloth was fresh from the laundress's hands, and his hat shining like a racer's coat. He advanced to the arm-chair prepared for him in the centre of the writing-table, laid his hat on the left-hand corner, his snuff-box was deposited on the same side, beside the quire of paper placed in readiness for his use, and dipping the pen twice into the ink-bottle, then bringing it to within an inch of his nose, to make sure that it was properly filled, he broke silence: 'We have said that the chord AB, &c.' For three-quarters of an hour he continued his demonstration, making short notes as he went on, to guide the listener in repeating the problem alone; then taking up another *cahier* which lay beside him, he went over the written repetition of the former lesson. He explained, corrected, or commented, till the clock struck nine; then, with the little finger of the right hand, brushing from his coat and waistcoat the shower of superfluous snuff which had fallen on them, he pocketed his snuff-box, and resuming his hat, he as silently as when he came in, made his exit by the door, which I rushed to open for him. This man of few words was the Aristotle or Bacon of the nineteenth century.

Thus for a year I daily sat a listener, not always attentive, and to the last but dimly conscious of the value of lessons which I can never forget in their higher meaning, though the angles and curves which they explained have long since become to me more meaningless than hieroglyphics.

One would think that such a teacher, gliding in and out like a piece of clock-work, without an interchange of any of the gentle courtesies of life, would raise only a repulsive feeling in his pupil. It was in vain I tried to break through the coldness of our relations, to establish that little preliminary gossip in which I have found some teachers too ready to employ all the time of their lesson; he seemed to say that he had nerved himself to a disagreeable duty, and that nothing should turn him from it. Only twice did I even succeed in gaining proof that he had something mortal in his composition. I had been six weeks under his tuition, and still persisted, with more, perhaps, of malice than of ignorance, in using the most abominably ungrammatical French in my written repetitions of his lectures. One morning he lost patience at some solecism more excruciating than usual; and laying down his pen, he turned to me, and said: 'Why do you persevere in writing such barbarisms?' 'You know I am a foreigner,' said I; 'how should I do better?' 'You can at least do better than this: write as you speak;' and he resumed his pen, correcting every fault of language. From that day, there were few grammatical blunders in my papers. Once again, and this time less wilfully, I encountered the same mild anger. I was at the time studying very hard, generally thirteen hours a day of book-work—a folly bitterly expiated and

repented since—and I was seldom in bed till after midnight. One black wintry morning, after harder work than usual, I nodded over the lecture. With no straining of the ears, could I drink in the sense; with no forcing of the eyelids, keep them open. I dared not rise and take a few turns in the room, for this would have been a violation of our habits. So I sat till the humming of the voice, and the scraping of the pen, acted like a lullaby, and I was already three parts asleep, when suddenly a change of tone aroused me, and the words, 'But you sleep,' recalled me to myself, only to see my tutor stalking out of the room, while I vainly tried to catch and appease him. The next day, he resumed the lesson where he had left off on the one previous to my nap, but not a word of reproach was uttered, or of apology allowed, by the insulted sage.

From that day, I began to love him. Cold or abstracted as he seemed, the intellectual giant henceforth won almost imperceptibly on the youth. I could not feel, much less measure his greatness, but I acquired an interest in the dry science he taught me; and had I continued under his charge, I might have become a mathematician. I had been taught to fear, not to revere my masters; if I had a liking for any, it had been in proportion to his laxness; and I now found myself half unconsciously, and quite unaccountably, gliding into a sort of affection for the most unapproachable, the most uncongenial of them all. I was then the most unreasonable of boy-mortals. I cannot, therefore, suppose that this feeling was due to the sway of pure reason over my mind; I can only think that it arose from an instinctive perception of the smothered kindness which entered so largely into his composition.

I returned to England to 'keep halls,' and devote myself to a new range of studies—stigmatised, I believe, by my masters and pastors as pure idleness, because not set down in their books; and it was two years before I was again in Paris. By that time I had become acquainted with what was published of the *Philosophie Positive*. From its pages I had learned that my old tutor was a great man, though hardly yet a celebrated one. I had learned to contrast his earnestness with the *laissez faire* of others; and a visit to him was one of the first pleasures which I promised myself in the capital most fertile in pleasure to youthful visitors. Mindful of the showers of snuff which had too often attacked my sternutatory muscles, I carried him a Cumnock snuff-box, with one of our Ayrshire pebbles in the lid, and was delighted to find it graciously accepted. He put it at once into a drawer of his writing-table, and then told me that he had given up the use of snuff. He said that he had withdrawn entirely from the world, to devote himself without distraction to the politics of his philosophy—that he no longer even read the newspapers, and had weaned himself from every superfluity.

It was not till 1851 that I again saw him. He was then the acknowledged chief of a school, and renowned, if not admired, among all thinkers. I had some little trouble in finding his abode, and it was with a beating heart that I pulled the bell-string. An old gentleman in a dressing-gown, with a black neckerchief strung round his throat, opened the door. I almost thought I had misunderstood the porter's directions. 'Monsieur Comte?' I inquiringly said.

'It is I, sir,' was the answer.

The change in his appearance intimidated me, and I hesitatingly mentioned my name. At once he put out his hand and drew me into his sitting-room. Here I was able to remark the wonderful change

which had come over his expression since we had last met. He now reminded me of one of those medieval pictures which represent St Francis wedded to Poverty. There was a mildness in those attenuated features that might be called ideal rather than human; through the half-closed eyes there shone the very soul of him who had doubted whether he had anything more than intellect. 'I did not recognise you,' he said, opening a drawer; 'but I think of you almost daily. See, I still have your box, and I keep my seals in it, so that I am often reminded of you.' He spoke unreservedly of the honourable poverty to which the last revolution, in depriving him of his modest competence, had reduced him, and he told me how the generous sacrifices of some of his disciples had relieved him of the cares of material existence.

He indulged me with a long conversation, every word of which filled me with fresh wonder. He was no longer the rigid thinker, regular and passionless as mechanism; he seemed to have renewed his youth, to have added something to his former self, but how or what, I could not at the time imagine. In terms unintelligible to me, he referred to relations which had given impulse to his affections; he spoke with enthusiasm of the Italian poets, and of Shakspeare and Milton, whose works he had learned to read in the original; and—O surprise!—taking from his chimney-piece a well-thumbed copy of the *Imitation*, he said: 'I read some pages of this book every morning.'

I already had had cause to suspect that under that frigid mask which he wore in earlier years, an impulsive nature and warm affections were concealed; I had heard at the time that the little keepsake I had brought had pleased him so much, that in speaking of it a few days afterwards his eyes glistened; I understood, therefore, that far within him was a loving soul; and I now learned, from a book which he gave me, the story of how he had found and lost the counterpart, the other half, which he had so long sought. The history of the platonic love to which he owed the late development of his affections, is a strange one, and the story of its heroine one of the saddest in the history of crime.

Madame Clotilde de Vaux was the wife of a man whose misconduct had brought upon him a condemnation to the galleys for life. If not the original of the *Maitre d'Ecole* in the *Mysteries of Paris*, his career had been too similar to the one so hideously drawn by the novelist. This lady united to youth and an unspotted reputation, a poetic temperament and literary talents of a high order. She was pining in cheerless solitude, neither wife nor widow, a state void of hope, and incapable of forgetfulness, when she met Auguste Comte, the man of austere morals and unengaging manners, but towards whom she felt the secret attraction I have spoken of. The acquaintance quickly ripened into a friendship, which before long became an absorbing though platonic passion. It was she who had opened to him the treasures of poetry, she was the Beatrix who awoke in him the feelings of affection, and under whose guidance he trod the ideal world of Shakspeare and Dante.

So greatest and most glorious things on ground
May often need the help of weaker hand.

It was a friendship late found and early lost, for the lady was cut off in the prime of her years. But her influence did not cease with life; her image haunted him like a celestial vision for the remainder of his days. In her he imagined that he had seen humanity carried to that highest perfection which he believed to be the end of our destiny, and he united her in his prayers with his mother and a female servant who waited on him to the last.

To one who had known Auguste Comte in former

days, nothing can be more striking than the terms in which he writes of all these in the preface to his *Positivism*; his self-reproaches for his want of tenderness—he had never failed in duty—towards his mother, his unbounded veneration for his St Clotilde, and his respect for the enlightened ignorance of his unlettered servant, afford a psychological study as curious as it is touching.

In the beginning of last September, I was again in Paris. As soon as I had fixed myself in lodgings in the same studious quarter in which I had first known him, I sought out the abode of my old master. It was an autumn evening when I stumbled into the gloomy *porte cochère* of his house. The porter was sitting on the sill of his lodge, knitting a worsted stocking in the twilight. 'Is it here that Monsieur Comte lives?' was my question. 'Yes, sir,' answered the man without rising or lifting his eyes from his work. 'Is he at home?' 'He was buried this afternoon.'

I never received a greater or more unexpected shock. His temperament and his healthy habits seemed to promise a long career; and the last time I had talked with him, he had been speaking of the employments he had marked for his old age, when he should be no longer capable of working at his philosophy, for he had rigorously determined the period when he should retire from what he considered his apostolate.

I shall neither defend nor criticise his system. It is a subject too abstruse for these pages, and to which I could not do justice. That it contains many truths, that it is a wonderful monument of a wonderful mind, few or none will deny, but fewer still will be found to accept his philosophy as a whole. He looks only on the positive, that is, the material side of nature, he has no tolerance either for spiritual weaknesses or spiritual aspirations. He is a system-maker, and in his love for his system, he is unjust both to his kind and to himself. A true child of the Revolution, the qualities which he possesses and which he wants are equally striking; but I do not fear to say that whatever pure morality and true conceptions abound in his works are the genuine productions of Auguste Comte, while the childishness and pedantry which also distinguish them may be laid at the door of the conventional Frenchman.

S N O W - D R I F T .

WINTER's white banner waves on every bough,
The summer flowers and fruits died long ago,
Their grace is gone, their graves are covered now
With tablets of pure snow.

And hopes and joys, sweet blossoms of the heart,
And griefs that only human hearts can know,
In space as brief have lived, but to depart
And hide 'neath mem'ry's snow.

I would not sing of these; my cheerful verse
Can find a happier emblem, as I go
'Mid brier and bramble, nature's primal curse,
All beautified with snow.

Methinks, there springs no 'root of bitterness,'
No stinging care, no thorny shape of wo,
But love may clothe it in a fairer dress,
As these are clothed with snow.

J. J.

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THE GENTLE READER.

HAVING written a good deal for the general public without receiving any acknowledgment from that particular member of it, the Gentle Reader, I, for one, am not going to flatter him any longer. It is my private belief that he never purchased a book in his life. I doubt whether he ever even went so far as to subscribe to a library. I believe him to be a sort of person who borrows volumes from the book-shelves of his friends, and writes in pencil his idiotic remarks upon the margins of them. It is exceedingly improbable, if he does buy books, that he ever bought any of mine, because, in plain truth, the Gentle Reader is unavoidably a fool. Otherwise, would authors, who are conscious of having been insufferably stupid and prosy, or of being about to become so in their next chapter, so unanimously appeal to his good-nature and foolish forbearance? They take such liberties with him, and place him in such positions as would be resented by any person of proper sense and feeling. When a love-scene is about to be described at any intolerable length, the Gentle Reader is commonly lugged in as a third party, and made a confidant of, whether he will or no, by the two silly young folks.

It is, first of all, fawningly insinuated that he, the Gentle Reader, knows all about it, being, as he is, so fascinating an individual, and having been the object of adoration of so many hearts; and then the whole tedious matter is laid before him in all its turtle-dove monotony, while the melancholy details are dwelt upon with a sentimental distinctness, to which impropriety itself would be almost preferable.

In descriptions of scenery especially, this patron of the novelists has to go through a very great deal for their sweet sakes; he has to accompany them, if he will be so good, to inaccessible heights, where the foot of man has never before trodden, and where the shriek of the goshawk, or other bird unknown except to ornithologists, alone is heard; or he has to wander among hanging woodlands, hand in hand with the writer, until he is deposited upon a dampish bank, by the side of a stream, whose course is presently compared, at prodigious length, to the life of man. When the novelist, indeed, is inclined to moralise, the Gentle Reader is apostrophised as though he were Lord Bacon, or Dr Paley, and made accessory to the most uninteresting and illogical sentiments of the author's, respecting being and human responsibility. If religion be the subject, the Gentle Reader is made a party to the strangest 'views,' and that sometimes by no means in the pleasantest manner; his opinions being taken to be identical with those of the writer, not as

a matter of course, but as one about which, on the contrary, there existed no little suspicion: he is regarded with an eye not so much of respect as of a certain affectionate watchfulness, and his supposed scruples are combated with a sort of tender authority, as though the author were his father-in-law, and an archbishop. In battle-scenes, again, and stirring incidents of that kind, this slave of literature is commonly carried to a slight acclivity, commanding not only a good general view of what is going forward, but—to judge by what he is made to see—a very particular one also; and I have even known the Gentle Reader, upon one occasion, to have been shamefully inveigled into a tree, under promise of becoming spectator of a deadly combat, only to be compelled to listen to some heroic verses of the seducer, who, taking advantage of the poor fellow's stationary position, inflicted a good three dozen. Nobody but a very weak-minded person, indeed, would suffer himself to be treated in this manner more than once, whereas there is no more cessation than limit to the persecution of the Gentle Reader. That he is put upon thus remorselessly, and attacked with this impunity, that every scribbler hails him as his friend, and leads him through all the stupidest scenes by the button-hole, is, no doubt, because of his gentleness. The Gentle Reader is unable to say no, or bo to a goose-quill. No author dares to treat the Reader—pure and simple—in any such way. On the contrary, his connection with that gentleman is wholly of a business character, and no obligation is supposed to be upon either side. The Courteous Reader, even, is not so great a ninny as the subject of this paper, and is addressed, with hat in hand, indeed, but yet as a reasonably ill-tempered individual with whom absurd liberties are not to be taken. Our Fair Readers—who are always in the plural, and, I think, supposed to be the sharers of an eternal friendship which has lasted thirteen weeks at a boarding-school, and who lean over the same pages with arms round each other's necks, and in mutual tears—are trifled with somewhat, and not set at a very high intellectual estimate; but still they have not that catholicism of character which admits of their being so continuously ill-treated as the Gentle Reader. The Dear Reader is only apostrophised by female writers, who endeavour by that unjustifiable emollient to blind the judgment and enlist the affections on their side.

The General Reader is at the head of a totally different class. He is, in the author's eyes, the ring-leader of the unappreciating and illiterate mob; of that faction—and it is sometimes considerable—which is sure to decline to read, and far more to buy, his

book. When a chapter is about to be devoted to a subject which the writer does not quite understand, or is about to be filled with got-up and unnecessary technical expressions, the General Reader is warned off in the opening sentences, as by a trespass-board. He is recommended, in a foot-note, to buy another work of the author's, written in a more popular style, and not to read any more of that which he has in his hand, because he won't understand it. The Intelligent Reader, and the like, are, at the same time, flatteringly beckoned on, it is true; but everybody knows pretty well what is coming, and skips the chapter. This notice to the General Reader is the first open declaration of that contempt which the author secretly entertains for many even of his own clients. A sneering reference to the Casual Reader speedily follows. The Casual Reader will not peruse, and will not understand if he does peruse; will not be entertained, and if he is entertained where no entertainment is meant, ought to be ashamed of himself; will fail to mark, or, having marked, will not be able to carry it in his mind to the place where it will be useful to him; will skim too hastily—in fact, the Casual Reader is periphrastically informed that he had better shut up the book, go home, and get to bed. Having thus lashed himself into fury, and the worst passions of his professional nature being fully aroused, the author throws aside the last rag of courtesy, and falls tooth-and-nail and steel-pen upon the Vapid and Irreflective Reader himself. He has been waiting for him for some considerable time. The bonds of sympathy between the writer and the public have been long gradually loosening, and are now utterly dissolved. Scarcely anybody is ignorant that, under the name of the Vapid and Irreflective Reader, the author is, in reality, anathematising everybody. Upon that unfortunate subject he avenges himself, with a hideous malice, for the servile adulation which he has lavished, in other places, upon the Gentle Reader, and others of that kidney. The slave, as generally happens, is now become the tyrant. Growing duller and duller in the matter of the work he is composing—and what is more, being well aware of it himself—he waxes fiercer and more intolerant against that increasing majority of the reading public who are unlikely to read him. The only person, indeed, who can be compared to the Vapid and Irreflective Reader as a type of all that is base and foolish, is that equally denunciated individual, the Sinner, who is the target of the divines. In the latter case, by some fortunate arrangement of our ideas, we rarely associate the object of so much invective with ourselves; but, in the former, we cannot fail to recognise some of our own familiar lineaments. Still, there is in this an honest outpeaking and an acknowledged misunderstanding between the author and his unappreciators, which is to me infinitely preferable to that hypocritical deference he pays to the Gentle Reader. Any allusion to him—and, indeed, to any Reader—only helps to destroy what little reality the writer may have had the good-fortune to invest his scenes with, and to break that web of fancy which, Apollo knows, it is hard enough for him to weave. Moreover, as I have said—and this consideration has much weight with me—there is little or nothing to be got out of the Gentle Reader. The very mention of him, indeed, is a literary toadyism; from the practice of which, as of all other toadyisms, no true benefit can be ever possibly derived. Therefore, though my brethren of the pen may tremble at my audacity, and the unaccustomed public knit its indignant

brows, I hereby declare that I do not care three halfpence—the absurdly ridiculous price of this superlative periodical—whether this paper of mine shall please the Gentle Reader or not.

'THE GARDEN OF FLOWERS'

THE eager craving after knowledge evinced by all classes of the community, has, in these latter days of the world's history, summoned into existence an immense number of books treating of every science and art, from astronomy to angling, in what is generally termed a popular manner. A popular work on science, however, is not the one thing new under the sun. A certain Antonio Torquemada wrote and published a book of this description in Spain, as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century; and it achieved a very widely extended popularity for itself. It was translated into nearly, if not quite, all of the European languages; bibliographers reckon its editions by hundreds. Nor need we be surprised at the general favour in which it was held. To an attractive title, *The Garden of Flowers*, it added about six hundred of the most marvellous stories, selected from the various authors then considered the standards of scientific knowledge. These metaphorical flowers of the garden of science are pleasingly and appropriately introduced to the reader as the conversation of three friends—Antonio, Bernardo, and Ludovico—in a real garden decorated with natural flowers. In most instances, each speaker, as he adds his flower or story to the collection, assigns his authority, saying—'as Pliny hath it,' 'as it is written in Solinus,' 'as it may be seen in Olaus Magnus,' and so forth; the fathers of the Church, too, are frequently quoted in a similar fashion, and the whole forms a very remarkable reflex of the state of general and natural science at the period in which it was compiled.

Like the progress of an explorer of a new country, the world's advance in knowledge can only be correctly estimated by looking back to the landmarks left on the ground already passed over. Thus the *Garden of Flowers*, we could not have a better landmark for this purpose. It was long the companion of the grave and learned, and was dedicated to a ripe scholar, Sarmiento de Soto Mayor, bishop of Astorga, rejoicing in as many other names, designations, and titles as none other than a Spaniard could possibly possess. Let us then, hand-in-hand, friendly reader, enter this antique garden, and discover what was the general knowledge among men of learning about three hundred years ago.

The three friends, having met in the garden, sit down, under the shade of a tuft of trees, on the bank of a river; and soothed with the pleasing sound of the clear stream and murmuring of the green leaves, contemplate the flowers—'so diverse in form, so dainty in colour, as if nature had used her extreme industry to shape, paint, and enamel them.' This naturally leads the conversation to the works of nature in general, which forms the first day's discourse or chapter, entitled, 'Many things worthy of admiration, which nature hath wrought, and daily worketh in men, contrary to her common and ordinary course of operation.' Here we read of whole nations having heads like dogs, and feet like oxen; of a tribe of one-footed people, and of several varieties of tailed men—some having tails like those of peacocks; others whose vertebral terminations resembled those of horses; while a third had thick bushy tails like foxes. Indeed, there could be no doubt about the latter, for Bernardo speaks of a man of fox-tailed men that then existed in Spain. Their ancestors had offended a certain St. Torobius, who thus punished them in *secula seculorum*. It may now be generally known that a similar story is still told of

a district in England. St Augustine is said, by our old monkish chroniclers, to have endowed the people of a part of Kent with tails like fishes, because they preferred fishing to listening to his sermons. But though the story is still alluded to as a vulgar reproach, we must say to the reader, in the quaint words of our author, 'you commit no deadly sin though you believe it not.'

After a long discourse about Amazons, the three friends speak of 'a fierce people and of great courage, though only three spans in length,' called pigmies. 'They inhabit the utter part of India, toward the east, near the rising of the river Ganges, where, at such times as it is in other places winter, the cranes come to lay their eggs, and to bring up their young ones, about the river-sides; whose coming, so soon as the pigmies perceive—because they are so little, that the cranes regard them not, but do them much hurt, as well in their persons as in eating up their victuals and spoiling their fruits—they join themselves in great numbers to break their eggs. And to prepare themselves to this terrible fight, they mount upon goats and rams, and in very goodly equipage, go forward to destroy this multiplication of cranes, as to a most dangerous and bloody enterprise.'

Of the existence of the pigmies, the friends have no manner of doubt. They tell us that the Tyrians, whose commerce led them to the extreme ends of the earth, retained numbers of these valiant little people as mercenary soldiers; that, in short, the pigmies are no other than the Gammadina, who hanged their shields upon the towers of Tyre, as we may read in the twenty-seventh chapter of the book of Ezekiel. And we must ourselves add, that the belief in a nation of pigmies prevailed to a comparatively late period. Few of the old museums were without the skeleton or embalmed body of a pigmy; and it was no earlier than the last century, when Dr Tyson, in an elaborate anatomical work, first proved that all those embalmed bodies and skeletons were the remains of monkeys.

From the dwarf to the giant is no more distant a step, than from the ridiculous to the sublime. One Bocacius, who saw it himself, is given as the authority for the following story: 'Near Trapani, in Sicily, certain labourers, digging for chalk under the foot of a hill, discovered a cave of great wideness. Entering into the which, with light, they found sitting in the midst thereof a man of such monstrous hugeness, that, astonished therewith, they fled to the village, reporting what they had seen; then, gathering together in greater number, with torches and weapons, they returned to the cave, where they found the giant, whose like was never heard of before. In his left hand he held a mighty staff, so great and thick as a great mast of a ship. Seeing that he stirred not, they took a good heart and drew near him; but they had no sooner laid their hands upon him, than he fell to ashes, the bones only remaining—so monstrous, that the very skull of his head could hold in it a bushel of wheat. His whole skeleton being measured, was found to be 140 cubits in length.'

To arrive at such a size, the man must have lived a very long time; so we are next treated with accounts of persons, who had lived from 200 up to 500 years. Centaurs, mermen, and merwomen, next furnish subjects for the most ridiculous stories. We are told that a family, appropriately termed Marins, then lived in Spain, who were the descendants of a merman. These Marins were webfooted and scaly. They lived principally on raw fish, which they caught with their hands while swimming in their great-grandfather's native element, being, as may readily be granted, the expertest of swimmers.

A fountain in the garden suggests the topic of the second day's conversation—'On the proportions and

virtues of springs, rivers, and lakes.' We have little, however, about the objects specified, springs and rivers leading the conversation to the four great rivers mentioned in Scripture as surrounding the garden of Eden; and nearly the whole chapter is taken up with a discussion respecting the exact site of the terrestrial paradise. This, though a favourite subject of discussion at the period, forms a terribly dry one now; so we shall pass on to the next day.

The third day's conversation turns upon 'fancies, visions, spirits, enchanters, charmers, witches, and hags.' After a deal of curious matter, the friends come to a conclusion, as contrary to that of Aristotle and the ancients, as it is to the ideas of the modern ghost-believers and spirit-rappers—namely, that all apparitions proceed from the devils alone. We are told that there are six degrees of those very numerous and troublesome gentry. The first, in the upper regions of the air, attends to thunder, lightning, hail, and snow; the second, in the lower part of the atmosphere, causes heavy rains, blights, frosts, storms, and whirlwinds; the third, on earth, has quite enough, indeed too much, to do with the affairs of man; the fourth, in the waters, presides over inundations and shipwrecks; the fifth, in the upper strata of the earth, occasions earthquakes, and accidents in mines and wells; the sixth, still lower down, is actively employed in the place unmentionable to ears polite. Among all these, there are well-defined gradations of rank, from the 'arch-enemy' Satan himself, down to the lowest stoke.

We here learn how it was that witches and wizards were generally deserted, in their utmost need, by the fiends with whom they had formed engagements. In their ignorance, they had made contracts with low, vulgar demons, that had neither power to fulfil, nor sufficient honourable feeling to carry out, their engagements. In all cases, however, when the bargain was made with a demon of rank, the terms were most honourably fulfilled, though the extreme penalty of the bond was always exacted. Indeed, some necromancers of superlative cunning and audacity, managed to cheat the demons—'turn a corner jinkin', as Burns says; but of such highly presumptuous and dangerous experiments, the less said the better. Necromancers who wished to possess a private demoniacal attendant of their own always at hand, could have one confined in a ring, button, box, phial, or other small portable article; but, as a high-caste demon would not submit to such confinement, and a low-caste one could not be depended upon, it was usual in such transactions to secure the services of a low-class fiend, at the same time taking a bond for their due fulfilment, from one of the upper ten thousand in devildom. The best thing, however, that a magician could have a devil confined in was a horse. He could then make journeys of incredible distance in the shortest periods, and always find profitable employment for the imprisoned fiend; an object sometimes of very great consequence.

Of planetary influence, we are told a curious story, to the following effect: Abel, the son of Adam, foreseeing the deluge, and naturally anxious that the recondite secrets, so dearly purchased by eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge, should not be lost to mankind, wrote a book on the virtues and properties of the planets, and enclosed it in the centre of a large stone. Long after the great cataclysm, Hermes Trismegistus found the stone, opened it, and took out the book, by the contents of which he profited most wonderfully. This antediluvian book subsequently fell into the hands of St Thomas, who, in turn, managed to perform many great and admirable feats by its assistance. On one occasion, the saint, while sojourning in a certain city, being seized by a severe sickness, was much annoyed by the noise of horses and carts traversing the narrow street in which

he dwelt. So he prepared two images, according to a prescription made and provided in Abel's ancient book aforesaid, and having burned one of them at each end of the street, no horse or other beast of draught or burthen could ever after pass the spots where those images were interred. He also made another image, from directions in the same book, and threw it into a fountain; and the effect of this wonderful image was such, that every picher touched by the waters of that fountain immediately fell to pieces. This certainly seems to have been a very mischievous trick, even though perpetrated by a saint; and it also savours of a tampering with forbidden arts. But our author sets us right on the latter score. Using the influence of the planets, he tells us, is so very lawful, that nothing can be said against it; but the other kind of necromancy, used and practised through the help and favour of the devil, is a very different affair indeed.

There is nothing novel in the ghost stories in this chapter; they are of the regular stereotyped kind, long and still known over all the world, though here localised by assuming a Spanish character. And as we are given to understand that those appearances were not disembodied spirits, but merely illusions caused by devils, the accounts of them lose that cold charnel-house-like connection with death, the grave, and our own humanity in its future form, which constitutes the great charm and interest of what we may term a legitimate ghost story.

Many supposed apparitions, however, were merely natural events, to which men, in their superstitious fears, attributed a spiritual character. As an instance of such, we are told of an occurrence that took place at Benevento, the very town where the garden-scene is laid. An industrious matron, having risen before day one morning, to finish some pressing household work, sent her servant to light a candle at a lamp that was always kept burning in a neighbouring church. The sleepy girl, slightly dressed in white night-clothes, losing her way, wandered over half the town, before she reached the church, and then, too stupid to give any explanation, frightened a silly sexton before she returned to her mistress's house with the burning candle. But, in the meantime, the mistress herself, not choosing to wait in the dark, set off for the church, and also returned with a lighted candle in her hand. Now, it happened that a sick neighbour saw the two women, and his mind being weakened by disease, magnified their number to a considerable extent. The sexton partly corroborated the sick man; and as the story travelled, the number multiplied till the middle of the day, when it was currently reported and believed that a penitential procession of two thousand ghosts carrying lighted tapers had passed through the town during the previous night. For, says Ludovico, who tells the story, 'let but one such matter as this come amongst the common people, and it will grow so, from mouth to mouth, that at last of a unite they will make an elephant.'

The fourth day's discourse, suggested by the arrangement of the flowers in the garden, is upon 'chance, fortune, destiny, luck, felicity, and happiness—what they signify, the difference between them, and many other learned and curious points; and forms a very interesting chapter, far in advance of the age in which it was written. Astrology, and the supposed influence of the stars, at man's birth, on his future destiny, are treated as ridiculous absurdities; while ignorance and misconduct are shown to be the principal causes of human misfortunes and miseries. Here Antonio tells a story of some mowers, who found, in a meadow they were cutting, a miserable leper that had crawled thither to die. The contagious nature of the disease, and the hideously disgusting

state of the poor wretch, deterred them from attempting to render him any assistance. On going to their mid-day meal, however, they found that a viper had crept into and been drowned in their wine-jar. Was thus rendered so deadly poisonous they could not drink; but thinking it a pity that it should be wasted, they concluded to give it to the leper, and thus charitably put him out of his exceeding misery at once. Accordingly, they did so; but, to their great surprise, instead of dying instantaneously, as they had expected, the leper became rather jolly than otherwise. In short, the mowers, instead of being philanthropic poisoners, as they thought, were a sort of pre-Hahnemannite homœopaths; for the venom of the viper counteracted the virulence of the leprosy, and the man was not killed, but cured. 'So,' continues Antonio, 'as all herbs, beasts, and stones contain good and profitable virtues, we should not attribute to the stars the misfortunes that befall us, but rather to our own ignorance, which delays us from properly administering to our health and happiness. Concluding, therefore, I say, that pestilential and infectious diseases are not caused by the stars, but by matters of the earth itself infecting the same dead carriages, corrupted carcasses, stinks, stonks, and putrid water, and many other filthy things.' The belief in the influence of the stars has long since passed away, but there are many still among us who might glean sound useful information from the above passage.

The fifth and sixth chapters treat 'of the septentrional regions, and many things pleasant and worthy to be known.' In other regions, we are told that the sea is the mother of mysteries, but in the septentrional or northern, it is the mother of monsters. (One fish, indeed, the head of which was sent by the Primate of Norway to Pope Leo X. was called the monster: it had no other name, and well deserved to be so termed. According to Antonio's description, 'its length is commonly about fifty rods, which is but little in comparison with the greatness and deformity of its proportions and members. Its head is as great as half its body, and round about full of horns, longer than those of an ox. It has only one eye, a cubit in length and a cubit in breadth, which by night glittereth in such sort, that afar off it resembleth a huge flame of fire. Its teeth are great and sharp; its body full of hairs, resembling the wing-feathers of a goose; and its colour is as black as any jet in the world may be.'

Then Bernardo, not to be outdone, gives the following account of another odd fish that was caught in 1517, in a river of Germany. 'Its head was like unto that of a wild boar, with two great tusks shooting about four spans out of its mouth. It had four great feet, like to those with which you see dragons usually painted; and besides the two eyes in its head, it had two others in its sides, and two in its belly; and on the ridge of its neck certain long bristles, as strong and hard as though they had been iron or steel. This monster was carried to Antwerp, and there live many who will witness to have seen the same.'

Among a number of wonderful fishes, we only mention another, found in the rivers of Sweden. Its name is trevis; it is black in winter, and white in summer. 'Its marvellous property is such, that binding it fast with a cord, and letting it down to the bottom of the river, if there be any gold on the sands thereof, the same cleaveth fast to its tail, which, how great soever the pieces may be, fall off from it till they be taken off; so that some persons in that country use no other occupation to earn their living than this.'

Coming to our own shores, Antonio says: 'There is a town in Scotland, the benefit arising to which

from an abundance of ducks, is so great and wonderful that I cannot pass it over. There is, near this town, a mighty great and craggy rock, to which, at breeding-time, these fowls come flocking in such quantities, that they resemble immense dark clouds rather than anything else. The first two or three days they hover aloof, flying up and down about the rock; during which time, the people of the town stir not out of their doors, for fear of frightening them. The ducks, seeing all things silent and still, settle themselves boldly, and fill the rock with nests. Their sight is so sharp and piercing that, while fluttering over the sea which beateth on the same rock, they see the fish through the water, which—incontinently plunging themselves into the same—they snap up with such facility, that it is scarcely to be believed but by him who hath seen it. Then the towns-people, knowing the ways and passages, get up into this rock, and not only sustain themselves by the fish which they find in the nests, but maintain a great traffic by selling them in other towns. When they perceive that the young birds are ready to fly, the people—in order to enjoy the benefit of the fish the longer—pluck their wings, detaining them in the nests many days, and at last take and eat them, their flesh being very tender and of good smack. These ducks are never seen in that region but at such time as they breed, and though the people kill numbers of them, yet they never fail to come as many as the rock can hold. The generality of wonderful stories are founded on some slight substratum of truth; through the foregoing cloud of exaggeration, our clearer eyes can readily perceive the Bass Rock and its feathered tenantry of gannets.

The sixth and last day's conversation was held in an arbour of sweetly-scented jessamine, where, in the intervals of speaking, the ears of our three ancient friends were regaled with the sweet and delectable song of nightingales, which, in their opinion, far excelled the curious forced harmony of musicians. As we must part with them, we surely cannot leave them in a more pleasant place; and so, at once, we shall say farewell to *The Garden of Flowers*.

A RIDE ACROSS SARDINIA.

ASSUMING, dear reader, that you are not tired of Sardinia, or out of conceit with those dear wild creatures who inhabit it, I propose to take you across the island to Cagliari. You go by rough paths, over lofty mountains, attended by a guide who is quite a character. He carries a long rifle, and wears a slouched hat; is acquainted with everything and everybody; he is an intimate friend of the terrible bandit, whose stronghold you have to cross; he is on most affectionate terms with the padres of the different villages; and to know the village priest, is to know everybody. Well, you must trust yourself—horse and limb, money and all—to him for the next few days or weeks, and he will not fail you; he may just courteously cheat you out of a stray scudo or two, in the way of business—first, because you are an Englishman, and, of course, supposed to have mines of wealth; and, next, because you are a heretic—so the saints would only smile on the fault. Beyond this, he will do nothing to harm you: on the contrary, at each village, as he passes along, he will spread your name and fame before you, so that there will be a positive rush to catch a passing glimpse of the grand 'Milordo Inglese'—not that they have the smallest idea of what a Milordo Inglese really means—an 'Inca of Peru' would be quite as intelligible to them. Meanwhile, there is at this season—end of May or beginning of June—a lovely sky, a country teeming with a varied and most abundant vegetation, not perhaps highly cultivated, but tilted

in a simple and primitive manner. The vineyards are especially luxuriant—no wonder that the wines of the island are so superior to those of Italy—the olive-grounds extensive and productive; and then the orange-groves—you realise the garden of the Hesperides at Millis, and positively ride for miles through an orange-grove. But we are travelling too fast: we must halt long enough before getting to Millis; and how pleasant it is to watch the unpacking of those huge *bisacce*: a piece of roast wild boar—excellent!—birds boiled and rolled in myrtle-leaves—Umph! you say. Ah, they don't look so well as they taste! Very white bread, and very red wine—green myrtle-branches for dishes and plates, and cut myrtle-twigs for forks—a hunting-knife to carve with. But the sun is very hot, and you can take a siesta under these lovely trees—on that sweet bank of wild-flowers, without any fear of cold, cramp, or rheumatism. And what wild villages you pass through—some smiling, cheerful, healthy; others squalid, dirty. Alas, alas; and here, in these low, ill-drained situations, will presently come the dreaded *intemperio*, the scourge of this beautiful land. The season is early yet; you will, I hope, escape it; but see how your guide muffles up his head at sunset in the hood of his rugged *cabanedda*, surmounting the whole with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief. He has had it once, and dreads it. You laugh at his precautions. Take care! And now you wonder where you will halt at night, for *locandas* there are few. You need have no care for this in hospitable, kindly Sardinia, only you must not always carry your ideas of fastidious refinement with you; they will occasionally cause you trouble and vexation of spirit.

The kindly dwelling of a *collicatore* or a village priest, with its simple and unpretending appliances, will be ever ready to welcome you; and what an amusing compound of extreme goodness, ignorance, and superstition is this same village priest. Like his native *molenta*, how carefully does he revolve in his little orbit of daily duties, doling out his kindnesses; ay, and his charities and hospitalities also, on the miserable pittance assigned him for the cure of souls. He will give you a marvellously good supper, good wine, and perhaps a good joke too, for they are not ascetics; but then, after supper comes bed, and with beds in Sardinia come fleas also—not in pairs, dear reader, not even in small social parties—alas, no; these sanguinary little monsters, form themselves into heavy brigades, and make the attack *en masse*.

But you have a letter of introduction to the Seigneur of —; your guide has been long desecanting on the grandeur of his house at Sassari, and also of his *campagna*, which you are now rapidly approaching. You have for many hours been within his feudal domain.

You, somehow, can connect feudalism only with the middle ages; but here, in this far-off, antiquated, out-of-the-way land, you are in the very midst of it. The impression on your mind, drawn from the vivid picturing of the old priest last night, and of the guide all the morning, falls sadly short, as you behold the large tumble-down, queer-looking building, which for some centuries has from time to time received within its walls the successive representatives of the F— family during the hot summer months. You have a recent and very vivid recollection of fine English country-seats, and pretty country villas in England, with their smooth lawns, and all their elegant accessories, and are not prepared for such a combination of power, pride, and plainness. We must go first into the court—see the rough sheds for still rougher implements of tillage; the unsophisticated stable, tolerably furnished with snorting and kicking little horses; and the noble-looking, pale-brown, large-eyed, large-horned bullocks, which drew hither the cart

containing the signora, the young ladies, and their female attendants, but three days ago. There, under yonder shed, is the *ne plus ultra* of antique and clumsy contrivances, in which they were dragged—one can hardly say drawn—over stones as large as your head, jolting, creaking, and tumbling; and sadly bruised they would have been, but for the family supply of wool-bedding which wedged them softly and tightly in.

But the guide has announced you with every flourishing title his inventive brain could suggest; it is in vain that your English taste for truth rebels; he has you at his mercy, and you have no chance of convincing him that you are not the Lord Chancellor, or her Majesty's prime-minister, travelling *incog.* on her Majesty's private service.

Forth come a troop of clamorous dogs, and another troop of equally clamorous domestics, the very antipodes of our solemn and decorous Johns and Sarahs; and there, somewhere in the midst, stands the seigneur himself, hat in hand. He has a kind and courtly look; one may read his Spanish descent in every line of his high-bred features. There is pride, too; but not of that quality which degenerates into insufferable insolence. No; he estimates himself somewhat highly, perhaps; but in doing so, he has no desire to depreciate you. He is delighted to receive you, and he tells you so—your advent is an immense relief to the monotony of his country-life.

I may just whisper in your ear, *en passant*, that he has very few resources—the idea of reading has not struck him particularly; he has practised it but little since he left the Jesuit's College at Cagliari; he delights in the wild-boar hunt, and takes great interest in the success of his vineyards and olive-grounds, from the produce of which, and the mulct exacted from his fensars, his income is principally derived. Well, the seigneur triumphantly ushers you into his ancestral *casa di campagna*. There are many apartments, furnished with extreme simplicity. It is plain, the *villeggiatura* is a sort of encampment. The seigneur gives some orders to the domestic throng who buzz and clatter about him; some macaroni and tomatoes are drawn forth from an ancient-looking walnut-wood *armadio* in the principal *sala*, and, after much chattering and gesticulating, hauled away to be cooked. Meanwhile, you are courteously offered some fruit and wine, by way of temporary refreshment; after which you stroll out to look after your good little horse, in whose well-being you feel by this time intensely interested—his sure-footed sagacity having spared you many a terrible fall—and you begin to regard him as a thinking and reasoning being. After many mutual caresses, you take your leave of him to lounge round the *campagna*, which you find a perfect labyrinth of orange, lemon, and mulberry trees, though with open spots here and there adorned with a few flowers, wildly scattered, and but carelessly tended. Your English notions of smooth lawns and gay parterres vividly suggest themselves; you wonder that something of the kind has not been thought of here, where nature is so bountiful; you wonder, too, whether the pretty, dark-eyed, sylph-like *damigella*, of whom you accidentally caught a glimpse at an upper balcony, does not love flowers; and, if so, why she does not amuse herself by tending the graceful things she so much resembles.

And now you are rather anxious perhaps to stray beneath that magic balcony, for you fancy you heard the lovely arietta in *Anna Bolena*—

Al dolce quidami,
Castel natio,
Al verdi platani,
Al queto rio, &c.,

in the softest and fullest of female voices.

But here comes the marchese again, bringing along with him a priest, a certain Padre Benedetto, to whom you have no particular care to be introduced. The priest, like many other Sard priests, has large broad features, high cheek-bones, round bead-like black eyes, and peculiarly dark unctuous complexion: he takes snuff prodigiously, uses a red cotton handkerchief—makes you a bow and a compliment at every third word. You consider him decidedly a bore, and his loquacity is becoming intolerably irksome, as you wish to hear the remainder of the lovely arietta, now in full progress—you, in self-defence, make bows and interjections in return, still straining your ears to catch the dulcet sounds; and just at

Cota dimentico,
De corsi affanni,

there comes an official, the *maggior duomo*; he makes bows more profound than the padre, and in flourishing terms, and with many allusions to your *signoria illustrissima*, announces dinner. Dinner—it has an imposing sound, it is an era in the day, especially in the travelling day—it is the rest for man and horse during the noontide heat. Let us see what the marchese has for dinner. The table is laid in approved style: there is a tower of luscious fruit in the centre; little appetite-exciting condiments at the corners, such as anchovies, hot pickles, dried sausages, &c. These are barely touched, for here comes the *minestra* with its grated cheese—not soup, dear reader, good or bad as you are accustomed to meet with it—for *minestra* is broth flavoured with grated cheese, and slightly thickened with vermicelli. And now come a host of dishes, all different in taste, but all composed of one kind of meat.

This, you would never have discovered, had it not been for the over-anxiety of your host, who laments in fervid tones the total absence of game, fish, and poultry; tells you that had he had the smallest hint of your visit, he would certainly have procured them; but he has not hunted since his arrival; and there is not a market within—I dare not say how many miles—not a shop: so he had no time—no opportunity.

The secret, therefore, is, that out of the sheep killed for family use, some additional dishes have been concocted, much to the honour and glory of the marchese's *chef de cuisine*, who, no doubt, is all this time secretly rejoicing at this opportunity of making a signal display of his culinary skill. And really—barring a rather generous expenditure in the matter of oil and garlic—you are very much of his opinion. Meanwhile, as the repast progresses, you become nervously curious as to the sounds in the house; you expect each time any of the huge doors are opened, to see the houri of the balcony; but she comes not, as you give her up in silent despair. You are not aware that some fragments of old Spanish customs yet linger here, and that this is one: you will not see her here; you might probably see her at church when in the capital; or on the public walk, well attended by a matronly duenna, or just possibly at the opera; but she is well watched and guarded: most likely, she is betrothed to some neighbouring marchese, and will shortly be united to him without much consultation of her individual fancies.

In the meanwhile—and as you are brooding over your disappointment—on speeds the dinner. Some apricots, lightly fried in boiling oil, and dusted over with sugar, are really exquisite. You testify your approval, whereupon the domestic who is replenishing your plate is enchanted, and loudly commends your taste. You, accustomed to liveried automatons of the Jeames style, are perfectly thunderstruck at his audacity, but perceive that it is perfectly well received. And now the little tower of fruit is attacked; and very excellent coffee and cognac

supersede the wines, which were superlative. The padre, after a very elaborate application of the orange-wood *stocche* to his very unpolished teeth, has subsided into a quiet siesta, from which he will not awake for two good hours. The marchese is hovering between politeness and intense drowsiness; he has strained his eyes three times to make you a suitable reply to an observation; and at length—just as he tried to remark to you that he had heard at Terra Firma that England was a magnificent city—his words died away in a deep sonorous snore, to which, induced by example, you yourself at length willingly respond. So now, again, I say for the present, *addios*.

MORE BIRDS AS OBSERVED BY ME.

IN Peeblesshire, amongst the green rounded hills of the south of Scotland, is the sweetly retired pastoral Vale of Manor, permeated by a little clear stream, in which it was my delight in school-days to throw my rod and line. I could tell every pool where a trout lay. But I advert to the stream now with a design of saying a little about the water-ouzel or water-crow, which I was wont to observe while engaged in this, my favourite sport. It is a little bird, rather smaller than a mavis, black all over the body except its breast, which is white. It is easily made out by this contrast of colours. Sometimes it was met with perched upon a stone in the middle of the stream; sometimes on the gravel at the very edge; and often flying past, over the centre of the water. There were still two other retreats chosen by this bird—a hole in the bank, or one of the lowest branches of some alder-tree which grew over deep pools.

On being disturbed by any one walking up the river-bank, the water-crow, on rising, as frequently flies down-stream past you, as away up-stream before you. It is not a very shy bird, and, though I should have been sorry to have killed one, still I could not resist having many a shot with stones, as it went whirring over the water in its straight, rapid flight. I never hit one. If you take the trouble of watching the habits of this little bird, you will find the following remarks true: I have observed it carefully before venturing to write about it, and of course I know too, that others have written about it long ago. 1. When standing on a stone in the middle of the water, it has a habit of nodding its head and *threatening* to be off many times, before it opens its wings to be gone; it even partly loses its balance when dip, dipping in this way, though it always recovers itself again. 2. When standing thus, it, for the most part, keeps its head towards you, and more frequently its side than its back. When started, it prefers making the turn in the air, to simply turning itself on the stone—that is to say, if it intends flying from you; but I have as often observed it leave the stone, dive under water for an instant, and then fly past you. If there are companions with you, the water-crow will often quit the course of the stream in its flight past; but when it has flown about a hundred yards, it resumes the water-course, and alights soon: half a circle is often flown over in this way. Sometimes it will do this for a single person even. 3. The water-crow feeds on aquatic insects, the spawn of salmon, &c.; and to get at this food, it dives usually in the streams, and propels itself under water by its wings and feet. This is a strange habit, and gave me much amusement, though it was only upon two occasions I was witness of the fact. It was looking after those small larvae of the may-fly which are to be seen in great numbers cased all over with minute stones and shells. These tiny creatures form the chief food of the bird in May and June, and make capital bait for

trout as well. I once found a nest with three small white eggs under a cascade on the Pentland Hills. While I was standing by the fall, a water-crow burst through it from the inside, and flew fifty yards down the burn, where it alighted. I waded in and got under the water-fall, where I discovered the nest on a shelf of rock, with water dripping on it; the construction of the nest, however, was so ingenious, that though wet outside, the inside was quite dry, and the eggs warm. When I was putting on my shoes and stockings on the bank, the bird returned, and again darting through the torrent, reached its nest. I thought this shewed great courage. These are the only points regarding the water-crow worth noticing, that I can remember.

Of all the birds which help to add to one's enjoyment of summer-time, the one I fancied most was the yellow-hammer, or, as we called it, the yellow-yorlin. This is a simple little bird, and has a song apt to be unnoticed by many, but never by me. I may remark that I have recognised the seasons, spring and summer, not so much from their visible phenomena, as from the songs of birds calling up the association. And summer was not summer for me, unless the yellow-yorlin churmed her simple roundelay from the green hedgerows.

I have often thought that the seasons are ushered in to almost every one by some little favourite association. Thus, spring to you is perhaps not spring without violets, or primroses, or budding trees; for me, the song of the lark, the mavis, the cuckoo—is spring. Flowers are your spring—birds are mine. The same with summer: you cannot think of that season—the word itself cannot be sounded, without your calling up something summer-like, such as green leaves or shady lanes. I see summer at any other time in the year, by thinking of the yellow-yorlin; for the song of that bird has always had the *feel* of that warm season.

If the weather is warm and genial, the song of this bird is sure to be in full measure. Its favourite position is on the top of some hedgerow, where it appears very like a brownish-yellow ball of feathers. The notes begin suddenly and end in a prolonged cadence, something like the following words, familiar to many a school-boy:



If the day happens to be chilly, the yellow-yorlin's notes reach only as far as

A little bit of bread, but no-oh —

with a sudden break-off before coming to the cheese; and if she is not at all in singing mood, she is longer in the intervals, and then contents herself with simply

A little bit of bread.

In cold weather, these notes are sung sharply and quickly, with a kind of shiver; but when enjoying the full meridian sun, she will sit on her favourite hedgetop for an hour at a time, sounding to her mate, as often as once or twice a minute, her plaintive calls for

A little bit of bread, but no-oh cheese.

This fancy about the yellow-yorlin must have often struck many a one; for though its sweet notes may be uttered in vain for many a passer-by, still I know there must be those who have felt the warm ditty strike home, like cheerful words from an old friend. Besides, it so often sits by the roadsides.

I must just add that this little favourite's petitions

for bread in summer-time so many times repeated *then*, were not forgotten when winter came round; for it always came in for a share of the crumbs scattered from the cottage-door.

O Ç E O L A :

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—DEVILS OR ANGELS?

WAS I enduring the torments of the future world? Were those its fiends that grinned and gibbered around me?

See! they scatter and fall back! Some one approaches, who can command them. Pluto himself? No, it is a woman. A woman here? it is Proserpine?

If a woman, surely *she* will have mercy upon me?

Vain hope! there is no mercy in hell. Oh, my brain! horror, horror!

There *are* women—these are women—they look not fiends; no, they are angels. Would they were angels of mercy!

But they are. See! one interferes with the fire. With her foot, she dashes it back, scattering the fagots in furious haste. Who is she?

If I were alive, I should call her Haj-Ewa; but dead, it must be her spirit below.

There is another; ha! another, younger and fairer. If they be angels, this must be the loveliest in heaven. It is the spirit of Maïmee!

How comes she in this horrid place—among fiends? It is not the abode for her: she had no crime that should send her here.

Where am I? Have I been dreaming? I was on fire just now—only my brain it was that was burning; my body was cold enough. Where am I?

Who are you that stand over me, pouring coolness upon my head? Are you not Haj-Ewa, the mad queen?

Whose soft fingers are those I feel playing upon my temples? Oh, the exquisite pleasure imparted by their touch! Bend down, that I may look upon your face, and thank you—'Maïmee! Maïmee!'

I was not dead. I lived. I was saved. It was Haj-Ewa, and not her spirit, that poured water over me; it was Maïmee herself whose beautiful brilliant eyes were looking into mine; no wonder I had believed it to be an angel.

'*Carajo!*' sounded a voice that appeared hoarse with rage. 'Remove those women!—pile back the fires. Away, mad queen! Go back to your tribe! these my captives—your chief no claim. *Carrambo!* you no interfere. Pile back the fires!'

'Yamassees!' cried Haj-Ewa, advancing towards the Indians, 'obey him not! If you do, dread the wrath of Wykomé! His spirit will be angry, and follow you in vengeance. Wherever you go, the *chitta mico* will be on your path, its rattle in your ears. It will bite your heel as you wander in the woods. Thou king of the serpents, speak I not truth?'

As she uttered the interrogatory, she raised the rattle-snake in her hands, holding it so that it might be distinctly seen by those whom she addressed. At that instant, the reptile hissed, accompanying the sibilation with a sharp 'skirr' of its tail.

Who could doubt that it was an answer in the affirmative? Not the Yamassees, who stood awe-bound and trembling in the presence of the mighty sorceress.

'And you, black runaways and renegades, who have no god, and fear not Wykomé, dare to rebuild the fire—dare to lift one fagot—and you shall take the place of your captives. A greater than yon yellow monster your chief will soon be on the ground. Ho! yonder the Rising Sun! He comes! he comes!'

As she ceased speaking, the hoof-strokes of a horse echoed through the glade, and a hundred voices simultaneously raised the shout:

'Oçeola! Oçeola!'

That cry was grateful to my ears. Though already rescued, I had begun to fear it might prove only a short reprieve. Our delivery from death, was still far from certain; our advocates were but weak women; the mulatto king, backed by his ferocious followers, would scarcely have yielded to their demands. Alike disregarded would have been their threats and entreaties. The fires would have been rekindled, and the execution carried on to its end.

In all probability, this would have been the event, had not Oçeola in good time arrived upon the ground.

His appearance, and the sound of his voice, at once reassured me. Under his protection, we had nothing more to fear, and a soft voice whispered in my ear that he came as our deliverer.

His errand was soon made manifest. He drew bridle, and halted near the middle of the camp, directly in front of us. I saw him dismount from his fine black horse—like himself, splendidly caparisoned. Handing the reins to a bystander, he came walking towards us. His port was superb; his costume brilliantly picturesque; and once more I beheld those three ostrich plumes—the real ones—that had so often mocked in my suspicious fancy.

When near the spot, he stopped, and gazed inquiringly towards us. He might have smiled at our absurd situation, but his countenance betrayed no signs of levity; on the contrary, it was serious and sympathetic. I fancied it was sad.

For some moments, he stood in a fixed attitude, without saying a word.

His eyes wandered from one to the other—my fellow-victim and myself—as if endeavouring to distinguish us. No easy task. Smoke, sweat, and ashes must have rendered us extremely alike, and both difficult of identification.

At this moment, Maïmee glided up to him, and whispered a word in his ear; then returning again, she knelt over me, and chafed my temples with her soft hands.

With the exception of the young chief himself, no one heard what his sister had said. Upon him her words appeared to produce an instantaneous effect. A change passed over his countenance; the look of sadness gave place to one of furious wrath; and turning suddenly to the yellow king, he hissed out the word 'Fiend!'

For some seconds, he spoke no more; but stood glaring upon the mulatto, as though he would annihilate him by his look.

The latter quailed under the conquering glance, and trembled like a leaf, but made no answer.

'Fiend and villain!' continued Oçeola, without changing either tone or attitude, 'is this the way you have carried out my orders? Are these the captives I commanded you to take? Vile runaway of a slave! who authorised you to inflict the *fiery* torture? Who taught you? Not the Seminoles, whose name you have adopted and disgraced. By the spirit of Wykomé! but that I have sworn never to torture a foe, I should place you where these *new* stand, and burn your body to ashes. From my sight; begone! No; stay where you are. On second thoughts, I may need you.'

And with this odd ending to his speech, the young chief turned upon his heel, and came walking towards us.

The mulatto did not vouchsafe a reply, though his looks were full of vengeance. Once during the infliction, I thought I noticed him turn his eyes towards his ferocious followers, as if to invoke their interference.

But these knew that Oçeola was not alone. As

he came up, the trampling of a large troop had been heard; and it was evident that his warriors were in the woods not far distant. A single *Yo-ho-eh-ee*, in the well-known voice of their chief, would have brought them upon the ground before its echoes had died.

The yellow king seemed himself to be aware of their proximity; hence it was that he replied not. A word at that moment might have proved his last; and, with a sulky frown upon his face, he remained silent.

'Release them!' said Oçeola, addressing the *ci-devant* diggers; 'and be careful how you handle your spades. Randolph!' he continued, bending over me, 'I fear I have scarcely been in time. I was far off when I heard of this, and have ridden hard. You have been wounded; are you badly hurt?'

I attempted to express my gratitude, and assure him I was not much injured; but my voice was so weak and hoarse as to be hardly intelligible. It grew stronger, however, as those fair fingers administered the refreshing draught, and we were soon conversing freely.

Both of us were quickly 'unearthed;' and, with free limbs, stood once more upon open ground.

My first thoughts were to rush towards my sister, where, to my surprise, I was restrained by the chief.

'Patience!' said he; 'not yet—not yet. Maimee will go and assure her of your safety. See, she knows it already! Go, Maimee! Tell Miss Randolph, her brother is safe, and will come presently; but she must remain where she is—only for a little while. Go, sister, and cheer her.'

Turning to me, he added in a whisper:

'She has been placed yonder for a purpose; you shall see. Come with me; I shall shew you a spectacle that may astonish you. There is not a moment to be lost. I hear the signal from my spies. A minute more, and we are too late. Come—come!'

Without opposing a word, I hastened after the chief, who walked rapidly towards the nearest edge of the woods.

He entered the timber, but went no further. When fairly under cover of the thick foliage, he stopped, turned round, and stood facing towards the spot we had left.

Obedient to a sign, I imitated his example.

CHAPTER XCIV.

THE END OF ARENS RINGGOLD.

I had not the slightest idea of the chief's intention, or what was the nature of the spectacle I had been promised.

Somewhat impatient, I questioned him.

'A new way of winning a mistress,' said he with a smile.

'But who is the lover? who to be the mistress?'

'Patience, Randolph, and you shall see. Oh, it is a rare experiment, a most cunning farce, and would be laughable, were it not for the tragedy that accompanies it. You shall see. But for a faithful friend, I should not have known of it, and would not have been here to witness it. For my presence and your life, as it now appears—more still, perhaps—the honour of your sister—you are indebted to Haj-Ewa.'

'Noble woman!'

'Hie! they are near; I hear the tread of hoofs. One, two, three. Yes, it must be they; yes, yonder—see!'

I looked in the direction pointed out. A small party of horsemen, half-a-dozen in all, was seen emerging from the timber, and riding with a burst into the open ground. As soon as they were fairly uncovered, they spurred their horses to a gallop, and with loud yells, dashed rapidly into the midst of the camp. On reaching this point, they fired their pieces—apparently

into the air—and then continuing their shouts, rode on towards the opposite side.

I saw that they were white men. This surprised me; but what astonished me still more was that I knew them—at least I knew their faces, and recognised the men as some of the most worthless scamps of our own settlement. But a third surprise awaited me, on looking more narrowly at their leader. Him I knew well. Again it was Arens Ringgold!

I had not time to recover from this third surprise, when still a fourth was before me. The men of the camp—both negroes and Yamassees—appeared terrified at this puny attack, and scattering off, hid themselves in the bushes. They yelled loudly enough, and some fired their guns as they retreated, but like the attacking party, their shots appeared to be discharged into the air!

Mystery of mysteries! what could it mean?

I was about to inquire once more, when I observed that my companion was occupied with his own affairs, and evidently did not desire to be disturbed. I saw that he was looking to his rifle, as if examining the sights.

Glancing back into the glade, I perceived that Ringgold had advanced close to where my sister was seated, and was just halting in front of the group. I heard him address her by name, and pronounce some phrase of congratulation. He appeared about to dismount, with the design of approaching her on foot, while his men, still upon horseback, were galloping through the camp, huzzaing fiercely, and firing their pistols in the air.

'His hour is come,' muttered Oçeola, as he glided past me—a fate deserved and long delayed; it has come at last; and with these words, he stepped forth into the open ground.

I saw him raise his piece to the level with the muzzle pointed towards Ringgold, and the instant after, the report rang over the camp. The shrill *Ca-ha-queens* pealed from his lips as the planter's horse sprang forward with an empty saddle, and the rider himself was seen struggling upon the grass.

His followers uttered a terrified cry; and with fear and astonishment depicted in their looks, galloped back into the bushes—without even waiting to exchange a word with their wounded leader, or a shot with the man who had wounded him.

'My aim has not been true,' said Oçeola, with singular coolness; 'he still lives. I have received much wrong from him and his—ay, very much wrong—or I might spare his wretched life. But no; my vow must be kept; he must die!'

As he said this, he rushed after Ringgold, who had regained his feet, and was making towards the bushes, as if with a hope of escape.

A wild scream came from the terrified wretch as he saw the avenger at his heels. It was the last time that voice was ever heard.

In a few bounds, Oçeola was by his side—the long blade glittered for an instant in the air; and the downward blow was given so rapidly, that the stroke could scarcely be perceived.

The blow was instantaneously fatal. The knees of the wounded man suddenly bent beneath him, and he sank lifeless on the spot where he had been struck—his body after death remaining doubled up as it had fallen.

'The fourth and last of my enemies,' said Oçeola, as he returned to where I stood; 'the last of those who deserved my vengeance, and against whom I had vowed it.'

'Scott?' I inquired.

'He was the third: he was killed yesterday, and by this hand.'

'Hitherto,' he continued after a moment's silence, 'I have fought for revenge: I have had it. I have

slain many of your people. I have had full satisfaction; and henceforth'—

The speaker made a long pause.

'Henceforth?' I mechanically inquired.

'I care but little *how soon they kill me.*'

As Oçeola uttered these strange words, he sank down upon a prostrate trunk, covering his face with his hands. I saw that he did not expect a reply.

There was a sadness in his tone, as though some deep sorrow lay upon his heart, that could neither be controlled nor comforted. I had noticed it before; and, thinking he would rather be left to himself, I walked silently away.

A few moments after, I held my dear sister in my arms, while Jake was comforting Viola in his black embrace.

His old rival was no longer near. During the sham attack, he had imitated his followers, and disappeared from the field; but, though most of the latter soon returned, when sought for, the yellow king was not to be found in the camp.

His absence roused the suspicions of Oçeola, who was now once more in action. By a signal, his warriors were summoned, and came galloping up. Several were instantly despatched in search of the missing chief; but after a while, these came back without having found any traces of him.

One only seemed to have discovered a clue to his disappearance. The following of Ringgold consisted of only five men. The Indian had gone for some distance along the path by which they had retreated. Instead of five, there were *six* sets of horse-tracks upon their trail.

The report appeared to produce an unpleasant impression upon the mind of Oçeola. Fresh scouts were sent forth, with orders to bring back the mulatto, *living or dead.*

The stern command proved that there were strong doubts about the fealty of the yellow chief, and the warriors of Oçeola appeared to share the suspicions of their leader. The patriot party had suffered from defections of late. Some of the smaller clans, wearied of fighting, and wasted by a long season of famine, had followed the example of the tribe Omatla, and delivered themselves up at the fort. Though, in the battles hitherto fought, the Indians had generally been successful, they knew that their white foemen far outnumbered them, and that in the end the latter must triumph. The spirit of revenge, for wrongs long endured, had stimulated them at the first; but they had obtained full measure of vengeance, and were content. Love of country—attachment to their old homes—mere patriotism was now balanced against the dread of almost complete annihilation. The latter weighed heaviest in the scale.

The war-spirit was no longer in the ascendant. Perhaps, at this time, had overtures of peace been made, the Indians would have laid down their arms, and consented to the removal. Even Oçeola could scarcely have prevented their acceptance of the conditions; and it was doubtful whether he would have made the attempt. Gifted with genius, with full knowledge of the strength and character of his enemy, he must have foreseen the disasters that were yet to befall his followers and his nation. It could not be otherwise.

Was it a gloomy forecast of the future that imparted to him that melancholy air, now so observable both in his words and acts? Was it this, or was there a still deeper sorrow—the anguish of a hopeless passion—the drear heart longing for a love he might never hope to obtain?

To me, it was a moment of strong emotion, as the young chief approached the spot where my sister was seated. Even then was I the victim of unhappy suspicions; and with eager scrutiny, I scanned the countenances of both as they met.

Surely, I was wronging both. On neither could I detect a trace of aught that should give me uneasiness. The bearing of the chief was simply gallant and respectful. The looks of my sister were but the expressions of a fervent gratitude.

Oçeola spoke first:

'I have to ask your forgiveness, Miss Randolph, for the scene you have been forced to witness; but I could not permit this man to escape. Lady! he was your greatest enemy, as he has been ours. Through the co-operation of the mulatto, he had planned this ingenious deception, with the design of inducing you to become his wife; but failing in this, the mask would have been thrown off, and you—I need not give word to his foul intent. It is fortunate I arrived in time.'

'Brave Oçeola!' exclaimed Virginia, 'twice have you preserved the lives of my brother and myself—more than our lives. We have neither words nor power to thank you; I can offer only this poor token to prove my gratitude.'

As she said this, she advanced towards the chief, and handed him a folded parchment, which she had drawn from her bosom.

Oçeola at once recognised the document; it was the title-deeds of his patrimonial estate.

'Thanks, thanks!' he replied, while a sad smile played upon his lips. 'It is indeed an act of disinterested friendship. Alas! it has come too late. She who so much desired to possess this precious paper—who so much longed to return to that once loved home—is no more. My mother is dead. On yesternight, her spirit passed away.'

It was news even to Matimee, who, bursting into a wild paroxysm of grief, fell upon the neck of my sister. Their arms became entwined, and both wept—their tears mingling as they fell.

There was silence, broken only by the sobbing of the girls, and at intervals the voice of Virginia, murmuring words of consolation. Oçeola himself appeared too much affected to speak.

After a while, he aroused himself from his sorrowing attitude.

'Come, Randolph!' said he, 'we must not dwell on the past, while such a doubtful future is before us. You must go back to your home, and rebuild it. You have lost only a house; your rich lands still remain, and your negroes shall be restored to you. I have given orders—they are already on the way. This is no place for her,' and he nodded towards Virginia; 'you need not stay your departure another moment. Horses are ready. I myself shall conduct you to the borders, and beyond that, you have no longer an enemy to fear.'

As he pronounced the last words, he looked significantly towards the body of the planter, still lying near the edge of the woods. I understood his meaning, but made no reply.

'And she,' I said. 'The forest is a rude home—especially in such times—may she go with us?'

My words had reference to Matimee.

The chief grasped my hand, and held it with earnest pressure. With joy, I beheld gratitude sparkling in his eye.

'Thanks!' he exclaimed—'thanks for that friendly offer: it was the very favour I would have asked. You speak true; the trees must shelter her no more. Randolph! I can trust you—with her life—with her honour. Take her to your home!'

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DEATH-WARNING.

The sun was going down in the west, as we took our departure from the Indian camp. For myself, I had not the slightest idea of the direction in which we

should go; but with such a guide, there was no danger of losing the way.

We were far from the settlements of the Suwanee—a long day's journey—and we did not expect to reach home before another sun should set. That night there would be moonlight—if the clouds did not hinder it—and it was our intention to travel throughout the early part of the night, and then encamp. By this means, the journey of to-morrow would be shortened.

To our guide the country was well known, and every road that led through it.

For a long distance, the route conducted through open woods, and we could all ride abreast; but the path grew narrower, and we were compelled to go by twos, or in single file. Habitually the young chief and I kept in the advance—our sisters riding close behind us. Behind these came Jake and Viola; and in the rear, half-a-dozen Indian horsemen—the body-guard of Oçœla.

I wondered he had not brought with him more of his followers, and even expressed my surprise. He made light of the danger. The soldiers, he said, knew better than to be out after night; and for that part of the country, through which we were to travel by daylight, no troops ever strayed into it. Besides, there had been no scouting of late; the weather was too hot for such work. If we met any party, they would be of his own people. From these, of course, we had nothing to fear. Since the war began, he had often travelled most of the same route alone. He appeared satisfied that there was no danger.

For my part, I was not. I knew that the path we were following must take us within a few miles of Fort King. I remembered the escape of Ringgold's crew. They were likely enough to have ridden straight to the fort, and communicated an account of the planter's death, garnished by a tale of their own brave attack upon the Indians. Among the authorities, Ringgold was no common man. A party might be organised to proceed to the camp. We were on the very road to meet them.

Another circumstance I thought of—the mysterious disappearance of the mulatto, as was supposed, in company with these men. It was enough to create suspicion. I expressed it to the chief.

'No fear,' said he, in reply; 'my trackers will be after them; they will bring me word in time. But no,' he added, hesitating, and for a moment appearing thoughtful; 'they may not get up with them before the night falls, and then— You speak true, Randolph. I have acted imprudently. I should not care for those foolish fellows; but the mulatto—that is different: he knows all the paths; and if it should be that he is turning traitor—if it— Well, we are astart now, and we must go on. You can have nothing to fear; and as for me, Oçœla never yet turned his back—and will not now—upon danger. Nay, will you believe me, Randolph, I rather seek it than otherwise?'

'Seek danger?'

'Ay—death, death!'

'Speak low: do not let them hear you say so.'

'Ah, yes!' he added, lowering his tone, and speaking in a half soliloquy; 'in truth, I long for its coming.'

The words were spoken with an emphasis that left no room to doubt of their earnestness.

Some deep melancholy had settled upon his spirit, and was preying upon it continually. What could be its cause?

I could remain silent no longer. Friendship, not curiosity, incited me. I vouchsafed the inquiry.

'You have observed it then? But not since we set out—not since you made that friendly offer? Ah, Randolph! you have rendered me happy. It

was she alone that made the prospect of death so gloomy.'

'Why speak you of death?'

'Because it is near.'

'Not to you?'

'Yes, to me. The presentiment is upon me that I have not long to live.'

'Nonsense, Powell.'

'Friend, it is true—I have my death-warning.'

'Come, Oçœla! this is unlike you. Surely you are above such vulgar fancies? I will not believe you can entertain them.'

'Think you I speak of supernatural signs? of the screech of the qua-bird, or the hooting of the midnight owl—of omens in the air, the earth, or the water? No, no; I am above such shallow superstitions. For all that, I know I must soon die. It was wrong of me to call my death-warning a presentiment—it is a physical fact that announces my approaching end—it is *here*.'

As he said this, he raised his hand, with a gesture as if to indicate the chest. I understood his melancholy meaning.

'I would rather,' he continued after a pause—'rather it had been my fate to fall upon the field of battle. True, death is not alluring in any shape, but that appears to me most preferable. I would choose it rather than linger on; nay, I have chosen it. Ten times have I thus challenged death—gone half-way to meet it—but, like a coward or a coy bride, it refuses to meet me.'

There was something almost unearthly in the laugh that accompanied these last words—a strange smile—a strange man.

I could scarcely make an effort to cheer him. In fact, he needed no cheering: he seemed happier than before. Had it not been so, my poor speech, assuring him of his robust looks, would have been words thrown away. He knew they were but the false utterance of friendship.

I had even suspected it myself. I had noticed the pallid skin—the attenuated fingers—the glassed and sunken eye. This, then, was the canker that was prostrating that noble spirit. I had assigned a far different cause.

The future fate of his sister had been the heaviest load upon his heart. He told me so as we went onward.

I need not repeat the promises I then made to him. It was not necessary they should be vows: my own happiness would hinder me from breaking them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OÇŒLA'S FATE—CONCLUSION.

We were seated near the edge of the little opening where we had encamped—a pretty parterre, fragrant with the perfume of a thousand flowers. The moon was shedding down a flood of silvery light, and objects around us appeared almost as distinctly as by day. The leaves of the tall palms, the waxen flowers of the magnolias, the yellow blossoms of the zanthoxylon trees, could all be distinguished in the clear moonbeams.

The four of us were seated together—brothers and sisters—conversing freely as in the olden time; and the scene vividly recalled the past to us all.

But memory now produced only sad reflections, as it suggested thoughts of the future. Perhaps we four should never meet again. Gazing upon the doomed form before me, I had no heart for reminiscences of joy.

We had passed Fort King in safety—had encountered no white face—strange I should fear to meet men of my own race—and no longer had we any apprehension of danger, either from ambush or open

attack. The Indian guard, with black Jake in their midst, were near the centre of the glade, grouped by the fire, and cooking their suppers. So secure did the chieftain feel, that he had not even placed a sentinel on the path. He appeared indifferent to danger.

The night was waning late, and we were about returning to the tents—which the men had pitched for us—when a singular noise reached us from the woods! To my ears, it sounded like the surging of water, as of heavy rain or the 'sough' of distant rapids.

Oçeola interpreted it otherwise. It was the continuous 'whisking' of leaves caused by a numerous band passing through the bushes, either of men or animals.

We instantly rose to our feet, and stood listening.

The noise continued; but now we could hear the snapping of dead branches, and the metallic clinking of weapons.

It was too late to retreat. The noise came from every side. A circle of armed men was closing around the glade.

I looked towards Oçeola. I expected to see him rush to his rifle that lay near. To my surprise, he did not stir.

His few followers were already on the alert, and had hastened to his side to receive his orders. Their words and gestures declared their determination to die in his defence.

In reply to their hurried speeches, the chieftain made a sign that appeared to astonish them. The butts of their guns suddenly dropped to the ground, and the warriors stood in listless attitudes, as if they had given up the intention of using them!

'It is too late,' said Oçeola, in a calm voice—'too late! We are completely surrounded. Innocent blood might be spilled; and mine is the only life they are in search of. Let them come on; they are welcome to it now. Farewell, sister! Randolph, farewell! Farewell, Virg'—

The plaintive screams of Maïmee—of Virginia—my own bursting, and no longer silent grief, drowned the voice that was uttering those wild adieus.

Clustering close to the chief, we knew not what was passing around us. Our whole attention was fixed upon him, until the shouts of men, and the loud words of command proceeding from their officers, warned us that we were in the midst of a battalion of soldiers. On looking up, we saw that we were hemmed in by a circle of men in blue uniforms, whose glancing bayonets formed a *chevaux de frise* around us.

As no resistance was offered, not a shot had been fired; and save the shouting of men and the ringing of steel, no other sounds were heard.

Shots were fired afterwards, but not to kill. It was a *feu-de-joie* to celebrate the success of this important capture.

The capture was soon complete. Oçeola, held by two men, stood in the midst of his pale-faced foes—a prisoner.

His followers were also secured; and the soldiers fell back into a more extended line—enclosing the captives in their midst.

At this moment a man appeared in front of the ranks, and near to where the prisoners were standing. He was in conversation with the officer who commanded. His dress bespoke him an Indian; but his yellow face contradicted the supposition. His head was turbaned, and three black plumes drooped over his brow. There was no mistaking the man.

The sight was maddening. It restored all his fierce energy to the Seminole chief; and, flinging aside the soldiers as if they had been children, he sprang forth from their grasp, and bounded towards the yellow man.

Fortunate for the latter, Oçeola was unarmed. He had no weapon left him—neither pistol nor knife; and, while wringing his bayonet from the gun of a soldier, the traitor found time to escape.

The chief uttered a groan, as he saw the miscreant pass through the serried line, and stand secure beyond the reach of his vengeance.

It was but a fancied security on the part of the renegade. His death had been decreed, though it reached him from an unexpected quarter.

As he stood outside, and facing toward the captives, a dark form was seen gliding up from behind. It was that of a woman—a majestic woman—whose grand beauty was visible even in the moonlight, though no one saw either her or her beauty. The prisoners alone were fronting towards her, and observed her approach.

It was a scene of only a few seconds' duration. The woman stole close up to the mulatto, and for a moment her arms appeared entwined around his neck.

There was the sheen of some object that in the moonlight gleamed like metal. It was a living weapon—it was the dread *crotalus*.

The rattle could be heard distinctly; and close following rose a wild cry of terror as its victim felt the cold contact of the reptile around his neck, and its sharp fangs entering his flesh.

The woman was seen suddenly to withdraw the serpent; and holding its glistening body over her head, she cried aloud:

'Grieve not, Oçeola—thou art avenged! avenged! the chittamico has avenged you.'

Saying this, the woman glided rapidly away; and before the astonished listeners could cut off her retreat, she had entered among the bushes, and disappeared.

The horror-struck mulatto staggered over the ground, pale and terrified, his eyes almost starting from their sockets. Men gathered around, and endeavoured to administer remedies. Gunpowder and tobacco were tried; but no one knew the simples that would cure him.

It proved his death-wound; and before another sun went down, he had ceased to live.

With Oçeola's capture the war did not cease—though I bore no further part in it—neither did it end with his death, which followed a few weeks after. Not by court-martial execution did he die—for he was no rebel, and could claim the privilege of a prisoner of war—but of that disease which he knew had long doomed him. Captivity may have hastened the event. His proud spirit sank under confinement, and with it the noble frame in which it was enshrined.

Friends and enemies stood around him in his last hour, and listened to his dying words. Both alike wept. In that chamber of death, there was not a tearless cheek; and many a soldier's eye was moist as he listened to the muffled drum that made music over the grave of the noble Oçeola.

After all, it proved to be the jovial captain who had won the heart of my capricious sister. It was long before I discovered their secret, which let light in upon a maze of mysteries; and I was so spited about their having concealed it from me, that I almost refused to share the plantation with them.

When I did so, at length—under threat of Virginia—not her solicitor—I kept what I considered the better half for myself and Maïmee.

The old homestead remained ours, and a new home soon appeared upon it—a fitting casket for the jewel it was destined to contain.

I had still an out-plantation to spare—the fine old Spanish clearing on the Tupelo creek. I wanted a

man to manage it, or rather a 'man and wife of good character, without incumbrances.'

And for this purpose, who could have been better than Black Jake and Viola—since they completely answered the above conditions?

I had another freehold at my disposal—a very small one. It was situated by the edge of the swamp, and consisted of a log-cabin, with the most circumscribed of all 'clearings' around it. But this was already in possession of a tenant whom—although he paid me no rent—I would not have ejected for the world. He was an old alligator-hunter of the name of Hickman.

Another of like 'kidney'—Weatherford by name—lived near on an adjoining plantation; but the two were oftener together than apart.

Both had suffered a good deal of rough handling in their time—from the claws of 'bars,' the jaws and tails of alligators, and the tomahawks of Indians. When together, or among friends, they delighted to narrate their hairbreadth escapes; and both were often heard to declare that the 'toughest scrape they ever kumm'd clar out o' war a burnin' forest o' dog-goned broom-pines, an' about ten thousand red Indjuns aroun' them.'

They did come clear out of this scrape, however, and lived long after to tell the tale with many a fanciful exaggeration.

END OF OCEOLA.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE sessions of the learned and scientific societies are over; philosophers and savans, in common with under-graduates, are dispersing for 'the long;' and, except at the British Association meeting at Leeds in September next, science will not have much to say for herself before next November. The Fellows of the Royal Society have something to occupy their thoughts with during the vacation—namely, a new president. Lord Wrottesley, the actual president—a well-known astronomer, and excellent man of business—has announced his intention to resign the chair at the Society's anniversary, next St Andrew's Day. This announcement has been made the occasion of appeals to the Fellows—in some instances, more wordy than wise—to lay aside flunkeyism, tuft-hunting, and so forth, and to ask why Mr Faraday should not be chosen. As it happens, Mr Faraday was asked to allow himself to be put in nomination; but, as those who know him best anticipated, he declined the honour. Sir Benjamin Brodie was next applied to; he has given his consent; and there is every reason to believe that he will be elected president when the time comes. The right course for the Royal Society, as well as for other people, is to do that which is best and wisest, without regard to what the world may think thereof.

Of things exhibited at the soirées of certain scientific societies, some are well worthy of remark, as, for example, the large collection of water-colour landscapes painted by Mr Atkinson during his long travel in *Oriental and Western Siberia*. To most persons, the vast country in question is but a name, a patch on a map; but these views present it to the eye with its extraordinary characteristics of river, rock and mountain, and sky of marvellous splendour. And in that remote land, Russia is now developing her resources to the utmost, even to the borders of India and China. Other things which surprised all who saw them, were the products of Burmese naphtha, or Rangoon tar, as it is called commercially. Some account of this tar was communicated to the Royal Society, last year, by Mr Warren de la Rue, shewing

it to be rich in materials for the chemist; and since then, by diligent researches, most satisfactory results have been obtained. As Mr Barlow explained, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, the practical results have been worked out in the laboratory at Price's celebrated candle-factory at Vauxhall; and what these are was shewn by the specimens exhibited. Out of that black tar, the chemist extracts *Belmontine*, a beautiful wax-like substance, of which candles are made so brilliant and transparent that wax appears dull in comparison. Three qualities of oil are also obtained; one resembling gin in appearance when seen in a flask, burning with a brilliant flame, and ignitable only with a wick—hence no danger of explosion; and two, brown in colour, useful for machinery and spindles, and with the advantage that they produce none of the corrosive effects on metal produced by other oils, for they are not decomposable into an acid. Then there is a detergent fluid that removes spots without staining even delicate coloured silks, to which the name of *Sherwoodole* is given; and we have seen small specimens of a splendid crimson powder got out of the wonderful tar, which, it is thought, will be much prized by dyers. And the researches are still going on, for the products are not yet all discovered. Hence we have a new import, and a new resource for industry. The Burmese dig holes in the ground near the Irawaddy, and the tar flows slowly in from the surrounding soil, and, as it accumulates, is ladled into iron tanks, and hermetically closed, to prevent the escape of the volatile matters.

A paper, by Mr Fairbairn, read before the Royal Society, contains, under the title 'On the Resistance of Tubes to Collapse,' some most important experimental results, and practical applications, which may be briefly summed up as follows: The construction of steam-boilers has not kept pace with the increased pressure to which they are now subjected. Formerly, the pressure was from ten pounds to fifteen pounds to the square inch; now, it is 150 pounds. Hence frequent explosions, with, at times, disastrous consequences. The outer shell of boilers is commonly made three or four times as strong as the internal flues, whereby the flues collapse, explode, and blow the outer shell to pieces.

The remedy is, to make of equal strength all parts of an engine or boiler acted on by the steam, so that the resistance shall be uniform.—To take care that the flues shall be perfectly cylindrical, that being the form which resists best.—To remember that the longer a flue or tube is, the less can it be depended on for strength. A tube thirty feet long is weak in comparison with one of ten feet. Hence short tubes or flues are to be preferred; but long ones may be strengthened by fitting on them rigid hoops at regular intervals, the effect of which is to render the space between any two hoops as strong as if the tube were of that length only. Another precaution is, to put the flues together, not with lap-joints, as is the usual way, but with butt-joints, covered by a ring through which the rivets are passed. Where lap-joints are used, angle-irons should be introduced to give strength.

Although these results and improved methods will be best appreciated by engineers and practical mechanics, they are important to the public at large, seeing how dependent we are on steam-boilers for travelling. If Mr Fairbairn lessens the risks of travelling, the community will have to thank him for highly meritorious service. For our part, we gladly assist, by this brief summary, in making his improvements known.

Experimental researches are assiduously kept up by the authorities at Woolwich: among the latest are those on the flight of projectiles, with a view to combine the utmost accuracy of aim with the greatest

economy of powder; and others with superheated steam in navigation which give satisfactory results, for it heightens power, accelerates speed, and lessens the consumption of coal. And something has been done in a matter which many will consider as the most important of all—namely, improved cooking for soldiers. A stove apparatus, invented by Captain Grant, bakes, boils, and stews all at once, with a saving of four-fifths of the coal required by the old method, and without stifling the kitchen by clouds of steam and disagreeable fumes. It was found that three meals for 1050 men could be cooked with 500 pounds of coal, and that there is no loss, but equal economy in cooking for a smaller number.—At Portsmouth, trials have been made of a chain portcullis, constructed after the manner of the chain-armour of the olden time, to see whether it could be depended on to keep besiegers outside of town-gates. It is made of three-eighth chain, properly linked together, and will resist the explosion of bags of powder, but gives way before cannon-balls. A notion prevails that in some circumstances the contrivance will be eminently useful—in baffling an assault, for example.

A report, favourable to the undertaking, has been received at the Admiralty from Captain Pullen, who was sent out in the *Cyclops* to sound in the Red Sea for a track for a telegraph cable. A telegraph to India is much wanted; and while the experts are debating on the merits of the Euphrates Valley or the Red Sea routes, the people are wondering why the telegraph was not laid months ago. Some imagine the delay to be owing to secret political reasons.—There is talk of a new telegraph to America, connecting England and the continent, from Hull to Cuxhaven; thence by lines already established to the Mediterranean; thence to the Azores; and so across the Atlantic. It is proposed to use sounds instead of signs, and experiments are making with different-toned bells to communicate messages.—The Portuguese government are about to establish a monthly line of steamers to trade from Lisbon to the Azores, and the west coast of Africa; and here we are led to remark, that while even minor European states carry on ocean steam-navigation successfully, the United States lines either fail or are worked at a loss. Clearly the race is not always to the swift. After all, canvas is not to be despised, seeing that the *Red Jacket* sailed from Melbourne to Liverpool in sixty-three days on her last voyage.—Sir John Pakington, with an anticipatory liberality unusual in a lord of the Admiralty, has made known to the Royal and Astronomical Societies, that a free passage will be granted on board one of Her Majesty's ships, to any English astronomer, who, being at Rio de Janeiro in September next, may wish to observe the total eclipse of the sun then to take place, from St Paul's or St Catherine's on the coast of Brazil; and that instructions will be given to the commander to render all needful assistance in setting up the instruments, and the work of observation.

Sir Charles Lyell's recent explorations of Teneriffe, Etna, and Vesuvius, have borne fruit in the shape of a paper to the Royal Society on lavas, and certain volcanic phenomena therewith connected. The subject is one in which geologists are deeply interested. Another geological matter is, the discovery of a cave in the limestone near Brixham, in Devonshire. Labourers, while digging the foundation for a cottage, broke into a cavity in the side of a hill, which, on examination, was found to lead into a cave, where, besides stalactite and stalagmite, the bones of numerous animals were discovered. Precautions have been taken to preserve the cavern from pillage, until it can be properly explored by competent geologists, a task that will not be long delayed, for the Royal Society have voted £100 from their Donation Fund

towards the cost, and the Geological Society are going to accomplish the work. It is thought that the exploration will throw new light on some of the great questions of geology. The limestone of Devonshire is rich in fossils; and Kent's Hole, near Torquay, is a well-known specimen of its caverns.—Professor Ramsay has made the geological characteristics of Canada the subject of a paper for the Geological Society, and a lecture at the Royal Institution. We mention it because it seems to define the time at which one of the great geological periods—the drift-period—closed. The great escarpment seen at Queenston and Lewiston was once a coast-line washed by the sea. This sea deposited a clay, known locally as the Leda clay; and while this deposit was going on, the falls of Niagara began to plunge over the escarpment. The falls have worn a deep gorge back through the rock for seven miles to their present site, at the rate of a mile, as geologists calculate, in 5000 years. Hence 85,000 years have elapsed since the close of the drift-period. If this calculation can be verified, 'an important step will be gained,' as Professor Ramsay observes, 'towards the actual estimate of a portion of geological time.'

There is something interesting to be said concerning physiological subjects. M. Brown-Séquard, one of the most distinguished of living physiologists, is lecturing at St Bartholomew's Hospital, and at the College of Surgeons. He is well known for laborious researches on the phenomena of the nervous system, in which he has made remarkable discoveries, especially as to the effect of incisions. In one of his lectures, he exhibited guinea-pigs which had been experimented on some months ago by cutting certain nerves; the hinder limbs became paralysed, but in time the animals recovered the power of voluntary motion, attended, however, with a very curious result—the operator could put them into a fit of epilepsy whenever he pleased. It appears that by the cutting of the nerves, the animals lose sensation except in one cheek, and if that spot be irritated, a fit is the immediate consequence. Another noticeable particular is, that the lice which infest the animals congregate on that spot, and nowhere else. Whether it be that there is more warmth, or more perspiration than on other parts of the body, is not known; at anyrate, physiologists are agreed as to the singular and suggestive nature of the phenomenon. It appears, moreover, that if the sensibility of the sensitive spot be destroyed, then the guinea-pig ceases to be liable to epilepsy. Applying this fact to human physiology, M. Brown-Séquard says that there is in the human body a spot, discoverable, as he believes, by galvanism, which, if deprived of its sensibility, would in like manner completely prevent attacks of epilepsy. These are important facts, which, while they lead to the hope that a distressing disease may be abated or altogether removed from the list of diseases, teach us that we have yet very much to learn concerning the economy of the nervous system. If M. Brown-Séquard's conclusions can be successfully worked out and applied, he will deserve a monument not less than Jenner, to whom tardy justice has at length been done by a commemorative statue among the warriors in Trafalgar Square.

We cannot forbear calling attention here to the registrar-general's last quarterly report, as it contains matters in which we are all concerned. He tells us that the number of marriages in 1857, particularly in the last quarter, was below the average. He states the total number for the year as 159,392. The births were 662,884, and the deaths 420,019. In the first quarter of the present year, the births amounted to 171,001, a greater number than any registered in any corresponding quarter. It is as if nature were zealous to make up the loss occasioned by war, when she

sends children into the world here in England at the rate of 1900 a day. Allowing for deaths, there was an actual increase of 501 daily. At the same time there has been a remarkable falling-off in emigration from the United Kingdom since the Russian war. In the first three months of 1849, the number of emigrants was 60,626: in the first three months of 1858, only 19,146.

In discussing the deaths in the first quarter of this year, numbering 125,902, the registrar tells us that out of these there were 488 every day which may properly be called 'unnatural deaths.' This is a startling conclusion; but the winter was cold, and whenever the temperature falls below forty, the death-barometer rises rapidly; and diseases of the respiratory organs become fatally prevalent. Besides, our attention is called to *diphtheria*, a new form of throat-disease, malignant in character. It is sometimes called the 'Boulogne disease,' because of so many English having suffered from it in that town; and at a time, too, when the French authorities declared it to be unusually healthy. For this disease it appears we are especially indebted to the noxious exhalations from cess-pools, sewers, gully-holes, and the like. Dr Barker has made a number of curious experiments on dogs and birds by confining them in a chamber into which air can be introduced direct from a cess-pool at pleasure. In every case the effect was hurtful, and would have been fatal if continued long enough. This, on a small scale, is but an example of what is going on in towns and cities, villages and country mansions continually—day and night. 'A variation in the pressure of the atmosphere draws up the stinking air from the sewers, like Dr Barker's bellows.'

Who is there will not unite with the registrar, where he says: 'It is now time that this cruel experiment should cease. Last year, when no epidemic prevailed, not less than 14,795 unnatural deaths were registered in London. This was the aggregate effect of the impure air, and of other sanitary defects. . . . The sweet odours that enter the country are taxed; and every one has witnessed the admirable zeal of Her Majesty's customs' officers in their searches for *Eau de Cologne*. If a tax could be levied upon odours of another description, bearing some proportion to the evil they do, it would be much more productive; and if it were levied through the agency of the Boards of Works in London, and the Sewers Commission elsewhere, it might be more beneficial, as they would undoubtedly find it economical to substitute fountains of rose-water for their present gully-holes.'

Among the lectures delivered before the United Service Institution—on subjects important to the army and navy—is one by Dr Guy—'On the Sanitary Condition of the British Army, and especially on the Want of Space in Barracks.' That the mortality of our soldiers, especially of the foot-guards, should be greater than that of the civil population, he calls 'a distressing and disgraceful fact.' Chief among the causes of this mortality is overcrowding, whereby the men breathe over and over again air fouler than a horse-pond. If it could only be rendered visible, they would mutiny forthwith every man—and why not? Another cause is want of work. Idleness is fatal to longevity, as proved by returns concerning classes who are not soldiers. At the age of thirty, an agricultural labourer may expect to live forty-one and a half years longer; a nobleman, the lord of parks and broad acres, only thirty-one years. The labourer is commonly badly lodged, and poorly fed; but he works, and works every day; the nobleman rarely does anything that can be dignified with the name of work—hence he dies of ennui and self-indulgence. Dr Guy makes a list which commences with

the agricultural labourer; sailors come next; then policemen; the fire brigade; aristocrats; tailors, compositors, and clerks; draymen and licensed victuallers; and last, soldiers. It will surprise many readers to find the labourer at the head of the list, the aristocracy half-way down, and infantry at the foot. Let soldiers have more varied exercise than that of drill—let them have more air, let them do farm-work whenever possible, and play at cricket and quoits every day.

Dr Guy feels deeply on the subject, and in closing his lecture, called attention to the achievements at Balaklava, to the 'soldiers' victory' at Inkermann; to the heroic discipline on board the sinking *Birkenhead*, and the rescue of the *Sarah Sands*. 'I have said,' he said, 'the first instalment of my debt of gratitude to the noblest and bravest army that ever rallied round the standards of a careless, indifferent, and too often ungrateful nation.'

ALL FOR A PENNY.

Among the evils which were predicted by the opponents of the 'cheap press' was this, that each inconsiderable trade would have its own weekly organ, and every parish its particular penny trumpet; but although we must accept the fact, there is no necessity to accept it as an evil. A local journal which now lies before us, modestly entitled the *Tottenham and Edmonton Advertiser*, is a proof of this; it is a monthly periodical consisting of some ten broad pages, about four of which are devoted to advertisements, and one to the times of arrival and departure of the metropolitan trains; the rest is taken up with the ordinary intelligence of a local paper, with some interesting and unusual matter in addition. This last consists of a careful meteorological report of the district; of a catalogue of all the wild-flowers which grow in the neighbourhood, with an accurate description of their whereabouts, such as might have been written by some botanical White of Selborne; of an account of the insects which make their appearance in each month respectively; of a monthly almanac adapted to local circumstances, with meetings of the choral society of Tottenham instead of European battles, and with sittings of the bench of magistrates instead of red-letter saints; and especially of antiquarian or archaeological investigations, such as may give an interest to the locality.

It seems to us that this is not only a very liberal carte, but just the fare which a local journal should endeavour to provide for its readers. Nor should we omit to mention that in addition to all this pleasant intelligence there are not wanting the graces of the muse, and the lively efforts of fancy. The bard of the *Tottenham and Edmonton Advertiser*, to use the words of a great critic, 'treads in the shadow' of Longfellow himself, and indeed parodies him, in the following description of two dignitaries of the parish:

On a seat beside the highway,
With their pipes and their tobacco,
In the fading light of evening,
With their faces looking westward:
Gazing, as the sun descended
O'er the purple hills of Muswell;
Watching all the darkening shadows,
As they lengthened, lengthened, lengthened;
With their faces flushed and reddened,
In the glory of the sunset—
As a maiden's cheeks are crimsoned
When she first beholds our author;
When she feels her heart departing,
Passing into his possession—
Sat the Beadle of our parish,
And beside him, in his glazed hat,
With his blue coat and his choker,

With his white gloves and his truncheon,
Sat a 'Bobby,' a Policeman:
Each recounting his adventures,
Telling of his deeds of valour;
Telling of his might and prowess,
Boasting of his might and prowess.

While, under the head of 'The Board of Health and the Civil Service Examination Commission,' the following examples are given of the probable ordeal the local authorities will have to undergo—as being especially suitable for them—before Her Majesty's Commissioners.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH AND THE CIVIL SERVICE
EXAMINATION COMMISSION.

It is rumoured that the new members of the above Board will have to undergo an examination by Her Majesty's Commissioners, and the following, we are credibly informed, are some of the questions which they will have to answer:

Latin.—Define accurately the difference between meum and tuum. Explain the relation between propria quæ maribus and ceteris paribus.

Mathematics.—How many churchwardens go to a beadle? (As this is an important local question, the sum must be worked out to fourteen places of decimals.)

History.—Mention the two instances in the last 600 years when the parish engine had arrived before the fire was extinguished.

Geography.—Point out the precise spot in Carbonele Ditch where boys find good sport in fishing. (For fact, see Medical Officer's Report, published in February 1857.)

Grammar.—Put into grammatical English the last month's minutes of the Local Board.

Literature.—Enumerate the first-rate authors who contribute to the *Tottenham and Edmonton Advertiser*.

Moral Qualifications.—How often can you eat your own words without feeling any bad effect?

Sanitary.—How much soft sawder would you recommend the Board to administer to the parish annually?

If this be not very good or very witty, it is, at least, better and wittier than what passed for information and fancy in newspapers affecting to be universal not many years ago: and we hail it as a proof that the Penny Press, even when solely local, can be made of value, and are glad to see that similar papers of equal cheapness are growing up elsewhere.

MAY MORNING.

Up and away! 'tis jocund May;
The lark already is singing,
In every bush spring glories flush,
And the fresh green corn is springing.

Waste not the hours when early flowers
Their sweetest scents exhale,
When the budding thorn salutes the morn,
And fragrance floats on the gale.

Oh, the matin prime is the loveliest time
Of this lovely month of May,
And to gather its dews will joy diffuse
Throughout the live-long day.

The sun is come, and the insects hum,
With joy the air is filling;
With mellow note the black-bird's throat
In ecstasy is thrilling.

The arums peep from their long, long sleep,
And their lordly stems uprear;
Kingcups unfold their stars of gold,
Pale cowslip buds appear.

With silver tide the streamlets glide,
And as they wander by,
The forget-me-not, with its bright blue spot,
Opens its laughing eye.

The wind-flower nods to the silvan gods,
The sweet blue-bells are ringing
Their faery chime to the matin prime,
And the violets are incense flinging.

Then let our hearts take up their parts,
And join the grateful choir,
In echoes long repeat the song;
Such strains can never tire.

Ah! the morn of May is a holiday
Not only to birds and flowers,
It gladness brings on its joyous wings
To these human hearts of ours.

For children greet, with offerings meet,
The year's most favoured child,
With pastimes gay, and roundelay,
And garlands richly piled.

And on the green they choose their Queen,
The happy Queen of the May;
In a merry ring they dance and sing,
And who so blithe as they?

And the sooty hosts—so London boasts—
This day allowed to rest,
Are called to share their master's fare,
Nor dread his stern behest.

Oh, human flowers! these happy hours
Of sunshine and of joy,
Their fruit shall bear, though toil and care
In future years annoy.

For the thoughts of bliss that the heart may miss
When life grows sad and drear,
Yet shed a light which still glows bright
Through the tints of autumn here.

Then up and away! to greet fair May,
With smiles the earth adorning;
Cull life's best flowers, and let well-spent hours
Shed joy like a sweet May morning.

B. K. R.

The present number of the Journal completes the Ninth Volume, for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF NINTH VOLUME.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ARTS

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SHOWS AND SHOWMEN.

The remarkable history given by Mr Barnum, in his renowned autobiography, of the various enterprises he had successfully conducted as a showman, and his exposure of the numerous intrigues, manoeuvres, and hidden machinery by which he had worked 'the oracle,' would, it was thought by many, be a complete death-blow to the exhibition interest. Such, however, has not proved to be the case. Public curiosity is as rampant as ever; and great and little shows continue to pass and repass the same as if the great showman had never laid bare the secrets of the prison-house; indeed, we should say they have rather increased since that time; and even Tom Thumb, one of Mr Barnum's greatest cards in the way of showmanship, is again on the road, notwithstanding all that has been exposed in the autobiography.

The exhibition-world, and what it contains, and the singular people who are in most instances connected with it, have ever been a pleasant source of wonder, especially to the gullible portion of the public; and a really good show is one of those things which is certain to yield any number of fortunes. It is no matter what it is; it may consist of but one thing, or it may be a museum, containing a thousand articles; it may be either Tom Thumb, or Wombwell's united collections of wild animals, the original learned pig, or Richardson's dramatic booth—only let it get properly afloat, under the charge of an enterprising manager, and it becomes straightway a magnet drawing to itself the superfluous cash of the country for miles around. Has any person ever calculated the enormous amount of money annually expended on shows? Were the receipts of all our exhibitions, stationary as well as itinerant, added together, and the amount shewn, it would appear fabulous. Without including an occasional show like the World's Fair of 1851, but taking into account all established places of amusement, from such high-class shows as Her Majesty's Theatre, down to the humblest exhibition at a country-fair, we could easily shew, startling as it may seem, that the annual amount expended on our various shows and exhibitions is greater than that expended on books and periodicals. Mr Richardson, the proprietor of the well-known dramatic booth, or 'Richardson's Show,' as it was called, died, we are assured, worth £50,000; and the late Mr Wombwell, the proprietor of the extensive menagerie, was equally wealthy. Many other showmen have likewise accumulated fortunes, and left sums of money at their death greater than those accumulated in the publishing trade.

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The gullibility of the public, and the love of the marvellous, calls into action the inventive genius of a class of people who are ever ready to turn the public craving into a means of making money; and, in addition to what we can make up at home, every portion of the globe is ransacked in turn to find novelties for the showman: the hippopotamus is caught, and hurried away from his African haunts to the Regent's Park; the united twins are taken from one of the distant slave-states of America, and conveyed to Europe for the same purpose; and we have good reason to suppose that an enthusiastic showman has started off to St Helena, in order to secure, if possible, the great sea-serpent that has been seen so frequently of late disporting itself off that island. When a showman has secured something with a look of novelty, the next great point is to dress up a good story, by which to recommend it to public notice, or, as the showmen say, get out 'a stunning gag.' Nothing is so attractive as a marvellous legend of some kind or other; in fact, everything connected with a show should smack of romance. Barnum was completely master of this art, and the history of how he 'worked' the Feejee mermaid may be taken as a type of the quality of good showmanship, as devoted to this particular branch of the business.

The Feejee mermaid was one of Mr Barnum's most successful American speculations. This young lady was heralded to the public of New York by glowing descriptions and flattering criticisms, in the leading papers of that city; and the ingenious exhibitor contrived numerous plans to increase the interest the press had created, and keep up at its full height what he designated 'the mermaid fever.' Wood-cuts and transparent views were got up, portraying the mermaid at full length; and a pamphlet was issued under Mr Barnum's auspices, detailing her history, and proving her authenticity. Editors and reporters were favoured with 'private inspections,' and went away honestly persuaded that what they had seen was a veritable mermaid. In fact, it was almost impossible to detect the hand of the *manufacturer* in the composition. This was a combination of the upper half of a monkey, with the lower part of a fish; and the monkey and the fish were so ingeniously conjoined, that nobody could discover the point at which the junction was formed. 'The spine of the fish proceeded in a straight and apparently unbroken line to the base of the skull—the hair of the monkey was found growing down several inches on the shoulders of the fish—and the application of a microscope actually revealed what seemed to be minute fish-

scales lying in myriads amongst the hair. The teeth, and formation of the fingers and hands, differed materially from those of any monkey or orang-outang ever discovered, while the location of the fins was different from those of any species of the fish-tribe known to naturalists. The mermaid was an ugly, dried up, black-looking, and diminutive specimen, about three feet long. Its mouth was open, its tail turned over, and its arms thrown up, as if it had died in the greatest agony.' The person from whom Mr Barnum bought it informed him that it had been obtained from some Japanese seamen, by a sailor in Calcutta; and not doubting that it would prove a valuable speculation, Mr Barnum became its proprietor and exhibitor; with what success may be inferred from the fact, that 'the receipts of the American Museum for the four weeks immediately preceding the exhibition of the mermaid, amounted to 1272 dollars; while, during the first four weeks of the mermaid's exhibition, they amounted to 3341 dollars 93 cents.'

For the success which attended the speculation, however, Mr Barnum was indebted in a great measure to the notices in the New York papers, and the rumours regarding the history of the Feejee mermaid, which he caused to be industriously circulated. On this point, he says in his autobiography: 'I called respectively on the editors of the *New York Herald*, and two of the Sunday papers, and tendered to each the free use of a mermaid cut, with a well-written description, for their papers of the ensuing Sunday. The three mermaids made their appearance in the three different papers on the morning of Sunday, July 17, 1842. Each editor supposed he was giving his readers an exclusive treat in the mermaid line; but when they came to discover that I had played the same game with the three different papers, they pronounced it a *scalpy* trick.'

Previous to introducing the mermaid to the 'cute people of New York, Mr Barnum contrived to create for it a wide reputation as a curiosity, by means of a very ingenious stratagem. A letter was sent to the *New York Herald*, dated and posted in Montgomery, Alabama, giving the news of the day, trade, the crops, political gossip, &c.; and also an incidental paragraph about a certain Dr Griffin, agent of the Lyceum of Natural History in London, who had in his possession 'a remarkable curiosity, being nothing less than a veritable mermaid taken among the Feejee Islands, and preserved in China, where the doctor had bought it at a high figure for the lyceum,' &c. About a week afterwards, a similar letter, dated from Charleston, South Carolina, was published in another New York paper. This was followed by a third, from Washington, published in another New York paper, and expressing a hope that the editors of the New York papers would beg to have the mermaid exhibited in the 'empire city,' before its removal to London. Two or three days after the publication of this thrice-repeated puff, Mr Barnum's agent—who had assumed the name of Dr Griffin—was duly registered at one of the principal hotels of Philadelphia. His gentlemanly and dignified manners, and his sociable temper and liberality, gained him a 'fine reputation;' and when he paid his bill one afternoon, previous to setting out for New York, he thanked the landlord for his courtesy, and offered to let him see something extraordinary: this was the Feejee mermaid. The host was so highly gratified, that he asked permission to introduce some of his friends, including certain editors, to view the wonderful specimen. The result was the publication of several elaborate editorial notices of the mermaid in the Philadelphia papers, which thus aided the press of New York in spreading abroad its fame. Of course all this work, with printer's ink, as Barnum loved to call his billing

and puffing manoeuvres, was but the prelude to the one grand object, the exhibition of the mermaid, which was obtained as a great favour, and 'positively for one week only,' &c. The sequel may be guessed—the mermaid became ultimately a chief attraction of the American Museum.

At home, we are nearly quite as clever. The romantic history of two children, who were carried through the country for exhibition a few years ago, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. We may call them the 'Bird-children,' and a first-rate story was got up about their having been stolen from one of the mysterious cities of Central America, where they had been worshipped as idols. The public were treated to a series of wood-cuts, shewing the dangers encountered in carrying away the children from the temple. We need not enter, however, into the details of this romantic story, being in possession of truthful details of their real history, which is as follows: The children in question were found in a show in America exhibiting along with a great pig. They were purchased, or, in showman phrase, 'committed to the guardianship' of a person who exhibited them in a penny-show throughout the States, in company with a large picture, roughly painted on canvas, entitled 'Death on the Pale Horse.' While they were thus being exhibited, they were seen by 'an eminent professor of legerdemain,' who, being struck with the idea of bringing them to Europe, entered into a partnership with the person who was exhibiting them. They were at once brought to London. A good story about them being necessary, this was written in the parlour of the White Hart Tavern, Catherine Street; and the *locale* of the position of the city in which the children were said to have been found, 'fixed up' by studying the *terra incognita* of Central America on Mr Wyld's model of the globe in Leicester Square. The children being dumb, it was determined to account for this by stating that they were the degenerate descendants of the 'Birdmen' of olden days, preserved in the temples of Iximay, and worshipped as idols; that silence indicating their sanctity, they were never permitted to hear a human voice, in order that they might never speak; whereas, in reality, their dumbness resulted from their abnormal character—the want of brain, and consequent want of ideas. These children were born at San Salvador, in Mexico, and were originally kidnapped from their parents, who were natives of that place, by a showman who travelled with wild beasts. The real curiosity of the Bird-children consists in their being *aphelous* children; whereas most infants born without brain, or rather with cerebellum and without cerebrum, die at their birth, and get pickled in show-bottles, and exhibited in museums.

Another show of a similar kind, so far as its getting up was concerned, although from circumstances not so successful as a pecuniary speculation, was very recently before the public. It was an exhibition of two female negro children indissolubly united by nature, and therefore considered by the showman to be, like the Siamese twins, 'a certain fortune.' The real history of these children differed considerably from the romantic version of their history palmed off on the public. The advertisement heralding their appearance was headed *A Romance of Nature*, and announced that the twins would hold 'drawing-room levees,' and that the prices of admission were fixed at two shillings during the day, and one shilling in the evening. Then came a little bit of the story, which was as follows:

'These interesting children, indissolubly united by a mysterious freak of nature, are of African descent, and were born in Columbus, County North Carolina, United States of America. Their parents are persons

of more than usual intelligence and piety, being both members of the church. These children are now five and a half years old, and are named respectively Christina and Milley Makol; and their brief history, like the wonderful action of nature which has for ever joined them together, is yet another illustration of the old adage, that "truth is stranger than fiction." In the winter of 1853, a surgeon, of North Carolina, while on a visit to an old college chum, heard of these children, and upon seeing them, and learning their history, he expressed a desire to purchase and take them to the free states, a desire which was greatly strengthened when he thought of the wonder such a curiosity of nature must excite among men of learning and science. The purchase having been negotiated, the children were carried by the doctor to Philadelphia. Unfortunately, however, shortly after he had carried his benevolent intention into effect, the doctor died, and the poor children were thus thrown destitute on the charity of the world.

'The attention of the exhibitor having been drawn to their condition, he undertook the charge of them, made arrangements to proceed with them to Europe, for the purpose of exhibiting them to the learned and curious, intending, if the exhibition should realise a sufficient sum of money, to make these helpless infants the means of ultimately freeing their parents from slavery. Upon the arrival of the children in this country, and after all the preparations for their exhibition had been made, they were stolen from the exhibitor by a body of prize-fighters, hired in London for the purpose.

'But in the interim, the showman had opened up communications with his agents in America, which have resulted, after putting him to great trouble and expense, in his freeing the mother of the twins from slavery, trusting to be reimbursed for his outlay by the consideration of the public. The mother arrived at Liverpool on the 1st of January 1857, in the steam-ship *Atlantic*, Captain Eldridge, and the meeting between the children and their parent, from whom they had been so long separated, was very affecting.

'The ablest physicians and naturalists, both of this country and the United States, have pronounced these children the greatest living curiosity; and their manners and appearance are strikingly calculated to make a favourable impression upon the visitor. In fact, their lively conversation, cheerful and enlivening songs, &c., evince them to be two of the most interesting and intelligent specimens of the negro race.

'The proceeds of the exhibition, after paying expenses, will be applied to assist in rescuing from slavery the father, and the brothers and sisters of the United African twins.'

The latter portion of the history was 'the great dodge' with the showman of the black twins. A pamphlet, containing a more elaborate history of the children than could be contained in 'a card,' was written, and was about to be published when the exhibition left Edinburgh. We have seen a copy of it, and think it equal to anything of the kind. The horrors of slavery were delineated at great length, and with considerable power; and the children, having been nearly shipwrecked on their passage to this country, something striking was also introduced about that. The brochure concluded with a strong appeal to the benevolent to assist the showman in raising funds for the rescue of the family. Of course, not a word of all this was true, and the children were actually exhibited in this free country by their 'owner,' an American slaveholder, who, finding that the money did not come in so quickly as he anticipated, has long since retreated to his stronghold in the new world, carrying his 'property' with him.

These of course belonged, like Tom Thumb, to the high-class shows, the bills and other puffery being

got up quite regardless of expense, and the prices charged for exhibition being proportionate to the lavish outlay. We will now say a few words about the penny-show, which is undoubtedly the commonest feature of the exhibition-world of the present day. Poor Barnum was sadly chop-fallen, upon his arrival at Liverpool, on being told that a penny was the usual sum charged for the exhibition of dwarfs, spotted boys, &c.; and when an enterprising exhibitor, in the wax-work line, called and offered to engage both Barnum and the General, in order to exhibit them at three-halfpence, the great American showman's heart literally sunk within him. He had in his mind's eye a grander scene imaged out for Tom Thumb than the booth at a fair, and that he realised his ideas on the subject, we all know from his book. The country-fair is the great field on which the penny-showman fights his battle of life, industriously wandering from one fair to the other, in most instances with the show on his back, and accompanied perhaps by his better-half, carrying the child. At these places are usually congregated a multifarious crowd of exhibitions, swings, merry-go-rounds, Punch and Judies, and living skeletons—the general price of admission being limited to the coin we have indicated. What a powerful cause of excitement to the whole country round is that almost indescribable scene, 'the fair,' where, as we used at one time to think, all the wonders of the world were concentrated, where, under canvas roofs, there was a heaven upon earth, since the very angels could not be more beautiful than the beautiful being who danced on the tight-rope in the travelling circus. A whole street of shows, with the caravan of wild beasts, containing the great lion-king in the centre of one side, the grand original Cirque Olympique being *vis-à-vis*; and next door to these we had a theatre, with *Blue Beard*, the *Castle Spectre*, *Fortune's Frolie*, and a pantomime every twenty minutes. On either side ranged booths of various sizes. One held the astonishing black brothers, Muley Sahib, and Hassan, celebrated for jumping down each other's throats, with lighted candles in their hands; another contained the only real yellow dwarf now travelling. In the immediate neighbourhood of these celebrities were located the great Hibernian conjuror, the pig-faced lady, the spotted boy, the Norfolk giant, the wonderful black giantess, the far-famed ventriloquist celebrity, the original theatre of arts, containing the best storm at sea ever yet invented, the fire-legged sheep, and the sea-unicorn—these two in the same booth—the learned pig, and a host of similar exhibitions. All around was the busy hum of the show, the eternal iteration of 'walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen;' the grinning of clowns from the 'parade' of the booths, the tumbling of posturers, the ceaseless whirl of the merry-go-round, the popping of the pop-guns at the nut-stalls; the shrill squeak of Punch; the everlasting crack of the ring-master's whip in the Cirque Olympique; the terrific growl of 'the celebrated spotted hyæna,' or the cry of 'the jackal, the lion's provider,' in the neighbouring menagerie; the clash of cymbals, and the sound of the drum, as well as the terrific clangour of the gong, used by the actors in one of the theatrical booths to announce the awful doom of *The Bloody Unrper*, or the *Caledonian Bloodhound* and the *Hag of Cape Wrath*, sounding every half-hour, or at the exact period 'the doomed baron' was tossed into the 'bloody foam,' amid a magnificent display of fireworks—two squibs and a blue-light—all these sights and sounds were mingled with the sharp 'move on there' of the watchful policeman. And the myriad crowds of gaping rustics circulated up and down, wondering, no doubt, whether the giantess inside would really be as big as the one painted on the canvas outside; or

whether the great Hibernian conjuror could, in solemn earnest, eat fire, and bring out yards of ribbon from the innermost recesses of his intestinal canal, as he promised in his speech; or what kind of a show 'Hajax, a defyin' of the littenin', might be, and whether there was really any difference between the lion and the dog, in the renowned combat, except—the skin; or whether the whole scene was not a mockery, a delusion, and a snare; and whether it would not be better to spend their money at the ginger-bread stalls, than risk it upon the great sea-serpent—seeing that there were three of that genus in the fair—or the cobra capella, or the albino lady, or any of the hundred other exhibitions that dotted the show-ground?

All this lasts, however, only for a day. The morrow comes, and the magic of the scene is over, the dregs of the excitement alone remain, and all who have taken part in the orgy are fatigued and *blasé*. The tents are speedily struck, and the show-folk are again on the move to the next place of rendezvous. The roads are covered with caravans; the great wagons containing the unequalled menagerie of wild beasts hurtle slowly along the dusty highway, closely followed by the circus and its 'stud of ighly trained hanimals,' and the theatrical booth with its blood-thirsty dramatic paraphernalia. Following in the wake of these we have the clean little pigmy wagon, with its brass rails and polished knocker, which the showman calls his living wagon, and which is looked upon by the fraternity as an index of social condition—as we have been informed that 'it has always been considered a proof of the showman's improving circumstances when he adds the living wagon to his establishment.' The road from the fair is but the road of life. We have the aristocrat of the 'perfection,' travelling comfortably in his gig, his wife and family settled, may be, in a pleasant farm in the country, from whence the food for the animals is obtained; the middle-class showman rides again in the wagon; the next class move on in their donkey-carts; while the lowest grade of all leave the fair as they came to it—on foot—the man with show on back, and wife and child trudging patiently by his side, happy in having collected two or three pounds' worth of penny-pieces by the preceding day's exertions.

This part of our subject naturally leads us to a consideration of what has been called the showman's 'mission,' touching which a grave political journal condescended, once upon a time, to leave off politics and discuss the social position of the 'brutal showman,' and his victim, 'the show.' The line of argument adopted was, that the pig-faced lady, the spotted boy, the yellow dwarf, and all similar exhibitions, were in the position of slaves, held captive against their will, in order that the showman might grind them into cash. Now, seeing that it is within our own knowledge that a pig-faced lady has been manufactured out of a shaved bear, we cannot help thinking that, in her ladyship's case, the best thing that could have happened, both for herself and the public, was her being strictly retained in slavery by the showman. Giants and giantesses, again, may be presumed to be so well able to take care of themselves as to be beyond the pale of our sympathies; while the spotted boy, seeing that his spots are amenable to the well-known action of soap and water, may be considered one of the knowing ones himself. And as to the 'victims' of the showman in general, we beg to inform all who may feel interested in the question, that they are great adepts in the art of what is vulgarly called taking care of 'No. 1.' In fact, to speak the truth, the 'show' is often more than a match for the showman; and we once knew 'a wild Ingian' who made little ceremony about hiring a new master whenever he thought the present one slow in his duty.

To conclude, we might greatly enlarge our gossip

about shows and showmen, and so evince our extensive knowledge of the various dodges peculiar to the exhibition world, and to the 'mission' of the pig-faced lady—but we pause for the present, although it may be that we may find another opportunity of still further illustrating THE AGE OF SHOWS.

ARTIFICIAL ICE-MAKING.

'THIS our planet' is for the greater part a sunburnt one. How things may be, as to heat and cold, with our neighbours further afield, it is not our present purpose to inquire; but considering our position, in point of nearness, to the central luminary, it cannot excite surprise that the inhabitants of our globe should for the most part experience, in an inconvenient degree relatively to their physical constitution, the power of his rays.

Even during the short summers of the north, the heat is oppressive; it is still more so in the long ones of the temperate regions; while the wide tropical belt embracing the greater portion of the earth's peopled surface and the vast majority of its inhabitants, suffers an almost continual oppression and distress from its exposure to the unmitigated glare.

Under such circumstances, the supply of ice, where it can be obtained, becomes next in importance to that of the absolute necessities of life. It so happens, however, that within the tropics, where it is most needed, it can scarcely be procured. In vast regions it is wholly unknown; while in Southern Europe, and other places in more temperate latitudes, ice can be had in abundance, and at a moderate rate, in many favoured localities.

In these special, fortunate instances, the source of supply is accessible as well as inexhaustible, and the cost representing only that of the manual labour required for transport. Thus, the 'snow-harvest' of Naples has long been an interesting subject of observation for the statistician, employing, as it does, a considerable number of hands, and a numerous army of small-craft, by whose means the treasured snow of Etna is conveyed to the burning streets of the capital; and the sweltering Neapolitans are served with their indispensable *sorbetto* in the highest state of perfection.

In that country, where labour is at a price almost nominal, and a man will be content, as Forsyth says, 'to wind up the rattling machine for a day with a few fingerings of macaroni,' it is doubtful whether any method of obtaining the same result artificially would be worth inquiring after; but, as very few places can boast of the same advantages, the question of ice-making by chemical means has long been a deeply interesting one, and engaged the attention of naturalists and philosophers.

The judicious and habitual use of ice as a cooler of ordinary beverages, and as a sort of eatable, in the way we all understand so well, is the one available resource against the debilitating and enervating effects of heat, whether encountered within the tropics, or during the summers of more temperate regions. Hitherto, the great expense attending its use, whether natural or artificial, has been for the most part an insurmountable obstacle.

We ourselves know a lady whose husband was forced to resign a valuable governorship in a tropical climate owing to her health giving way; it being, at the same time, the opinion of her medical advisers that nothing more than a sufficient supply of ice was needed to enable her to remain. The invaluable tonic property of iced beverages renders them effectual in cases such as this, when the *materia medica* can supply nothing as a substitute, and gives to this substance a balm altogether distinct from any it may have as a delicious momentary refreshment. We, for our

own part, do not pretend to despise it in this latter capacity; but it is rather in relation to the high importance of ice in a medical and sanitary point of view, that we have brought the subject before the public at this moment.

Artificial ice-making has long been practised on the burning plains of India. It is made by exposing water during the night in unglazed earthen pans, and a very thin coat of ice is thus procured each morning. This resource is, however, partial in every sense, and can in no way meet the necessity of the case. The great pains required and taken for so small a supply only shew the great value attached to the commodity. Other modes of obtaining the same substance have been introduced from time to time, but, as before observed, at an almost prohibitive expense.

In many cases where great heat is felt in the lower levels, a tantalising scene is presented; for snow lying on lofty hills is in sight of the panting dwellers on the plains below, but quite inaccessible for all useful purposes. We ourselves spent a hot summer, a few years ago, in an Alpine region, where a glacier, containing thousands of tons of ice, was within an hour's walk of our house; and yet, such was the difficulty of procuring a regular supply, that we were forced to abandon the attempt, after getting the apparatus necessary for domestic use into readiness.

It has long been known that artificial ice may be obtained by chemical means. By availing ourselves of the property of quick evaporation possessed by ether and other volatile liquids, this effect can be produced at pleasure; the only difficulty being the expense, which, on the grand scale, is prohibitory. A man wrapped in a flannel dress, and kept moistened with ether, may be frozen to death in a very short time under 'the line.' In fact, the warmer and drier the atmosphere, the more speedily will the effect be produced. A bottle of wine or other liquid so treated will freeze, or become ice, most effectually. Even the evaporation of water under a strong sun produces an excellent effect in cooling down liquors in warm climates; and 'coolers' of unglazed earthenware saturated with water, and then placed in the sun with the bottles of liquor within, will 'render up their trust' in a very desirable state of refrigeration after an hour or so.

But the most wonderful fact connected with ice-making is the glorious experiment by which water was frozen in a capsule of platinum at a *white heat*. This wonderful achievement proceeds upon the theory, that water will not touch a body of metal heated beyond a certain degree. A most important fact it is for all connected with steam-producing, that it will assume in such a case a spheroidal shape, and that a clear space will be preserved between it and the glowing metal, owing, doubtless, to the repulsive effect of great heat in all cases whatever.

Professor Faraday has carried this marvel even a step further, and actually frozen a ball of *mercury* in the midst of a glowing furnace, by the judicious admixture of carbonic acid and ether, so as to give greater vigour to the evaporating process.

We merely allude in passing to these more recondite matters connected with refrigeration, as they will prepare the reader for the process of ice-making on the grand scale, which it is our object to explain, resting, as it does, on the essential principle of rapid evaporation; and, to express it technically, the consequent abstraction of the *caloric* contained in the substance to be acted upon.

All we see, all we are, and all the changes that have taken place in our world, seem to be referrible to the fact of *heat*. Rocks are hard and 'solid' because they contain now only a certain amount of *caloric*. With more of it, they may be fused, and, with still more, *evaporated* like water.

Keeping this principle in mind, we shall see that water, in the liquid form, depends for that form on its actual *calorific* state; with more heat, it would evaporate; with less, it would congeal into ice. The object, then, of artificial congelation is to extract the *caloric* from it, and this may be done by evaporation, as we have mentioned.

The highly interesting process for which all this preparatory matter is intended to prepare us, is this: An ingenious inventor has now produced a machine, by which the invaluable properties of ether as an evaporator are fairly called into play, and thus large quantities of ice can be speedily produced; but he has done much more; for he contrives matters so that the precious liquid is *recovered* after it has done its work, and employed over again, for any number of times, without the slightest loss!

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to convey to the general reader a clear idea of the machine itself without the aid of engravings; and even these do not convey—at least to us—any notion of *how* the result aimed at is obtained. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a description of the principle of the machine, and an enumeration of what may be called its achievements.

'The evaporating vessel is merely a tubular boiler. In this, the ether will boil at a temperature much below freezing-point. The ether is contained in air-tight vessels relieved from the pressure of the atmosphere. The cylinder, in the centre of the apparatus, is fitted with air-tight valves, so that each stroke of the piston withdraws a quantity of ether-vapour from the left-hand vessels, and forces it into a condensing vessel on the right hand. When the vapour is raised, an intense cold is produced; when it is condensed, a corresponding degree of heat is evolved. The ether, after resuming the liquid state, returns by a self-regulating valve to the evaporating vessel, and the process thus continues uninterruptedly, and without the slightest waste of material. Indeed, as the pressure inside the vessel is less than the outside atmospheric pressure, it is impossible that any ether can escape.'

It will be seen that the evaporation of ether goes on in this machine in a cold medium, and that, *vice versa*, it is re-liquefied for further use in a warm one, being a reversal of the ordinary processes—as with water, for example. Intense cold being produced in the machine, this cold is utilised and conveyed to the freezing portion of the apparatus by the ingenious employment of a stream of *salt* water, which does not freeze at the same degree as fresh water does. It thus carries with it, in a fluid state, cold enough to freeze rapidly the fresh water with which it comes in contact. This salt water circulates in a continued stream also, being returned to the 'boiler' again after having parted with its cooling power. Thus, it will be seen, no waste of material is incurred, except of the fresh water, which it is the object of the operation to convert into ice, and of the fuel and water necessary for working the engine.

'The ice,' we are informed, 'can be made of any required shape or thickness. It is at present turned out in slabs of eighteen inches square on the sides, and an inch and a half thick. These slabs can be placed together so as to form blocks of any thickness. The ice formed rapidly at the coldest end of the trough is white and opaque, while that formed more slowly at the lower end is more transparent. By increasing the dimensions of this trough, and thus insuring more uniformity of action, the ice will be transparent throughout. The white ice is colder, and more effective for immediate use, but it does not bear carriage so well as the other. Experience must decide which is preferable for general purposes.

'The expense of the process—an important point—

is simply that of the motive power. An ordinary steam-engine of ten horse-power consumes a ton of coal per day, and the product in ice will be four to five tons. The removal of the ice when formed, and refilling the moulds with water, are the only parts of the operation requiring the services of an attendant. The whole expense of making ice in London, including interest on capital, &c., will be considerably less than ten shillings per ton.

'It is in hot climates, however, that the full value of the invention will be felt. Ice, within the tropics, will soon be looked upon as a necessary of life; as much so at least as fuel is a necessary in the winter of temperate regions. The preparation of cooling drinks is one of the least important of its uses. The preservation of animal food, and the cooling of apartments, will be the most important.'

The process is applicable to many other purposes, however, such as the cooling of worts—a matter, sometimes, of great difficulty and expense even in London. The inventor estimates the expense of cooling a barrel of worts from 75 to 55 degrees at 1½d. The salting of provisions in warm weather is also a great difficulty—sometimes almost an impossibility. By this machine, the brine of the meat itself can be brought to the temperature best suited for success. But perhaps the most beneficial application of the process will be to the cooling of rooms in hospitals and in tropical regions. The fearful mortality arising from the prevalence of fevers, in an atmosphere varying from 80 to 100 degrees, can only be checked by keeping the patients in cool apartments. It is evident that buildings can be cooled, as they are now warmed, by the circulation of water in pipes. The cooling of the water for this purpose is estimated at a few pence per barrel.

'Mr Harrison's first machine was made in Geelong in 1855, but, from the inferiority of colonial workmanship, the trial was a failure. Discomfited, but not disheartened, he came to England, and achieved success. He has wisely abstained from bringing his invention prominently into notice, until he has had it fairly tested both on a small and a large scale.'

For these latter particulars we are indebted to the *Illustrated London News* of May 29, 1858, in which an engraving of Mr Harrison's machine is given, but which, as before observed, can convey but very little idea of the process.

THAT FARTHING.

I do not believe in trifles. What we are in the habit of calling by that name have changed the prospects of a lifetime, or even brought life itself to a close; and I doubt much whether the same thing would appear equally trivial to any two persons.

Some time since—I will not say how long—I received a letter, and enclosed with it a post-office order for two guineas. In the missive that sum was alluded to as 'the trifle due to you for so and so.' 'Trifle indeed!' thought I. 'I wish I was able to speak so disrespectfully of a couple of guineas.' The fact is, I was penniless when that opportune supply came to hand; but I cannot say I was without a single coin. I had in my possession one farthing, and on it—a trifling matter, you will say—hangs my present story. That farthing had come among some other change; and as one does not often happen to want that particular coin, it remained long after its kindred browns were scattered. Besides, I confess I should not have liked to tender a farthing in payment. Even if that would have exactly sufficed, I should have preferred offering any other coin. My consciousness of extreme poverty made me suppose that any looker-on would be able to read my penury, if I were seen to draw a farthing from my waistcoat

pocket. A rich man can afford to seem poor, but a really poor one never.

Thus that farthing remained with me for months. It clung to me, as a poor friend often does, long after his wealthier brethren have departed; and it certainly looked a trifle in comparison with the two sovereigns and two shillings, for which I lost no time in exchanging my bit of official-looking paper; but the future vindicated its importance, and taught me its real value. When I rose from my bed that morning, I had every prospect of dining with a certain titled personage whose table is proverbially accessible to all, though only the very poor avail themselves of it. With a good appetite to appease, and a couple of guineas in my pocket, this was, not to be thought of. I dined, comfortably and substantially, and that done, leaned back in my chair with a feeling of ineffable contentment.

Searching in my waistcoat-pocket for my toothpick, my finger and thumb came in contact with that farthing. I drew it from its hiding-place, laid it on my extended palm, surveyed it, now on this side, now on that; but with what a different look from the useful one with which, two hours sooner, I had gazed on the thing, did I now regard it! Well, thought I, I was never before reduced quite so low, but before absolute want came a supply to meet my approaching need. I will keep this farthing while I live, as a memento to whisper, 'Never despair; when I am inclined to murmur at the decrees of fortune.'

I adhered to my resolve. Regularly as I changed my waistcoat, the little coin accompanied my pencil-case, penknife, and toothpick, to the corresponding pocket of the new garment.

Singularly enough, from the time of my being reduced to a farthing, fortune ceased to frown. I had not finished the first of the two guineas before others came, and still more followed. It seemed that my penniless hour was the one before the dawning, and the labours which preceded it were to meet their reward. I found popularity when I least expected it, and soon I, too, began to consider two guineas a trifle. Instead of a single garret near the sky, I occupied apartments at the Albany; and when I went to visit my native place, good gracious, how I was fêted! The tide had indeed changed. As a boy, what scrubbing had I not endured, and all arising from my ambition to become famous as a writer—that scribbling mania which impelled me to cap verses instead of doing my Latin exercise, and which brought down on me the wrath, and, worse still, the cane, of the Rev. Dr Snaffles, head-master of the grammar-school, and vicar of the parish. Awful, most awful, were both his lectures and his whacks; I got the lion's share of both. My father lectured me also, and gave me a long list of the names of those who, preferring the shadow, authorship, to the substance, trade, had died in poverty after a lifelong endeavour to ascend the steps of Fame's temple—steps to them only a mental treadmill, where, compelled to incessant efforts, they yet rose no higher. 'Do not fancy yourself a genius, my dear boy; he would say: 'talent you possess—that is, you appreciate and take home to your heart the good and the beautiful in the works of others; but do not mistake this for genius. Genius creates for talent to appreciate. The latter I give you credit for possessing; the former you have not. Stick to the counting-house; make your fortune; and then, if the wind remain, write verses and tales by the mile.'

My sisters condemned my rhymes, perhaps because I addressed none to them; but, worse than all, Flora Snaffles, the object of my idolatry, did the same. Flora was the doctor's youngest and loveliest daughter, and just my own age. But what girl of sixteen ever deigned to look at a boy of her own years?

Nevertheless, I looked at her fair face, soft brown eyes, and flowing chestnut curls, and worshipped Flora, quite forgetting the difference between a boy and a young lady.

But what boy-poet was ever without a divinity? So to her, after expending an amount of toil and thought which no after-work of mine ever cost me, I addressed sundry verses, entitled *Lines to Flora*. And what was my reward? I met her, with her confidante, Lucy Jones, the lawyer's daughter, and as they passed, she said, at me, but to Lucy: 'Poor, foolish boy, I shall not tell papa, for I should not like him to be whipped.' And she tossed her head, shaking the glossy curls I had been striving to immortalise.

There was only one, my gentle mother, who gave my luckless compositions a word of praise. She, bless her! used to soothe my ruffled vanity, call my verses pretty, and kiss my forehead with right loving touch; but she bade me obey my father. The end of it all was that, after distinguishing myself for deficiency in Latin at the school-examination, and filling my father's ledgers with poetical in place of arithmetical figures, I forsook the counting-house, and went to seek my fortune, with a resolution not to return if unsuccessful. How different was my coming home!

Before leaving my bachelor's nest in town, I determined to sink the literary man, and give myself up, heart and soul, to that home-life on which I had often cast longing backward glances. Authors soon grow old: if they intend to succeed they must be sharp-sighted, and a man who battles his way upward a hairbreadth at a time, comes in contact with a sufficient number of rough edges to brush away early any superfluous juvenility of feeling. In place, however, of renewing my lost youth, and resuming my old home habits, I was doomed to be exhibited as a 'lion' of the first-water. My father publicly owned he had made a great mistake in his estimate of my mental powers. My writings having been, in a great measure, published anonymously, everybody gave me credit for more than I deserved, and, do as I might, the Mudborough folk persisted in thinking it necessary to talk only of literature in my presence.

My former preceptor was amongst the first to call upon me, and a few days after my arrival, I spent an evening at his house. Again and again did the reverend doctor shake my hand, his firm grasp reminding me very much of days when I trembled under his touch. He introduced me to his guests with great pride as a pupil of whom he was justly proud; 'though once,' he added, 'I fear I scarcely appreciated the peculiar talents you possessed. In that I was not, I believe, singular. A prophet, my dear Dick—pardon the familiarity—is never without honour, &c.'

And there was Flora—Flora Snaffles still—more beautiful than ever. She did not say, 'Poor, foolish boy' now, but placed her hand in mine; and with a gentle, half-hesitating voice, bade me welcome to the vicarage, dropping those bright eyes the while, and letting her luxuriant chestnut curls almost shade her fair face.

She and I got on amazingly. A little later, she brought her album, begging for some contribution in addition to what she already possessed. This last remark required solution, and the bright eyes were archly raised as she pointed out the maiden effort of my muse in a state of perfect preservation. Need I tell what such a beginning led to. Coming home, as I did, with a predisposition to renew all my old loves, and finding there not only the charms of memory, but of novelty also—for of late my life had been so different—is it wonderful that the divinity of my school-days became the goddess of my riper age.

There is a certain homely proverb, much in vogue

where I was born, which says: 'Old broth is sooner warmed than new broth made,' and it is commonly applied to lovers who make up matters after a separation. I verified its wisdom. Flora was very beautiful; she had preserved those verses, which proved that her former indifference was only assumed, and she plainly regarded me as the greatest genius in the world. We got a long way in a little time. My sisters began to giggle and look slyly at me when Flora's name was mentioned. Other young ladies, shaking off the awe my literary reputation at first inspired, and finding me in society quite as commonplace as any other man, demurely sought information respecting the mythology of the ancients. They never forgot to ask some question about the floral goddess, whether poets still worshipped her as they felt tempted to believe, &c. Doubtless all this seems silly enough to tell about, but I deemed it very pleasant folly then. Yet smoothly as my love-affair seemed to progress, I was very jealous. Not of any other male individual; I flatter myself there was little risk of successful rivalry to annoy me. The cause of my vexation was a certain Dorcas Society, an admirable institution, yet I hated its very name, because Flora bestowed so much of her time upon it. A species of amiable rivalry existed amongst the young ladies as to the amount of work contributed, and Flora made herself a perfect slave in the cause. If I asked her to sing or play for me, she would cast a glance at a nameless garment on her lap, and beg me to excuse her; until I remonstrated, saying, she really overdid the thing, and made those who wished to claim a little of her time quite jealous of this all-engrossing labour.

It lists not to tell how the point was argued between us; Flora insisting that she did not take one stitch more than it was her duty to do as the vicar's daughter. She seemed almost inclined to pout at my persisting in a contrary opinion, and was mollified only when I promised to make one at the anniversary tea-party in connection with the Society, which was to take place on the following Wednesday. On the Tuesday, I made myself generally useful, and assisted to decorate the national school-room for the festival, receiving the boughs of evergreen and paper-roses from the fair hands of my lady-love. I was rewarded with many a gracious smile, and more than once had the delightful task of disentangling a spray of holly from those lovely chestnut curls.

'You must come to my table,' whispered Flora as we parted; 'and, remember, I shall expect a contribution from you, to make amends for your unkind speeches about the Society.'

'As though I could ever have breathed an unkind word in your ear,' said I, pressing the soft palm which lay in mine.

The day came. I duly *teased* in public, and, I flattered myself, entered into the spirit of the thing, by zealously promoting the locomotion of the cups. After tea came the platform-work—addresses, reports, and vote of thanks to the fair labourers. Lastly came the collection, and Flora stood before me, holding a delicate china plate, on which her eyes were bashfully bent, to receive my contribution. I had placed a sovereign ready to hand, and as I deposited the coin in the plate, looked keenly at Flora to see how she relished the gift. Fancy my surprise on seeing the delicate head thrown back, while a look of ineffable scorn was darted at me by the fair plate-bearer, whose face now wore the hue of the deepest-coloured paper-rose. She swept past, and that night I saw her no more; so, in place of escorting her home and popping the question on the road, I had to give an arm to each of my sisters. I could not understand it, especially as the two girls would deign nothing but monosyllabic replies to my questions, and made themselves

as disagreeable as young ladies can be supposed to be. As my sisters and Flora always 'sailed in the same boat,' I humbly craved to be enlightened by them as to the cause of this change in her manner.

'You ought to know,' said my sister Jane, with a toss of the head very similar to the one with which I had been favoured earlier in the evening.

'I. Why, what *have* I done?'

'To pretend not to know!' shrieked both girls at once.

'I do not know,' said I. 'I put a sovereign on her plate, and she gave me just such a haughty, disagreeable look as she did long years ago, when I foolishly sent her some verses.'

'A pretty sovereign!' again in chorus. 'But perhaps,' added Jane, 'you use a poet's licence to call all coins sovereigns. We ignorant country-people cannot be supposed to see these things in the same light as you great literary men.'

I was out of all patience. 'What do you mean?' said I. 'You are enough to drive one crazy with your absurd sneers and allusions. Do I want to be made a fuss about as a literary man? or what has that to do with Flora Snaffles?'

But I might as well have talked to the doorpost. They indignantly retired, leaving me to my anything but agreeable reflections. I slept little that night, and on the following morning rose early. On transferring the contents of my waistcoat pocket from the last worn garment to one more suitable for morning costume, the mystery of Flora's conduct was solved: the sovereign—my intended contribution—was still in my possession. *That farthing* was gone. I had carried it in my pocket until I had become almost unconscious of its existence; and, all unaware of the mistake, had transferred it to the collection-plate in lieu of its golden neighbour. Of course Flora had set it down as a studied insult—following, as it did, on the heels of our little dispute about the Society. I remember hearing the amount of the collection announced as thirty-two pounds, six shillings, and sixpence farthing, with some surprise, little deeming the unlucky fraction was my own contribution. I would not tell my sisters a word, but determined to have a delightful reconciliation scene with Flora. I pictured tears in her soft eyes when I told of my past trials, delight in her countenance at the romance of the thing, and charming confusion when the whole ended with a declaration of love. I almost felt her head on my shoulder, and its glossy curls in my caressing hand. With these feelings, I went to the vicarage.

'Not at home,' was the only reply to my inquiries for the family.

Never mind, thought I; a little suspense will enhance the bliss of the meeting.

I went again. I saw Dr Snaffles, who was stern, and monosyllabic. He was evidently in the secret; so I proceeded to explain.

He remarked in his most pompous manner, 'that my practical joke was decidedly out of place.'

I was indignant at the insinuation, but asked after the ladies.

'They were quite well; somewhere in the town, making calls, with the exception of Miss Flora, who had departed that morning by an early train to pay a long-promised visit to an aunt resident somewhere near the Land's End.'

And my holiday was just expiring; I could not await her return. I would not say anything to my sisters, being too indignant to take them into my confidence after their distant behaviour.

So I went back to town, resolving to take a run home again in a couple of months, never doubting that all would yet end well. Alas! that I should have it to tell. In six weeks from that date, I

received, *via* my sister Jane, the wedding-cards of Captain and Mrs Vernon, *née* Flora Snaffles.

She is in India now, poor Flora! and I am still a bachelor of the Albany. Trifles indeed! That farthing!

THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSEHOLD BOOK; OR, HOUSEKEEPING THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

ALL who have read Miss Strickland's lives of the Scottish queens, will remember the lively description she gives of a certain Earl of Northumberland, who rode forth from the gates of York, at the head of the northern chivalry, to welcome the daughter of his sovereign, the fair Margaret Tudor, then on her way to join her future husband, James IV. of Scotland.

The youthful princess was surrounded by some of England's choicest knights and nobles, all richly arrayed and gallantly mounted; but if contemporary chroniclers are to be relied on, the Percy far outshone them all; for, to borrow the quaint language of one of these, 'what for the richness of his cote, being of goldsmith's work, garnished with pearls and stones, and the costly apparel of his hennxmen, and gallant trappers of their horses, besides four hundred tall men, well armed, and apparelled in his collers, he was esteemed both of the Scots and Englishmen more like a prince than a subject.'

Nor can we wonder that he found such favour in their eyes; for, added to all this outward pomp and circumstance, he was in the prime of manhood, of a goodly presence, and the representative of one of the noblest families of the realm.

But pageants, however grand, last but their little day; and those who take even the most prominent part in them, when they have laid aside their velvet and ermine, their tinsel and their bells, are, in thought, word, and act, marvellously like other men. So with this gay and gallant cavalier, who, when a few more years have passed, we find very differently occupied; the head that had once been intent only on making his steed 'gambade' gracefully beside the Tudor princess, is now busily speculating on the relative value of fat and lean beef, or carefully calculating the cost of brewing a hogshead of beer. In other words, he is framing, with the assistance of a council composed of the chief officers of his household, a system of domestic economy, which, though intended only for the government of his own establishment, might, for the judgment and foresight it displays, claim a place among law-codes of much loftier pretensions.

A copy of this work, printed from the original manuscript in 1770, and entitled *The Northumberland Household Book*, is now before us; and as only a limited number were issued for private circulation, and it is probably but little known, a few extracts from it may find a not inappropriate place in pages like these; for it not only exhibits a curious picture of ancient manners and customs, but, by the minuteness of some of its details, furnishes hints on domestic management, such as are calculated to be of use in all ages. Few persons, indeed, find themselves called upon now-a-days to rule over an establishment so large as that to which this northern earl gave laws; but the more ponderous the machinery, the greater need is there so carefully to adapt its various parts to each other as to make all work easily and pleasantly together; and if, in his anxiety to effect this end, we find the noble author of the *Household Book* occasionally dwelling with almost tiresome precision on points which, to our modern ideas, seem trivial, we must make due allowance for the pursuits, or, to speak more correctly, perhaps the want of pursuit of the age

in which he lived; while we gather from his example the advantage of seeing, each in his own little sphere, that things be done decently and in order.

This curious manuscript was commenced in 1512, as we are by inference continually reminded, for its various enactments are all drawn up in right regal fashion, and if not given from 'our court at Wreail,' are at least 'ordayned by me and my counsaell on the 30th day of September, in the 3d yere of my sovereign lord king Henry the 8th.'

It opens with an assignment to 'Richard Gowge, comptroller of my hous, and Thomas Percy, clerke of the kechinge,' of various sums of money for 'the hole expensys and keepynge of my sayd hous for one hole yere;' and then proceeds to lay down minute directions as to the proportions in which every possible article of consumption is to be supplied, with the prices that are to be given for the same. To some of these we shall presently refer; but we must first try to collect a few particulars of the internal arrangements of this great establishment.

The family seems to have consisted, taking one month with another, of 166 persons, but 67 more were daily reckoned upon as guests, making in all 223. Of the regular inmates, some ten or twelve might be of the blood and lineage of the Percy; the rest were knights and retainers, grooms and yeomen, waiting-men and waiting-women, brought together to swell the all but regal pomp with which those proud nobles, the sometime companions of 'bluff King Harry,' saw fit to surround themselves.

Many of these officers bore titles similar to those used in the royal household, and were, as appears from the number of horses and servants kept for their separate use, as well as from their sitting at what was called 'the knyghte's boord,' gentlemen of good birth. Thus we read of my lord's chamberlain and treasurer, of the comptroller of his household, and the clerks of his 'kitching,' with a due proportion of gentlemen-uschers and grooms-in-waiting. Then, again, we have an almoner, a carver, and a sewer or server, whose responsible office it was to see that the dishes were 'straglyt sett upon the boord,' with cup-bearers for my lord and my lady, and henxmen (or pages) to wait beside them.

The titles given to others serve to illustrate the manners as well as the wants of that semi-barbarous age. The 'clarke of the ewery,' for instance, reminds us, especially when coupled with the mention of 'two wesching towels for my lord to wesch with, and a gentleman-uscher to bring them in, and to serve my lord with water when his lordship goes to dinner, and when he ryseth up,' of the necessity there must have been for such frequent ablutions at a time when forks were yet uninvented; and a child of the kechinge to turn the brooches (or spits), betrays a similar lack of convenience in the cooking apparatus then in use. Yeomen and grooms, again, to 'serve at my lord's boord-end,' marks the distinction which placed the heads of the family, with their principal guests, at one end of a long table; while the officers of the household, and all persons of inferior rank, sat at the other—the line of demarcation being indicated by a huge salt-cellar; whence the phrase often met with in old authors, of 'above and below the salt.' The 'clark avenar,' too, whose duty it was to yield an account of all the oats and hay consumed in the earl's stables, explains the former appropriation of the tower still shewn at Alnwick as the 'Avenar's Tower;' and the 'arris-mender,' who was to be 'daily in the wardrobe for working upon my lord's arras and tapestry,' conjures up the memory of days

When round about the walls yclothed were

With goodly arras of great majesty—

the said arras being merely hung up on tenter-hooks

against the naked walls, or, in some cases, suspended upon frames, and placed at such a distance from them as to leave space for persons to pass behind—a convenient arrangement, as it must often have proved, in those days of political and domestic intrigue. Falstaff, doubtless, but followed the example of wiser, if not better men, when, in a sudden accession of terror at the untimely approach of lively Mistress Page, he exclaimed: 'I will ensconce me behind the arras.'

These expensive hangings—for the art of weaving them was but newly introduced into England—being thus rendered easy of removal, were, as we are led to infer from subsequent entries, carried about with the family, and hung up wherever they happened to sojourn for the time being. Besides this arras-mender, there were several 'grooms, yomen, and childrene of the wardrobe employed hourly for the robes, sewing and amending the stuff, and brushing and dressing thereof;' some of the said 'stuff' consisting, it is likely, of the same gorgeous dresses which had years before dazzled the eyes of Miss Strickland's Somerset herald! But the taste for accumulating sumptuous apparel was, it must be remembered, by no means confined to the house of Northumberland; it increased to such a mischievous extent during this and the following reigns, that Queen Elizabeth thought it necessary to restrain it by proclamation; yet, with the inconsistency which often marred the otherwise bright character of this royal lady, she so far departed from the spirit of her own edicts, as to have left behind her at her death no less than three thousand dresses!

The occupations assigned to some of my lord of Northumberland's officers appear to us rather incongruous; thus, we read of a 'head clarke of the kechinge, to cum up with my lord's shirt;' and, more derogatory still to the dignity of the nobler sex, of 'a yoman of the beddes (whose name it may interest some to know was Gilbert Swinburn), and a groom of the chamber for keepynge and dressynge of it cleane.' The small proportion of females employed in those departments which modern habits leave exclusively to them, constitutes, indeed, a remarkable feature in this household summary.

The division of the day is another point on which the habits of the sixteenth century differ very materially from those of the nineteenth; and we can scarcely suppress a smile as we think of the long faces which such a regulation as the following would produce among modern lords and equerries in waiting:

'These be the names of the gentlemen-uschers, gentlemen of householde, yomen-uschers, and marchalles of the hall that shall awaite in the great chambre dayly thurrowte the weeke, on the forenoons, from seven of the clocke in the morning, to ten of the clocke, that my lord goes to dinner; whyche persons, for their waytynge before noon, hath licence at afternoon to go about their own businesse from the said noon to three of the clock that evinsong begins, and they not to fail then to cum in agayn, the rather if any stranger cumis.'

But the dinner, thus early served, seems to have occupied a considerable time in eating, for the services of those who took their turn of waiting in the afternoon were not required till 'one of the clock that dinner is done,' and were to continue 'till they ring to evinsong.' The castle-gates were locked at nine, 'to the intent that no servant shall come in which is out at that hour.'

Supper was served between four and five; but we are not told at what time the family retired, though the comptroller—himself, be it remembered, one of the head officers—was enjoined 'to call up the cooks every morning after four of the clocke be streiken.' Such very early rising seems not, however,

to have been quite in accordance with the tastes of his lordship's dependents: from some cause or other—it might be the soporific effects of the 'pottets of bere' that were so bountifully dealt out—slothful habits gained ground; and to avert the evil, it was ordained by my lord and his council, 'to have a morrow-mass, priest daily now to say mass at six of the clock in the morning throughout the yere, that officers of his lordship's household may ryse at a *dew* hour, and here mass dayly, to the intent that they may cum to receive the keys at the time appointed, by reason whereof my lord and strangers shall not be unserved.' Well would it be for the peace and order of many a modern mansion if some such stringent rule could be enforced therein.

The mention of this morning mass reminds us that the spiritual interests of the Earl of Northumberland's household ought to have been well watched over, seeing that he had no less than eleven priests connected with it: the occupations of several of these reverend gentlemen were, however, according to our notions, somewhat unpriestly; one being the surveyor of my lord's lands; another, his secretary; a third, the clerk of his foreign expenses—who, we are informed, by the by, always made up his accounts on the Sunday—and the fourth his master of grammar—to instruct, we suppose, the youth of his household in the orthography and syntax of their native tongue. Others of the priests were most consistently employed as chaplains and almoners, and one of them—appropriately called the 'Gospeller'—was for 'reading the Gospel in the chapel daily.'

The priests, whatever might have been their rank in the household, seem not to have enjoyed the privilege, extended to many other of the earl's dependents, of keeping a private servant; with one remarkable exception in favour of the almoner, who, if he be a *writer of interludes*, is to have a servant (or secretary, perhaps), to the intent for writing of the parts, and else to have none: a provision that bespeaks a degree of consideration for the claims of literature that we should scarcely have expected from the general tastes and pursuits of the age; but the subsequent mention in these pages of my lord and my lady's libraries, as well as the circumstance alluded to by the editor, of there being still extant a very curious manuscript collection of poems made expressly for this same earl, shews him to have been very much in advance of his times in his love and patronage of learning.

There is another still more remarkable proof of this in the fact of his having caused the walls of several of the rooms, both at Wresil and Leckingsfield, to be adorned with a variety of poetical inscriptions, all containing, in the form of proverbs, moral precepts well worthy of being remembered. We must confine ourselves to one or two of these. In one of the chambers at Wresil was a poem beginning with this useful advice:

When it is tyme of coste and great expens,
Beware of waste, and spende by measure;
Who that outrageously makethe his dispens,
Causeth his goodes not long to endure.

The family motto being 'Espérance en Dieu,' there were, in one of the rooms, the following rudely penned, but wise reflections upon it:

Esperance en Dyeu:
Trust in hym, he is most trows.
En Dyeu esperance:
In Him put thine affiance.
Espérance in the world? Nay,
The worlde varyeth every day.
Espérance in riches? Nay, not so;
Riches slideth, and soon will go.

How many a poet of undying name and fame has

written volumes which contain not half so much true wisdom as is set forth in these few doggerel lines.

Very minute rules are laid down for the 'orderrage' of the chapel at matins, high-mass, and evensong; and as a proof of the attention even then bestowed upon the choral service, no less than seventeen gentlemen and children are shewn to have been daily employed in it.

The custom, so frequently and pleasantly illustrated by Sir Walter Scott in his novels, of youths of high birth being placed in the household of some powerful nobleman to learn the arts of war and chivalry, is more than once hinted at in these pages. There seem to have been several residing under the earl's roof. They acted as cup-bearers and pages, and were probably companions for the earl's sons, to three of whom we are here introduced. The elder of these, 'my Lord Percy,' became celebrated at a later period as the youthful rival of his mature sovereign in the affections of the queen's maid of honour, the beautiful but unfortunate Anne Boleyn; and he is also mentioned in history as having been employed to arrest Cardinal Wolsey, when the once brilliant star of that ambitious prelate was flickering on the verge of the horizon. There are some curious entries in the *Household Book* connected with this young nobleman; for instance, we are furnished with a list of the number of horses which a magnificent earl of the sixteenth century deemed sufficient to support the dignity of his son and heir.

First, there was 'a great doble trottynge hors for my Lord Percy to travell upon in wynter;' and a second possessed of the same substantial qualities for him to 'ryde on owte of townes;' but when he approached the haunts of men, a more showy steed was thought necessary; and a 'trottynge gambalding' horse (such as his father himself had loved in his youthful days) was provided for 'my said Lord Percy to ryde upon when he cums into townes.' For his daily use, probably to ride about the home domain, he had 'an amblynge hors;' and strange as the fact may sound in the ears of modern fox-hunters, 'a proper amblynge litle nagge for him to ryde upon when he goeth hunting or hawking.'

These, with a strong horse to 'carry his maille with his stuf for his change when he rydes,' comprised his stud—the sufficiency of which, considering that the list was drawn up in anticipation only of his being 'at yeres to ryde,' none, we opine, will object to. A gentleman in waiting, a groom of the chambers, and a second groom for 'keeping of my Lord Percy's garments clean dayly,' formed the young nobleman's personal staff; and the services of at least one of these was shared with his next brother, for it was his duty to 'be always with my lord's sonnes, for seeing the orderynge of them.'

'Two rockers and a childe of the nurey to attende on them,' formed the nursery establishment of the little Lady Margaret and Master Ingeham Percy.

Of the female head of this princely mansion, we find less frequent mention than might have been expected; but there is enough to shew that if the Countess of Northumberland did, like high-born dames of the present day, take no very prominent part in the domestic arrangements of her household, she was at least well provided with the externals needful for upholding the dignity of her high position: my lady's gentlewomen, her chamberer, her pages, and her cup-bearers, are none of them wanting; and her name is always associated with her lord's in the orders laid down for the provision of breakfast, dinner, or supper, in a manner that bespeaks them to have been equally, unlike many fashionable modern couples, seldom asunder.

Of this noble lady, all we know is, that she was an heiress with the Plantagenet blood in her veins, being

remotely descended from 'old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.' She survived her husband sixteen years, and at her death, bequeathed her body to be buried at Beverley, in the tomb of the late earl; and likewise gave to Sir Robert Gell, her chaplain, her lease at Wilterfosse, to sing mass yearly for her own and her husband's soul.

The trifling amount of remuneration given in return for the various services we have described, occasions us at first much surprise. Comparing it with the standard created in our minds by the present rate of wages, we are inclined to charge the magnificent earl with a degree of meanness quite inconsistent with his high pretensions; and the more so, when we learn further, that L.1000 is the whole amount of the year's assignment for the payment of all expenses connected with the household; but one glance at the relative value of money then and now, dissipates our surprise, and we find that a calculation founded on the prices of wheat and other articles of consumption in 1509 and 1854, would lead to a result much more in accordance with modern ideas. Leaving this problem, however, to be worked out by those better versed than ourselves in such statistics, we will proceed to give a short list of wages as we find them here set down, premising that it was the custom in those days for the nobility at certain periods of the year to retire from their principal mansion to some favourite lodge or cottage—styled here 'my lord's sacret hous'—where they enjoyed, like our own good Queen in her autumn retreat at Balmoral, the privilege of living for a brief season free from the incumbrances as well as the cares of state. As they no longer kept open house, the greater part of their servants were put on board-wages; some had 'licence to go about their own business,' and were no longer 'at my lord's fyndinge;' and the same appears to have been the case with several of the head-officers and the young gentlemen who held posts in his household, who are often spoken of as being at their own or their friends' finding. The salary of the priests varied from L.2 to L.5. The dean of the chapel, though of necessity a doctor, or, at least, a bachelor of divinity, received, if he lived in the house, only L.4; and the chaplains, if graduate, five marks; if not graduate, 40s.: the priests of the chapel, by which is probably meant those constantly employed there, were to have—the first, L.5; the second, five marks; and the third, four marks—always provided, however, that the most discreet of the three be appointed to be sub-dean, and to have no more wages! The treasurer, comptroller, and other high officers, 'if abydyng in the house,' received L.20 salary; but if 'cominge and goinge,' only ten marks. Forty shillings appears to have been the general rate of wages for yeomen, and 20s. for grooms; but there is a kindly thoughtfulness evinced by the following entry: 'Every futeman to receive 40s., because of the moch waring of his stuf with labor.'

My lady's gentlewomen had five marks, if not at 'my lady's fyndinge;' but what amount of deduction was made in consideration of beef, bread, and beer, we are not informed. The wages of the arras-mender aforesaid were L.1, 13s. 6d., with the addition of L.1 for 'fyndyng all manner of stuf belonging to his facultie,' except silk and gold.

Every servant was required, immediately on entering his lordship's service, to be duly registered and sworn in the presence of the head officers, 'either by such an oath as is in the Booke of Ooths, yf any such be, or els by such an oath [we give the extract verbatim] as they shall seyme beste by their discrecion.'

The price of wheat was at this time 5s. 8d., and that of malt 4s., the quarter. Meat appears not to have been sold by weight, for we find an order for

667 muttons, for the year's consumption, 'at 20d., the one with the other, fatte and leyne;' and a second 'for 109 fatte beefes at 13s. 4d., to be bought at All Hallowtyde, for to serve my hous from that tyme to Michaelmas; and 24 leyne beefes, at 8s. the pece, to be bought at St Elyn's day (May 26), and put into my pastures to fede.' Pigs—or porks as they are called—were 2s. the piece; veals, the same price; and lambs varied, from 2s. between Christmas and Shrovetide, to 10d. from that time to midsummer.

In an age when fasting was rigidly observed, and where meat was entirely banished during the long season of Lent, fish would necessarily be an important article of consumption; and we accordingly find large quantities laid in and dried. 2080 salted salmon are valued at 6d. the piece, and 'three ferkynges of pickled sturgeon at 10s. the ferkyng:' red and white herrings, 'sprotts,' and eels, are the other kinds thus prepared. Of fresh fish, the price is not given.

Salt cost 4s. the quarter, and vinegar 4d. the gallon! but the noble financier seems to have demurred rather at this item of his expenditure; for we find an order given, that 'for the future vinegar is to be made of the broken wines, and that the laggas [lees, we suppose] be provided by the clarke of the hous, and marked after they be past drawing, that they can be set no more a broche, and see it put in a vessel for vinegar.'

A CHAPTER ON DOGS.

'A POODLE!' Such is the title of an entire chapter of a current serial work, by one of our most popular authors, which naturally interests the public in the character and fortunes of the animal thus signally honoured; and as every dog has his day, independently of the dog-days and perennial puppyism, we may take the occasion to offer a few observations on the subject generally—the instincts, habits, and qualities of the species, and the education requisite to develop such peculiar talents as distinguish 'Sir Isaac,' the poodle hero of the novel alluded to, by Pisistratus Caxton.

About fifteen years ago, his—the poodle's, not Pisistratus's—prototype, or rather prototypes, for there were a brace of them, were exhibited by a French *savant* in the Regent's Circus, and excited so much attention by their performances as to be visited by many scientific naturalists, and other philosophic virtuosi, including the president and sundry inquisitive members of the Royal Society. They were certainly extraordinary creatures; and in the variety of their accomplishments, outstripped even the marvellous exploits related of Sir Isaac on his appearance before the mayor and inhabitants of Gatesborough.* But their owner, though assuredly born under Sirius, was not a mendicant showman. He, M. Adrien Leonard, had devoted twenty years to dog-study and dog-training upon philosophical principles; and he published, at Lisle, an *Essai sur l'Education des Animaux*, taking the dog for the type, in a goodly octavo volume of no less than 436 closely printed pages. The publication contained some new, and much curious matter, of which we propose to avail ourselves in the present paper. Nor is the subject unworthy of the notice of science, since Descartes discussed the question whether animals had souls, and inclined, moreover, to the belief that they had; G. Leroy drew able distinctions between instinct and intelligence; and Réaumur, Buffon, Cuvier, and a host of other eminent men, entered into the careful examination of canine attributes and the remarkable extent to which they were susceptible of cultivation.

M. Leonard, as might be expected from his success, goes the length of Descartes as the strenuous

* See Blackwood's Magazine for October.

advocate of superior 'intelligence,' and laughs to scorn Buffon's theory of action from impulses more or less balanced. He even accuses man of being too proud and biased in his judgment, through a sort of jealousy of the near approach to his boasted reason by the most sagacious specimens of the 'higher orders of animal creation.' 'We have a body,' he says; 'so have these animals. They have the same organs as we, and these organs produce the same phenomena. Behold the dog; the nerves from his brain communicate with the five senses, and put them *en rapport* with the exterior world. Light acts on his eyes, sound on his ears, taste on his palate; and thence result sensations and images which determine action. Locke and Condillac suggest no other origin for our ideas.' Becoming more metaphysical, he adds, in proof of the animal possession of sentient and thinking faculties, the following dilemma: 'Either it is not the soul which perceives, understands, considers, and wills in man; or animals, like man, have a soul which perceives, understands, considers, and wills. The two souls are of the same nature; and, served by the same organs, they receive the same sensations. Would you, then, give to animals immaterial and immortal souls?' 'Certes,' replies our authority, Q.E.D.; but he confesses it is a mystery complicated and dark in every part.

The grand problem which he proceeds to solve by his experiments is, accordingly, to separate the intellectual faculties of dogs from the intellectual faculties of men, so as to demonstrate what it is that constitutes man, and what dog. It is said comparisons are odious; but if so, M. Leonard seems inclined to think that Poodle & Co. have the best right to complain; at any rate, that his system of education can produce more moral and well-conducted dogs than the most efficient university or ragged-school instruction can turn out equally meritorious human beings. It is plainly *Pup versus Child*—literally, *Litter versus Family*, let paterfamilias think what he will of it.

But when we go into details, we find that the quadruped test does not run upon all-fours throughout. Children, for instance, are taught in schools gregariously, and example and emulation are the leading sources of their acquisitions and progress. M. Leonard takes his individual pup at from six months to a year old, and begins with feeding, walking with, and attending to it; not permitting other pups to consort with, or other persons to interfere, so as to divert its attention from its original preceptor and course of lessons—this said attention being the first, chief, and moving principle on which everything else is founded. Having secured this point, he proceeds upwards to cultivate memory, the most abundant source of ideas in animals; and, as their sensibility is purely physical, and directed, through the senses, to exterior objects, the exercises prescribed are of a nature to develop impressions produced by punishments and rewards. The dog thus treated, he states, soon learns to know what is good for him, and what is bad; what course of conduct brings him pain, and what caresses or food. He remembers, and he judges and chooses between the alternatives—of which thousands of examples might be cited—and if, adds our author, he judges, it must follow that he reasons.

With regard to instinct, whether social as in man, or individual as in beast—according to Magendie—M. Leonard observes that in the latter, among the numerous phenomena dependent upon it, we see a double end: first, the conservation of the individual; and, secondly, the conservation of the species. By a careful and continued education, holding these ruling elements in view, and directing them as is required, the possibility of greatly extending the sphere of intellect is accomplished. It is well remarked that

instinct in animals is much more developed than in civilised men, as the latter rely on intellect, which supercedes the use of the instinctive faculty; and, therefore, it is through reason that men acquire habits of instinct; and, *vice versa*, animals, by having their instincts cultivated, acquire a higher degree of intellect or reason.

Having settled the philosophy of the case, the dogs most suitable for education are, as 'justified by experience,' divided into three classes, according to the conformation of their skull. In the first class are dogs with large foreheads, and a capacious brainpan, including spaniels, barbets, pointers, terriers, and setters, all of which have pendent ears. In the second class are greyhounds and mastiffs, endowed with less intelligence than the first, their faces long, their temples closer together, and their ears only semi-pendent; and the third comprehends pugs, and the many varieties of cur and mongrel, with circumscribed skulls, and the least intelligent of their species.

Taking one of the first class as a pupil, the teacher must arm himself with untiring patience, without which nothing can be done. He must then, as already stated, adopt means to obtain the prompt and fixed attention of the dog to his motions, gestures, looks, or voice, as he uses them to indicate the something which he desires to be performed, and which is made palpable to the sense of the animal. When he fails to comprehend, punishment ought to be moderate, but frequent, and administered on the instant, as, if any space of time intervenes, there can be no trace, and consequently no comprehension, of cause and effect. The dog is shewn what is wanted, and thus exercised till he understands and obeys orders, and then he is caressed or rewarded with a favourite morsel of food; and we are informed, that though there is a general carnivorous appetite, inclining to meat verging on putrefaction, a dainty veal cutlet is the epicure viand of the canine race, which they esteem as aldermen do turtle, country bumpkins bacon, and coal-heavers heavy wet.

Dogs are no philologists, and it is a great mistake to fancy, as some do, that they understand the meaning of words. All that is needful is that they should recognise in a sound a command to perform a certain act, and, to prevent misunderstanding, it is desirable that the words should be short, and not of a description to pun upon—for example, instead of the word *assis*, 'sit down,' which may be confounded with *ici*, 'come hither,' our astute instructor calls '*sur le cul*,' and upon his tail you see the obedient neophyte at once demurely seated, and no mistake, for thereby hangs a tale of the whip or birch-twig. Of intonation, however, dogs are obviously sensible, and M. Leonard liberally finds an apology for English dogs, thought stupid in France, in consequence of their not perfectly comprehending the French accent. It might happen that Mr Grantley Berkeley's recent experience of the stupidity of French hounds might be occasioned by his faulty pronunciation of their tongue.

It is mere charlatanism in the showmen-jugglers who pretend that the dogs they choose for their tricks are more favoured by nature than others of their kind. They are usually rough spaniels (*caniches*), generally of a fair size, and having ears richly furnished with long and silky hair. In their exercises, they invariably have their heads lowered towards the ground, so that they appear to be considering the objects spread before them, whereas they are only attending to the mechanical signs to which their master has accustomed them. Taps on a snuff-box, or, better, the clink of a toothpick, or, better still, a clicking on the nails, are the means most commonly employed.

Irrespective of this particular breed, our author

selects from his first class of intellects, specimens of fine open countenance and handsome form; for dogs and *dognines* are not, in this respect, so vain of personal appearance as to be silly and affected, like human coxcombs and flirts. They are only the more sensible and instructible. Notions of beauty or of superior attractions do not turn their brain, and make them foolish in their bearing and behaviour. Indeed, no animal has any idea of grace, form, or size: a cur will bark at an elephant as pertinaciously as at a mouse; and a horse will as readily consort with a dustman's high-boned drudge, as with a duke's high-bred hunter. It is annoying to add M. Leonard's conviction that all animals fear man, and that all the stories of their attachment, having the semblance of moral action, are dressed-up fabrications or illusions. The dog of Montargis, and other similar sagacious celebrities, are but shams and impostors. He has proofs in abundance, and no end of experiments, to shew that the animal does not love his master; that he sees in him only an instrument of conservation; and if he attaches himself, it is but as the dog licking the hand about to strike him.

'The two dogs,' he says, 'which I submitted to examination by the *Instituts* of France and Belgium, and learned scientific societies of London, leaped, at my voice, from a high bridge into the river, one of them with a bit of bread in his mouth. Whilst they were swimming, I ordered the other to take it, and he did so in a moment, although I was at a considerable distance, and self-preservation in the stream must have had a powerful influence over their action.' This was certainly a striking example of obedience to command, as the result of instruction; and from what we witnessed of their 'talents,' as previously noticed, we could readily credit even more surprising evolutions of Braque and Phylax, such being the proper names of these most obedient quadruped servants. At a given order, they would come to be beaten, exhibiting at the same time signs of the utmost joy. M. Leonard called *de la gaieté* in a threatening tone, even accompanied by the lash, but nevertheless they leaped, barked, wagged their tails, pricked up their ears, and, in short, displayed every demonstration of pleasure. From such premises, he contends for the probability at least of *reflection*, as well as of *memory* and *understanding* in the animal, since, by means of a kind of formulæ, he could cause them to execute what he desired, though the command involved the most opposite conduct. Thus, he would say: *Allez vous coucher*, and in an instant arrest their impulse and bring them to his feet by the contrary 'Come hither.' Or he would, in the same manner, and with the same effect, almost instantaneously give and reverse the orders 'Be gay' and 'Be sad;' or he would put a piece of bread before Braque, saying: 'That is for Phylax;' and *vice versa*, a second bit before Phylax, with the remark that it was for Braque; and leaving them untouched during an indefinite time, the word 'Eat' (*mangez*) sent each to the morsel assigned to him, neither venturing to trespass on his neighbour's lot. This, M. Leonard observes, affords strong presumption of the intellectual faculty for which he has hazarded the term *reflection*, since, to a certain extent, it implies a combination of reasoning and comparison. We ought to state that Braque and Phylax were large handsome animals, white, with reddish-brown spots, and in shape resembling the Spanish pointer.

The well-educated dog is a wonderful physiognomist. The instinct of self-preservation, and the natural fear it inspires in man, are equally powerful in the animal, and he knows well how to read in your countenance all you approve. If he perceives in the movement of your brow the slightest indication of discontent, he is puzzled, bewildered, stupified. Raising your voice produces a like effect; and if

shewn merely for the sake of teaching, it is expedient to add some gesture which brings to recollection a preceding infliction of which he has experience. When the animal has comprehended what you want, you ought to be careful not to distract his attention; and to evince your satisfaction, and reward by a dainty, his habit of observation, which gradually diminishes his sense of fear. As the animal, like the child, is fickle, jumping from one idea to another, and happy to deliver himself from the fatigue of any long-continued strain upon his spirits (*esprit*), it is absolutely necessary to correct this fault, which would otherwise compromise the success of the best means resorted to for his instruction. In pursuing the illustration of his subject, the author mentions some curious phenomena, not uninteresting to the student of natural history. For example, he states: 'In giving myself up to the education of my two dogs, I have made an important remark, which I will set down here. When I was occupied in instructing one of them—Braque, for example—the other, Phylax, who was left to himself during the time, was notwithstanding, attentive, and appeared as if he took an interest in the lesson. When, afterwards, I undertook to teach him the matter I had been explaining to Braque, I found that he comprehended it far more readily and quickly. I fancied that I was the dupe of an illusion; but recommencing my course, I tried the experiment very many times, sometimes with Braque in the first instance, and sometimes with Phylax, but always with the same result. From this I conclude that animals are, like children, more apt to learn voluntarily what is taught to their companions, than what is directly impressed upon themselves. Thence we might believe that the instinct of imitation exists in the dog as in man, and is a useful auxiliary in the education of both; and perhaps,' he modestly adds, 'with the former as with ourselves, it may develop those potent contributors to success by giving birth to emulation and *amour propre*. In hazarding this supposition, however, I place limits on these precious qualities in animals as in all other intellectual faculties compared with those in man.' At all events, it evidently facilitates canine education to have two pupils at a time.

Although M. Leonard has defined the races among which the most intelligent or intellectual dogs are found, he allows that all are capable of some improvement, even the greyhound; respecting which he probably never heard the anecdote, that when the unfortunate Charles I. was asked which was the most pre-eminent of dog-kind, he replied the greyhound, for he has all the good-nature of the others without their fawning—a fine reproof to spaniel courtiers.

It is conceded by M. Leonard that the pretty lapdog breed of Charles II., as well as the mastiff, may be educated to a degree of intelligence which renders them very agreeable or useful—almost as much so as 'the spaniel with his eye so full of expression, or the setter, so animated in his looks and movements.' We would match the Scottish shepherd dog, in a lesser degree the English butcher-drover's uncouth-looking assistant, the cur in charge of goods on a cart in London streets, and the Skye terrier, against any of their congeners, however highly favoured by nature.

But the sagacity, as it is called, of the dog, whether instinctive or trained, has been so universally chronicled, and the tales of its wonderful manifestations so fully believed, that without denying the success of M. Leonard's curriculum, we are strongly disposed to take a more loving view of the social relations between the animal and man; resting principally, as they seem to do, on the faculties and dispositions of the former. From the days of the

scriptural Tobit to the present time, amid classic and religious miracles (from Ulysses to St Bernard), down even to the latest experiences of canine intrepidity, discernment, or affection, there is no end to the stories of the bravery, discrimination, and attachment to humanity of the dog. Was it not Argus, the dog of Ulysses—intelligent as if he had the thousand eyes of his unlucky name-father—that recognised his master on his arrival, after twenty years' absence, at Ithaca, when his fellow-creatures knew him not?

Poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends, even to his queen unknown.

Forgot by all his own domestic crew,
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew.

Him, when he saw, he rose and crawled to meet;
'Twas all he could, and fawned and kissed his feet,
Seized the dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died.

The St Bernard breed now patronised by Albert Smith, are, we are informed, taught how to set about their excavations in the snow; and the larger water-dogs, accustomed to drag substances from the water, will frequently, not always, include a drowning individual in their efforts to perform a usual service. M. Leonard taught his pupils to be constant in this respect, by practising them on rag-stuffed figures of men artificially convulsed, as if perishing. Of the depreciated greyhound we can vouch from personal knowledge that one stolen and carried off fifty miles in a covered cart, was no sooner liberated, than she bounded away at full speed, and in a very few hours was safe and sound at home.

But almost everybody has had, or has the familiar acquaintance of, dog-companionship, and been astonished by acts for which it was difficult, if not impossible, to account. 'Our philosopher of the objective school,' observes William Smith, the author of *Thoradale*, 'proceeding from the simpler to the more complex organisations, finds himself far advanced in the study of man, whilst as yet he is only studying the animal life around him. The unity of parts in each organic whole has struck him with admiration. In this unity or harmony of many parts lies the *oneness* of the creature. Wonderful is the dog that looks up at him with its manifest though limited intelligence. Eye and foot, nostril and throat, every limb and organ displays an admirable *consent*. He is *one*—this dog; one through the perfect harmony of powers and sensations, desire, and act. He sees you, he remembers you; he in some sort loves you; your presence, at least, gives him pleasure; he courts your caress; he has gentleness and joy, as well as anger and ferocity. He, too, perceives, remembers, and combines his memories, so as, in his limited sphere, to employ the knowledge of the past in the present emergency; but that the phrase would imply an imperfection—and he, too, is perfect in his kind—what is he less than an "arrested development" of man?'

After such descriptions as these, we may hope that it will be thought an abuse of language to speak of a ruined man having 'gone to the dogs,' or of throwing an impertinent fellow, or even physis, to the same animals, seeing that we are so nearly on an equality, and that they can find physis in the grass-field, if they need it, without a doctor. As for M. Leonard's educated specimens, we recollect playing a game at dominoes with Braque or Phylax—we forget which—his master having left the room, and what signals he might make through the wainscot being inaudible to us; but the result was, that our adversary would never permit us to put a wrong number down, and finally beat us with the apparent delight of a successful gambler!

The detail of the ways by which M. Leonard brought his pupils to such accomplishments would be uninteresting to the general reader, though some of them might probably be introduced with benefit into the training of sporting-dogs, against the cruelty of whose breaking-in, he earnestly protests, and insists on the greater perfection that could be attained by a milder mode of instruction. Yet a few of his leading rules may be noticed, and whoever likes to try the experiment, more or less completely, may witness the effect on pups of their own.

He never terrified them, especially at first, with severe punishments; on the contrary, he began with merely prohibitive displays or cracks of the whip—patience and moderation being his watchwords.

He taught them distinctly to understand their names, and pay instant attention when they were pronounced.

Rewards of caresses and meat, accompanied by words of approbation, were constantly given, as lessons were comprehended; and by degrees, only the words were retained to the entire satisfaction of dog and teacher.

Lessons were never prolonged so much as to partake of the nature of punishments, and excite lassitude and disgust.

Much depended on regular and judicious feeding. The devoted attachment of dogs to owners of the lower classes is ascribable to their frequent sharing of 'the bit and the buffet.' Even a Bill Sykes will have his faithful and ferocious associate, the ugliest of brutes, owing to this sort of treatment. At the same time, it is the brutal usage they receive from their masters, and which they endure out of their dread for them, that renders the bull-dog and other fierce crosses so savage towards strangers and all the rest of the world.

Leave to go out was requisite, and the open door and the word *liberty*, with perhaps a piece of meat thrown forth, were the signs of assent: obedience was the one thing insisted on. If it were required to teach the animal to abstain from the food, balls of the size of billiard-balls, with small spikes on their surface, were thrown at, or between the animals and the temptations, and by persevering in this line, accompanied by certain expressions, they were taught not to approach or touch meat even if left alone with them for whole nights. In issuing commands, they were ingeniously brought to attend to the terminations of the words, and not to the tone in which they were pronounced.

There are many other curious ruses and contrivances to facilitate the progress of instruction; but as we do not pretend to supply a *rade-mecum* for a complete learned education, we shall close with the author's aphorism, that 'Education forces Nature to correct itself.' Canine civilisation!

After dwelling on the value of a dog, well-taught in the degree according to the wish and pleasure of its teacher, M. Leonard draws the opposite picture of the effects of spoiling, and ignorance, and consequent disobedience, in a manner so thoroughly French, that we are tempted to copy it for the amusement of our readers.

'*Par exemple*,' he says, 'you enter the boudoir of a pretty lady, and lo! there is a villainous Shock that leaps from under the sofa, where he is keeping company with his mistress. He is not bigger than your two fists, and yet he makes more noise than the largest mastiff. He yelps at you with a sharp bark and hubbub, very disagreeable to the tympanum. "Be quiet, Bichon!" says his mistress, in a tone of voice which has nothing of the air of a command. Accordingly, Bichon takes good care not to obey. He yelps the louder. You advance into the apartment; you would pay your compliments to the fair dame;

you assume a gracious air; you throw your body into all the postures learned from your dancing-master. But Shock heeds not, and springs furiously at your legs; his noisy brawling preventing her from hearing your soothing phrases. Your gracious air is converted into a grimace, and you are obliged to stop short in the midst of your best bow! Madame laughs at your ridiculous figure. Bichon is encouraged; he shews his teeth; and if it happen that your tibiae are not well guarded, beware: you are doomed to carry off the imprint of his jaws. The pain extracts an involuntary cry. It is then resolved to recall Bichon to order. Bichon retreats under the sofa, casting an angry look at you; he receives one of those little taps which are caresses. "You are a *méchant*, Bichon. What have you done to the gentleman? Hold! there is a bit of sugar for you; and, another time, don't begin such tricks. *Allons, Bibiche*; make your peace." With such an education," observes our author severely, "a dog cannot fail to be surly and mischievous, and occasion very unpleasant scenes; all which would be avoided if he were taught promptly to obey." Perhaps we might for 'dog' read 'child!'

A NEW CALLING.

THERE are at least some novelists of our own day who possess a genuine right to their title, in having introduced a system of entertainment which would not a little have astonished their predecessors. Half a century ago, it was a subject for boasting to have read a recent book; until very lately, it was unusual for people out of literary circles to know a real live author even by sight. Now, not only have cheap editions brought the works of great living writers within the reach of everybody, but the great living writers themselves have been made cheap, and are introduced to the world in their own proper persons. There is no more marvelling now about what sort of being in the flesh may this or that rich spirit be who has dowered us with this or that immortal creation, because, if we choose, we can see him, body and breeches, once every week at least, and for the moderate charge of half-a-crown, hear him read one of his own productions. The thing will get so common soon, that there will be nothing to be said about it, nor is there novelty enough in the matter even now more than may suggest a few brief ideas.

Many of us, dead and alive, have at some time or other ardently longed to feast our eyes upon those whose writings have even whiled away a weary hour, or given to us a hearty laugh; and surely much more to look upon the thoughtful faces of those who have made us wiser and better, who have reached out to us 'the shining hand' to help us out of the slough of the world, or, at all events, to scatter flowers on the road. Now that we can do this, we may not perhaps appreciate the opportunity as we ought; and as it gets more common, we shall be doubtless less grateful still.

What would we not have given to have heard old Chaucer, 'the morning-star of song,' describe his own pilgrims on their road to Canterbury! or Spencer read to us his *Faery Queen*, which nobody (as a wicked critic has said) was ever known to read for himself from end to end! Yet a time would doubtless have come when we should have tired of both of them. How highly should we have prized an hour of the 'native wood-notes wild' of Shakespeare, warbled by 'Fancy's child' himself—a sight

of that noble brow, of those eyes that saw into the hearts of all mankind! Yet, doubtless, Queen Elizabeth and court listened, if they did listen, to his 'dramatic readings' with much equanimity and a most aristocratic lack of enthusiasm. Think what a vision of transcendent glory must blind John Milton have presented, rapt in his heavenly dreams, and uttering aloud his own immortal inspirations! And yet to those charming short-hand writers, the Misses Milton, their task became soon prosaic enough. Would it not have been grand—we are descending, but we are yet a great way up, and in noble company—to have seen Samuel Johnson, massive, ungainly, but yet not without a certain majesty, rolling forth, *pleno ore*, his *Vanity of Human Wishes*! Pleasant to have sat beneath Dr Sterne, and listened to his wilful digressions, and watched his eyes sly-twinkling over his solemn *double entendres*! And better still, to have heard Fielding reading aloud, and relishing as he read, the woes of his own Partridge, the triumphs of his own spoiled favourite, Tom Jones! Our descendants, be sure, will envy us the having seen and heard the Fielding of to-day—the biographer of the Bliss of our own times, Mr Barnes Newcome the younger—at his lecturer's desk. Mrs Blimber would have died happy, she thought, could she but have seen Cicero in his retirement at Tusculum. How many of our children, nay, as we believe, of our great-great-grandchildren, will envy us the having seen and heard that man who gave us Mrs Blimber, and a hundred other ladies and gentlemen with whom we have a very real acquaintance; envy us, especially, the having witnessed his impersonation of Mrs Blimber's favourite, and the favourite of us all, little Paul Dombey! child, who more than all other fictitious children, has touched the universal heart of England. We ourselves remember travelling in a city cab to the Bank, in company with a director of the same, with an old London lawyer, and with a copy of that number of *Dombey and Son* that contains the account of the death of little Paul, which, as we read it aloud, drew tears from Pluto's eyes (and Plutus's), caused both the lawyer and the banker to weep. Over such a pair of unsympathising folks, in such a vehicle and on such an errand, sure never was the victory of genius more complete. Consider, then, how much greater must be her power when her rightful owner is wielding his own weapon in his own hand! Who can forbear to weep for Tiny Tim, when he himself who created Tiny Tim is weeping with us? Who but must despise, and yet must pity, the iron Scrouge, when he who drew him himself exhibits the portrait, and marks out so unerringly the cruel lines upon the brow, and the place where the lines are in mercy smoothed away! Hail to this new-born art, we say, and success to the beginners of it! What matters it, that a hundred imitators, miserables, whose stock-in-trade is, not ideas, but a couple of candles, and somebody else's book, have started up and overrun the land. For our parts, we only wish that the example of our novelists were followed by our poets, of which, as we understand, there is some likelihood; that they would lend the music of their voice, and the illustration of their inspired looks—as they were wont to do in the golden age—to their own verses; and that it might be permitted to us, for instance, to hear the deep-voiced laureate pour forth 'his hollow oes and aas' in his own *Mort d'Arthur*, like

Noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea.

BALLAD OF DARNICK TOWER.

THE correspondent of a Scotch newspaper lately brought forward the following little grotesque ballad, with an inquiry as to the authorship and the circumstances referred to:

The devil sat in Darnick Tower,
Out of a shot-hole keekit he;
He saw Jamie Leitch come ower the brig,
To storm his batterie.

Quoth he: 'Lang have I tarried here,
And thought for ever to remain,
Since I was driven frae Galashiels,
Which lang I'd doomed to be my ain.

'But now farewell to Eildon Hills,
Farewell to Darnick Tower and tree,
For in the reach o' Jamie Leitch
There is nae dwelling-place for me.'

Wi' that the devil's ta'en a flight,
And ower the Tweed essayed to flee;
But Jamie caught him by the rump,
And he has dippit Auld Clootie.

Darnick, it must be understood, is a little village about three miles from Galashiels, and an equal distance from Abbotsford, the poetical laird of which was extremely anxious to add it to his domains on account of the above-mentioned old tower. A gentleman sent the following answer to the inquiry in the newspaper: 'In those remote times, as we all know, when witchcraft and sorcery held possession of the minds of the people, it was customary, as in the case of Soules, Michael Scott, and others, to attribute Satanic agency to men secluded in old towers, and possessed of more than ordinary energy and knowledge. The Heltons, lairds of Darnick (see *Tales of the Borders*, vol. vii.), were great fighters, as old Watt Scott knew to his cost. Their crest was a bull's head, armed, which, according to the custom of the times, was prominent on the keystone of the portal. The character of the old laird at the time of the ascendancy of Angus was "deevillish" enough to make him a good representative of "Clootie;" and the horned head looking through a shot-hole would help the ballad-monger to his metaphor. As for "wee Jamie Leitch," he might be some noted borderer who had joined Hertford when he burned Darnick Tower in September 1546, and whom Helton eyed with a true border feeling through a loophole—the act being very well represented by the head and horns of the crest on the walls.'

Now, the fact is, that the verses were written by a person recently living, and are simply a *jeu d'esprit* on a fellow-townsmen of their author, who had adopted a habit of preaching in his native village, and who, not content with his mission in that home-field, was finally ambitious enough to extend his ministrations to the equally benighted hamlet of Darnick. We put it to our readers, Could there be a better example of the conjectural history indulged in by antiquaries where nothing is known, than the above answer to the newspaper inquiry?

David Thomson, the writer of the verses, has a place in Lockhart's *Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott*, as the person who always wrote the poetical invitations to 'the Sherra' to come to the Galashiels annual dinner. He was a cloth-manufacturer, a simple-hearted worthy man, with a great fund of natural humour, which doubtless Sir Walter failed not to appreciate. 'Hogg came to breakfast this morning,' says Scott in his diary, 12th December 1825, 'and brought for his companion the Galashiels bard, David Thomson, as to a meeting of *his Tweeddale poets*.' The late Thomas Tegg, who was a relation of Thomson, was taken by him to Abbotsford, and introduced as the publisher of *Joheby*; which the prudent bibliophile thought rather daring on his friend's part. However, Sir Walter merely remarked: 'The more jokes the better,' and gave him a very kind reception.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

Another progressive step towards the possibility of creating diamonds by a chemical process has been realised in the fact that sapphires have been so produced. M. Gaudin has communicated to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, a process for obtaining alumina—the clay which yields the new metal called aluminum—in transparent crystals, which therefore present the same chemical composition as the natural stone known under the name of sapphire. To obtain them, he lines a common crucible with a coating of lamp-black, and introduces into it equal proportions of alum and sulphate of potash, reduced to a powder and calcined. He then exposes it for fifteen minutes to the fire of a common forge. The crucible is then allowed to cool, and on breaking it, the surface of the lamp-black coating is found covered with numerous brilliant points, composed of sulphuret of potassium, enveloping the crystals of alumina obtained, or, in other words, real sapphires or corundum. The size of the crystals is large in proportion to the mass operated upon; those obtained by M. Gaudin are about a millimetre, or 3-100ths of an inch in diameter, and half a millimetre in height. They are so hard that they have been found to be preferable to rubies for the purposes of watch-making. It is thus that chemistry, by pursuing the recognised course of natural causes, will in its operation achieve similar results, and produce the diamond.—*Willis's Current Notes*.

THE PATH THROUGH THE CORN.

WAVE and bright in the summer air—
Like a quiet sea when the wind blows fair,
And its roughest breath has scarcely curled
The green highway to an unknown world—
Soft whispers passing from shore to shore,
Like a heart content—yet desiring more;
Who feels forlorn,
Wandering thus on the path through the corn?

A short space since, and the dead leaves lay
Corrupting under the hedgerow gray;
Nor hum of insect, nor voice of bird
O'er the desolate field was ever heard;
Only at eve the pallid snow
Blushed rose-red in the red sun-glow:
Till, one blest morn,
Shot up into life the young green corn.

Small and feeble, slender and pale,
It bent its head to the winter gale,
Hearkened the wren's soft note of cheer,
Scarcely believing spring was near;
Saw chestnuts bud out, and champions blow,
And daisies mimic the vanished snow,
Where it was born,
On either side of the path through the corn.

The corn—the corn—the beautiful corn,
Rising wonderful, morn by morn,
First, scarce as high as a fairy's wand,
Then, just in reach of a child's wee hand,
Then growing, growing—tall, green, and strong,
With the voice of the harvest in its song,
While in fond scorn
The lark out-carols the murmuring corn.

O strange, sweet path, formed day by day,
How, when, and wherefore—tongue cannot say,
No more than of life's strange paths we know
Whither they lead us, or why we go,
Or whether our eyes shall ever see
The wheat in the ear, or the fruit on the tree.
Yet—who is forlorn?
Heaven, that watered the furrows, will ripen the corn.

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MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

Is a recent discussion on the subject, it was suggested as an argument in favour of a man's marrying his deceased wife's sister, that in such a case he would have but one mother-in-law. The general laugh which greeted this remark, proved how strong is the prejudice against that luckless relationship, upon which has been immemorially expended all the sarcasm of the keen-witted, all the pointless abuse of the dull.

Dare any bold writer, taking the injured and unpopular side, venture a few words in defence of the mother-in-law?

Unfortunate individual! the very name presents her, in her received character, to the mental eye. A lady, stout, loud-voiced, domineering; or thin, snappish, small, but fierce; prone to worrying and lamenting. Either so overpoweringly genteel and grand, that 'my son's wife,' poor little body, shrinks into a trembling nobody by her own fireside; or so vulgar, that 'my daughter's 'usband' finds it necessary politely to ignore her, as she does her h's and her grammar.

These two characters, slightly varied, constitute the prominent idea current of a mother-in-law. How it originated is difficult to account for; and why a lady, regarded as harmless enough until her children marry, should immediately after that event be at once elevated to such a painful pedestal of disagreeableness.

Books, perhaps, may be a little to blame for this, as in the matter of step-mothers—of whom we may have somewhat to say anon—and surely that author is to blame, who, by inventing an unpleasant generalised portrait, brings under opprobrium a whole class. Thus Thackeray may have done more harm than he was aware of to many a young couple who find 'the old people' rather trying, as old folks will be, by his admirably painted, horrible, but happily exceptional character of *Mrs Mackenzie*. He does not reflect that his sweet little silly *Rosie*, as well as the much injured wives among these indignant young couples, might in time have grown up to be themselves mothers-in-law.

But that is quite another affair. Mrs Henry, weeping angry tears over her little Harry, because the feeding and nurturing of that charming child has been impertinently interfered with by Henry's mother, never looks forward to a day when she herself might naturally feel some anxiety over the bringing up of Harry's eldest born. Mr Jones, beginning to fear that Mrs Jones's maternal parent haunts his house a good deal, and has far too strong an influence over dear Cecilia, never considers how

highly indignant he should feel if Mrs Jones and himself were to be grudged hospitality by missy's future spouse—little, laughing, fondling missy, whom he somehow cannot bear to think of parting with, at any time, to any husband whatsoever; nay, is conscious that should the hour and the man ever arrive, papa's first impulse towards the hapless young gentleman would be a strong desire to kick him down stairs.

Thus, as the very foundation of a right judgment in this, as in most other questions, it is necessary to put one's self mentally on the obnoxious side.

Few will deny that the crisis in parenthood when its immediate duties are ceasing, and however sufficient its pleasures are to the elders, they are no longer so to the youngsters, already beginning to find the nest too small, to plume their wings, and desire to fly—must be a very trying time for all parents. Bitter exceedingly to the many whose wedlock has turned out less happy than it promised, and between whom the chief bond that remains is the children. Nor without its pain even to the most united couple, who, through all the full years of family cares and delights, have had resolution enough to anticipate the quiet empty years, when, all the young ones having gone away, they two must once more be content solely with one another. Happy indeed that father and mother whose conjugal love has so kept its prior place that they are not afraid even of this—the peaceful, shadowy time before they both pass away into the deeper peace of eternity.

Nevertheless, the first assumption of their new position is difficult. Young wives do not sufficiently consider how very hard it must be for a fond mother to lose, at once and for ever, her office as primary agent in her son's welfare, if not his happiness; to give him over to a young lady, whom perhaps she has seen very little of, and that little is not too satisfactory. For young people in love will be selfish and foolish, and neglectful of old ties in favour of the new; and almost every young man, prior to his marriage, contrives, without meaning it, to wound his own relations in a thousand insignificant things, every one of which is reflected back upon his unlucky betrothed, producing an involuntary jealousy, a tenaciousness about small slights, a cruel quick-sightedness over petty faults. All this is bitterly hard for the poor young stranger in the family; unless, having strength and self-control enough to remember that 'a good son makes a good husband,' she uses all her influence, even in courting-days, to keep him firm to his affection and duty. Also, her own claim being, although the higher and closer, the newer, the more

dearly she loves him, the more careful she will be, by no over-intrusion of rights sufficiently obvious, to jar against the rights or wound the feelings of others who love him—especially his mother, who has loved him all her life.

Surely this fact alone ought to make any young woman, generously and faithfully attached to her husband, feel a peculiar tenderness towards the woman who bore him, nursed him, cherished him—if a woman in any way tolerable or worthy of love. Even if not, her disagreeableness ought to be viewed more leniently than those of other people. She must have had so much to bear with—as the younger generation will find out when the third generation arrives. Nay, the common cares and sufferings of mere maternity might well be sufficient, in another mother's eyes, to constitute an unalienable claim of respect, due from herself towards 'grandmamma.'

'But,' says the incredulous reader, 'this is a purely ideal view of the subject. Practically, what can you do with the old lady who comes worrying you in your domestic affairs, criticising your housekeeping, dictating to you about the management of your nursery, finally cutting you to the heart by hinting that you don't take half care enough of "that poor dear fellow, who never looks so well as he did before he was married."'

Yes, poor dear girl! it must be owned you have a good deal to bear on your side also.

Daughters and sons-in-law being always expected to be perfect—the daughter or son by blood being of course naturally so in the parental eyes—causes of necessity a few painful disenchantments on the part of the mother-in-law. She forgets that she must take her share of the difficulties which are sure to arise, so long as human beings are a little less than angels, and earth is not a domestic paradise. She had best early reconcile herself to the truth—painful, yet just and natural—that she has no longer the first right to her child. When once a young pair are married, parents, as well as relatives and friends, must leave them to make the best of one another. They two are bound together indissolubly, and no interference of a third party can ever mend what is irremediable; while even in things remediable, any strong external influence is quite as likely to do harm as good.

A wife, be she ever so young, ignorant, or foolish, must be sole mistress in her husband's house, and not even her own parents or his have any business to interfere with her, more than by an occasional opinion, or a bit of affectionate counsel, which is often better not given till asked for.

And in the strangeness, the frequent solitude, the countless difficulties of newly married life, no doubt this advice would be eagerly sought for, had it not been overmuch intruded at first. A girl, taken out of her large, merry family, to spend long, lonely days in an unfamiliar house, be it ever so dear; or entering, inexperienced, upon all sorts of family cares, would frequently be thankful to her very heart for the wisdom and kindness of a new mother, if only the mother had early taken pains to win that confidence which, to be given, requires winning. For neither love nor trust comes by instinct; and in most of these connections by marriage, where the very fact of strangers being suddenly brought together, and desired to like one another, obstinately inclines them

the other way—this love and trust, if long in coming, frequently never comes at all. Very civil may be the outward relations of the parties, but heart-warmth is not there. It is always 'my husband's family'—not 'my family'; my 'daughter's husband'; or 'my son's wife'—never 'my son' and 'my daughter'. The loving patriarchal union, which both sides, elder and younger, ought at least to strive to attain, becomes first doubtful, then hopeless, then impossible.

One secret, original cause of this is, the faculty most people have of seeing their rights a great deal clearer than their duties. About these 'rights' there are always clouds rising; and one of the prominent causes of disunion is often that which ought to be the very bond of union—the grandchildren.

Now, if a woman has a right on earth, it certainly is to the management of her own children. She would not be half a woman if in that matter she submitted to anybody's advice or opinion contrary to her own; or if in all things concerning that undoubted possession, 'my baby,' she were not as fierce as a tigress, and as hard as a rock. One could forgive her any rebellion or indignation at unwarrantable interference from her mother-in-law, or even her own mother. And with justice; for if she have any common sense at all, she may, with less experience, have as clear practical judgment as grandmamma, whose wisdom belongs to a past generation, and whose memory may not be quite accurate as to the times when she was young. Yet if the daughter-in-law has any right feeling, she will always listen patiently, and be grateful and yielding to the stress of her power. Nay, there will spring up a new sympathy between her and the old lady, to whom every new baby-face may bring back a whole lot of long-alumbersing recollections—children grown up and gone away, children undutiful or estranged—or, lastly, little children's graves. The most untold and trying of mothers-in-law is a slight reverence and touching, as she sits with 'the baby' across her knees, gossiping about 'our children' of forty years ago.

But, speaking of rights, the wife has limits even to hers. Surely the 'primal elder curse' must rest upon the woman who voluntarily or thoughtlessly tries to sow division between her husband and his own flesh and blood—above all, between him and his mother. And putting aside the sin of it, what a poor, jealous coward must she be—how weak in her own love, how distrustful of him, who fears lest any influence under heaven—least of all those holy, maternal ties which are formed by heaven—should come between her and the man who has chosen her for his wife—his very other self; and whom, if he be at all a good man, he never will think of comparing or making a rival with any other; because she is not another—she is himself.

On the other hand, a man who, however low in station or personally distasteful may be his wife's relations, tries to wear her from them, exacting for himself her sole and particular devotion, to the breaking of the secondary bonds, of which the husband ought to make both husband and wife only more tenacious and more tender—such a one is grievously to blame. People may laugh at, and sympathise with, the unfortunate victim of 'Mother-in-law Spite'; but he is certainly a more respectable personage than the 'gentleman' who, driving in his carriage with his wife and son, passes an old woman—the boy's grandmother, crawling wearily along the hot dusty road—passes her without recognition. Or the other gentleman—living respectably, even handsomely—who takes

a deal of benevolent pains to solicit among his friends and acquaintance votes for admission to an almshouse for—though he does not exactly call her so—'my wife's mother.'

It is a curious fact, subversive of the theories of novelists, that mothers-in-law of sons generally 'get on' with them far better than with their daughters-in-law. While it is no unfrequent thing to see instances of a man's being kindly, even affectionately attached to his wife's mother, and she to him—almost any of us could count on our fingers the cases we know where a daughter-in-law is really a daughter to her parents by marriage. Some cause for this is the difference of sex: no man and woman in any relation of life, except the conjugal one, being ever thrown together so wholly and so intimately as to discover one another's weak points in the manner women do. Consequently, one rarely hears of a lady being at daggers-drawing with her father-in-law. She is usually on the civillest, friendliest terms with him; and he often takes in her a pride and pleasure truly paternal. For truly, women who are charming to men are common enough: a far safer test of true beauty of character is it that a woman should be admired and loved by women. It would save half the family squabbles of a generation, if the young wives would bestow a modicum of the pains they once took to please their lovers, in trying to be attractive to their mothers-in-law.

But the husband himself has often much to answer for. When with the blindness and selfish pride of possession natural to a man—and a man in love—he brings his new idol into his old home, and expects all the family to fall down and worship her, why, they naturally object to so doing. They cannot be expected to see her with his eyes. They may think her a very nice girl, a very likeable girl, and if left alone would probably become extremely fond of her in time, in a rational way; but every instinctive obstinacy of human nature revolts from compelled adoration. Heaven forbid that a man should not love, honour, and cherish his own wife, and take her part against all assaulters, if needful, be they of his own flesh and blood; but one of the greatest injuries a man can possibly do his wife is to be always exacting for her more love than she has had time to win—always shewing her forth as a picture of perfection, while common eyes see her only as an ordinary woman, blest with the virtues and faults which women can so quickly detect in one another. The kindest, wisest, most dignified course for any young husband on bringing his wife home is to leave her there, trusting her to make her way, and take her own rightful position, by her own honourable deserts.

A man has ordinarily little time or inclination to quarrel with his mother-in-law. The thousand little irritations constantly occurring between women who do not suit one another, yet are trying hard to keep on good terms for appearance' or duty's sake, are ridiculous trifles which he cannot understand at all. Better he should not. Better the wife should keep her little troubles to herself, and be thankful that on his side he is well disposed to be tolerant towards grand-mamma. Grandmamma, on her part, not unfrequently likes her son-in-law extremely, asks his advice, is proud of his success in life; and though thinking, of course, that he is not quite good enough for her darling child—as indeed the Angel Gabriel and the Admirable Crichton rolled into one scarcely would have been—still she has a very considerable amount of respect for him, and kindly feeling towards him.

If she has not, and shews her want of it, she is the unkindest, most dangerous mother that any married woman can be afflicted with. If by word or insinuation she tries to divide those whom God has joined

together, if she is so mad as to believe she shall benefit her daughter by degrading her daughter's husband—truly this mother-in-law, cherishing a dislike upon unjust grounds, deserves any retribution that may reach her. Even for just cause, such an antipathy is a fatal thing.

And here we come to one of the most painful phases of this subject, one of the sharpest agonies that woman's nature can endure—that is, when a mother-in-law has to see her child, son or daughter, unworthily mated, forced to wear out life, to die a slow daily death, in the despair of that greatest curse upon earth, an ill-assorted marriage.

One can conceive, in such a case, the motherly heart being stung into direst hatred for the cause of such misery—nay, bursting at times into the rage of a wild beast compelled to witness the torture of its young. This mother-passion, as helpless as hopeless, must be, of its kind, distinct from any other human wretchedness; and under its goading almost any outbreak of indignation or abhorrence would be comprehensible—nay, pardonable. To have to sit still, and see a heartless woman tormenting the life out of one's own beloved son, for whom nothing was too noble and precious; or a brutal husband breaking the heart of a tender daughter, to whom, ere her marriage, no living creature ever said a harsh or unkind word—this must be terrible indeed to bear. And yet it has to be borne, again and again. God comfort these unhappy mothers-in-law! Their sufferings are sharp enough to make amends for the wickedness of a hundred *Mrs Mackenzies*.

Yet until the last limit, the only safe course for them is to endure, and help their children to endure. Cases do arise, and a wise legislature has lately provided for them, when righteousness itself demands the dissolution of an unrighteous marriage; when a man is justified before heaven and earth in putting away his wife; and the counsel, 'Let not the wife depart from her husband,' is rendered nugatory by circumstances which entail sacrifices greater than any woman has a right to make, even to her husband. Every one must have known such instances, where the law of divorce becomes as sacred and necessary as that of marriage. But such melancholy unions are, thank God, the exception, not the rule, in this our land, and form no justification for the machinations of bad mothers-in-law. Therefore let them, in all minor troubles, practise patience, courage, hope. If, according to the apostle, who wrote on the subject with that wide calm observation which sometimes seizes on a truth more clearly than does one-sided experience—the unbelieving husband may be converted by the believing wife, and *vice versa*, who knows but that a harsh husband, a neglectful wife, may sometimes be won over to better things, by the quiet dignity, the forbearance, the unceasing loving-kindness, of a good, generous mother-in-law?

Let us take her in one last phase in her long life—it must have been a sufficiently long one—and these few words concerning her are ended.

There arrives oftentimes a season when the sharpest, most intolerable mother-in-law becomes harmless; when a chair by the fireside, or a bed-ridden station in some far-away room, constitutes the sole dominion from which she can exercise even the show of rule or interference. Thence, the only change probable or desirable will be to a narrower pillow, where the gray head is laid down in peace, and all the acerbities, infirmities, or fatuities of old age are buried tenderly out of sight, under the green turf that covers 'dear grandmamma.'

Then, and afterwards, blessed are those sons and daughters, by blood or marriage, who, during her lifetime, so acted towards her that her death lays upon them no burden of bitter remembrance. And

blessed is she who, living, lived so that her memory is hallowed by all her children alike, and who is remembered by them only as 'mother'—never, even in name, as 'mother-in-law.'

A TREE OF LIBERTY.

GUINES is a dull town in the north of France, about seven miles from Calais; and needs much to enliven it. It was on a Sunday afternoon, in December 1848, that I ran into a small apartment, shouting out: 'Tom! my lad, let us off to Ardres. Come along. The elections are on to-day, I hear, and all goes in favour of Napoleon. Vive la République!'

France in 1848! What pleasing recollections, what happy thoughts crowd upon me whenever I revert to the days I passed in La Belle France throughout that memorable year. Happy, I say, for I was a Briton, though a young one—left without control for the first time in my life, with a moderate amount of pocket-money, and a good deal of assurance. I was about eighteen years of age—had blue eyes and a fair complexion; and having, from a lad, imbibed a certain taste for raw beef and porridge, was pretty muscular, and exceedingly fond of fun. It will, therefore, be seen at once, when I say that a kind papa had sent me to France to learn the language in a short time, and nothing but the language, that he couldn't have sent me to a better place. Young as I was, however, I was almost involuntarily driven into politics.

The Tom I addressed above, was an English youth of about my own age, but a great deal more bulldoggy, and a terrible cracker of cocoa-nuts, as he termed Frenchmen's heads: a friend after my own heart. He was in Guines to learn to *parlez-vous*. Arcades ambo! With him all went jollily. Beef-steaks and home were well-nigh forgotten—never repined after. Together we sung *Scots wha hae*, and *Old England shall weather the Storm*; and more than once have we silenced the cabaret chant of *Guerre aux Anglais* with a broadside of *Rule Britannia*, or *Tippitwicket*. Where Tom went, I went; what I did, Tom did, and, *entre nous*, for a long time very little progress was made in French.

Tom was delighted with my proposition, and it was agreed that we should call for old B—, to accompany us. Off we started, and upon crossing the Place, came as usual upon Henri, moustache, long sword, cornered hat, and all complete. He shewed his dirty teeth as usual—for he had vowed vengeance on us—like a vicious horse, such as not even a Rarey could tame. Henri was the commissary's head man, and an inveterate and undisguised hater of all and everything English, the folks of which nation he was continually looking up, and making them understand the true nature of a *procès-verbal*. His red moustache was so gummed and twisted, that it stuck out at right angles with his small turned-up nose, a distance of three inches on either side. He got up this forked appendage, he said, to keep in awe all *mauvais sujets*. A 'ha, ha, ha!' from Tom as he passed, annoyed him; and he twirled one end of his facial cross-bar, and looked from under his shaggy eyebrows, as much as to say: 'I'll nail you yet, my chicks.'

We found old B— indulging in a cigar, and sipping strong coffee and cognac. 'Will you go Baron?' 'Ve! ve! Quite à votre service.'

Who was old B—? Now, I cannot tell you, nor could any one I ever met tell me. He couldn't, or wouldn't, tell himself. This is all I know: he was a pompous, jolly, crafty, good-tempered, very poor professor of ten languages, but teaching only one—his own—German, which I was told he couldn't spell. He *was*, however, a baron; he would always

stick to that. It is very desirable I should dwell somewhat on the merits and demerits of old B—. My narrative requires it. Old B— demands it.

He was a podgy, short-legged man, of about five-and-fifty, who got himself up for thirty or five-and-thirty, on Sundays and gala-days. He wore a wig, a broad-brimmed white hat, and a snuffy moustache; was very upright, and had all the appearance of a live baron, especially when supported by his gold eye-glass and immense diamond brooch, his tightly strapped blue inexpressibles of chess-board pattern, his small pointed-toed patent boots, and well-fitting swallow-tailed dress-coat of a greenish hue.

His appearance was certainly *distingué*; but the most curious thing was, no one ever remembered the baron to have been dressed differently. This had been his gala-dress from time immemorial—when in prosperous times he lost his thousands at *rouge et noir* in Paris; the garments, perhaps, he condescended to wear when he dined tête-à-tête with the President of the United States, and those in which the Patagonians, or some other onians of South America, desired to crown him their king. His coat, like himself, never grew threadbare, nor his yards either. He had captivated an English countess, and often related, to our immense satisfaction, how in consequence he was forced to fly from England; he had drunk tea in China, and flirted with the maidens of Otaheite; in short, he was the wonder and delight of all who met him, and he *did* look a real baron, although his brilliants were paste, and he had been a valet. This singular old person, strange as it may appear, nearly brought me to the hulks. This was the way it happened.

Rapidly did we leave Guines, passing the English ironworks to our left, ascending the hill, flanked by its double row of trees, until we stood on memorable ground. We crossed the Field of the Cloth of Gold. I ventured to bring old B— out on the subject, but the professor evaded my general question, and quietly answered that he didn't see anything about the scene that it should be christened by so fine a name. The baron seemed colder than usual. Tom tried politics, but it was of no use; I had to come back to the old subjects. *Les jolis bleus yeux! Vive la bagatelle!* The right chord was struck; the baron yawned and yawned away, and kept us in a roar, and on we went, determined to be jolly for that evening.

An hour's walk brought us within view of the ancient—once strongly fortified—pretty little town of Ardres, where many a battle had been fought, to be fought over and over again; and where we English made our last stand in France—to be eventually kicked out altogether. Now, a six-pounder would bring the whole place down. Yet there is the fosse, the portcullis, and long arched gateway with its ponderous doors and rusty irons: the fosse is dry, the walls are crumbling—all is decay.

There resides here one remarkable Englishman—remarkable, because he ought to have been hanged fifty years ago, and is himself of the same opinion. He is a wiry little man, upwards of a century old, and receives a pension from the French government for having sold Nelson in the Mediterranean. He was intrusted, it appears, with some important dispatches and other documents from Nelson, which he ran off with, and delivered into Bonaparte's hands. Exiled, a handsome pension ever since has been his reward. He was wont to allude strangely to the plunder of Malta. I once asked him how he felt, when he heard afterwards of the affair in Aboukir Bay. Tears started to his gray eyes, and a blank passed over his weather-beaten face. He invariably spoke well of old Albion, and I fancy there was a great longing within him to visit once again his native land. This old traitor lives at Ardres.

Through the famous long archway, we entered the town, and found all bustle and excitement. Flags were flying and drums tattooing. Some were discussing, under the influence of long pipes and shrugged-up shoulders, the glories of *La Belle France*; while others marched in a row, bawling out the *Marseillaise*. Cries of 'Vive Napoleon' resounded from the old ramparts. The town was full, gay, and happy.

'Suppose we seek Monsieur H——,' I said; 'we can then have a four game at billiards. He must have put up near at hand.'

'*A la bonne heure*,' rejoined the baron; 'I will go hunt him out myself. I know well he will come.' Pointing to a particular house, he marched off in his usual dashing style, saying as he left us: 'You will enter it, and wait for us. *Au revoir*!'

Through clouds of tobacco-smoke, innumerable dominoes and cards, and all kinds of noises and smells, we entered the *café*. The rapid clack of the billiard-balls was to be heard amid the incessant jingling of glasses and the clattering hubbub which Frenchmen alone can make. But now they had assembled to uphold the glorious privilege of wholesale liberty and universal suffrage. How, then, could there be less excitement? If a sinister-looking fellow had followed us from the time we first came into the town, and continued to track old B——'s steps from *café* to *café* in his search for H——, what of it? The baron was always an attraction. Monsieur H—— could not be found. 'N'importe! I will take you a game,' said the baron, examining a cue. 'It is a good table. Allons!' We continued to play upwards of an hour. I made some excellent canons; but the baron was, beyond doubt, the great gun of the room. Tired of play, we sat down at a small side-table over our cigars and grog, and placidly examined the motley groups around us. This was enjoyment. *Vive la France*.

More than another hour had flown by when we thought of returning; but lo! what meant that eager gaze of the outdoor population? There was no necessity to think even, for a fellow in a blouse came quickly up and told us we were discovered, and must be off. *Qu'est ce que c'est*? Ha! we were detected and foiled. We were political—spies direct from Paris to tamper with the voters. *Oui, il n'y connaît personne*. *Ils viennent de Paris*—oui.

The fact was—however incredible it may appear—the good people of *Ardres* had really and positively been led away, by the baron's distinguished manners and appearance, to imagine that we had come to their town to interfere with the voting.

Half-a-dozen fellows, armed with stout sticks, were deputed to shew us the way out, and give us a sound drubbing into the bargain.

Upon leaving the *café*, we were roughly collared. Here Tom floored his man; the baron remonstrated and the brooch sparkled: but it was of no avail: we were spied, and off we should pack.

They dragged us through the town, and with kicks and cuffs sent us flying homeward under a heavy volley of stones from all the gamins of the place.

O Liberty! Liberty! 'It's your absurdly *déagé* manner that's done it all, baron,' I cried. 'But what shall we do?' again I shrieked, for I was in a towering passion. 'Fight? Nonsense. Pocket the affront? No—I will have revenge!'

'Revenge!' echoed Tom. 'I will punch the first Frenchman's head I come across; but, I say, that was a good un on Crapaud's figure-head. My knuckle's cut.'

'Parbleu, my pack is cut too. Diable, we will go to the *préfet*. Oh, my coat is ruined—my hat is smashed.' Thus lamented old B——

In quite a different spirit from that in which we

had set out, we trudged homeward: I plotting vengeance—but what I didn't know; Tom intending to fight the first opportunity. The baron did nothing but eye his ruined coat and battered-in chapeau.

Upon entering *Guines*, old B—— parted hurriedly from us. Tom and I continued our way very dejectedly, and were crossing the Place, when, lo! vengeance was in my grasp; all, all was clear as noonday—we could shock the whole nation in its nicest point. My mind was relieved.

'Tom,' said I, with startling earnestness, looking him straight in the face, and clapping one hand on his shoulder, while with the other I pointed in the direction of the *Hôtel de Ville*—'Tom, we will cut down that tree of humbug.'

'Bravo, bravissimo!' shouted Tom.

'Hush!' I resumed. 'Come to my apartment to-morrow, and we will concoct our plans.'

'That tree is doomed. *Bon soir*.'

We met next evening, and, for the benefit of future historians, and guidance of all would-be plotters, I will explain how we purposed to carry out our desperate resolves.

'I have,' I began, 'thought over the whole matter, and see no great obstacle to the attainment of our wishes, provided we can overcome the first that presents itself. We must get a saw, and that so cleverly, that not a soul must even dream of such a thing. How is it to be done? Now, look ye here, Tom,' I continued: 'you know little W—— at the ironworks better than I; call upon him to-morrow—keep your eyes open for the tool-house—you will fall over abundance of saws there—unobserved, clap one up your back, button your coat, bid little W—— adieu, and hasten here to me.'

'Very pretty; to be nailed stealing a saw; no, no! hit upon something better than that.'

'Tom,' I answered quickly, 'I have pondered over the affair all night and to-day, and this is the only feasible plan I see; besides, if you are detected, it was a wager, you understand, and we must let our project fall to the ground.'

'Fall, yes; the tree must fall: all right—I'll get the saw.'

'Tom, you're a brick.'

Here, cigar in mouth, he threw himself into a chair, cocked his legs on the mantel-piece, and folded his arms, while I proceeded.

'The saw obtained, we must choose a dark night, and issue out of the house, about two o'clock, by the front-parlour window; for, by that time, we shall probably find Henri asleep.'

'Well,' rejoined my companion, 's'pose t'other—s'pose Henri finds us awake?—his carbine is loaded.'

'What, the white feather, Tom?'

'O dear, no; I should think not—go ahead: we shall only be shot down by Redspikes, or have a little quiet recreation for five or ten years in the hulks—capital opportunity to arrive at a thorough knowledge of the idioms of the language. I never shall speak French if I don't do something—so down with the humbugging tree, and the sooner the better.'

We settled upon the following Friday.

The inhabitants of *Guines* were justly proud of their emblem, as three attempts had been made, and had failed, to transplant a suitable poplar to its consecrated space on the Place, just before the *Hôtel de Ville*, before they possessed the 'largest and finest Tree of Liberty in the whole of France.' They dug about it and dunged it, placed a pretty tricolored painted wooden railing round its enclosure, and bid Henri guard it with his most zealous care, ay, with his life.

By Friday, it was known that Napoleon had gained the presidency. *Guines* was said to have favoured Cavaignac.

'Tom, all right. Come along, are you ready? It

rains in torrents, and the wind is awfully high—so much the better? Yes—shut your door. Hush! hark! Tread gently down this corridor—mind that step: c'est le premier pas qui crie!

I had brought Tom to my room, as arranged. As the clock struck two, we buttoned up our old coats to the neck, fastened thick towels round our heads, tied on our slippers, and glided softly down a short flight of stairs into the parlour, where the window was soon opened, and the green blinds outside thrown back.

With palpitating hearts, we looked out upon the darkness. What a night! The rain fell, and the wind howled fiercely through the deserted streets. The prospect was anything but inviting, and I must own I began to feel my courage oozing away like that of Bob Acres's, when Tom very cleverly dropped into the street below, and called on me to follow. In the open air my pluck revived, and we had taken only a few steps forward, when—bang, bang.

'What on earth is that row? It will rouse the whole place. It's only a loose half of the blind flapping against the wall. Quick, on to my back; you must close and tie it. Leave the window open.'

Again we stealthily glided away along the most secluded thoroughfares, now and then stopping to listen for an unwelcome footstep; but nothing was to be heard save the roaring wind and pelting rain. We reached the Place unmolested, and strained our eyes towards the Hôtel de Ville. We gained the door; another pause; good—Redspikes was asleep.

'To work.'

A few hasty strides brought us to the object of our vengeance. The saw is drawn, Tom's arm is stretched.

'Diablo!' he whispered, 'I can't reach the tree. We are done—these cursed rails. Shall we get over?'

'No, escape were then impossible. By Liberty, we won't be done,' said I, placing my shoulder firmly against the fence-work. 'Now for your weight, Tom.' One, two, three. Ugh—crack went the wood-work; and in another minute we were in the enclosure, and hard at work.

Sawing to windward, we had wellnigh brought the monster low, when we heard footsteps approaching; and we had to lie down flat by the side of our victim till the unconscious individual had passed away. Soaked to the skin, we rose and resumed our task, and soon had the satisfaction to find the tree give. Another vigorous essay, and it cracked; then placing a round stone in the incision made by the saw, which opened wider and wider with every succeeding gust of wind, we prepared to leave the spot.

'Do you think she'll go?' said Tom.

'Depend on it, she'll go now with the first heavy squall; she'll go, but we'll wait the issue yonder at the corner. Sharp's the word. By Jove, she's off!'

I had barely uttered these words, when the ponderous tree fell with a roar, smashing through the fence-work that surrounded it. The noise was a fearful one to be heard in the middle of such a night. We had scarcely reached a sheltering position, a few yards off, when up flew a dozen windows, and out flew Henri, carbine in hand.

'Qui va là?' No reply.

He stood still a moment, then dropped his head as in the act of listening. We suffered an agonising suspense. Just then a door slammed violently in the opposite direction to where we lay ensconced, and off we bounded. We had escaped. It was the work of a few minutes only to regain the parlour, fasten up the blinds and window, and creep quietly into bed.

Next morning, the town was in an uproar. Telegraphs were at work—so was poor Henri. Louis Nap. was furious—so was poor Henri. The authorities had the impudence—sheer thoughtless

impertinence—to interfere with my appetite for a whole month, by quartering a dozen blood-thirsty gendarmes in a court-yard right facing our *salle à manger*. But, however, in spite of awful moustache and Napoleonic messages; in spite of the tales of Cherie, the maid, who archly hinted at dirty marks on the window-sill; in spite of the model they got made from the foot-prints found in the enclosure; in spite of more than one hundred examinations before the *préfet*—all they proved was, that Henri had been fast asleep, and the saw 'used by an experienced hand.'

THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSEHOLD BOOK; OR, HOUSEKEEPING THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

HAVING catalogued the eatables of three hundred years ago, we now turn to the wines; the yearly order for which we find to be '10 tons, 2 hogheads of Gascoigne wyne—namely, 3 tons of red wyne, 5 tons of clarett, and 2 tons, 2 hogheads, of whyte wyne,' at L.4, 13s. 4d. the tun. The earl seems to have retained the tastes of his Norman ancestors for the fair wines of France; but we would fain have known whether generous port, then so little popular with the English, was ever admitted to his board, or whether sherry, immortalised by Shakspeare some half-century later under its other name of sack, had yet found its way into the cellars of Wresil; but on these points the *Household Book* is silent, nor is there mention made of any kind of spirits. Beer was the principal beverage of the household, and to discover the cheapest method of manufacturing it, seems to have cost the earl and his council some anxious days, if not sleepless nights, for we find the most minute calculations entered into on the subject.

We are able to collect from these pages the names of a large variety of birds, which, though now lightly esteemed, were, in those days, introduced as luxuries at the tables of the great; thus, it is thought good that sea-gulls be had for my lord's mess, and some other, if they be in season. Wypes (or lapwings), stints, redshanks, bitterns, curlews, with many more equally strange, or equally distasteful to us as articles of food, are mentioned with similar restrictions, and seem to have been placed side by side with partridges, pheasants, snipes, and wood-cocks; even larks are set down as a delicacy not to be unreservedly enjoyed. Swans and peacocks were in high favour, and a warrant, drawn up as formally as if it related to the conveyance of all the estates of all the Percies, authorises the bailiff of his lordship's manor of Leckingsfield, to 'deliver to my well-beloved servants, Richard Gowge, controller of my household, and Gilbert Weldell, clerk of my keching, against the feast of Christmas next coming, 20 cygnets,' &c.

We find in this list no mention of turkeys; but had it been drawn up a few years later, they would probably have held a prominent place, for Baker in his *Chronicles* says of the fifteenth year of this reign: 'It happened that many things were now newly brought into England, whereupon this rhyme was made:

'Turkies, carps, hops, piccarell, and beere,
Came into England all in one yere.'

The *Household Book*, however, clearly proves this to be incorrect, so far as the articles of hops and beer were concerned.

Let us now take a momentary glance at the earl's breakfast-table, choosing for our visit a season when all good Catholics are supposed to eschew a too great attention to creature comforts; and, first, we miss the now almost indispensable luxuries of tea and coffee, for which, to modern tastes, the 'quart of beyre and the quart of wyne' are but rude substitutes; but there is the goodly loaf of trencher (brown) bread, the two manchets, made of delicate wheaten flour, 'the dysch of butter, and the pece of salt-fish, or dysch of buttered eggs,' the latter to be replaced on flesh-days by half a chine of mutton or a chine of beef boiled: no great stint after all!

My lord and lady's fast-day dinner consisted of several varieties of fish, such as 'turbot slyced or baked, a dysch of flounders, a dysch of fried smelts, with salmon, sprotts, and salt-fish, five manchets, a pottell of beyre, and a pottell of wyne;' to this was added for them that had the 'reversion'—that is to say, those who waited and took the leavings—'three lofes of bred, and three pottells of beyre.'

It will be remarked that there is here no mention of vegetables: potatoes, peas and beans, were then unknown in England; but that others were at least occasionally introduced, may be gathered from a subsequent order, that 'from heretoforth there be no herbes bought, seeing that the cooks may have them anewe in my lord's garden;' and in the list of the servants we find a 'gardener for setting of herbes, cheppinge of knots, and sweepynge the garden cleane.'

Similar minute directions are given for the 'ordcrynge' of the boards of my lord's children and those of his various dependents; and we observe a gradual decrease in the scale of luxury as we approach the lower offices, the 'dyshe of fresh fish, and the dyshe of cod or lyng, with butter, bread, and beyre,' dealt out to the head servants, being exchanged in the latter case for a 'pece of salt-fish' only.

We have no bill of fare of any of the 'principal feasts;' but, from the variety of choice viands laid in for them, they seem to have been conducted on the most liberal and magnificent scale; indeed, no one who studies this *Household Book* can for a moment doubt that boundless hospitality reigned throughout the princely establishment of the Percy; but it is as a domestic economist we are now chiefly considering him; and of his pre-eminence in that character, almost every page furnishes many, and sometimes amusing examples: thus, we find him on one occasion, always of course with the help of 'his council,' taking a review of the operations of the past year, and gravely noting down such defects as the following, 'in order that the provision thereof be amendit yerely from henceforth:' 'That there be no white salt occupied in my lord's hous, without it be for the pantre, or for castynge upon meat or for seasonynge of meat; that, whereas mustarde hath been bought of the sauce-maker aforetime, that now it be made within my lord's hous, and that one be provided to be groom of the squellery that can make it; that there be no lambes bought when they be at the darrest, without it be for my lord's boorde, the chamberlayne meas, and the stewardest meas; and that whereas earthlyn pots be bowght, that ledder pots be bowght for them for serveynge for lyveries and meales in my lord's hous.'

These are a few of many equally important matters that engaged the attention of one who, in early life, had directed the movements of an army, and who had yet to stand side by side with his royal master on the memorable 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.'

In looking through these pages, we catch an occasional glimpse of some of the sports and diversions of the era to which they refer.

Shooting with the long-bow, once so much practised by the English both as a means of defence and a favourite exercise, seems about this time to have fallen into some disrepute; for, during the reign of Henry VIII., acts of parliament were passed, rendering it compulsory for every man under sixty, except spiritual men and justices, to have a bow and arrows constantly in his house, and also that every servant should possess a bow and four arrows, master providing the same, and stopping the purchase-money out of his wages. In spite, however, of these stringent laws, we find good old Latimer constrained a few years later to lift up his powerful voice in behalf of an act which he designates as 'God's instrument, whereby He hath given us many victories against our enemies,' and which, he moreover adds, is 'a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic.' But that the use of the long-bow, however unfashionable elsewhere, was still practised at Wresil, is evident from the sum 'payde yerely to my lord's bowyer for seyinge and dressynge all his lordship's bowes in the yoman of the bowes keeping from tyme to tyme, and also to the flecher for seyinge to all the shaft arrowes and all others—he to fynde,' it is added with characteristic precision, 'all feders, waxe, glawe, and silke.'

Christmas in the olden time was, as is well known, a season of almost unbounded mirth and hilarity: in the houses of the great especially, Folly, with his cap and bell, seemed for the moment to reign paramount; and we are not therefore surprised to find a *reward*, as it is here styled, given yearly to 'an Abbot of Misrewele:' this being doubtless, as the editor suggests, the same respectable personage who, after the Reformation, when the word abbot had acquired an ill sound, reappeared as the '*Lord of Misrule*,' to preside over the Christmas gambols in the houses of our chief nobility. A master of the revels was also appointed for 'overseeing and orderynge the plays, interludes, and dressynge that is played before my lord on the twelfth day after Christmas.'

The drama seems to have been the favourite amusement; and Scriptural subjects, not excepting those even which involve the deepest and most awful mysteries of the Christian faith, were chosen as vehicles for the display of dramatic action or pantomimic skill. The priests were not only the authors of these religious plays, but in most cases the actors also. We have already heard of my lord's clerical almoner distinguishing himself as a playwright, and we now find others of the same holy calling 'playing a play at Shrovetide,' and again 'playing the play of Resurrection upon Easter-day in the morning in my lord's chapel.'

Minstrels of various degrees of merit, dependent apparently upon the rank of their masters—for an 'erle mynstrelle,' we observe, was to receive more than a lord's—are noted down amongst the regular recipients of his lordship's bounty; in return for, or more probably in anticipation of which, some of their fraternity were always to be found playing at my lord's chamber-door, and those of his family and guests, as soon as day dawned on New Year's morning.

In the administration of his charities, the Earl of

Northumberland proved himself a good Catholic, for he lavished what must then have been considerable sums in gifts to the church; and though we, whose lot has fallen on more enlightened times, may feel inclined to smile at the misappropriation of some of them, we must not forget at the same time to do justice to the liberality of the hand that knew how to scatter its wealth in so many and such diverse directions.

The shrine of our Lady in the Whitefriars at Doncaster seems to have been particularly favoured by the earl, being mentioned here as his own foundation. Both it and the prior who presided over it enjoyed a large share of his patronage. But he also assisted in 'upholdynge the lytes of waxe which his lordship fyndeth burnynge yerely before our Lady of Walsingham, Sainte Margaret, in Lincolnshire, and the holy blood of Hailes'—this last being a pretended relic of the blood of our Saviour, brought from the Holy Land by the Earl of Cornwall in the reign of Henry III., and by him deposited in the monastery of Hailes in Gloucestershire.

Several very ancient, and, as we suppose, now obsolete popish ceremonies are here alluded to, amongst others that of 'creeping (so) the cross on Good Friday,' which act of corporeal debasement the good earl and countess and their children diligently performed.

On Maundy Thursday, the custom, still kept up by the sovereign, of relieving as many poor people as the benefactor is years old, was strictly observed in the castle of Wresil: gowns, shirts, wooden trenchers loaded with bread, 'eaten cups' filled with wine, leathern purses containing pence equal in number to the years attained by the donor, were freely dealt round. One of the items thus alluded to is curious:

'That my lord caus to be bowghte on Maundy Thursday 3½ yards of brode violett clothe, for a gowne for his lordship to do service in, and to be furrede with blake lambe, which gowne my lord weareth all the tyme his lordship doeth service; and after he hath done his service, at his sayd Maundy, doth gyf to the poorest man that he fyndeth, as he thynketh among them all.'

On New Year's-day, there was a general interchange of gifts between the various members and inmates of the family; and rewards were dealt out to those of the domestics who were so fortunate as to be chosen to convey them; but the exact amount to be given to each was carefully written down; nothing was to be left to caprice, nothing to impulse:

'My lord useth and accustomed to gyf yerely to the servant of my lady, his daughter, the little Lady Margaret aforesaid, now a staid matron, and the wife of the Lord Clifford, if she be on New-year's Day with his lordship, and send him a New-year's gyft, 6s. 8d.'

The removal from place to place of a household such as that we have been describing must have been, under any circumstances, rather a serious affair; and considering that it was customary to remove a large portion, if not the whole, of the household furniture, we almost wonder that it could ever have been attempted more than once or twice in a lifetime. The usual mode of travelling for gentlemen was on horseback; while the ladies either rode on a pillion behind them, or singly on their own palfreys, which they exchanged, when fatigued, or in bad weather, for a covered litter. We find, however, several kinds of carriages mentioned, such as horse-litters, chairs, close 'carres,' chariots, and carts; but some of these bore small resemblance to the vehicles so named in the present day; the chariot, for instance, must have been a sort of wagon, as is evident from the load assigned to it in the general order for the removal of the family, and also from seven 'great trotting horses' being appointed to draw it, and a chariotman, on a

smaller nag, to ride beside them. More than two horses had never yet been used for carriages, commonly so called; and it was reserved for the proud and luxurious George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, some fifty years later, to astonish the worthy citizens of London, by appearing in the streets in a coach drawn by six horses.

Still, whatever form it might assume, the chariot took precedence of all the other conveyances employed, and seems on these occasions to have been put to an unaccustomed use, for certain officers were charged 'yerely, before the remewal of my lord at Michaelmas, to see all the vestry stuf, and the wardrobe stuf, carried by my lord's own chariot to the place appointed; because my lord shall be put to no further charge of carriages than needeth, seeing that the carriage, with my lord's own chariot, may save the same, and the stuf begone at least a fortnight before his remewal.'

If his lordship travelled unaccompanied by his family, six horses were required for himself and suite, as thus: 'A nagge for him to ryde upon; a second, to be led for him to change; a third, for the groom of the robes to ride afore with his maile; two others, for clothes-sacks, containing his lordship's bedde and body apparail; and, lastly, one for the groom of the livery to ride afore, with the shavynge basin and ewer.'

All hail to the days of railways, and carpet-bags of diminished state, but added comfort, when an overland journey to India occasions less trouble, and occupies not much more time than was once expended in a transit between London and York. Well, though, might the ex-coachman of a nobleman, transformed into his lodgekeeper, remark lately to a friend of ours, while deploring the loss of that golden harvest which had often deposited a sovereign in his pocket in return for washing a visitor's carriage: 'Why, bless you, sir, now-a-days the first lord in the land may walk in at that gate, with his bag and wrapper under his arm, and nobody know that he is a lord.' And what matter, say we:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the godd for a' that.

It must now suffice that we give a few more extracts, taken almost at random, further to illustrate the prudence and foresight by which the framers of this curious book were characterised, and first—

'It is ordayned that whoever stands charged with the expenses and keepynge of my lord's hous for the yere, shall at all such tymes as my lord doth excede in the sayre of his hous the ordinary service accustomed as appointed in his book of orders, as well as all feasts as in tymes that strangers cum, brynge my lord a bill of the names of such (articles) of flesh or fish which is expended above the ordinary sayre, and in what service it is expendit, that his lordship may dayly see at such tymes as strangers be with him, wherein he doth excee the sayre ordinary of his hous.'

'Item, that the clarkes of the keching shall after they make any bargaine for any manner of provision for keepynge of my lord's hous, that they make him privy thereto, afore the bargayne be concluded, to the intent that they may know whether his lordship agrees to the said price or not.'

'Item, that the clarkes of the brevements (or registrar), by the advice of the controuller and head clarkes of the keching, cause the catorer to go abroad in the country weekly for bying of stuf in such places as is thought it shall be *best cheap*; and to by it seldomeat where my lord liveth, except it may be had as good cheap there as elsewhere.'

'Item, it is thought good that all manner of wyld-fowl be bought at the first hand, and a catorer to be appointed for the same, for it is thought that the

poultrers of Hemmingburgh and Clef hath taken great advantage of my lord yerely, of sellynge of cuneys and wyldfowl.'

But the Lord of Northumberland was not easily imposed upon, and we should think there was marvellously little danger of the evil befalling him which he thus guards against.

'That the clarks of the kechinges see that the service appointed in the booke of directions for the expenses of my lord's hous be observed and kept without imbridgement, to be examined every day what lacks thereof, to the intent that the officers shall not perluine it to their profit, if there be any, but that it remayne only to my lord's profit.'

The Lord of Wresil was not, it would appear, the only nobleman who, after distinguishing himself at the court and in the field, retired to his country-house, there to relax his energies by paying a minute attention to domestic affairs; for we find among the notes in the *Household Book*, an article entitled 'Lord Fairfax's orders for the servants of his household' after the civil wars. And at the risk of trying the patience of our readers, we must give two or three extracts from it, for the edification of modern housewives, no less than to shew the gradual progress of refinement as we approach nearer to our own times.

After appointing the servants to assemble by seven of the clock in the morning in the hall, he requires the 'clarks' of the kitchen to direct the cooks what shall be for breakfast for the ladies in their chambers, and likewise for the gentlemen in the hall or parlour, which must be served by eight o'clock, and not after.

Dinner was to be ready by eleven—quite an advance in civilisation this—and the great chamber being duly served, the steward and chaplain were to sit down in the hall, and call to them the gentlemen, if there were any unplaced above, and then the servants of the strangers, as *their masters be in degree*; and if any unworthy fellow do unmannerly sit himself down before his betters, they must take him up and place him lower! With a regard to appearances scarcely to be surpassed by the most aspiring of modern *parvenus*, it is next provided that 'the best fashioned and appparelled servants shall attend above the salt, the rest below;' and they are, moreover, instructed, that if one have occasion to speak to another about the service at table, let him whisper, 'for noyse is uncivil; and if any servant go forth of the chamber for anything, let him make haste, and see that no more than two be absent.

'For prevention of errands, let all sauces be ready at the door, for even a mess of mustard will take a man's attendance from the table; but, lest anything happen unexpectedly, let a boy stand within the chamber-door for errands.

'Let no man fill beyre or wyne but the cupboard-keeper, who must make choice of his glasses and cups for the company, and not fill them hand over head. He must also know which be for beyre, and which for wyne, for it were a foul thing to mix the two together.

'Let him which doth order the table be the last man in the room to see that nothing be left behinde that should be taken away.' And then his lordship thus concludes: 'Many things I cannot remember, which I refer to your good care; otherwise I should seem to write a book herEOF.'

And now we, too, must take our leave of this curious memento of days long gone by: we have culled only a few of its more prominent passages, in presenting which to the readers, we have purposely passed over many equally or even more curious; the correct signification of which, from the obscurity of the diction and the obsolete customs referred to, seems to be difficult to come at. If we should have succeeded in affording half an hour's

amusement to those who may not have leisure or opportunity to examine it for themselves, the time we have devoted to the study of the Northumberland *Household Book* will not have been spent in vain.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

THIRTY years ago, we remember Mr Cyrus Redding as a youngish man, of gentlemanly appearance and address, fond of society, and qualified by his manners and conversation to take a prominent part in it. This, together with his literary tastes and capabilities, is sufficient to account for the contents of the book before us; by which we find that the author, in his progress through life, mixed much with the world, and possessed opportunities of seeing a good deal both before and behind the curtain. The present result is more a book of personal anecdotes than an autobiography; and the public appear to have applauded his judgment in making it so, for already we have the second edition of the work.*

Our author tells us that he was dandled on the knee of Howard the philanthropist, and that he saw Lord North, although unable now to recollect either. John Wesley he both saw and heard in childhood. 'A servant taking me out to walk, I saw him in a black gown, his long white hair over his shoulders, as in his portraits, at which I stared as at something wonderful. Children were clambering on the timbers, close to where I stood. On a sudden, he stopped in his discourse, turned round towards them, and called out in a clear, loud tone: "Come down, you boys, or be quiet." Another divine of eminence in America, called Murray, he likewise remembers; the same who received from his countrymen the sobriquet of Salvation Murray, to distinguish him from another of the same name styled Damnation Murray. Franklin preferred the doctrine of the former, remarking, that 'it was more natural than otherwise that God should reconcile a lapsed world to himself.'

When Mr Redding had seen, as he tells us, 'a score of summers,' he set out for London, and in due time—19 hours to 84 miles!—arrived at Bath, and found it realise the descriptions we read in obsolete novels. The pump-room was too small for the crowd of fashion, and almost every house exhibited a hatching. Quin called Bath 'the finest place in the world for an old cock to go to roost in.' Its merits, however, were more various, for it was choked up by the *beau-monde*, who rushed thither to drink water and to dance, as well as to die.

'Among the distinguished individuals then in Bath, were William Pitt, and the overshadowed Lord Melville; the latter under the cloud of his impeachment. Pitt was rapidly sinking. The battle of Ansterlitz, and defeat of the last coalition, pressed him to the earth. His desire was to be like his father, a great war-minister, without the experience and due appreciation of the difference of circumstances and times. His stamina were gone; Bath did him no good. Two or three bottles of wine a day ceased to stimulate, and he had constant recourse to large doses of laudanum.

'An official, in attendance at the House of Commons, used to be ready with a full beaker of port-wine when Pitt arrived. This he quaffed off nearly to the quantity of a pint before he entered. He would repeat the draught in the course of the evening. I have at this time a friend who knew the official, proud of relating the circumstance. The reaction of such a custom was inevitable. Care about self-esteem did not keep him politically honest. Did the consciousness of it lead him to wine, or was it

* *Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal, with Observations on Men and Things.* By Cyrus Redding. 3 volumes. London: Charles J. Skeet. 1858.

pure love of the beverage? Perhaps it was neither—a stimulant had become necessary to a feeble stomach. His father was fond of port wine, and took it despite the gout.

'The sight of Pitt's person was not calculated to strengthen his cause with his youthful advocate, for such I was then. His countenance, forbidding and arrogant, was repellent of affection, and not made to be loved, full of disdain, of self-will, and, as a whole, destitute of massiveness; his forehead alone was lofty and good. He walked with his nose elevated in the air; premature age was stamped upon his haggard features. . . . As I recollect, he seemed nearly as tall as myself—in flesh, the merest scarecrow, which, perhaps, made him seem taller than he really was, having, by the use of alcohol, attenuated the muscular fibre.'

It was later than this our author found Gravesend 'a miserable little place,' where he was charged five shillings for a biscuit and a glass of spirits and water. A companion, disapproving of the exorbitant profit, smashed stealthily half-a-dozen glasses on the sideboard.

Mr Redding's acquaintance with the author of *Lacon*, who is mentioned repeatedly throughout the book, commenced in this wise:

'I was sitting alone expecting a summons to dinner one day, when the door of the room opened, and, with little ceremony, a hard pallid-faced gentleman in black entered, and began:

"I have heard of you, sir; wished much to be acquainted; came from Tiverton; called to ask if you had seen one of my pamphlets," handing over one; "singular thing, sir."

"Pray, sir, whom have I the honour of addressing?"

"My name, sir, is the Reverend Caleb Colton, Cambridge Fellow, curate of Tiverton."

"Pray, sir, take a seat." Here commenced my acquaintance with that singular personage, the author of *Lacon*. A first-rate scholar and shrewd thinker; most superstitious about spiritual appearances. His pamphlet related to the Sampford ghost, and most extraordinary things he stated as facts, and verbally re-affirmed. He talked of the church, of Horace, of his own poetry, of which he had a lofty idea, and of Dr Johnson's opinion of spirits. In vain was dinner announced; he took no hint, and, being pleased with his conversation, I thought the best way was to ask him to take a share of what awaited myself. He jumped at the offer, and said it would prolong conversation. I remember there were ducks on the table, and that he dined off a very small portion of one of them. Of wine, no dean, "orthodox in port," could seem fonder in moderation. It was midnight before he departed. His conversation was scholastic and clever, mingled with the wonders of the ghost. He had sat up two nights, had found the bells of the house rung, had undone the wires, and still the mysterious sounds were heard. He had rushed with a light into the apartment, and counted five or six vibrations of a clapper while he looked on. He had listened to footsteps on the stairs, where nothing could be seen, and had been so convinced of supernatural agency, that he had made himself responsible for two hundred pounds, to be paid to the poor of the parish, if the thing should be proved an imposture. This was a great proof of his sincerity, as no man loved money more. It may be observed, that he was so credulous about ghosts, he would not walk home of an evening across his own churchyard, unless he was lighted by some one, and a little girl of ten years of age used to accompany him on such occasions, carrying a lantern. He gave me a pressing invitation to Tiverton, and quoted many lines from a poem he was composing, called *Hypocrisis*.

"Now," said he, "do you think any lines of Pope are more euphonical than these?"

'His conceit at first surprised me, but seeing his weak side, I flattered him.

"Really they are good, and very like"—

"There, sir, I think these will convince you I can write verses of some merit."

'His repetition was like a boy declaiming at a grammar-school; upon all other topics he was shrewd, informing, and agreeable. He laid bare a sophistry admirably, and when he felt he had succeeded, he indicated it by a peculiar twinkle from the corners of his cunning gray eyes, bespeaking his satisfaction. His cheek-bones were high, and his features denoted none of that intellectual power which he undoubtedly possessed, rather the result of labour than genius. He seemed in conversation as though his whole life had been devoted to controversial debate, and that he had employed all his time in detecting fallacies. His learning was great, his reading extensive, his memory retentive. He quoted from English, Greek, and Latin writers with great facility, when he wanted to illustrate any subject. His knowledge of the Scripture was apt and profound, yet he was careless in morals, selfish, reckless in conduct, and sceptical in his faith.'

Mr Redding was, of course, disappointed with the appearance of Madame de Staël; who, however, was 'not ugly, but simply uninteresting and ordinary in feature, and somewhat heavy and rather full in person.' The conversational talents of this remarkable woman are well known; but the practical distinction she drew between the English and German characters, in reply to a question of Mr Redding, is as acute and as true as anything of hers we have seen. 'Asking her what she thought of the Germans, she replied in some respects they were mystics, fond of the extravagant, because their rulers left them little else with which they could deal freely. They were not always exact reasoners, but that was an inconvenience under their circumstances which political amelioration would remove. They were baptised in theories, but might still put to shame the logical English, who spoke continually of Locke and reason, and obeyed custom. "You do not take the trouble to test the soundness of your customs. The Germans are only at liberty to dream, but cannot act on their dreams."

The conversation of Dr Wolcot at seventy-seven years of age was as racy as ever. As a physician, he seems to have been born a generation before his time. He outraged both the faculty and the people by permitting his fever patients to drink as much cold water as they pleased; he affronted and dismayed the apothecaries by analysing their medicines; and he said to Mr Redding with his heretical candour: 'A physician can do little more than watch nature; and if he sees her inclined to go right, give her a shove on the back.' When Wolcot was in Jamaica, the governor's sister asked him the news one morning, and he 'told her that a cherub had been caught up in the Blue Mountains, and brought into the town.

"What did they do with it, my dear doctor?"

"Put it in a cage with a parrot."

"And what then, doctor?"

"In the morning, the parrot had pecked out both its eyes."

"You don't say so!"

Wolcot was the first patron of Opie, whom he brought forward in a very judicious manner. The young artist began with heads at 5s., which increased to 10s. 6d.; and on returning, after his first painting expedition, with twenty guineas in his possession, 'so wonderful was the sum in his unaccustomed eyes, that he first flung the money on the doctor's table in a sort of rapture, and then sweeping the coin all off upon the carpet, rolled himself over it, exclaiming: "Here I be rolling in gold!"'

Among Mr Redding's acquaintance was Catala,

whom he found 'always the same elegant and amiable creature, with the same sweet simple smile, and modest manners.' Through another acquaintance, an old lady, less known, he heard of some of the celebrities of a former generation. "Charles Churchill," she observed, "nobody could ever dream he was able to write such fine poetry, who knew him as well as I did. He was such a heavy, dull man, and had so little to say in company. He often dined with my father, and had a great name with the players." Wilkes, she told me, generally came to her father's house with Churchill, and had all the conversation, having something to say to everybody and about everything, but he was so ugly. . . . I found that Mrs Kendal, for that was Miss Cotes's name by marriage, did not think much of her father's friend as a gentleman, though as a poet, she said, she said, was full of his praises.'

Among the originals in this amusing cabinet, not the least interesting is M. Mentelle, a French mathematician. He was a handsome man of four or five and thirty, who lived in a summer-house in a garden—a glazed room about ten feet square—which he occupied free of cost, giving a half-crown lesson once a week to supply himself with food: 'I entered his cell, occupied by himself and his books, nearly to repletion, together with a long box or chest, in which were several blankets, and across it a plank, on which he was sitting, his feet and legs in the box for the sake of warmth, his back against the wall which received the sashes on both sides, some of which had a pane or two fractured, and mended with paper, on which I observed closely written Greek characters. Before him was a tilted board, which served him for a table, and by the side of the box, an old arm-chair, on which several folio volumes lay open, one upon another. From the ceiling, suspended by a rusty wire, just over his primitive table, hung a piece of tin-plate bent into the form of a lamp, with a wick and oil in it. A small can stood in one corner, and in another, an earthen pitcher of water.' This gentleman conversed fluently in Greek, Latin, English, Italian, German, and Arabic; and read various other tongues, including Chinese. He had travelled on foot all over the continent. 'He was on intimate terms with the members of the French Institute, and the principal men of science in Paris; and a curious figure he cut walking with some of them arm in arm in a soiled flannel jacket and trousers, without stockings, through the fashionable Boulevards, as was often the case.' Mr Redding strongly advised the philosopher to abandon his cherished idea of coming to England, where poverty is only not as great a crime as robbery. 'Your innocent sleep by the wood-side would be deemed a crime. The *juge de paix* would send you to prison for that alone, and, if money were found upon you, it would aggravate the offence. He would ask why you did not get a bed, if you were an honest man. He would say you were a beggar, or were hunting game. Your knowledge, if displayed, would be treated as an aggravation of your offence, "for one who knew so much must be an idler, who would not work for his bread." Do not come to England unless you have money, and a good coat.'

Let us now call up Foscolo; for Mr Redding, with great good taste, concerns himself only with the dead. 'Foscolo lived at Moulsey, but had a lodging in Blenheim Street. There my introduction took place to this friend of Alfieri, well known as he was throughout Europe. Foscolo, at the moment I entered the room, was under the hands of his barber, lathered to the eyes. The lower part of his face looked like the wood-cut of a monkey I had in an edition of Gay's *Fables*, when I was a boy. The upper part was fine, a good forehead, fine large gray eyes, his brow expansive, scanty sandy-coloured hair, all, however,

depreciated by the snails and napkin over his shoulders. He sputtered from his ample lips through the snowy froth: "Sit down, my good friend; I have heard of you—we will talk presently." His scraggy neck was bare, but amid all, his countenance was expressive of high genius. He was scrupulously neat in his person, and gentlemanly when he pleased. . . . His temper was his great failing; and he would too often disregard the exact truth in the relation of a fact, and thus get into a dilemma, and to get out of it, shew his quickness of feeling. . . . We used to play at chess together, when he would make a bad move, and flying into a passion with himself, tear off his hair by the handful. I therefore proposed that we should play no more, as it might lead to a personal quarrel. He said that he was sorry for it; he could not help quarrelling with himself, being so careless in his moves.' Here is a poetical portrait of Foscolo by himself:

A furrowed brow, intent and deep-sunk eyes,
Fair hair, lean cheeks, and mind and aspect bold!
The proud quick lip, where seldom smiles arise—
Bent head, and well-formed neck, breast rough and cold,
Limbs well composed; simple in dress, yet choice;
Swift or to move, act, think, or thought unfold.
Temperate, firm, kind, unused to flattery lies,
Adverse to the world, adverse to me of old;
Ofttimes alone and mournful, evermore
Most pensive, all unmoved by hope or fear;
By shame made timid, and by anger brave;
My subtle reason speaks: but ah! I rave—
'Twixt vice and virtue hardly know to steer—
Death may for me have fame and rest in store!

An amusing account is given of the indignation of a lady of the genus irritable, who was offered twelve guineas per sheet by the *New Monthly Magazine*, edited nominally by Thomas Campbell, but really by Mr Redding. 'To imagine that I should write on such terms,' wrote Miss Mitford, 'is ridiculous. I left off writing for the magazines generally because sixteen was not enough, and in my letter to Mr V— was as clear as possible on the point: I especially said six guineas an article, long or short.' These were the palmy days of the monthly magazines. How much do they pay now? The annuals, too, we remember—at least the first-class annuals—did not count the pages at all: they paid fifteen guineas per prose article. The contributions to the *Book of Beauty* were on a different footing: they were a homage to the fair editress, Lady Blessington, whose female contributors usually received an ornamental pen, or some other article of trifling value, as a return of courtesy.

Mr Redding is not an out-and-out admirer of Lamb. 'Lamb's dislike of the country, born and bred in London as he was, seems rational enough; and from the same cause, his affection for ale and tobacco, attachments worthy of those who dislike flowers, kitchen-gardens, and love company, particularly low company. Lamb felt himself at home here. He owned, notwithstanding, that he had a delicacy towards sheep-stealing. Were not the Edinburgh Reviewers right—could such a man be a poet? His charming essays came from his own habitual feelings, and the peculiarities of his social habits, and were quaint, fruitful pictures of certain things allied with those habits. Poetry is a different matter, and more universal in its nature—at least, that poetry which confers a lasting reputation. A poet born, bred, educated, and continually resident in a great city, with none but urban associations, is like a stall-bred ox that never pastured. The map of Lamb's world, and that of his followers, extended from Hampstead to Camberwell, and from Brentford to Bow. They had heard, it was true, of other countries beyond those limits, which were the sojourn of the Troglodites, whose heads grew beneath their shoulders, for all they knew or cared about

them. Porter was their nectar; the tavern-board or the book-cleared table in chambers, the fresh lobster, and the toasted cheese at supper, a little discourse on their own theories, amid the incense of the Indian weed, and they were in their element. Lamb had not seen the "wide" world. He cherished his circumscription, and he was right if he liked it best. He was a kind relative, a good but peculiar man, but had no sympathetic rejoicings with wild wanderers. He was an original, radically of the city in his habits as well as literature. The Thames was his lake, not Bala or Derwentwater; the oozy beds of the coal-lighters on the fragrant borders of their opaque waters bathed his spirit. He loved the place of his nativity, and the streets and dwellings that he had known so long. The dinginess of Fleet Street and the Temple was his precious *verd antique*. All this was natural, nor am I aware that he ever upbraided or envied those who expatiated more at large. His "sect" died with him.

If we had room, we should be glad to quote a scene between Campbell and Professor Wilson. The former was talking with warmth of the tyranny of the Czar Nicholas in tearing away Polish children from their families; and Wilson contending in grave badinage that it was all an error arising from mistranslation; that the young Poles were really young pigs.

But we must have done; and we give Mr Redding the last word: 'Horace Twiss, with his grave countenance, who should have been called single-speech, for he made but one good speech in parliament, was a sober and attentive man of business—his solemnity sometimes passing for extra wisdom. One day, going to see a friend in the Temple, I met him on the ground-floor. "Come with me," said he; "Twiss is rehearsing; don't make a noise." Horace had to be down at the house that evening. We peeped through the keyhole, hearing him in practice, and saw him address the tongs, placed upright against the bars, as "Mr Speaker;" but we could not hear all the oration. The honourable member preserved wondrous gravity, and the tongs falling, said to himself: "Ay, now the Speaker has left the chair."'

LURKING POISONS.

For years past we have been taking lessons in mistrust, and are more than half afraid of swallowing poison with our daily food. It would be well were we still more mistrustful, not only with respect to food, but to various other articles which are continually passing through our hands. Poison lurks in a thousand places and things where we do not expect to find it, and a very slight circumstance often suffices to transform what we deemed a trifle of no account, into a death-dealing agent. Even when fatal consequences actually ensue, they are frequently attributed to any cause rather than the right one, especially in cases where children are the sufferers.

It may not, perhaps, be amiss to instance a few such cases, and I do so with the view of putting persons on their guard, and inducing them to make themselves acquainted with the nature and properties of many dangerous things by which they are surrounded, and so prevent the repetition of accidents which are now, through ignorance, of frequent occurrence. Take, for example, the following:

Not many days ago, the wife of a well-to-do farmer with whom I am acquainted came to town on the market-day, leaving an infant of ten months old in the especial charge of her eldest daughter. Almost immediately after her departure, the child, a most

engaging little girl, was taken suddenly ill. Violent attacks of vomiting, between which the child lay in a kind of death-like torpor, were the symptoms, and a tooth, which was just making its appearance, was blamed as the cause of her suffering. As, however, some time elapsed, and no perceptible improvement took place in the state of the little patient, the sister became alarmed, and despatched a servant to recall the mother. On her arrival, she also set down everything to the tooth, and but for the inquiries of a friend, to whom the circumstances of poor baby's illness were pathetically detailed, the aforesaid incur would have borne the blame of having caused it.

The friend, however, could not divert herself of the idea that the child's sufferings were not the result of teething, but of some mineral poison that had been accidentally administered to it, particularly when informed, that after it had taken the breast, though the sickness was greater, the bad symptoms began to abate.

'Are you quite sure,' she asked, 'that your little one had eaten nothing injurious?'

'Quite sure,' replied the mother, almost indignant at the bare idea that her darling's sufferings had been caused by any carelessness or neglect on her part. 'Indeed,' she added, 'knowing she was about some teeth, I would not trust her to a servant, but fed her myself; and she was in no other hands except those of my daughter this morning.'

'Then had she no playthings near her?'

'Not any.'

'O no,' interposed the daughter; 'the only thing she touched was a piece of paper, and at first I thought it had made her sick, as she swallowed a bit of it, and sucked the colour off the remainder.'

The solution of the matter was now made perfectly plain. A few more questions proved the correctness of the visitor's suspicions. The paper alluded to was a large ticket of a brilliant and beautiful green colour, which had been taken off some article of clothing. Its gay hue and the glittering letters had attracted the child's attention; and the mother, never deeming such a trifle could contain anything injurious, unsuspectingly placed in the eagerly outstretched little palm a portion of a most deadly poison. Fortunately, the dose did not prove sufficient to destroy life, though it was quite strong enough to place it in jeopardy.

When paper-hangings were more expensive, and consequently less common than they are at present, the walls of two rooms in my father's house were washed with a green solution. Whenever these walls were swept, the person performing the operation was sure to complain of sickness, and an acid copper taste in the mouth. This is easily accounted for, though I believe it occurred several times before any harm attributed it to the real cause. Of course, the sweepers removed a portion of the colouring matter from the walls, in the form of a fine and subtle dust, which, being inhaled, produced slight symptoms of poisoning. Here, too, a child had nearly lost her life from repeatedly wetting her finger with saliva to rub the colouring matter off the wall.

Of a similarly injurious nature are the brilliant green-hued paper-hangings which have been so much in use of late. Only a few weeks ago, a medical man, writing to one of our leading journals, gave an account of his having suffered seriously from them. It appears from his statement, that being in the habit of spending a considerable portion of his time in a room hung with paper of the objectionable

hue, he became ill, but, removing to another apartment, he speedily recovered. Subsequently, returning to his old place and habits, the bad symptoms again appeared.

His suspicions were aroused; and certain chemical experiments proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that a highly poisonous matter had been extracted from the green-coloured paper, and transferred to his system, by inhalation, to an extent sufficient to bring on serious indisposition.

It seems, moreover, that in one of the continental cities, the police authorities have interfered, and actually rent paper-hangings of this particular colour from the walls, to prevent the dangerous results which might have otherwise ensued to those who occupied the apartment.

It was suggested, some time ago, that the gas contained in the air-balls which have lately been such favourite toys, might, under certain circumstances, render them anything but safe articles to place in the hands of the rising generation. But it seems that here again the actual loss of two lives has resulted from the use of poisonous colouring matters in their decoration.

The sufferers were the children of a man who manufactures these air-balls; and his whole family have suffered, more or less, by inhaling the poison. For my part, I honestly rejoice at the introduction of any new and attractive plaything, deeming it no light matter to furnish a child with a source of pleasure; but surely novelty is too dearly purchased at the cost of human life.

Again, it is quite possible that a sufficient amount of poison to affect the wearer may be rubbed off a dress. A few months ago, many of the young women employed in a great Parisian dress-making establishment became suddenly ill while at their work. They were making up a number of ball-dresses, of a peculiarly beautiful and novel shade of green, and the friction indispensably attendant on their labour, had displaced a portion of the colour, which they had inhaled.

A physician of eminence, who was consulted on the occasion, gave it as his opinion, that should these dresses be worn in a ball-room, a sufficient quantity of poison would be mingled with the atmosphere to produce most dangerous consequences to the company.

These are only a few out of numerous cases which present themselves as all springing from similar causes. But they are sufficient for my present purpose, since they give ample testimony of the harm which may result from ignorance in a very simple matter, and also furnish instances of the various forms under which one poison only may be presented to us without awakening suspicion.

Take the first case quoted. All persons who have anything to do with children, well know with what avidity the youngsters beg for pieces of coloured paper. They watch eagerly for the time when the last sheets of note-paper are taken from the cover, or the envelopes from the gay band which confines them, in order to appropriate these little works of art—for truly many of them may be called such—to the manufacture of sundry devices. And probably not one mother out of a hundred is conscious that a misapplication of some of these innocent-looking and much-coveted articles might cost a child's life.

We need only ascertain of what such colouring matters are composed to see clearly the cause of such disastrous effects. The majority of greens, in fact, all the most beautiful, are preparations of copper, the only mineral which produces that colour. In Ure's *Dictionary*, we find, under the head 'green paints,' a list of seven greens, nearly all of which are different prepa-

rations of copper. Scheele's green, and Schweinfurth green, the two most beautiful pigments of this hue, are both deadly poisons. The first is composed of oxide of copper, and arsenous acid, or white oxide of arsenic. Schweinfurth green, which is a still finer colour, contains the above-named ingredients, but in different proportions, and with acetic acid in addition. With regard to the first, Dr Ure tells us that it was detected, a few years before the publication of his work, as the colouring matter of some Parisian *bonbons*, by the *Conseil de Salubrité*; since which, the confectioners were prohibited from using it by the French government. More recently, I have myself read of a case where a child was poisoned through sucking the green colour off some twelfth-cake ornaments.

Now, where so large a proportion of the various shades of green are known to be formed by a mixture of some of the most powerfully poisonous substances, and since only persons possessing considerable chemical knowledge can distinguish those that are the least injurious, it is surely advisable to caution all who are not so well informed. Even when green is produced by a mixture of blue and yellow, Prussian blue, the one most commonly employed, is in itself slightly poisonous.

Before passing from the subject of colours, I will mention a few of the poisonous substances used in producing different shades for painting and dyeing. To attempt to give the exact composition of each colour, and the mode in which it is produced, would occupy too much time and space; as it is, I only intend to name a few, simply with a view to put persons on their guard against the misapplication of articles innocent enough in their proper places, and hurtful only when, as in the case quoted at the commencement of this little paper, they are placed in the hands of those who divert them from their original uses.

Among the colouring substances used by the manufacturers of paper-hangings and painted papers, are white-lead, chrome yellow—a preparation of lead—Prussian blue, blue verditer—a preparation of copper—and the greens already mentioned. The above-named are all poisonous; and when we consider the immense number of articles wrapped in these painted papers, no more need be said as to the necessity for great care in placing them in the hands of children, since any one knows that almost everything given to a child under two years of age is carried to the mouth. Even those of larger growth are apt to do the same thing; hence the danger above alluded to.

Probably, with respect to paper-hangings, much of the mischief might be obviated by using those which are glazed; or—as it rarely happens that the whole surface is so, the opposite effects produced by dead and bright shades being considered so desirable—they might be varnished after having been hung on the walls.

But green or other coloured articles are by no means the only ones against the improper use of which a caution is necessary. In looking through the columns of a newspaper, we frequently meet with paragraphs like the following: 'A poor woman, who died lately at Bratost, near Spilsby, Lincolnshire, after a few days' illness, had incautiously applied some tallow from a candle to a scratch on her face. In a few hours after the application, her head and face became very painful, and previously to her dissolution, had swollen to a frightful extent—the consequence of some very poisonous ingredients used by chandlers for purifying tallow.' This was inserted in November 1851. In the following January, a similar case is quoted: 'A young man has died at Hull from putting tallow on a pimple on his face. The tallow contained arsenous acid, and verdigris had in consequence accumulated on the candlestick.'

Amongst the poorer classes of the community, tallow is a very favourite specific. As in the instances already mentioned, it is applied to scratches, pimples, cuts, and a hundred other trifling hurts. If a child is suffering from a cold in the head, a thousand to one but its nose will be tallowed before it goes to bed, while a tallow-plaster, applied to the chest, is considered the 'sovereign' thing on earth to relieve any oppression there, or difficulty of breathing. I once saw such an application made to a frightful burn on the breast of an infant. It produced no injurious effect, because it so happened that these candles did not contain the poisonous ingredient which is to be found in some, as all tallow is not exposed to the same bleaching process, some being simply whitened by age. Where, however, there is a quick sale, or an unusually large demand, certain substances are used to improve the colour which impart a poisonous quality.

Of course, only the initiated can tell which are harmless and which hurtful; hence the necessity for the disease of tallow as a snare; for though I have mentioned the lower classes of the community as those who make the most frequent use of it, they by no means stand alone. It is an old-fashioned and very favourite remedy even with some middle-class folk, as I can avouch from my own actual knowledge; and those with whom it is not, may do good by warning others against it. It is horrid to think of the suffering which might have been entailed on the poor child to whose burned breast a tallow-plaster was applied, had it contained the poison so many candles do.

More recently than any of the above cases, two lives have been lost in consequence of the careless exposure of certain photographic chemicals of a deadly nature.

In the first case, a photographer had left a vessel containing a poisonous solution on the sill of a window opening into a neighbour's premises. The child of the latter drank the liquid, and died.

The second case is still more to be regretted, since the case with which photographic chemicals may be procured, furnished the means of committing suicide to a girl of sixteen, who had been a couple of months in the service of the artist's mother. The unhappy young woman had deliberately carried a bottle of iodide of potassium—a substance which, on solution in a pure liquid, becomes prussic acid—to her bedroom, mixed a portion with water, and drank it. The coroner before whom the inquiry respecting the cause of death was made, strongly condemned the indiscriminate sale of such deadly articles, and recommended the interference of the legislature to prevent it. I cannot too strongly impress on the minds of those who use such dangerous substances, that the greatest care ought to be taken to prevent their falling into inexperienced hands. Probably the amateur is less likely to err in this respect than the professional photographer, since the latter, from constantly having them in hand, is apt to forget they are anything but the tools of his trade.

To add to those instances would be easy; but I will mention only one more case of poisoning from the accidental misapplication of an article in daily use. A lady who was in the habit of using what is called 'almond flavour' for culinary purposes, incautiously left the bottle containing it within reach of a child, who, naturally supposing that what mamma put into her sweet-cakes must be good, seized the phial, drank the contents, and expired instantly, from an immensely powerful dose of hydrocyanic or prussic acid.

Any comment on the above cases is needless. They speak for themselves; and should the attention drawn to them here be the means of inducing persons to make themselves acquainted with the properties of the

articles they use, and thus prevent their misapplication, the writer's purpose in collecting them will have been fulfilled.

CAMEL-EXPEDITIONS IN AMERICA.

FAMILIAR with matters of European concern, perhaps few among us are aware of the energetic efforts which the government of the United States has latterly been making to establish means of communication across the great wilderness which stretch from the borders of the Mississippi to the new American settlements on the Pacific. These efforts remind us of the almost continuous series of expeditions to lay open the coasts of the Niger and obtain a knowledge of the interior of Africa. Beginning with Lewis and Clarke, there have been numerous expeditions in the far west, all more or less successful, one of the more adventurous and interesting of these journeys being that of Colonel Fremont, an candidate for the presidency, whose achievements in opening a way across the Rocky Mountains gained for him the appellation of the Path-finder.

In pursuing these long and hazardous explorations, two chief difficulties were to be encountered—either with the tribes of Indians, and the unavailability of the ground for wheeled carriages. With their skill as strategists and marksmen, the Anglo-Americans could indeed beat off successive hosts of natives; in point of fact, what with slaughter, natural fear, and diplomatic conciliation, the Indians are not so formidable as they were even a few years ago. But the prodigious obstacles presented by nature still remain to be conquered—great trackless plains destitute of water, occasionally a broad river with shelving banks, rocky ravines, and lofty mountains. The transport of water in sufficient abundance for man and beast has, in particular, been found not more practicable than in the deserts of Arabia. Horses, bullocks, men, sank under the privations to which the want of water exposed them; and nothing more dismal can be pictured than the track pursued by several of these expeditions—the route for a thousand miles showing the bleaching bones of animals, along with the wreck of carriages and other objects which had to be abandoned by the daily diminishing force that still contrived to keep its face westward. At length it was proposed to try an expedition with the assistance of Camels, to be imported for the purpose from some place in Asia. The project, however, encountered the usual of doubt and opposition usually given to everything new and untried. It had been stated, on the authority of Father Hue, an old traveller in Turkey, that the camel cannot swim; and, strangely enough, no one could positively rebut the assertion. Now, if Father Hue was right, there was at once an end of the scheme for employing camels in America, since deep and broad rivers must be crossed in the jump across the plains. After some little debate, it was resolved to import camels and make the trial; if they would swim—and, barring their obstinate temper, why should they not?—the practicability of employing in any direction was settled.

Who does not look with some interest at the discussion of this curious problem—now solved, as we shall proceed to relate?

Nearly a hundred camels and dromedaries were imported into the United States; their place of landing being Indianola, a port in Texas, on the Gulf of Mexico. Here, being turned loose for a time to recruit after the fatigues and discomforts of their long voyage, they got into good health, and were conveyed to San Antonio, to be employed in the expedition of Lieutenant Beale and that of Captain Pope for subterranean wells in the deserts intersected by the Rio Pecos. According to the account given in a New York

newspaper,* which we chiefly draw on for what follows, Lieutenant Beale left San Antonio on the 25th of June, having selected for his expedition twenty-three camels and three dromedaries. The camels were laden with a large portion of the grain necessary for the teams of mules. Those of them which, in their native country, had been trained to this business, were found capable of carrying a thousand pounds-weight. The expedition took the route from San Antonio to El Paso, and thence up the Rio Grande to Albuquerque, at some distance west of which the new explorations were to begin. From San Antonio to Albuquerque, by this route, the distance is over a thousand miles, a large part of it through districts very scantily supplied with either grass or water. It was accomplished in forty-five days, the train moving at an average rate of four miles an hour, and the camels bearing the journey perfectly well. From Albuquerque the expedition marched to Zuni, an outlying settlement of New Mexico. Lieutenant Beale left Zuni on the 28th of August, having obtained an escort of troops from Fort Defiance, situate some ninety miles to the north in the country of the Navajos. His route lay nearly due west, along the 35th parallel of north latitude, and through a region hitherto almost unknown. As far as the Little Colorado, the road, though with volcanic ranges of mountains constantly in sight, some of them capped with snow, was comparatively level. There were abundant supplies of grass, with timber sufficient for fuel, and plenty of water. After crossing Little Colorado, which was followed for some days, and which has a wide and fertile bottom, with a fringe of cotton-wood along the banks, the expedition encountered the San Francisco mountain, having on its eastern slope great forests of pine, and on its western forests of cedar. From the western foot of this mountain the country grows more barren, till, near the banks of the Colorado, it becomes a desert, excepting the bottom lands, a few miles in extent. The river here was found to be from two or three hundred yards wide, flowing at the rate of three or four miles an hour, and with nineteen feet of water in the mid-channel. It was unobstructed by rocks, and was apparently navigable for large steamers. The inhabitants of an Indian village represented the river as maintaining the same character as at Fort Yuma, near its junction with the Gila.

Now it was to be proved whether the camel could swim—a test to which Lieutenant Beale had looked forward with not a little anxiety. Having reached the Colorado, he was determined to settle the question for himself. The first camel brought to the bank refused to enter the river; but another being brought down, to the great delight of the whole company, it took the water freely, and swam boldly across. The others, tied one behind the other in strings of five, were taken across in the same way. They not only swam with ease, but, in this particular as in others, they seemed to outdo the horses and mules. This seemed to be the only remaining test needed to establish the character of the camel as a beast of burden specially suited for those regions. Lieutenant Beale had started with the determination that the experiment should be no partial one, and he made it a point to subject his camels to trials which no other animal could stand. As to the result, he thus expresses himself:

‘In all our lateral explorations they have carried water, sometimes for more than a week, for the mules used by the men—themselves never receiving even a bucketful to one of them; they have traversed patiently with heavy packs, on these explorations, countries covered with the sharpest volcanic rock, and

yet their feet to this hour have evinced no symptom of tenderness or injury; with heavy packs they have crossed mountains, ascended and descended precipitous places where an unladen mule found it difficult to pass, even with the assistance of the rider dismounted, and carefully picking its way. I think it would be within bounds to say that, in these various lateral explorations, they have traversed nearly double the distance passed over by our mules and wagons.

‘Leaving home with all the prejudice attaching to untried experiments, and with many in our camp opposed to their use, and looking forward confidently to their failure, I believe, at this time, I may speak for every man in our party, when I say there is not one of them who would not prefer the most indifferent of our camels to four of our best mules, and I look forward hopefully to the time when they will be in general use in all parts of our country.’

The country, for eighty miles west of the Colorado, continues a sandy desert, with but little water or grass. At that distance, the expedition struck the Mojave, which there began to have some water in its bed. Crossing the San Bernardino mountain by the Cajon Pass, they reached Los Angeles on the 20th of November. This route is far preferable in every respect to that by the Gila, hitherto followed. It is especially adapted for the sheep-trade—sheep being the chief staple of New Mexico—and is likely to lead to increased trade and intercourse between New Mexico and California.

What particularly adapts the camel for use in those regions is not merely its capacity to endure fatigue and long want of water, but the very coarse and scanty food with which it is content. Those animals eat as they go along anything of a vegetable nature they find in their path, bending their long necks and throwing their heads into every narrow crevice of the rocks where grows a cactus or a clump of grass, or cropping the leaves from the branches of trees without in the least slackening their progress. In this respect, as in many others, they have a great advantage over mules or horses, which require food as regularly as man himself.—According to still later accounts, the camels were realising the best expectations which had been formed respecting them; and we can fancy that their now thoroughly proved adaptability to exploratory purposes would suggest their being employed in expeditions to the interior of the Australian continent.

TRADE IN DRINK.

The liquor-traffic-suppression law of America is proclaimed in this country to have been a failure—that is, impossible of observance, in any state where it has been tried. The reports to this effect are, however, premature; at least they do not comport well with some facts of recent occurrence. In the year 1856, two hundred women entered the liquor-stores of Rockport, Essex county, Massachusetts, and destroyed all the liquors they could find. One of the sufferers by this Jenny-Geddes movement sued Stephen Perkins and his wife, who were concerned in it, and the case was lately decided in the supreme court at Salem by Chief-justice Shaw. The defendants were absolved, on the ground that the law had declared liquors kept for sale to be a nuisance, and it was therefore lawful for any person or multitude of persons to destroy them, wherever found. A salute of ten guns was fired in honour of the decision, and many instances have since occurred both of public officers and private individuals walking into liquor-stores and deliberately smashing every vessel containing liquor which they could reach, of course without being liable to any action in consequence. In fact,

* *New York Tribune*, January 22, 1858.

liquor for sale is now, in Massachusetts, a species of property for which the law affords no protection. The lowest 'loafer' on the streets may walk into the gayest liquor-palace, and do as he likes with it.

The observance and working out of law in America is more tinged with the Lynch principle of natural justice than it is in our old and long settled country. Hence we perhaps see in the above facts a procedure which would never be sanctioned in England. Yet we would not advise the liquor interest with us to be too confident of the future. Their enemies are a small body, but they are indefatigable in their efforts to direct indignation at the public-houses—and when we see such astounding mischiefs constantly flowing from that source, can we wonder at their success? To take an isolated example: There are 2239 public-houses in Liverpool, and the habits of the working-classes in that city are thus described by a missionary (Rev. J. A. Steinthal): 'Saving is an exceptional virtue among them. . . . The great, the chief kind of wasteful expenditure is the money spent on drink. . . . It is hardly possible to conceive the sums thus uselessly and foolishly spent. . . . There is nothing which a man addicted to drink either reverences or fears. As long as the victim drinks, any attempt at moral or religious improvement is altogether hopeless. There is a general belief that intemperance is a very prevalent vice; I only wish it were more generally known how awful are its ravages, and that all persons would but see with their own eyes the ruin which it produces. I have seen fathers and mothers pledge their children's clothes for drink. . . . Until the curse of drink is removed, I have no hope of the permanent improvement of the working-classes. It is and indeed to watch the degrading and hardening influence of the desire for drink. I constantly hear of men turning their wives and children out of doors, to find refuge where they can for the night. I have seen the ruins of a man's furniture, which in drunken frenzy he had destroyed. I have seen the wife's spare garments scorched and burned by the folly of a man who wished to make his fire burn brightly. I have seen the awful horrors of delirium tremens, when a man was as effectually mad as if labouring under mental disease, which indeed, for the time, he was. It has been my lot, of late, to see the tears flow down many a mother's face, as she told me of her starving children, and yet I have known mothers spending their money at the public-house, wasting their husbands' hard-earned wages for that which is not bread. That which thus can deaden every natural affection, every appeal of duty, must be cast out from amongst us, if we are not to see greater degradations than we already deplore.'

In answer to the objection, you cannot make people sober by act of parliament, they affirm that to some extent you can. As is well known, a partially restrictive act has been in force in Scotland for some time past. The entire cases of drunken disorderliness reported by the police in the seventeen principal towns of Scotland during the three first years were 116,101, against 145,366 in the three preceding years; of such cases on Sunday there were 4299, as contrasted with 11,471.* Of there being a ratio, indeed, between the number of open public-houses and the amount of this appalling body-and-soul-destroying vice, we believe there can be no reasonable doubt.

How strange to contrast with the results of drunkenness in an industrious population the results of the providing of drink in certain cases. A recent lunacy-inquiry case reveals to us a capital in the brewing-trade advanced, in sixteen years, from £200,000 to

£600,000, enabling the fortunate trader to purchase a royal residence, to hunt in splendid style in the Highlands, to keep racers, to marry a lady of noble family, and settle on her a jointure of £15,000 a year! We suppose the enjoyers and partakers of these drink-made fortunes look on the money in Vespasian's spirit—*Non olet*. A touch of Chief-justice Shaw would, however, change their tune—and it may come!

INSTINCT.

Thou art not of my kind, nor knowest

What manner of a soul I bear,

Save by that instinct which thou shewest—

God's gift to thee, a jewel rare;

A charm by which to understand

The plying touch of this weak hand.

Like some lost human sense, to thee

It teaches what man cannot teach,

Our common nature's mystery

That lies beyond his reason's reach:

Thy quick bright eyes—so meek, so true—

Can pierce my being through and through.

I do but look on thee, and lo!

Thou'rt all one quiver of delight:

Thou seem'st, thus dancing to and fro,

Some beam of heaven's reflected light,

A flash of joy—a sportive ray,

To haunt and guide my darkened way.

What is thy need, O gentle friend!

That thou must watch me where I sit

Chasing vain shadows without end—

Nursing sick sorrow's fever fit?

Why winnest thou beside my door?

I did but cry: 'My heart is sore.'

Thou canst not heal it: go thy way.

Thou wilt not?—Nay, then rest thee here:

There's something in thy looks doth say

'To me thy chamber is not drear.'

Methinks thou'rt sent—at last, though late,

To teach me how to 'stand and wait.'

I never owned thee; nay, nor fed,

Nor taught thee tricks as illers do;

Yet constant to my side thou'rt led,

Drawn by a chain that draweth few.

Writhe as I may, in thee I find

A patience passing human kind.

What if I smote thee?—Never wince!

I would not do myself that shame.*

My soul is struck, poor friend; yet since

Revenge thou knowest not even by name,

I will go pray while strength is mine

For such a nature as is thine.

Say, did I smite, wouldst thou leap up

And touch my cheek with silent tongue?

Ay, thou wouldst drain the bitter cup,

Nor inly cry: 'My heart is stung,'

But melt my wrath with blithesome cheer,

Turning my passion to a tear.

I could not so: the more my need.

Heaven framed me with too keen a sense

Of wounds that rankle while they bleed,

And mine own helpless impotence

In this blank world that round me rolls,

Strewn with the wrecks of human souls.

Come! lay thy head upon my knee,

O gentle Teacher, wise as strong!

I'll bow me down, and learn of thee

To win by love that suffers long;

And find all rest beneath the sun

In the calm sense of duty done.

E. L. H.

* From a pamphlet recently published by Mr Duncan M'Laren, *The Rise and Progress of Whisky-drinking in Scotland*. Edinburgh: Oliphant.

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CONTRARY TO THE CUSTOMS.

I AM, for my own part, an individual of Spartan virtue and the strictest morals. If I picked up a purse of money in the street to-morrow, I am almost certain that I should advertise it in the newspapers. If I took somebody else's portmanteau home with me in place of my own, I should at once propose to myself to return it to its original proprietor without any consideration respecting the relative value of the two.

Still, as the moral philosopher observed who ate the sucking-pig which was sent as a present to his friend, 'One must stop somewhere;' and there is a limit even to my notions of what should be expected of an honest man. I condemn but cannot help extenuating the conduct of that paterfamilias who, upon the troublesome question of allowance of luggage, describes his party as 'seven first-class passengers,' when three of the same are infants, and pay no fares. The poor fellow reasons (I hope and believe) somewhat after the following fashion: 'The railway authorities permit little children to travel free; that permission is absurd unless they permit their baggage to travel free also, these iron cots are their private property; my own portmanteau has been partially usurped by certain heterogeneous garments of ridiculously small dimensions; this bag, which I am always instructed to "see to," and carry in my hand so carefully, and which clinks as I move, as though there were something frangible in it, must certainly belong to them, and should be conveyed gratis. Moreover, I was not asked how many tickets I had procured, but how many persons were travelling with me.'

This last exculpation I consider to be a reprehensible quibble; but if paterfamilias sticks solely to his first notion of the semi-generous manner in which the railway authorities behave in regard to infants, and practically reforms their half-measures—in spite of themselves—by giving a whole effect to them—that man has then my sympathy, though not perhaps my admiration. I confess I am not able to look upon a public company as upon a private individual. I have not imagination enough—my weakness arises from that, I think—to identify a Board with a human Being. I cannot detect that feeling of shame within me when I mulct an association of directors, which I should entertain if I took an article of value, or indeed any article, out of the coat-pocket of a single member of that body. I smoke in contravention of by-laws. I give money to luggage-porters, with a tacit understanding that I shall in return for it enjoy certain immunities, in spite of the particular requests

to the contrary that are addressed to me in print at every station, and of the 'Certain Dismissal' which is threatened so inexorably to the recipients.

With these little flaws in my otherwise immaculate moral character, it is not to be expected that I should entertain a servile respect for Her Majesty's Revenue laws; that I should religiously observe those Duties which are not so much natural as Customary. I do smuggle a little, when an opportunity offers itself, and that's the honest truth. In addition to the pecuniary saving, which is not inconsiderable in articles such as lace and tobacco, there is a considerable charm in defeating an organised system, in setting at nought a whole army of individuals that has been expressly levied for my discomfiture. Besides, if the worst comes to the worst, if a smuggler falls into the hands of a revenue-officer, he cannot be put to death, nor even transported for life: the risk of fine or imprisonment is of course considerable, but not more than sufficiently great to enhance the excitement. I had done a little in velvets, and made insignificant ventures of silk and jewellery more than once before I tried my first grand coup in laces, but I felt upon that occasion, I confess, excessively nervous.

It was autumn, and I was crossing the Channel to Dover amid a crowd of returning tourists, almost all of whom were dreadfully inconvenienced by a strong westerly wind. *Tot homines, tot sententia*, was never proved to be so false a proverb before. Numerous as the company was, it was all of one mind, or at least of one stomach; the deck, as a modern wit (who I wish was my friend) once observed, looked like some horrid picnic. It was terrible, as I stood at the bow, to see nothing else but the drooping hats and bonnets of my fellow-beings as the vessel dipped and rose—an endless game of pitch-and-toss, where nothing turned up but heads. One sea-green face, however, was visible, the property of a middle-aged lady of large dimensions, and it interested me very deeply. Those nervous eyes, that twitching mouth, that countenance vainly striving to look unconcerned, I recognised at once as belonging to the amateur female smuggler running her first cargo. She would have been ill, I could see, only she had too great a weight upon her mind to enjoy any such relaxation. She saw that I was looking fixedly at her, and a blush came over her face, at once 'making the green one red.' Yea, it was plain she smuggled; she was stouter than any woman of her general appearance had any right to be.

'Madam,' said I, approaching her by a series of gymnastic evolutions, which the unstable character of the plane whereon I moved compelled—'I see you

have no attendant; can I be of any service to you? I am an old sailor, and have, as you see, my sea-legs under me.'

The poor woman gazed on the limbs referred to with an unintelligent and frightened air; she had evidently never heard of 'sea-legs,' or else she had understood me to say that I had three legs, and she stared accordingly.

'I want nothing, sir, I thank you,' replied she feebly, 'unless you could put me on shore.'

'We shall be, my dear madam,' said I, taking out my watch, but keeping my eye steadily upon her—'we shall be in less than ten minutes at the Custom-house.'

A spasm—a flicker from the guilt within—glanced over her countenance.

'You look very good-natured, sir,' stammered she. I bowed, and looked considerably more so, in order to invite her confidence. 'If I was to tell you a secret, which I find is too much for me to keep to myself, oh, would you hold it inviolable?'

'I know it, my dear madam—I know it already,' said I smiling; 'it is *Lace*, is it not?'

She uttered a little shriek, and—Yes, she had got it there, among the crinolines. She thought it had been sticking out, you see, unknown to her.

'Oh, sir,' cried she, 'it is only ten pounds' worth: please to forgive me, and I'll never do it again. As it is, I think I shall expire.'

'My dear madam,' replied I, sternly but kindly, 'here is the pier, and the officer has fired his eye upon us. I must do my duty.'

I rushed up the ladder like a lamp-lighter; I pointed that woman out to the legitimate authority: I accompanied her upon her way, in custody, to the searching-house. I did not see her searched, but I saw what was found upon her, and I saw her fined and dismissed with ignominy. Then, having generously given up my emoluments as informer, to the subordinate officials, I hurried off in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. She did not receive me warmly, and for a long time, indeed, refused to hear a word that I had to say. At last I overcame her antipathy so far as to get her to look at a piece of point-lace of twice the value of that which had been so ruthlessly taken away from her. I then placed in her hand the amount of the fine in which she had been mulcted. Then I began my explanatory statement:

'You had ten pounds' worth of smuggled goods about your person, madam. I had nearly fifty times that amount. If you were alarmed for the possible consequences of your rashness, what, think you, must have been the state of my feelings upon my own account? I turned informer, madam, let me convince you, for the sake of both of us. You have too expressive a countenance, believe me, for this sort of free-trading, and the officer would have found you out at all events, even as I did myself. Are you satisfied, my dear madam? If you still feel aggrieved or injured by me in any manner, pray take more lace; here is lots of it.'

We parted the best of friends.

I had a second adventure, the other day, of a much less dangerous character, but which, as it happily illustrates my great natural ingenuity, I here take leave to add. Having come from the Mediterranean a few weeks ago to Southampton, I happened to be in possession of a couple of pounds of exceedingly fine cigars, adapted to my special taste, and which I was determined no custom-house fingers should meddle with. As soon as the vessel was brought alongside the quay, I left my cabin, and made my way to the movable gangway.

'Sir,' said the official at the deck end of it, with a malicious grin, 'I think I must trouble you to take off your hat.'

'To you?' cried I—'never! You are not Prince Albert in disguise, I suppose, nor the Bey of Tunis!'

'Come, come,' exclaimed the fellow—official persons, it may be here observed, have the greatest possible dislike to being rallied, or, as the vulgar have it, 'chaffed' by anybody—'none of your mugs; you take that hat off, or it will be the worse for you.'

'Which hat?' asked I innocently—'whose hat?'

'Yours,' replied he savagely—'yours. It's tipped up over your forehead in a way which convinces me that you have something in it.'

'My very dear sir,' answered I blandly, 'of course I have something in it. I always carry my pocket-handkerchief there; and there's my head beside.'

This suspicious person telegraphed, nevertheless, to his confederate upon the shore, who seized upon me as I touched ground, and with the same ridiculous pertinacity, requested me to take my hat off.

'If you lay a finger on my hat,' cried I furiously, 'I'll first knock you down (I was six feet one without the hat, which was an exceedingly tall one), and then bring an action against you for an aggravated assault. I want to get into the town particularly, then, as friends expecting me—female friends; I insist upon being let go.'

The cold-blooded official smiled grimly without reply, and took me to his superior, by whom the same demand was repeated. I said that, in courtesy, and not upon compulsion, I would touch my hat to him; but that I would not take it off without a warrant. Then I was marched away in custody of a sort of guard of honour to the office of the superintendent. That individual convinced me of his right to enforce this absurd request of taking off my hat, and, under protest, and to oblige him, as being a very gentlemanly person, I did it. There was nothing in my hat, as I had affirmed from the very first, except my pocket-handkerchief. Officials never apologise; but I do hope that they felt they had wronged a fellow-creature by their cruel suspicions. I hastened back to the vessel, dived into my cabin, and presently reappeared with my tall hat tipped over my forehead more than ever.

'Would you like me to take my hat off?' inquired I of the first gangway-man. 'Would you like me to take my hat off?' asked I of the second. I demanded, in short, whether I should again bare my injured head of every custom-house officer who had been suspicious about that ceremony before. But they all looked sheepish or annoyed, and replied that they had had quite enough of me and my hat already. It was therefore certainly not my fault, but their own, that my two pounds of special *Regalias*, which really was in my hat the second time, have not assisted, in their proper quota of some eighteen shillings, to swell the revenues of my native land.

DR MADDEN'S 'PHANTASMATA'

UNDER this name, Dr Madden has given us a laborious, yet popular view of the various epidemic manias which raged in Europe during the middle ages, and particularly during the two excited centuries connected with the Reformation. It is a strange, wild subject, profoundly interesting as a chapter of the mental history of our race, affording many important warnings, and perhaps worthy of deeper philosophical consideration than it has ever yet received. Dr Madden treats it chiefly as a physician, tracing its connection with the more familiar forms of lunacy yet, being also a *littérateur*, he has not neglected to present it in such a manner as to attract the ordinary reader.

In the first volume, and earlier half of the second,

the learned author treats of the belief in sorcery in ancient and modern times, and of the lamentable cruelties thence flowing; of a succession of epidemic manias connected with religion, which marked the time when the Catholic faith was in its highest vigour; and of the hallucinations which befell individuals of extraordinary piety during that epoch, as Jeanne d'Arc, St Theresa, &c. It fully appears that, when the public mind in any community is oppressed with calamity and physical terrors—as from pestilence, famine, or the convulsions of nature—it falls, as by a fixed law, into a condition in which it becomes capable of the wildest extravagances and follies. It is but necessary for one person or little group of persons to adopt some ridiculous course of behaviour—dancing, jumping, self-torturing—or to avow some monstrous belief, as that the doctors are poisoning the wells, or old women exercising witchcraft against their neighbours—in order to smit a large portion of the community with the same practice or creed. We have a remarkable, though isolated, example in the Barking Disease which broke out in a district of England in 1341. 'A certain wayfaring man,' says Camden, 'as he travelled the king's highway found a paire of gloves fit, as he thought, for his own turne, which, as he drew upon his hands, forthwith instead of a man's voice and speech, he kept a strange and mervailous barking like unto a dogge: and from that present, the elder folke and full grown, yea, and women too throughout the same country, barked like big dogges, but the children and little ones waughed as small whelpes. The plague continued with some, eighteen days, with others, a whole moneth, and with some for two yeares. Yea this foresaid contagious maladie entered also into the neighbouring shires, and forced the people in like manner to barke.'

Conspicuous among the self-torturing manias was that which gave rise, in the fourteenth century, to the order of the *Flagellants* or *Scourgers*; for so we may date this mania in its full force, though it appears to have had temporary sway two centuries before, and even to have been known in the worship of pagan Rome. This order consisted chiefly of persons of the lowest class, who took upon themselves the repentance, or, rather, the penance of the people at large, and offered prayers for the averting of the great plagues that at that time ravaged Europe. These *Flagellants* marched in solemn procession, wearing mourning garments, and carrying 'triple scourges tied in three or four knots, in which points of iron were fixed.' In 1349, two hundred of them entered Strasburg, where above a thousand joined them; and thence, divided into two bands, some wandered north, some south. We have here two forms of mania combined—the migratory and the flagellatory. The subjects of this complicated malady, shewing insubordination to all authority, secular or spiritual, soon became obnoxious to the court of Rome, as well as to the petty princes of Italy and Germany. But it was by no means easy to put down the movement, which would die down for a time, only to break out again and again. Certain enthusiasts went so far as to frame a table of equivalents in stripes and sins, and a whole year's penance came to be estimated at 3000 lashes. A holy man, St Dominic Loricatus by name, attained to such proficiency, as to work off in six days, by the administration of 800,000 stripes, the penance of a whole century.

His example was followed by devotees of both sexes. Indeed, 'in Portugal, the women had become so accustomed to this bloody and fanatical devotion, that they uttered reproachful cries, and heaped injuries on those who did not scourge themselves violently enough, according to their notions.' Nor was scourging the extent of the self-inflicted torture; the very rigid practised other mortifications—they went barefooted, carried crosses of enormous weight, some bore naked swords stuck in the flesh of the back and the arms, which, upon any unusually vehement movement, caused, of course, extensive and agonising wounds, of which many died. Flagellant processions, we read, continued in Lisbon down to 1820; nay, even so late as 1843, Dr Madden saw confraternities of penitents walking, attired as of old, and bearing crosses, but without the torturing scourges.

A still more appalling form of epidemic theomania displayed itself, about the middle of the sixteenth century, among the frenzied Anabaptists of Holland and Germany. The outline of their brutalities and barbarities being in some measure familiar to us all, we will not dwell upon them at any length. Suffice it to say that one of their leaders commanded men and women to lay aside and burn all their clothes as a burnt-offering, agreeable to the revealed will of Heaven; that a woman in Basle believing herself to have received a divine promise of having her life supported without food, tried the experiment, and died in ten days; that in St Gall a family, having passed two nights in visions and prophecies, one brother called another, whom he dearly loved, into the middle of the room, and in the presence of his parents, and with the perfect concurrence of the victim, struck off his head, in professed obedience to a heavenly command; that at Fulda a prophet having been re-baptised, announced his newly acquired power of walking on the water, and prepared to cross a river in the presence of assembled crowds. Such was the faith his pretensions inspired, that a mother ran forward to place her baby in his arms. We wish that some accounts had been handed down to us of the reaction felt when infant and theomaniac disappeared under the water.

Scarcely less terrible was the epidemic theomania that manifested itself among the French Huguenots in Dauphiné and Languedoc, in the reign of Louis XIV. They had been subjected to every species of oppression and cruelty; and as Calmell, who has profoundly studied the question of popular frenzies, justly observes: 'Excess of suffering has a tendency to produce this form of mental malady.' The Protestants, tried, tortured to the utmost, without help or hope on earth, took refuge in their belief in supernatural assistance, and in that faith prepared to disperse and conquer, in their own way, the forces marshalled against them. On one occasion, the insane and unarmed multitude, being led on by a brother and sister—maniacs in the strictest sense of the word—against troops commanded by some of the bravest captains of the time, their method of warfare proved to be the blowing with all their might upon the enemy, and crying aloud: 'Tartara, Tartara!' firmly convinced that nothing more was necessary to their triumph! It is painful to read of three or four hundred of these poor lunatics falling on one day under the sword.

The theomania displayed in the Cevennes early in the eighteenth century was peculiarly prevalent amongst women and children. 'Thousands of women,' according to the Marquis of Guiscard, 'persisted in prophesying and singing, though they were hanged by hundreds.' 'I have seen amongst these people,' writes the Maréchal de Villars, 'things that I could never have believed, had they had not passed before my own eyes. Throughout an entire town, all the

women and girls, without any exception, trembled and prophesied publicly in the streets.

A most remarkable outbreak of specific popular monomania was that of the Jansenist Convulsionaries, which began in 1730. A certain Diacon François Paris, having ended a life of self-denial and active beneficence, his tomb became the scene of reputed miraculous cures and convulsions. As usual, the greater number of persons who came to this tomb in the cemetery of St Médard, were people of weak constitutions, chiefly females, labouring under epilepsy, neuralgia, and hallucinations of various kinds. With regard to the marvellous cures that took place among them, Dr Douglas, the learned bishop of Salisbury, after careful investigation, pronounces that 'few matters of fact were ever confirmed by more unexceptionable testimony, performed, as they were, openly in the heart of one of the greatest cities in the universe, on persons whom everybody could see and examine, and of whose recovery every inhabitant of the city could satisfy himself, because they lived on the spot.'

Amongst the involuntary physical phenomena, we read of one woman repeatedly shot up into the air with great force, and urging out numbers who successively undertook the charitable task of seeking to restrain her convulsive movements; of another, whose body was often turned round as if on a pivot, of a deaf and dumb girl who, after two visits to the tomb, and horrible convulsions undergone there, was found able to hear and speak, though without understanding the words addressed to or repeated by her. Nor were women the only ones involuntarily affected. We read of an incredulous secretary of state, M. Fontaine, being converted to Jansenism when at a large dinner-party, by feeling himself suddenly compelled to turn round and round on one foot with prodigious swiftness. These involuntary gyrations lasted upwards of an hour. As soon as they began, 'an instinct which he believed from above prompted him to ask for a book of prayer, and the one which first came to hand, and was accordingly given to him, turned out to be a volume of moral reflections by Father Queœnel.' Not the least part of the wonder was his power of reading this book aloud while turning round with 'dazzling rapidity.'

Poor M. Fontaine next became subject to ecstasies, trances, and visions; he practised and survived a total abstinence of eighteen days, during which he employed himself by day in manual labour, while he passed the night in prayer and in the recitation of psalms. No sooner had this unfortunate zealot partially recovered his health and strength, than he began to subject both to the still severer ordeal of a three-weeks' fast, at the end of which he was an apparently dying man. Nothing daunted, however, he had scarcely regained a measure of strength, when he put into execution his fast of forty days, during which, however, he drank freely.

The account of this Jansenist frenzy would be incomplete without some further notice of the convulsive phenomena to which the sufferers were subject. During these, there appears to have been no amount or variety of torture which was not loudly called for by the Convulsionaries, and abundantly inflicted by those who held it a sacred duty to obey their insane requirements. Montgérion computes that 4000 enthusiasts were employed to kick and strike the infirm as well as the multitude of young girls, who begged for their rudest blows. We read of one who hung herself up by the heels with her head down, and remained in that position three quarters of an hour; of another, who, after being struck on the head with one log, then with four logs, had her arms and legs violently pulled in different directions, which process lasted a long time, because there were only six persons to pull; of numbers of fair and delicate

women who did not shrink from applying their lips to the foulest wounds, under the impulses of a morbid charity. This form of insanity, though in a great measure repressed by the royal order to close the cemetery of St Médard, issued in 1732, lasted, according to Hecker, till the year 1790, when France was on the eve of another and still more fearful development of popular frenzy. But this Jansenist outbreak was the last great epidemic of convulsive *théomanes*.

A large portion of Dr Madden's second volume is occupied with an account of the not less wild and strange demonstrations which were made in the French and German convents during the century of reaction which followed the Reformation. It was supposed that, under the influence of some power possessed of unholy powers, evil spirits entered into the nuns, who thenceforth shewed a frightful change of demeanour, falling into convulsions and apoplexy, in the course of which they flung themselves about in the most violent manner, foaming at the mouth, roaring like animals, speaking occasionally in what were thought unknown tongues, blaspheming, assuming attitudes grossly indecorous; sometimes falling down in a rigid and torpid state, in which they were found to be insensible to prickings and lacerations of the flesh; at other times, bounding into the air with a force that seemed to come from some source independent of the natural muscular power. Occasionally they would throw themselves into the form of a bow, bending backward so as to rest the whole weight of the body on the forehead, while the rest was in the air, and in this uneasy posture they would remain a long time. A strange howling, like that of a dog, was sometimes heard to proceed from the chest. During the paroxysms, the victims expressed aversion for those prayers and rites of the church which at sane moments, they regarded with veneration, and to which it might be said they had devoted their lives. The moment the fit was over, to the surprise of the bystanders, they would resume their usual calm demeanour, and walk away as totally unaffected by the frightful contortions, spasms, and ravings under which they had for hours been suffering. When one of these affections of this kind appeared in one or two members of a community, it usually spread quickly amongst the rest, notwithstanding the wishes of the hitherto sane to avoid it. What is more remarkable, pious ecclesiastics of the highest repute for sanctity of life, who came to do their best as exorcists, were frequent instances seized with the same disorder.

The statement made after recovery by Thérèse Sylva, superioress of a Benedictine convent at Mâcon, which became affected with demonopathy in 1684, gives a good idea of how the so-called possession would commence. Two or three of the inmates had been exhibiting symptoms for some weeks, when the superioress began to feel internal movements of an extraordinary character. 'She prayed frequently and fervently to be delivered from this great evil. Eventually she prayed the prior, Father Garcia, to exorcise her. He refused to do so, and tried to convince her that all she recounted was the effect merely of imagination. She did all in her power to believe that it was so, but it was in vain. Eventually the prior put on his stole, and after many prayers, begged that God might be pleased to make it known to her if the demon had possessed her, or to cause those cruel sufferings she endured to cease. Long after he had commenced the exorcism, and while she felt altogether comforted and relieved, freed from all sufferings, she fell all at once into a kind of swoon and delirium, which 'continued about three months,' during which she was impelled to do and say 'things of which she never had an idea in her life.'

A good example of the spread of the affection to an exorcist is furnished by the case of Father Surin, who

came in December 1634 to assist in expelling demons from the Ursuline nuns of Loudun. Before he had been at work more than a month, he was so far affected as to lose his speech. Then a demon, who possessed the face of the superioress, and spoke by her mouth, suddenly left her, and took possession of Surin, causing him to change colour, constricting his chest, and also depriving him of speech. Being exorcised out of the father, the demon returned to the body of the superioress; soon after, it came back to the father, who now began to suffer internal pains that caused him to twist his body like one afflicted with the cholera. Writing to a friend regarding his sufferings three months after, he tells how the demon passes from the possessed person into himself, throwing him down in convulsions which last for several hours. 'I cannot explain,' says he, 'what passes in me during this time, nor how that spirit unites itself to mine, still acting like another self, as if I had two souls, of which one is deprived of her body and of the use of her faculties, and holds herself apart, contemplating the actions of the soul which now occupies the body. The two spirits fight in the same field, which is the body, and the soul is, as it were, divided. On the one side, the soul is subject to diabolic influence, and on the other to her natural inclinations, or those which God gives. . . . When, prompted by one of these devils, I wish to make the sign of the cross on my mouth, the other devil, with great rapidity, turns away my hand, and catches my finger with the teeth, to gnaw me with rage. . . . The extremity in which I find myself is such, that I have scarcely one free faculty. When I wish to speak, my mouth is closed; at mass, I am suddenly stopped; at table, I cannot convey the morsel to my lips; at confession, I forget in a moment all my sins; and I feel that the devil comes and goes, as in his own house, within me. Directly I awake, he is with me at prayer; he deprives me of consciousness when he pleases; when my heart would expand itself in God, he fills it with rage; when I would watch, he sets me asleep; and he publicly by the mouth of the demoniac (the sister-prioress) boasts that he is my master.'

It was the afflictions of these nuns of Loudun that led to the celebrated prosecution of the obnoxious priest, Urbain Grandier. When this dismal case is treated among modern rational authors, it is customary to hold up the nuns as practising an imposition for the destruction of an innocent man; but the theory of a deliberate or systematic imposture on their part is precluded by the fact of the continuance of the same painful demonstrations for several years after Grandier's execution; and, moreover, the Loudun possessions are but one example of many in which there has been no such malignant object alleged. For anything that appears, the Loudun nuns were as much the victims of some influence beyond the control of their own better sense, as any others that gave similar manifestations. In our time, were such phenomena to present themselves, they would be treated as disease, and, instead of religious exorcisms, which seem only to have fed the malady, there would have been some strong alternative treatment of a purely physical kind. It may be suspected, however, that there was something more in these cases of so-called demonomania than what our orthodox medicine is willing to admit. The resemblance of many of the phenomena to those of mesmerism is extremely striking.

Our readers will understand that these are but glances at a series of strange and wild *historiettes*, which they will find in full and interesting detail in Dr Madden's book. We close the volumes of our learned author with thanks for his bringing so many curious matters into a regular and accessible form. With his theories regarding them, proceeding as these

do on the narrow views of existing medical science, we cannot say we are satisfied. They all seem to us to rest on some assumption, and they certainly ignore whole classes of facts as well attested as any of the rest.

DOWN AT THE GRANGE.

I.

As soon as the few friends who visit this little vicarage of mine at Woodislee, for the first time, have done admiring its low white front, all garlanded with honeysuckle, and the wild growth of ivy overhead, I take them to the school-house, as a sight more pleasant still; quite as large, and twice as high it is, and built of rough-hewn stone, with a porch almost as big as the house itself, to shelter the children when they come too early for their school-time. The thymy smell of the moorland is borne to us as we approach, along with the murmur of their voices, making it seem doubly like the hum of bees; and the stock in its garden, and the sweetbrier that peers in at its open casements, make the air fragrant within. The school-rooms of both boys and girls are lofty and well ventilated, and however their young hearts may long to be up and away over the purple hill, there is, at least, no headache nor drowsiness to dull their little wits. In the winter-time, too, all is snug and warm, so that fewer small red noses, and a less universal infant snuffle, are perceptible in the school-house of Woodislee than in any similar place that I am acquainted with. The squire built it at his own expense, and the cottage of the master and his wife beside it likewise. Higher upon the moorland yet—a beacon to be seen from half-a-dozen counties, and a landmark for the ships that come up from the western world—stands the new church, and has stood there those ten years in despite of the four winds. Oh, pleasant sight upon a Sabbath morn, while the bells are still ringing their first peal, and along the winding sand-road come the good people up by twos and threes: the young men in their clean white smock-frocks, and the girls in gay apparel; the old men toiling slowly with hat in hand, their gray hairs lifted by the breeze, and their old dames resplendent in the scarlet cloaks they are so loathe to leave off wearing, though the summer is come; and all, as they stop to rest from time to time, turning to westward gladly for that glorious view. The glimmering towns, from which, too, comes a faint and far-off music; the teeming hedgerows, with the deep blood-red Devon lanes; the crystal river hiding from the sun in the cool copses; the sparkling sea, with its fair burdens mostly motionless, but on its verge a dim white speck that grows, and close in-shore (that was itself a speck when the bells rang for school an hour ago) a huge three-masted ship—an isle of snow, or a white cloud fresh fallen; and so with thankful hearts, I hope, for the fair world that has been given us to dwell in, we enter into church at Woodislee. Massive need its walls be, and the tall gray tower, straight and without flaw, when the fierce north-wester blows—and they are so. The good squire built this also—Mr Markham that is, who lives in the great house yonder with the gables, which is called the Grange.

When I first came to Woodislee, I came as curate, for the incumbent was near ninety years of age, and very infirm. I had a hundred pounds a year, and the little cottage that is now in ruins close by the old church, to live in, and never dreamed to have done better. That would have been enough and to spare, indeed—without my good wife here and the four little ones of course, who then were not in the question—for the place is not a dear one as to living. The Brent,

which you have seen, runs by our door, supplied me well with trout, and I was my own fishmonger. A knife and fork, too, were always laid for me at the squire's board; and on Sundays, without exception, I was there to use them. No mere bluff country magistrate was Mr Markham:

A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
And pamphleteer on guano and on grain.

Or rather, he had all the qualities of such a man, and finer ones besides: a good scholar, an elegant musician, and a gentleman as I discovered at the first; who pleased my Oxonian fancy with his classics, and knew the literature of his own land also at least as well; who played on flute and violin divinely; and who, when lords and bishop and county families rayed round his table, remembered not the less—a virtue very rare in hosts—the curate of Woodislee. Of his real worth and goodness, I knew more as I knew him longer; his open hand, his kindly heart, are dear even to speak of. I bring one proof of them, not stronger than I could select from a crowd of others, nor better witnessed, although it affects myself. The Sunday after poor Mr Melville—the old incumbent—died, I was, as usual, at the Grange; and, as was natural, our talk fell upon his loss and on the future vicar.

'I have appointed one in my own mind,' said Mr Markham; 'and if he chooses to accept the living—as there is no reason whatever for delay—he will read himself in within the month or so: a young man not over-rich, who knows the people here, and is well liked by them.'

'I fear then, sir, he will not want a curate, since the parish is so small?'

'No; I fear not, Grantley. We shall be sorry to lose you, although we have seen so little of each other; but I will have you in my eye be sure, as will my wife, in whose way curacies come somehow more than they do in mine.' And so we parted for that time with a hearty hand-shake.

Ah, what a wife that Mrs Markham was! a fair blithe woman then, with auburn hair just dusted o'er with gold, and wearing her thirty summers like a flower. She, with her pleasant smile, was the fit messenger to tell me ere the month was up that I myself was the new vicar of Woodislee. She took as great delight to bring the news as I to hear it. 'The vicarage is yours,' said she; 'and may this please you, Mr Grantley, as it pleases us. It was not with my will that it was kept a secret from you for so long; but you know my husband loves his kindly joke.'

It was not likely after this that I should become less their friend; and indeed the Markhams and myself were for ever together. Both as clergyman and as familiar intimate, my intercourse grew very close with them indeed. I learned (with pains enough) even to join their little concerts in the hall; I read with them old plays in winter evenings; and the vicarage was almost less my home than was the Grange. I am not sure that they did not choose my wife for me, if so, I have the greatest gift of all to thank them for; and they stood both of them as sponsors to my eldest boy. About two years after I had been installed as vicar, I began to observe a great strangeness in Mrs Markham. She grew absent, started when addressed—especially if by her husband—wasted visibly, and lost in part her pleasant looks. The squire did not see this; she had always a smile to greet him with, however she might look to others; and would watch him sometimes, when he was not regarding her, with a concentration of affection in her gaze more intense than ever. Another change was this: the squire's fortune being very large, his wife had a most liberal

allowance, and kept quite a little establishment of her own. Her charities, besides those that were in common with his, were extensive. When any persons needed help beyond that which I was justified in giving, I had been accustomed to apply to her as readily as to him; but now her aims at first diminished, and then altogether ceased. She parted, under some frivolous pretence, with her carriage and ponies, and, from being rather fastidious and choice in her attire, she came to dress with great simplicity, and almost ill; so that upon that point her husband rallied her. One night she was singing with us in the hall, as usual, a favourite Scotch song of his that she had sung a hundred times before, when her voice suddenly trembled, as though her heart was breaking, and she burst into a fit of tears. It was one of those exquisite melodies of Burns upon the domestic affections, and Markham spoke touchingly to me afterwards of that excessive fondness of his wife for him which had so completely overmastered her. 'If I were to be taken from her,' said he, 'I do believe dearest Jane would die.'

Certainly, to watch her anticipating his slightest wish, and listening to his every word as though it were to be his last, it might well seem so. Upon my venturing to remark to him that she was generally in by no means good health, and not in her usual spirits, he thanked me, and was nervously alive to this at once; and thinking a little company might cheer her, he sent for his maiden sister from the north to spend some time with them—a quiet elderly lady, very excellent, but not in any way gifted as her brother and sister-in-law were. We two struck up an acquaintance very soon, and the squire was wont to make facetious allusions to it which would have been embarrassing from anybody else. She soon filled up, in some measure, that position of Lady Bountiful in the parish which Mrs Markham had abdicated—although I confess she somewhat lacked the gracefulness of her well-doing—and evidently to that lady's satisfaction. It left her more to herself, and at liberty to retire to her chamber or elsewhere, as had now become her favourite custom. This, combined with the other peculiarities in her conduct, although still veiled from her husband's notice, did not escape the quick womanly eye of Miss Markham.

'I cannot think,' said she, as we were taking a parochial walk together about three weeks after her arrival, 'what change has come over Jane. If we did not know herself and George to have been the most loving couple that ever breathed, I should be inclined to think her an unhappy wife; and if I was not thoroughly convinced of the badness of her late husband, that she was regretting his loss.'

I had never heard until that moment of Mrs Markham having been ever a widow, and I expressed my surprise strongly.

'Indeed?' said my companion. 'I had made certain that they had intrusted you with that revelation; but since you are aware of so much, you may now just as well know all.'

II.

'Mrs Markham, whom, you perceive, even at this time, charming and almost perfect as she appears, to be extraordinarily sensitive and unsuspecting of evil, was, as Miss Jane Raby, romantic to the last degree. She eloped at school, at the age of seventeen, with an adventurer named Heathcote. I never saw him myself, but I have been told that he was in youth extremely handsome, and gifted with some attractive but superficial talents. After living together a short time in great unhappiness, so far as Jane was concerned, he deserted her, and sent her back to her friends. He did not appear again for years. He must have treated the poor girl very

brutally, to account for the horror and absolute loathing which she entertained for him. He knew that she did so, and used that knowledge for his own profit. He had openly boasted that "he had not married a milkmaid like her for nothing, but for her money;" and the moment which secured to her her property, the very day on which she came of age, brought this harpy to her side again. She bought him off with ransoms, then and at many other times, as the civilised nations in old time bought off the savage, and with the like result—he became more frequent and extravagant in his demands. When I say that he was a systematic gambler and a drunkard, I believe that I have mentioned only his lighter foibles. The relics of her original fortune only remained to her, when he required of her a blank check to be filled up at his own pleasure. This, backed by her paternal uncle, and sole relative, in whose house she was then residing, she steadily refused to give him; and Heathcote, uttering the most frightful threats, was obliged to content himself with a draft drawn by Mr Raby upon his own banker for a hundred pounds. He drew it merely to save his niece, who was in an agony of terror from her husband's violence, and to get the man out of the house as quickly as possible; but, as the matter turned out, this was the luckiest thing in the world. Heathcote altered the "one" upon the order to "five," and the number "100" to "500," and so got the check changed by the commission of a felony. The next time that this fellow came for his merciless tax—which was soon enough—Mr Raby had a policeman in waiting for him. "If," said that gentleman, "you ever again attempt to persecute my unhappy niece, I transport you for the term of your natural life. You may thank her alone that I suffer you to escape your just punishment this time. If it rested with me only—and luckily the proof of your penal crime does rest with me, and with no 'milkmaid'—you should be shipped off as soon as law could ship you." Heathcote hectoring a good deal, and strove to obtain an interview with his poor wife; but Mr Raby was firm. He told him out one hundred five-pound notes, and enclosed them in a cover, whereupon he wrote his own name and address, to remind him of this compact, telling him that it was the last handwriting and the last shilling of his that he should see. The conditions of gift were, that the recipient should depart for Australia forthwith, and never set foot again in England. "The fellow five hundred, the forged check, sir, is in my own possession; and if I ever see your face again, shall be produced in a court of law"—which penalty the other, there being no help for it, agreed to. Heathcote's brutality must have been something excessive to have trodden all traces of love out of a heart like Jane's; but he had quite succeeded in so doing. Although she had not consented to her uncle's threat being held over him—and happy was it that it did not rest with her to use it—she could not but feel comfort from the event. Six months' experience of freedom did wonders in restoring her roses and lightening her heart of a sorrow that seemed likely to crush it altogether. She began to move about less like an automaton, to wear the smile of content, if not of merriment, and to be in some sort like the Jane Raby of five years before. Then came some news which made her serious and silent a while, but could scarce have made her sad: Heathcote was dead in the bush, slain by the hand of one of his own wicked companions. In a concealed pocket within his vest was found the roll of banknotes in their still unbroken cover. It had escaped the eyes of his murderer, or the passing by of some honest settlers had disturbed him in his unfinished search. They forwarded the parcel to Mr Raby, with a narration of these facts. A year after this

event, it would have been impossible to recognise the spirit-bowed and fragile Mrs Heathcote in the by no means inconsolable widow which she had then become. Thanks to her brief matrimonial career, she was not rich, but beautiful and happy as you see her now, Mr Grantley, or rather as you did see her until within these few months. My brother married her with the full knowledge of her former life, and has never had a moment's cause, as he says himself, to regret his choice.

This narration, which the kind-hearted but mis-doubting little old maid made piquant with various garnishments of her own, in the way of flings at the foolishness of young girls, and the futility of early marriages, did not much enlighten me, as to what was ailing with poor Mrs Markham, although it increased my interest in her fortunes. Her conduct towards myself remained unaltered, or was marked by even greater communicativeness. She put to me several hypothetical cases of conscience, of which I could see no possible bearing on herself, and begged me, as a clergyman, to give her my best opinion on the subject. She told me that she had often bewailed the having no children, which she had once considered to be the sole blessing that had been denied her; but that now she thanked God she was childless. The horrible thought began to cross me that my dear benefactress and firm friend was going out of her mind; and that idea grew stronger, although Miss Markham shook her head at it, and hoped it might be no worse. She was as good a person as ever lived; but she had the weakness of her order, which somehow is always to think the worst that can be of all her sex. But when I had seen Mrs Markham come out of the firwood, under the sandcliff, a little after sunrise one morning, and she told me, pale as a spectre, and quivering in every limb, that she had only been to get an appetite for breakfast; when she asked me at another time for the loan of twenty pounds for a very pressing emergency, and begged me to keep it secret; and when I coupled with these things her piteous endeavours, so transparent to myself and her sister-in-law, to conceal her unhappy condition at all times—a mark most significant of an unsettled brain—I felt quite sure of my painful surmise being but too true. I was even debating how to break this horror to Mr Markham, that remedial measures might be resorted to before it was too late, when a circumstance occurred which changed my suspicions into a certainty even still more terrible.

(To be concluded in our next.)

T A R.

No person of a meditative turn of mind can long remain a spectator of the improvements effected in almost every department of the manufacturing world, without being profoundly convinced of the immense strides which have of late years been made in the practical applications of chemistry.

Chemistry, to our forefathers, was a vague and speculative science, having no bearing, direct or indirect, upon any one of the arts or manufactures. The learned found, in its unmeaning nomenclature, a convenient shelter for their own ignorance on many points; and the unlearned looked upon it as far above their comprehension, and altogether void of useful or practical application. One or two great men, of whom Robert Boyle ought perhaps to be placed first, disgusted with the arbitrary rules which had been laid down by the chemists, founded, most of them, on the mere *ipse dixit* of men wholly unacquainted with the cause of any natural phenomena, attempted to overturn the more absurd parts of the so-called science; and their exertions met with a

good deal of success, and paved the way for great improvements.

At the present day, chemistry is *par excellence* the science having utility as its invariable result, and working hand in hand with nearly every art and manufacture. Yet it has not become a common, a simple, or an easy pursuit; it is perhaps as difficult, and even more so, to gain an intimate knowledge of modern, than it ever was of ancient chemistry. If it was troublesome to recollect the thousand and one peculiarities attributed of old to phlogiston—*caput mortuum, quinta essentia, terra vitrificabilis, and terra fusibilis*—it is no less troublesome, at the present day, to recollect even the names of such substances as arseniomethylmylum, stibiotetramethylum, hydrargobenzenamide, and trichloracetamide, although these latter words exactly express the composition of the bodies they index, and are the simplest which, compatible with correctness, can be put together.

Nothing will so clearly shew the advantage which has accrued to society generally by recent chemical investigation, on an examination into the manufacture of some article brought before us in everyday-life.

When, owing to some great convulsion of nature, a mighty forest, with trees of a magnitude unequalled in this post-diluvian world, with tangled thickets and waving fern beneath them, is buried hundreds of fathoms below the surface of the earth, and pressed down for centuries into the smallest possible compass by millions of tons of matter resting upon it, it might be supposed, that so far as the uses of mankind were concerned, a great and irreparable loss had been sustained. The noblest of those trees, if hewn down and exposed for a hundred years or less to the action of the atmosphere, would rot away, and be resolved into the simple forms of matter, by the union of which they were constituted. Then what will it be after fifty, sixty, or an indefinite number of centuries have rolled over the globe?

Certainly they would not be *lost*. Nature neither wastes nor loses. When those forests existed as forests in all their beauty, there was no hand upon the earth to hew them down, no inventive creature to make use of their productions. Nature acted like a frugal housewife; and just as Mrs Brown or Mrs White, finding in her garden the supply of gooseberries exceeding her present demand for that fruit, 'preserves' the surplus for winter use, in the form immediately recognised by the little Browns and Whites as 'jam,' nature preserved her vast and otherwise useless forests in great sunless, airless storehouses, in the solid crust of the earth; and now gives them up to her sons in the no less valuable form of coal.

From coal, man has obtained many things which he would have vainly sought for otherwise; and not least of these products, though, until lately, poked quite away in a corner, he has obtained *tar*.

Every reader is perfectly familiar with the colour, odour, and generally disagreeable nature of tar. We don't mean the rich, fragrant, foreign fluid, prepared from the roots and otherwise useless portions of resinous firs, and known as Stockholm tar; nor yet the purer extract furnished by the wood-vinegar or pyroligneous-acid-maker. These are tars, but they are not our tar: our tar is far more disagreeable than any other kind, and is usually called, in allusion to the source whence it is obtained, *coal-tar*.

Coal-tar is torn from the long embrace of its parent coal, at the period when that parent yields up to the service of man a no less cherished offspring, gas. As coal is heated in confined chambers, the carburetted hydrogen, for the production of which the operation is performed, is separated, and with it a quantity of the black treacle-looking fluid known as tar. This is collected in proper receptacles, and as it is of no use

to the gas manufacturer, is sold to those whose special business is its preparation.

Until the last few years, the applications of coal-tar were very simple, and very limited: it was spread over a vast variety of substances which required its preserving influence to guard them from the weather; it was used as a rough varnish for gigantic ironwork; and it formed an important ingredient in various compositions used instead of stone for esplanade purposes.

Modern chemistry, however, attacking one by one the myriads of matters entering into the composition of this 'terrestrial ball,' one fine day seized hold of tar; and after torturing the poor fluid in a thousand different ways, examining and cross-examining it by its ministers, heat and cold, acids and alkalis, tests and reagents, pronounced it a very remarkable and highly complicated substance.

What is tar?

Tar is a union of a very considerable number of organic bodies, some being solid, and others fluid. It contains—if you desire a clear and satisfactory idea of its composition—ammonia, aniline, picoline, quinoline, pyridine, phenic acid, rosolic acid, brunolic acid, benzoic acid, toluole, cumole, cymole, naphthaline, paranaphthaline, chrysene, and pyrene. As each of these sixteen substances is individually more or less complicated, we are not, we think, wrong in saying that the fluid formed by their union is somewhat remarkable.

We went go into the *chemical* nature of tar; we might say about every one of its constituents as much as would fill half-a-dozen columns of this *Journal*, and yet those constituents are as yet but very imperfectly understood. We prefer rather glancing at the actual serviceable products which have been obtained from coal-tar.

The apparently simple business of the tar-worker is to take his tar to pieces; not to separate it into all the various components we have enumerated, for that would be a very difficult, and perhaps useless proceeding, but to extract from it a number of vastly different bodies, which have been put to a variety of uses in the manufacturing world.

In nearly the whole of his operations, the simple agent used by the tar-worker is *heat*. It is one of the fundamental laws of chemistry, that every fluid at a certain temperature shall assume a gaseous form; the temperature at which such change takes place being entirely dependent upon the nature of the fluid operated upon. The highly complex body, tar, is therefore placed in certain large stills, each containing from 2000 to 3000 gallons; and heat being applied, the tar in time begins to boil; and each of its fluid constituents, which assumes the form of vapour at a different temperature from the others, separately makes its appearance at the end of the still-worm.

The first of these is a quantity of ammonia and other gases, all of which are collected in cold water, which soon becomes strongly impregnated with them, and is used for the preparation of a rough description of sulphate of ammonia, which finds a ready sale as an important ingredient in certain artificial manures.

As the heat is increased, an oily fluid comes over, technically called 'light oil,' which is carefully collected apart from the other products. When as much of this light oil has made its appearance as about equals in bulk one-twentieth of the tar originally put into the still, it ceases to be produced, and is succeeded by a dense dark-coloured fluid, with a peculiarly offensive odour, known as 'dead oil.' The dead oil comes over in much larger quantity than the light oil, equalling fully one-fifth of the tar. When the dead oil has ceased to run, the distiller knows it is of no use to keep the pot boiling any longer; the fire is therefore put out, a huge tap at

the bottom of the still is turned, and the thick black residuum, still fluid in its heated state, being neither more nor less than common pitch, is allowed to run along certain channels prepared for its transmission, into immense underground tanks in which it is stored.

By simple *boiling*, then, our manufacturer has split up his tar into four very different matters—pitch, dead oil, light oil, and ammoniacal liquor.

With the pitch he does very little. Shortly after running from the still, it is ladled out of the great tanks already mentioned into moulds formed of the halves of resin-casks, rubbed with chalk on the inside to prevent its adhering; and being sold in this state, it is used for a variety of well-known purposes.

The greater part of the dead oil, too, has no further process to undergo. The product is in reality a rough mineral creasote, and possesses in a high degree the antiseptic properties for which creasote is so celebrated. The dead oil is about the most important thing got out of the tar; thousands and thousands of gallons are every week sold to the different railway companies for the soaking of sleepers and other timber; for once well impregnated with the fluid, every description of wood may bid defiance to both wet and dry rot. A good deal of the oil is, however, used for a very different purpose. It is exceedingly inflammable, and contains a large amount of carbon; and these two peculiarities are taken advantage of by slowly burning it in curious little lamp-furnaces connected with vast brick flues; the smoke from the burning oil is rapidly deposited on the sides of these flues in a form which washerwomen would recognise as 'blacks;' and being periodically scraped off, it makes its appearance in the market as 'lampblack.'

The light oil is, however, a substance requiring a good deal more preparation, and serving a greater variety of purposes than any of the other products. Light oil is impure *coal naphtha*; and to free it from its impurities, especially those affecting its colour and smell, is the crowning object of the tar-distiller.

As it comes over, in the first instance, it is a dark-brown liquid, smelling most horribly. Being in this state all but useless, it is at once redistilled, and loses a large amount of smell and colour. It is now ordinary 'naphtha,' and used for a variety of purposes, but it still contains a large quantity of a peculiar greasy matter, called 'paranaphthaline,' from which no amount of distilling would entirely free it. To separate it from this paranaphthaline, therefore, it is mixed with 'oil of vitriol,' in an iron reservoir, and the acid and naphtha are thoroughly shaken and stirred together. For some little understood reason, the fatty paranaphthaline leaves the naphtha, and attaches itself to the acid, carrying along with it a vast amount of impurity, and leaving the naphtha in a very commendable state of cleanliness. As the oil of vitriol is nearly three times as heavy as the naphtha, directly the stirring and mixing process is at an end, the two bodies separate, and are drawn off from the reservoir into proper receptacles.

The naphtha is now either sold in its present condition, or again distilled. For the most particular purposes, indeed, it is distilled or rectified three times, the whole operation being conducted by the steam of boiling water; and the fluid is known to the trade as *once*, *twice*, or *thrice run* naphtha respectively.

Here the legitimate labours of the tar-distiller end. He has prepared from his black tar, pitch, creasote, lampblack, naphtha, and sulphate of ammonia. The first three are used, as we have already said, in their existing forms; while the fourth, the coal-naphtha, has yet to undergo a greater variety of changes, and to fulfil a larger number of offices, than all the other products put together.

In the state in which the naphtha leaves the tar-worker's yard, it is used extensively for illumination,

for which it is eminently fitted by the immense amount of carbon it contains; and if the lamp employed in burning it be only so constructed as to allow of the actual *combustion* of this carbon, the light emitted is probably greater than that obtained from the same bulk of any other known substance. It is also a solvent of caoutchouc, gutta-percha, and other guma, and therefore much in request by the varnish-maker; whilst purified and deprived of its smell, by some secret method it becomes the benzine collas, extensively used as a valuable detergent of grease from wearing apparel, &c.

When coal-naphtha is submitted to the action of certain chemical bodies, totally different from itself in their nature, the most remarkable changes take place in it; certain of its principles unite with certain elements of the added body, and compounds are produced of the most unexpected nature.

Thus we have said that one of the constituents of tar is *benzole*; how, when the tar is distilled, and separated into the dead oil and the light oil, this body benzole suffers no alteration in its nature; its affinity for some of the other ingredients of the naphtha is so great, that simple heat is altogether insufficient to produce a disunion; and the consequence is, that the benzole goes over with the light oil, and continues to form part of it.

By using rather more energetic chemical means, however, the benzole may be separated from the naphtha, about a pint being obtained from two gallons. It makes its appearance as a heavy, oily substance, with very little smell, and a pungent taste. When this apparently useless fluid is mixed with nitric acid or aquafortis, a singular phenomenon occurs—the two substances, the benzole and the acid, unite, and produce what chemists call *nitro-benzol*, a fluid precisely resembling in smell and taste oil of bitter-almonds, and extensively used in various ways in place of the more expensive and poisonous substance which it represents.

Yet another strange transformation may be effected. *Phenic acid* we have enumerated as existing in tar; and phenic acid, like benzole, is not altered during the process of distillation, but passes over with the naphtha, and forms part of it. Phenic acid further resembles benzole in being of little use in its pure state. When, however, it is treated with nitric acid, already mentioned, and evaporated, long pale-yellow crystals, bright and clear, make their appearance, very beautiful to the eye, and intensely *bitter* to the tongue: these are crystals of *carbazotic acid*. Their colour has caused a solution of them to be extensively used in dyeing silk; their taste has made them serviceable in adulterating beer.

Using only the multifarious processes placed at his command by modern chemistry, the investigator into such matters has gone on experimenting upon all the compounds of this curious body, tar, and has baptised with fearfully hard names the substances produced therefrom, until he has given us binitrobenzol, hydrobenzamide, bi-bromide of chlorabronaphthene, and a dozen other no less mystifying substances. Those above mentioned are, however, the principal ones which have yet been put to any practical use.

Who will despise the nauseous black coal-tar now? With substances obtained from it, we have rendered our timber impervious to rot, have painted our dwellings, paved our streets, made our varnishes and water-proof garments, taken grease from our Sunday clothes, manured our fields, dyed our silken fabrics, adulterated our beer, and flavoured our soaps, sweetmeats, and confectionary!

Who can tell what else we shall get from this queer stuff? Chemical research occupies a long time; and chemical experiments of any importance can be performed but by a few; hence many of the sixteen

constituents of tar have hitherto been little studied. When they yield up their secrets to the magic power of analysis, other bodies quite as useful and remarkable as those we have mentioned, and perhaps even more so, may be presented to us from that most prolific substance, coal-tar.

STOP THIEF!

In some parts of India, house-robberies are almost unknown; you may leave your doors open every night, and take no precaution, yet never be one whit the poorer; while in most of the cantonments of the upper provinces and other places, you will be robbed for certain, unless you have a regular night-guard, or keep a *chokoedar* or watchman. Your safety does not consist in the vigilance or prowess of this individual, but simply in the fact that thieves and *chokoedars*, if not, as some assert, one and the same individuals, have a mutual understanding with each other; and when you literally fulfil the proverb of 'Set a rogue to catch a rogue,' by retaining one of them as your servant, all the rest respect your property.

Long practice enables the *chokoedar* to sleep in almost any position; sitting, lying or standing, no matter how uneasy the posture or hard the resting-place, all come alike to him. He sleeps tranquilly in the verandah during the greater part of the night; occasionally he rouses himself, and stamps round the house, making a great show of vigilance, by clattering his stick, and uttering a peculiar sound, as if he was clearing his throat in a passion; but this is entirely to display his zeal for your benefit, not from any fears for your goods and chattels. Sometimes he will ask leave of absence for a day or two, and your property remains quite secure, though you need not be astonished if you hear that your *chokoedarless* neighbour has suffered considerably in the interim, and may form your own conjectures regarding the way in which your servant has employed his holiday.

Sometimes an individual was found hardly enough to refuse to pay this black-mail, and trust for security to a brace of pistols and a dog. But, sooner or later, the fine morning came on which he awoke to the consciousness that the rogues had outwitted him, and that all or some of his valuables were absent without leave. Pistols are easily tampered with; and though a good watch-dog is the best safeguard, the thieves generally manage to gain his confidence, and seduce his fidelity by gifts of sweet-meats and such-like dainties. If, as rarely happens, the road to the animal's affections did not lie through his stomach; if the dog was an honest dog, superior to bribery, and who refused to be influenced by such paltry considerations, the same appetising tit-bits presented the means of administering to him either a sleeping-potion or a permanent quietus.

But though robberies are common enough in cantonments, the camp is the great harvest-field for rogues. So many opportunities are afforded while marching, so many things left scattered about, and a tent is so much easier to enter than a bungalow, that a regiment or detachment seldom make a march of any length without suffering from their depredations; but how these opportunities occur, and how they are taken advantage of, may best be illustrated by giving the details of a few occurrences on the line of march.

In most native infantry messes, it is the custom, when beginning a march, to pack up all plate, glass, crockery, &c., only leaving out enough to serve up the tables on. Every officer is expected to bring his own plate, spoons, forks, and chair. The general dinner-hour was just as it grew dusk, and at sunset

each servant carried the requisites for his master to the mess-tent, and placed them in their allotted position. One evening, just before the first dinner-bell sounded, a thief watched the opportunity of the mess-tent being empty, and coolly walked into it on the opposite side from the cook-house, where all the servants were congregated. He passed within two yards of a sentry in doing so, but no one hindered him, taking him for what he appeared, an officer's servant. He then went round the table, appropriating every silver article thereon, judiciously rejecting the plated ones; and having made all up a compact bundle, deposited them in the folds of his *dhoti* or waistcloth; then hearing a coming footstep, he emerged as deliberately as he entered. Fortunately it was the mess-bearer who entered, and he, comprehending the nature of the mischief by a glance at the despoiled table, did what natives invariably do under all circumstances of excitement, *namely*, it be joy, sorrow, fear, surprise, or anger—*namely*, he made a great uproar. The rest of the servants joined in the chorus, like a pack of jackals when they discover a bone, and soon the camp resounded with the cry of 'Chor, chor!' (Thieves, thieves!)

The robber, with the missing articles in his elaborate for breeches pockets, had by this time reached the outskirts of the camp, and had actually passed the line of picket-sentries, when the cries, of which he well knew the cause, struck upon his ears. Had he conducted the rest of his proceedings as deliberately as his former ones, the chances were ten to one he would have got clear off with his booty, to chuckle over the stupidity of the Feringhees and their followers; but conscience makes cowards of pagans well as Christians. Anxious to gain the friendly shelter of the neighbouring jungle, he quickened his pace to a run, which attracted the attention of a *classe* (tent-pitcher), who was busily engaged in making tent-poles from the wood of a *bahul tree* (*Mimosa Arabica*), near the spot. Guessing at once that this was the individual who had caused such commotion in the camp, he applied the thick end of one of the tent-poles to his pericranium with such emphasis, that the thief bit the dust. The shock loosened the bundle he had deposited in his *dhoti*, and out rolled spoons, forks, ladles, &c., in an admired disorder.

The sudden and unexpected appearance of these articles gave the *classe* ample proof of the nature of the crime which had been committed, and he stood over the culprit, brandishing the axe with which he had been pointing the tent-pins, and shouting for assistance, which speedily arrived, and the man was carried off to the quarter-guard. While on his way thither, one of the servants identified the clothes worn as his own. They had been made up in a bundle along with some other articles which had been stolen some nights previously off his master's baggage. The culprit was tried by the civil powers, and rewarded for his misdeeds with twelve months on the road.

At some halting-places, a most barbarous and atrocious practice prevailed of poisoning horses for the sake of the hide. The poison was made up in a ball of *gud* (coarse sugar), of which horses are very fond, and thrown into their grass whilst feeding at their pickets. The animal soon sickened; and when the troop marched off next morning, was left behind dead or dying, and the rascally *chomars* (leather-drummers) obtained what they wanted.

Cawnpore is celebrated for its manufacture of saddlery, harness, &c., in imitation of English orders of the same kind. They do not last long, and have a disagreeable smell; but being very cheap, meet with a ready sale. In consequence, leather is in great demand there, and the first halting-place, about seven miles north-west of the station, for a long time occupied

a most unenviable notoriety for poisoning horses. The practice has of late years been almost entirely discontinued, and was for a long time checked by the device of an officer, who, enraged at the loss of a favourite charger, determined to punish the authors of its death. He pretended to march off with his regiment, but returning by a circuitous route, he concealed himself with several men near where the body of his horse lay. In due time, the choomars thinking the coast clear, came to skin the dead animal, when the ambush set on them with sticks, and thrashed them till they were tired. They then, with the choomars' own knives, hacked the skin so as to render it useless; and before they had time to raise the neighbouring village, decamped to join their regiment, with the happy internal consciousness of men who had done a good action.

Every nation has its own code of morals, and its peculiar ideas on the subject of honesty. The Highland cateran was looked on as a gentleman, provided 'he never lifted less than a drove in his life.' We frequently see instances of men who consider imposition justifiable in matters of horseflesh, which they would repudiate in any other. The most lax notions of honesty are generally prevalent regarding the ownership of umbrellas and walking-sticks.

The natives of India have perhaps more strange notions on these subjects than any other people. A murder is not a murder if committed on behalf of their faith, or to protect the honour of their family. A lie is not a lie if told to a Christian on behalf of one of their own creed. Many vagabond good-for-naughts are highly respected, while honest tradesmen are looked down upon. A tailor is looked up to, while a shoemaker is despised. A man may become a beggar or a cow-herd without falling in public estimation; but he would be eternally disgraced if he carried a burden on his head, or took charge of swine or poultry. A Parsee will cheat and overreach you in the most unscrupulous manner, but nothing would induce him to give you a light for your cheroot. A sepoy that may be trusted with untold gold, will steal firewood and sugar-canes whenever and wherever he can lay hands on them. What is a virtue in one caste, is a crime in the eyes of another. But all classes agree in their universal hatred of the professed thief. Whenever one is caught, he is abused, reviled, and maltreated in every possible manner. If caught in the lines or camp of a regiment, every man, woman, or child belonging thereto considers it laudable to give him a box, blow, kick, cuff, pinch, or some similar demonstration of good-will. At Benares, several years ago, a thief caught in the lines of a native infantry regiment was actually pommelled to death in this manner; and the same thing very nearly occurred in my own regiment, when this *summa jus* had well-nigh proved the *summa injuria* to an innocent individual.

One night, while marching in the upper provinces, the mess *khansamah* was robbed in the most artistic manner. He occupied a small tent called a *shouldarry* on the right, immediately in rear of the grenadier company—the other occupants being his wife and two children. While all were fast asleep, some cunning rogue effected an entrance by cutting a slit in the side of the canvas, and not only stole a bag of cooking utensils and some other small articles which lay scattered about, but also succeeded in removing the silver necklace and armlet of one of the children. How he was able to open the fastenings of these in the dark, seems almost incomprehensible, as the necklace required considerable pressure to unclasp it, and the armlet was fastened by a screw; but the probabilities are, that the thief had reconnoitred the localities by daylight, and, under pretence of playing with the children, had loosened the fastenings so as

to render their removal easy. When the *khansamah* awoke to a consciousness of his loss, he fancied it had only just occurred, and that the thief had not had time to escape, although, from subsequent inquiries, it seems most probable that he had got clear off some time previously.

He accordingly shouted 'Chor, Chor!' until the entire camp was astir. 'Where is he? In which direction?'

'Gone to the right,' was the reply; and a number of sepoy and camp-followers started off in the direction indicated.

Foremost of all was an unlucky *gareewan* (hackery-driver), who, in his zeal to capture the robber, kept ahead of all the others. This gave him the appearance of running away and being pursued by the others, so, as he rushed past the picket-sentry, the latter tripped him up, and he fell heavily to the ground.

Before he had time to rise, he was assailed by a number of the pursuers, who, without further preamble, began to execute summary justice on the supposed robber. In vain he protested his innocence, and declared he was no thief. His cries were unheeded, probably unheard in the burst of clamour and execration which surrounded him. He probably would have fared even worse, but the patrol coming up, rescued him, and carried off the poor wretch bleeding, and almost senseless, to the quarter-guard, where the truth soon became manifest, and apologies were tendered to the *gareewan* for the ill usage he had suffered. The men afterwards made him some small present by subscription, and the *bunneaks* put him on the free-list of their shops for as much grain as he could eat till the end of the march, which proved a more satisfactory balm to his wounded feelings than any expressions of regret could have done; and the poor fellow seemed as if he would not mind taking another thrashing to get into such good quarters again.

While my regiment was stationed at Meerut, I took the opportunity of parades and drills being excused in consequence of the inspection of another regiment quartered there, to give myself and my horse some exercise. It was a cold bracing December morning, for there is such a thing as cold weather in the North-west Provinces, and though the thermometer seldom falls below forty-three degrees, it appears quite cold to those who for eight months in the year are accustomed to double that temperature. There is something peculiarly refreshing and invigorating in such mornings; the energies which have been dormant during months of lassitude and inaction, appear to awake with redoubled vigour after their long repose, and men and animals seem to feel the effect equally. My horse and myself being of the same opinion, indulged each other's inclinations. Going along at a slapping pace, we soon left cantonments far behind us. Proceeding in this way, I overtook Swanton, one of our married captains, who said he was going out to meet Dod and his wife, whom he expected to rejoin from leave that day, and take up their quarters with him until they had time to get a bungalow for themselves, and asked me to join him. Adolphus Dod was our senior lieutenant, and had for many years held the situation of interpreter and quarter-master. A brevet-captain and regimental subaltern of eighteen years' standing, the slowness of promotion had given him an excuse for grumbling, which he improved on all occasions. He was a steady, conscientious officer, and excellent linguist; and his long service, and intimate acquaintance with the language and habits of the men, gave him a good deal of influence with them and the commanding officer. Being of an unsociable, and close, almost penurious disposition, he was not much of a favourite with the intermediate ranks; and we did not scruple to amuse ourselves at the expense of his

foibles. He had an idea that the gentility of a name should be admeasured by its length, and that its brevity was a symptom of plebeian extraction; he was therefore as much ashamed of his patronymic as he was proud of his Christian name. We youngsters used to irritate him exceedingly by writing chits and letters to him on any and every occasion, superscribed with his rank, titles, and prenomen, in as large characters as our space admitted, and his cognomen as minute as our penmanship could effect, without being illegible. The direction usually ran thus: 'Lieutenant and Bravot-captain, Interpreter and Quarter-master Adolphus Dod.'

A gracious response was seldom accorded to those minutiae; but as the contents were always strictly polite, there was nothing to lay hold of, and Dod chafed not the less because he chafed in silence. Not wishing to lose his staff allowances, he had not taken leave for many years; but during the previous rains he had suffered so severely from intermittent fever, that the doctors, much against his will, sent him to Simla for three months, where he soon recovered. There is no occupation to be found by the sojourners at that sanatorium to consume their spare time, except love-making and gambling. Too prudent to indulge in the latter, he fell a victim to the former, and surrendered his liberty to a young lady of the florid and globular style of beauty, whose appearance suggested to every reflective mind the idea of a milk-pail. Perhaps, as people always fancy their opposites, he loved her for the contrast she presented to his own tall raw-boned person, from which the sun seemed to have dried every ounce of superfluous flesh, making him a perfect cab-horse beauty, all bone and sinew. At any rate, he made her Mrs Adolphus Dod, and proceeded with his bride to rejoin the —; and it was for the purpose of meeting them and receiving the stranger with due honour, that Swanton and I were casting along the northern road from Meerut.

After proceeding a little distance, we saw some one riding towards us, whom I took for a very seedy-looking sepoy on horseback, and would have passed on without pulling up; but Swanton recognising Dod's splendid gray charger, exclaimed: 'By Jove, that's Selim, and Dod himself on his back; but did you ever see such a scarecrow? The man must be mad to go about masquerading in such a trim this chilly morning.' The figure which now presented itself to us was attired in a sepoy's red coat and pantaloons, which had evidently been made for a very small man, whilst the wearer was six feet two with his boots off. Consequently, the trousers did not go down low enough to hide the want of stockings, or come up high enough to get within hail of the waist of his scanty coat.

To fill up the intervening hiatus, he had tied one of the servant's cummerbunds round his waist, the variegated ends of which hang down in front apron-fashion, where, to say the truth, they were much needed. The coat, which could not be induced to meet within several inches, was fastened in front with bits of string, and the narrowness of its back gave him the appearance of a person in a strait-waistcoat. Round his neck, in lieu of neckcloth, were the voluminous folds of his eyee's *pogras* (turban), once a bright rose colour, but now showing signs of long and hard service, in many a greasy mark and unctuous stain. On his head was a hat, we had often seen him wear under happier circumstances; it was a white felt, something between a steeple-crown and wide-awake—on the elegant and unique appearance of which Dod used to pride himself; but now its glory was departed: it was saturated with some dark fluid; the leaf hung down limp and crumpled, and the crown

was bulged into the shape of the crater of a volcano. His sallow face looked blue; his teeth chattered; and his bare feet, thrust into yellow native slippers, shivered in the stirrups from cold. He appeared a crest-fallen and miserable, that we endeavoured to suppress our laughter; but when he proceeded to recount his sorrows, the whole affair, and the narrator in particular, looked so absurd, that human gravity could stand it no longer, and we laughed long and loudly, to his infinite disgust. Dod's account was unconnected and mixed up with various unimportant expressions, that I must give a version of his story in my own words. It appears he had two tents; one for sleeping in, the other for use during the day. The latter was always sent on overnight, so as to be ready pitched on their arrival at the new encamping-ground. He had with him the usual number of servants, and a guard of a sut and four sepoy, for the protection of his baggage. After dinner the previous evening, the large tent had been struck as usual, and sent on ahead, along with all their baggage and wearing apparel, except the garments they were to wear next morning. The sut and three men of the guard also went on, leaving an sepoy behind in charge of the smaller tent. Early rising and long marches produce sound slumbers; and whilst Captain and Mrs Dod, with the few servants left behind, were far away in the land of dreams, our reckless rogue managed to effect an entrance into their tent, and made a clean sweep of its contents. When Dod awoke at daybreak, he groped about for his nether garments, but not being able to lay his hands on them, called for a light. When it came, the appalling truth, in all its naked horror, burst on his benumbed senses. Every individual article of wearing apparel, masculine and feminine, had been carried off; nothing had escaped the fangs of the harpies except the lady's riding-hat, a very spicy affair, with a drooping feather, but rather unsuited to her *petite toilette de nuit*. Poor Dod was cleaned out, and he at length bethought himself of the sepoy's coat and pantaloons, which he proceeded to don, while his wife, wrapped in blankets like an Indian squaw, buried herself in the depths of her pillow; and lay out on their march until we met them, as already described.

We turned our horses' heads to accompany Dod back to cantonments, who, being shy of making an extraordinary appearance in public, proposed that we should go round to avoid the main thoroughfare. Swanton assented, but I thought there was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes as he did so. We accordingly turned aside from the road, crossed a plain, then through several lanes, and into a large mango grove. As we passed through this, the pace became a sharp gallop, and we emerged on the brigade parade-ground, where the 76th native infantry were being reviewed. Dod tried to pull up, but Selim was not to be outstripped by his neighbours, and never stopped till he arrived at the saluting-flag, amidst a group of carriages and equestrians, just as the 76th advanced to the general salute. All eyes were turned on the grotesque figure of our companion, whose countenance, now inflamed with rage and shame, made his other charms more conspicuous. He seemed doubtful for some time whether to knock down Swanton or make a bolt for it, but finally chose the latter, and rode off amid roars of laughter.

How different a reception was this from what Dod had pictured to himself. He had intended making a triumphal entry, a kind of matrimonial ovation; but here was he the laughing-stock of half the station, whilst his lovely bride was ignominiously compelled to hide her confusion, and conceal her scanty drapery, in the deepest recesses of a palanquin.

Within a year after this, Dod was promoted, and

left the regiment for an appointment on the general staff, to his great delight, for he never got over his discomfiture on this occasion, or forgave Swanton for the trick he had played him.

SHALL WE MAKE THEM 'COME IN?'

In Scotland, where Burns is read as well as sung, and where stately hospitals stand frequent monuments of the desire of a nation to learn as well as to teach, the difficulties which obstruct the education of the poor in England can be scarcely estimated. Not only are the hands of the legislature hampered by innumerable sectarian animosities whenever it attempts to deal with the question, but the people themselves are in most cases far from anxious for this boon of Universal Instruction to be granted. That, in the agricultural districts, the Employers—such is their wisdom—are often avowedly indisposed to allow their work-people 'to be made dissatisfied with their condition in life, by book-learning,' is true enough; but in the manufacturing counties it is the Employed, the Hands, who are found to have even a stronger objection of their own to the schoolmaster in any shape being sent among their children.

Yet, it is not too much to say, that, next to sanitary measures, next to the absolute necessity of improving the dwellings of the poor, this education of the mass of the people is the most pressing need of our social system. The machinery which is already working to that end is, indeed, of trifling power in comparison with the work required of it; but even if it were of ten times the force, the raw material, the to-be-instructed, would not be forthcoming any the more. Even as it is, the supply of schools, in many places, exceeds the demand; let church schools, dissenting schools, secular schools, what schools you will, be multiplied to any extent, and still we shall find, as we find now, that *the children don't attend them*. Even if the political zealots should agree—of which there is no reasonable hope—to sink their differences in the common good, and the political economists should waive their objections to a comprehensive scheme of government education, the scheme, nevertheless, would fail as matters stand, inasmuch as those whose good it contemplated would not accept the benefit. They might have the fruit of the tree of knowledge brought to them, but they would still decline to eat.

Such being the state of the case, a pamphlet bearing this title, *A Plan by which the Education of the People may be secured without State Interference or Compulsory Rating, and in Strict Accordance with the Principles of Civil and Religious Liberty*,* seems attractive enough; and its contents, we are bound to say, without pledging ourselves to all the author's sentiments, are scarcely less fair-seeming than the outside.

One point which Mr Wrigley—who is himself a manufacturer employing a vast number of work-people—insists upon mainly, and the one which seems to us also to need to be particularly urged, is this, that the interests of parents and child are, in the case of the poor, directly opposite and inimical to one another. You cannot persuade the father that that which takes money out of his own pocket, or which at least prevents money from getting into it, is for the good of his offspring. Even if the infant be sent to school at all, it is taken away to make money as soon as it can possibly earn any; and this so universally, that the average time that children in a manufacturing district remain at school is—according to the Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners—*less than a twelvemonth*. The smallest gain to be made out of a child's labour is found sufficient to tempt the selfish parent to take

away from it all the advantages of education. We are far from being so pharisaical as to expect, where there is an absolute necessity for more money, any great moral sacrifice of this kind on the part of the poor; and we are only referring to well-to-do work-people in ordinarily good times, or, in other words, to the majority of the manufacturing classes. Even in districts where the wages average only 12s. a week, 'the working-man,' says one of the Reports, 'not unfrequently spends one-sixth of that sum per week in beer and tobacco;' and when the wages are higher, the waste is found to be proportionally far greater. Mr Watkins, a school-inspector for York, Durham, and Northumberland, in 1850, estimates the yearly cost of elementary education at from 14s. to 16s. a year, or 4d. a week at most.

Surely where wages are good, this would not be a very severe exaction; and where they are bad, the pamphlet proposes a special plan for gratuitous instruction. But in the first and general case, how is the workman to be induced to save the necessary 4d. for this purpose?

'I earnestly plead,' says Mr Watkins, after describing the causes which take ninety-five poor children out of a hundred away from school before they can possibly be benefited, 'for the solemn voice of the law protecting the child from parent and employer alike.'

The intelligent writer whose letters, signed 'A Nottinghamshire Clergyman,' we are familiar with in the columns of the *Times*, expresses himself thus: 'In my own parish, where we have a trained master, there are but three months in the year when there is any tolerable attendance. With the opening of spring, every child in the parish is called away to bean-dropping; that over, the school begins to fill, when, in a few weeks, it is again nearly drained by the osier-peeling; then comes weeding, hay-making, harvest, and finally hop-picking, so that until November comes round again, we have no certain or regular attendance of scholars, and the main body have had time to forget all they have learned. Nothing better illustrates this than the fact, that in one school in this district, with a hundred and forty scholars on its books, there were but five children last year for whom the capitation grant could be claimed; and in another of seventy, but two. *No increase in either the quantity or the quality of the education offered, will in any degree meet this evil, which proceeds from want of appetite, or rather from the greedy appetite for money.*' And he concludes with this remarkable statement: 'The only effectual remedy now, or at least the only one that can produce any speedy effect, is to make education in some shape or degree compulsory.'

These views, Mr Wrigley, who is a political economist and a radical, and not at all the sort of person to interfere with the civil and religious liberty of any man, most readily endorses. 'It is,' says he, 'the right of the child to be educated for its own benefit; and if, for the interest of society, it is necessary that it should be so educated, a clear right of interference is established in both cases.' Physical health in children is already insisted upon by the law in the case of vaccination, and why should not mental health be equally cared for? Among other propositions of which we have not here space to treat, but which seem to us to deal thoroughly with every branch of the subject, Mr Wrigley has this principal one: 'That, in order to secure the co-operation of all who are interested in the employment of infant labour, it is necessary to prohibit the employment of every child under a certain age, say eight to ten years; and that after that period, it shall only be employed on the production of a certificate granted by a public officer after examination, shewing that it has arrived at a certain standard of elementary education; and that a breach of this regulation shall subject both

* Manchester: Johnson & Rawson.

parent and employer to certain legal penalties.' This elementary education is to be given in the manner most pleasing to the parent; and upon this subject, after anticipating various other objections, he has the following: 'If there be one thing more than another that distinguishes this plan from all others, it is that it secures that which they are all aiming at, but fail to accomplish, whilst it successfully avoids the religious difficulty by which they are obstructed. It offers every facility for religious education, when it is desired, and at the same time preserves religious freedom untouched. The difficulty from the first has always been that the country would not sanction any scheme of general education of a merely secular character, and hence it became clearly impossible for the government to initiate any plan so as to meet the sectarian scruples of every denomination.'

The pamphlet, indeed, is full of interesting and suggestive matter, and its propositions are the more striking, that they emanate, as we see, from Manchester, where any unnecessary interference of the government is not apt to be popular.

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

I THINK I must have been born with a travelling mania, for, from my earliest childhood, travelling has been my delight; and destiny has so far seconded my desire, that I have been a traveller from my cradle. With pleasure I commenced a journey, with pleasure pursued it, and usually with pleasure ended it. I was never sea-sick, never land-sick, and, in my earlier travels, never home-sick, for all I loved were with me. The proverb says, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' and I am not in a position to deny its truth; but the traveller lays up a rich store of thoughts and memories that will gladden more than gold the evening of his days, and before his mind's-eye there moves an ever-changing diorama, bringing back to him the bright scenes of his youth with a vividness that gilds the gray hairs of his age.

My first travelling adventure of any consequence was in South Africa—and it now stands before me as distinctly as if it was but twelve days instead of twelve long years since I dwelt in the lighthouse-looking fort, perched on a rocky promontory overlooking the surging green sea of the Fish River bush, from which my red-coated companions and I kept close watch for the Caffres, who never came within sight of our telescopes. What a dreary and monotonous life I found it, despite the beautiful scenery that surrounded us, and the occasional *commandoes* on which we were sent out; and when, at the end of three months, I received orders to take command of another officer's detachment, at a post nearer to the frontier, how rejoiced I was, for I trusted that there a more soldierly life was in store for me, and I knew that, at all events, I should have the pleasant excitement of a journey.

There were two routes by which I might reach Fort Nash, the more circuitous of which was a wagon-track, while the shorter one was practicable only for horses; despatching my baggage and servant by the former, I set out myself on the latter, attended by a mounted rifleman, in the double capacity of escort and guide. And a tight Cossack-looking fellow was Steermann Dragoonier, in his green jacket and leather trousers, with his rifle slung by his side, despite his Hollandish appellation and the flat Hottentot features, half hidden beneath the peak of his shako. There was infinite intelligence and good-humour gleaming in his rat-like eyes, and the white teeth that shone forth from beneath his woolly moustache. Yet once or twice I could not help smiling at the idea of this being my protector, as I looked back at the little fellow, perched, monkey-like, on the back of his large

steed, following me so gravely down the steep rugged path leading to the nearest *drift*, or ford, across the Fish River. But as a guide he was invaluable, for I knew not a single foot of the way; and therefore, as soon as we reached the bank of the river, our positions changed, and Dragoonier, putting spurs to his horse, trotted on in advance.

Before us glided the river, filling almost to the brim its canal-like bed, for there had recently been rain among the mountains; while the rapidly rising tide was still further increasing its volume. Crossing the river obliquely, there was a line of broken water, rising occasionally into surges, which burst with a hoarse murmur, and lost themselves in the whirling eddies the opposing currents caused to froth immediately above. This line of breakers covered a ridge of rock, shelving irregularly on the lower side, and precipitous on the upper, its summit being our path across the river; a sufficiently perilous one at any time, for it is only during very low tides that the eye of the steed or his rider can see where the foot of the former is to be placed; but now, rendered infinitely more hazardous by the unusual depth of the stream and its increased velocity.

But with his usual quiet aspect, the Hottentot brought his horse to the brink, and the animal stepped into the water with a readiness which must have been the result of experience; for my own English-bred horse at first refused to follow his example, rearing and curvetting on the bank, as if resolved not to wet a fetlock. At length, considerable coaxing, and the sight of the troop-horse far in advance, induced him to enter, when he went picking his way cautiously along his unseen path, as if he knew the truth—that a single false step would send him over the ledge among the gurgling eddies which wrestled themselves almost within reach of my hand. But he betrayed no further repugnance to the foaming water, save now and then a snort when they surged up unpleasantly near his nose.

I had advanced nearly to the middle of the river, and had reached a part where the breakers were becoming larger, when a loud snort or puff, apparently close at hand, startled me, and sent my horse plunging almost over the ridge. I looked hastily round, but nothing was to be observed except what appeared to be an old shapeless boat, turned bottom up, coming floating down with the stream. Could that sound, I thought, be the smothered cry of some unfortunate being drowning beneath the overturned boat? and I spurred on my horse, hoping I might be in time to aid a fellow-creature perishing so near.

Another moment, and the old boat reached the ridge, and immediately, to my astonishment, began to rise above it, higher and higher, until there stood out in contrast with the snowy foam a large black head, garnished with two gleaming tusks. Both horse and rider stood still and silent with amazement, as next came forth the shoulders, and then the body and rock-like legs of an enormous hippopotamus, down whose wrinkled sides the stony bank, which the water had diluted without being able to wash off, rolled in inky rivulets, while the large creature pulled and panted as if wearied by the effort he had made.

I felt more astonished than alarmed at the sight of my new neighbour, for I knew that a meeting with a hippopotamus is rarely dangerous, if he is not meddled with; and I confidently expected he would shortly continue his route down the river. But, to my great discomfiture, he turned sharply to the right-about, so as to face me, and commenced his rolling march towards the shore along the very path in which I stood. My horse started back, neighing in affright, and became nearly unmanageable, while onward the monster came, splashing recklessly among the breakers.

Had I been on dry land, or in smooth water, I would have turned round, and fled without striking a blow in my own defence. As it was, I dared not venture on such a step, lest my horse should stumble and be swept down the river, with whose course and dangers I was unacquainted. The only plan, therefore, left me was to retire before the intruder as I would from the presence of royalty—that is, backward; and a very difficult matter I found it, for my horse was trembling with fear and anger, as he gazed with starting eyeballs on the immense creature before him, and restive at being forced backward along a path the dangers of which he knew, but could not see, and of which I myself could only guess the direction by the line of foam stretching before me.

Meanwhile, the new-comer, rolling lazily along, drew every moment nearer, yet still appeared unconscious of our presence, unless I was correct in fancying that there was a wicked gleam twinkling in his small sunken eye. How much force that thought added to the desire already boiling within me, to discharge my pistol into that sole vulnerable spot! But prudence deterred me, by reminding me how small was my chance of slaying my adversary compared with that of enraging him; and so, with the best grace I could, I retreated along the path I had found so difficult when advancing. But oh! when we reached the shallow water, and turning off, were able to dash along the bank, how wild a neigh of joy burst from my horse's lips—if ever there was an equine 'huzza,' it was that!

When my steed's mad gambols were over, and I had space to look round me, there was the hippopotamus rolling slowly after us. But he soon turned off towards the river, and let himself luxuriously down into a huge mud-pond among the sedge, breathing forth his satisfaction in loud grunts, that sent the birds fluttering off from the neighbouring trees.

Having seen the enemy thus safely disposed of, I returned to the drift, on the further bank of which Steermann Dragoonier was standing in evident astonishment, and once more essayed to cross the ridge. But scarcely had my horse entered the water, when I found the tide was now nearly full, and that he was compelled to swim. However, the animal's blood was up, and he made no difficulty, but breasted the rushing waters gallantly, cutting his way through them with the boldness and grace of a water-dog. It was well he possessed the energy and courage, for, as we got further into the stream, I perceived that, no longer opposed by the tide, the swollen current was running rapidly, and that we were unable to hold our way. Further and further down it swept us, despite my good steed's efforts and the encouraging cries of Steermann; and though we gradually neared the other bank, I began to think the passage of the Fish River would prove a more serious matter than I had anticipated, for the grassy bank was beginning to be checkered by patches of impervious jungle, which I feared would shortly prevail. But I need not have troubled myself; for the next minute my horse threw back his head, striking me on the forehead, and sending me reeling from the saddle.

When I recovered recollection, I was lying on the grass a little below the drift, and the first object which met my eyes was the dripping form of Steermann Dragoonier bending anxiously over me. My gallant little escort! he had thrown himself into the water, and at the risk of his own life saved mine. Brave-hearted Hottentot! how little he made of the deed, and how little he comprehended my gratitude, or the reason that made me thenceforth his fast friend. Meantime, left to himself, my horse had scrambled to land, and now stood with drooping head awaiting my recovery. But it was more than an hour ere I was fit for the wearying walk up the steep

hill which bounded the Fish River valley on the Caffreland side, where the rocks and stumps obliged us to lead our horses.

At length the ascent was achieved, and gladly we vaulted on our steeds to refresh our spirits by a canter over the level prairie, and make up in some measure for lost time. On we went, laughing to see the wondrous bounds of the springboks, or Cape antelopes, and the ungainly carriage of the ostriches, as they sped along in mortal terror at our appearance. At length some dark specks became visible at a distance on the plateau, but were soon lost again among the groups of trees that dotted the plain like islands in a grassy sea. I inquired of my companion whether they were hartbeests or gnus—two animals I had never seen.

'Dem Caffre, sur,' replied Steermann, drawing near; 'and dey got no pass.'

'How do you know?' I asked.

'Cos dey hide. Ah, de black tief come for plenty troubles,' ejaculated my escort, shaking his head with an air of experience.

Having no opinion to give, I held my peace, and rode quickly on, directing my course close by the green isles where the black specks had taken shelter, mentally resolving to inquire into the truth of the Hottentot's suspicions. As I drew near the groups of trees, the light feathery foliage of the acacias that composed them forbade the thought that they could conceal a Bushman, far less a party of stalwart Caffres. At last I approached one which the thickly clothed branches of the laurel and the wild plum rendered nearly impervious. Here, if anywhere, were the fugitives; and cantering round to the opposite side, followed by Steermann, I came on a party of four coal-black Caffres, crouched beneath the trees, each with his bundle of assagais laid close by his side.

Calling Dragoonier forward, through his interpretation I demanded to see the pass by which alone a Caffre was entitled to enter the territory between the Fish River and the Kelskamma, and then only unarmed. My trusty attendant had divined rightly, for there was no pass forthcoming, and the clumsy excuse they made of having lost it on the way, was too palpable; so, assuming an air of official dignity, I reproved them for being found in the neutral territory without a proper authority, and commanded them to return at once into Caffreland. But even while speaking, there came over me a sense of the ludicrous, in the idea that I with but the two rifle barrels of my escort at command—for my gun had been lost in the river, and my pistols wetted completely—should thus defy men, who had each, lying by their right hands, the price of five lives. Fortunately, the Caffres did not view the affair in the same light, but with an affectation of great humility, they gathered up their weapons and karosses, and departed across the flat, comforting themselves, probably, with the reflection, that any other moonless night would serve their turn as well.

Having arranged this business, I was at liberty to pursue my journey, though the tall grass among which we had now entered, reaching sometimes to our horses' knees, at others nearly to our own, was a great impediment to our progress. Owing to this, together with the long delay at the drift, night fell while we were still many miles from Fort Nash; the road was bad, too, and there was no moon, so we had nothing for it but to unsaddle beneath the nearest acacia patch. This necessity in so delicious a climate we should have regarded as no great hardship, had we only been provided with supper; but though many a buck and hare had crossed our path that day, we had been in too great haste to draw trigger at them: so our repast consisted only of a few biscuits and the contents of my hunting-flask.

But short-commons and fatigue appeared to have no effect on the spirits and energies of Steermann Draghooner, who bustled about as if all the duties of an establishment devolved on him—knee-haltering the horses, and turning them off to feed—gathering sticks and making a fire on a spot he had previously denuded of the tall, dry prairie-grass that covered the whole region—searching about to discover whether any birds or hares resided in our neighbourhood, or any ostrich-eggs had been deposited about; and though all his quests were fruitless, still, not losing heart, but whistling, as with a wisp of grass he rubbed down the horses before he tied them to a tree, to insure their being forthcoming in the morning. Long after fatigue and my river-adventure had made me glad to roll myself in my cloak, and making a pillow of my saddle, stretch myself on the soft, dry grass, I could see his dark form sitting in the fire-light; and every now and then, as I stirred in my sleep, the tones of his low, sweet voice, as he sang the long-drawn cadences of Dutch hymns, echoed in my ear.

At length the Southern Cross had mounted high into the heavens, the fire died out, and Steermann, wrapping himself in his cloak, lay down beside it. We must have slept for hours, when I was suddenly awakened by the loud neighing and stamping of the horses, and then I became conscious of a suffocating sensation, as though the sirocco were blowing over me, and covering me with its burning sand, and an impetuous rushing sound seemed filling my ears.

I sat up instantly, but the oppressive heat was still around me, and louder than ever was that strange sound, while the whole atmosphere seemed filled with a lurid glare. Calling on Steermann, I sprang to my feet, and looking round me, saw that we were enclosed by a wall of fire. On every side were long forked tongues of flame leaping up wildly into the air, or springing on the scattered acacia-trees, and wreathing them with their fearful beauty for a few moments, till they fell into the blazing sea below; for like billows of fire did the conflagration rage, rolling along with almost incredible speed, as the dry prairie-grass yielded quickly to its influence; while, above all, the deep, hoarse voice of the furious element rose in triumph.

Thus surrounded, my companion and I stood beneath the trees beside our struggling horses, while the hot thick smoke that now began to roll in volumes over us, oppressed our breathing, and confused our scarcely awakened senses; while the burning belt drew rapidly closer. It was a fearful moment, and we gazed on the scene around us in silent horror. Heaven grant that when death really comes, he may not come in that guise. Suddenly the Hottentot beside me cried in a sharp, bitter tone:

'Dem rascal Caffre, dey fire de grass all round—hope roast us like buck!'

'Then we can do nothing?' I said, roused from my bewilderment.

'Noting, sur; only die,' was the desponding reply. 'We got no wings to fly, and would need jump higher than springbok to jump dat fire. Oh, it hard to die while Caffre laugh!' he added bitterly. 'If me could only catch him!' and he raised his rifle menacingly, the next moment to throw it down in despair; then going over to his horse, he took his head silently between his hands, and leaned his own face upon it. The horse ceased its restless stamping: they were friends, that horse and man, and it seemed as if the fond caress brought comfort to the hearts of both.

But it is not in the nature of an Englishman to yield his life without a struggle to save it. I looked round. The onward roll of the fiery waves made the view a narrow one: I glanced at the trees above our heads, but the sight of one blazing not far distant reminded me that they too would share the general

destruction. Then I thought of the grass: could we not tear away sufficient—for men work hard when the wage is life—to permit us to stand in safety, though the flames raged around us? I made the attempt, but the strong wiry grass resisted; I only cut my hands. How bitterly, now when too late, I repented our want of caution in passing the night where there was no water; but our horses had drank half an hour before we stopped, and it was some distance to the next *vly*, or pond.

In such times, much both of thought and action is crowded into a short space. It was not more than ten minutes since I awoke, and already the flames had approached so near that I could feel their burning breath upon my cheek. It seemed as if the martyr's fate was close upon us, without the martyr's holy motive to bear us up. I felt I had not nerve to watch that fiery death advancing upon us fathom by fathom; I could better meet it in the bustle and hurry of action; and calling to Steermann to follow my example, I sprang on my horse's back, and putting spurs to his sides, galloped him madly at the flames.

On we went, through a body of living fire that rent our skins and burned our hair and clothes; on through a plain of burning stubble, that burned our horses' feet; on, with a speed greater than that of the fleetest racer, while our blazing garments flew on the wind behind us; on, on, until at length we reached water. And only they who have passed through a like fiery ordeal can tell with what delight both men and horses cast themselves into the cool element.

At last day broke, and, remounting our suffering horses, we rode on to Fort Nash, where we arrived so burned, blackened, and haggard, that none could recognise us; and it was many weeks ere any of us, biped or quadruped, recovered the effects of that momentous ride through fire and water.

ON THE PATH.

On the path toiling, I thought not of toil;
Troubles might meet us, I did not recoil;
Sunshine above us, but in our hearts more,
Rich in bright hopefulness, outwardly poor:
'Twas thus we started, thy hand clasping mine,
Thou my love owning, my faith built on thine.

'On the path,' saidst thou, 'together we'll keep,
Though it be thorny, love, though it be steep.
Alone one might falter, but we hand in hand
Strength each from each, love, can ever command.'
Yet I—the weaker—have held to the track,
Singly have reached the goal; thou hast turned back.

On the path, sadly and lonely I sped,
Silently, tearlessly, buried my dead;
One by one buried them out of my sight,
Deep in the heart that, near thee, was so light.
Hope with its blossoms all withered and shed,
Love, Faith, and Fellowship—these were my dead!

On the path still, but my toil is nigh done;
I've but to enter the home I have won.
Home!—what a word! but the name is too sweet
When the heart rests not, and the tired feet,
As o'er the threshold they wearily tread,
Raise by their echo the ghosts of the dead.

From the path stepping, too clearly I see
Not what is present, but what was to be:
From the dark grave where I laid them to rest,
The Love and the Faith that were dearest and best,
Like phantoms arise which the tomb cannot keep,
And I lose them anew, having leisure to weep.

RUTH BUCK.

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A WEEK AMONG THE HEBRIDES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

EIGHTY-FIVE years ago, when Johnson, in following out a long-cherished wish, set forth on his famed journey to the Hebrides, his friends thought he was undertaking an exceedingly distant and dangerous expedition; and Boswell, his companion, on whose 'gaiety of conversation and civility of manners,' he relied for counteracting the inconveniences of travel, has told us that on his mentioning to Voltaire his design of visiting the Western Isles, the philosopher of Ferney looked as if he had 'talked of going to the north pole.' Nor were these apprehensions ill founded. Not to speak of the ordinary difficulties of land-travelling in Scotland in 1773, the islands, stretching at lesser or greater distances along its western coast, were reached only by small boats, requiring no little skill in management, or by casual sailing-vessels, by which the very limited trade of the islanders was conducted.

Now, what a change! Railways on land, and steam-vessels on the seas, have worked such wonders, that a journey which was terrifying eighty to ninety years ago, and even much later, can now be performed with perfect ease, expedition, and certainty. What occupied Johnson about two months, may now be performed in about ten days. What he actually saw in the Hebrides during three weeks, may now be seen, and to infinitely greater purpose, in three or four days, while, in point of cost, the comparison is equally in favour of the present modes of conveyance.

Accustomed, once a year, to make a run for a few weeks on the continent, I resolved that this summer I should confine myself to the attractive scenery of the Hebridean isles; and others, I doubt not, may be similarly influenced. The recent regulations and troubles about passports—things disgusting to an Englishman at the best—have set us all to consider whether, within the compass of the British Isles, there are not scenes as picturesque as the Rhine, as grand as the Swiss mountains, and in all respects as interesting, in a social point of view, as anything presented in continental travel. I am at all events hopeful that some little account of what I saw and heard of in a short excursion among the Hebrides, may draw the attention of tourists to a line of route as remarkable for striking scenery as for the comfort and security with which it may be pursued. To give some assurance on these latter points, let me endeavour, in the first place, to describe what may be called the *mécanique* of travel to and from the Western Isles.

Boswell and Johnson, it will be recollected, took a

tedious and painful route through a mountainous region from Inverness by Glenelg to Skye, which was the first island they touched at, by crossing a ferry in an open boat. Modern tourists have a choice of two principal routes—one by railway to Inverness, and thence along the Caledonian Canal, at the western extremity of which steamers are ready to take them to the islands; the other by the Clyde, the islands, and the Caledonian Canal, being just a reversal of the preceding. The plan we should recommend to tourists from London and the central parts of England, is to proceed by railway direct to Glasgow; there, going on board one of Hutcheson's steam-boats, they have no further trouble, being conveyed in a series of elegant floating hotels for hundreds of miles, stopping here and there every night to sleep at nicely furnished inns on the islands or mainland. This being done as far as wished, the tourist may finish off with the Caledonian Canal to Inverness, taking, if he pleases, some picturesque side-routes on the way home by Edinburgh. With Glasgow and the Clyde, the stranger cannot fail to be astonished—a great, populous, and prosperous city, the creation almost of the last seventy or eighty years, and a great navigable estuary made by enterprise and industry out of a very ordinary river, which was not long ago only fit to bear boats and gabbards, and now carries to the ocean large American steamers. Among the marvels accomplished by the people of Glasgow, none is more surprising than their steam-boat system. It was the Clyde on which the first steam-vessel was attempted in Great Britain; and since 1812, when Henry Bell made this memorable experiment, the Clyde has kept the lead both as to building and running steamers. Favoured by the profusion of these handy vessels, Glasgow may be said to have dispersed itself along the shores of the Clyde and its lochs nearly as far as the ocean. Stretching along the lower slopes of the hills, nestling in nooks, and perched on craggy eminences, are seen an endless variety of cottages, villas, and castles, the summer or permanent residences of a wealthy and comfort-loving mercantile community. From point to point, at which commodious piers have been thrown out, steamers may be seen plying at all hours of the day; so that, according to pleasure, you may travel about agreeably on the water from place to place—now running up a Highland loch, environed by rugged mountains, next skirting along a villa-ornamented shore—and so seeing and enjoying a vast deal in a day at a most insignificant outlay. Of course, this immensely convenient system of steaming attained comparative perfection on the Clyde before it was

extended to the western islands; and but for the enterprise of one individual, to whom the world owes something, it would in all probability not have yet gone that length—at least to an extent worth speaking of. I allude to David Hutcheson, one of the remarkable men of his time, who lives to enjoy the reputation of having opened up the Hebrides to a course of modern improvement. Mr Hutcheson's life, like that of Bianconi in Ireland, shews in a particular manner what one thoughtful and energetic man may do to advance the interests of his country. A notice of his projects embraces little else than an account of the existing Hebridean organisation of steamers.

Beginning his commercial life about forty years ago as a junior clerk to one of the earlier steam-boat companies on the Clyde, Mr Hutcheson was afterwards for many years connected with the firm of J. and G. Burns, a large shipping concern in Glasgow and Liverpool, and principal proprietors of the Cunard ocean steamers. Among other places on the coast, Messrs Burns sent steamers to the Western Isles; but this branch of their trade, it seems, did not pay, and was willingly resigned to David Hutcheson, who had formed his own opinions on the subject. With an enthusiastic, and we should almost say a poetic, admiration of the West Highlands and Islands, and desirous not only to make tourists acquainted with their scenery, but to develop the resources of their immeasurable solitudes, he entertained the notion, that by giving large and finely appointed steamers, and doing everything on a liberal scale, the intercourse with the Hebrides might be established on a solid and prosperous basis. Animated with this idea, he began his operations about 1851, assisted by his brother, Mr Alexander Hutcheson; and latterly, the firm of Hutcheson and Company has included Mr D. Macbrayne, a nephew of the Messrs Burns.

Passing over Mr Hutcheson's initiatory attempt to establish an enlarged traffic between Glasgow and the Highlands, we come to what more immediately concerns tourists—the present arrangement of his steam-boats, which is in peculiar adaptation to the nature of the waters to be traversed. Looking at a map of Scotland, we see that the long peninsula terminating in the Mull of Cantire cuts off the lower part of the Clyde from any ready access to the western coast, but that to accommodate the transit of small vessels, the Crinan Canal has been formed across the neck of the peninsula—this very useful canal, about nine miles in length, commencing on the east at a place called Ardrishaig on Loch Fyne. Carrying the eye northward on the map, we perceive that, having got into the western sea and as far as the top of the Linnhe Loch, a transit can be made by the Caledonian Canal to Inverness. Now, independently of sea-going vessels to go round the Mull, here are several kinds of vessels in requisition to sustain the intercourse of a line of route which is awkwardly broken into distinct parts. All, however, is provided for. The Hutchesons possess altogether twelve vessels of different classes, consuming in the aggregate per annum 24,000 tons of coal, which for convenience are placed in dépôts at various leading ports.

To begin with the largest in this effective fleet, we have the *Clansman* and *Stork*. These are strongly built for sea, broad in the beam, and with powerful engines—that of the *Stork* having a power of 220 horses. Both are fitted for carrying goods and passengers; and as a night has to be passed on board, they can each make up fifty sleeping-berths in separate cabins and on sofas. One of them leaving Glasgow every Monday and Thursday, proceeds round the Mull of Cantire, calls at Oban, Tobermory, Portree, and other places, their regular destination being Stornoway in the distant Lewis. They, however, make more extended calls beyond Stornoway; as, for example, Lochinver on

the mainland, a favourite residence of the Duke of Sutherland and family, likewise Ullapool, and Gairloch in the western part of Ross-shire. Over this wide range they ply unitedly from March till November, and one alone plies once a week in winter. Twice a year, for the special accommodation of herring-fishers, they go round the north of Scotland to Thurso. Unless one were to visit the strangely indented west coast and islands, he could scarcely realise the importance of these voyages of the *Clansman* and *Stork*, which, after passing Islay and Jura, pursue first a sinuous course through the Sound of Mull; then rounding the extremity of Ardnamurchan, enter that narrow and intricate channel between the mainland and Skye called the Sound of Sleat; lastly issuing into the more open Minch, they take a route direct for Stornoway—throughout their long and devious course among the islands, landing and taking in passengers and goods, and, as it were, sowing the seeds of civilisation and prosperity in places which, but for their periodical visits, would be as difficult to reach as if situated in another hemisphere.

The next class of vessels to which we may draw attention, are those steamers of handsome structure, sharp in the bows, and of light draught of water, which are designed exclusively for passengers on the route from Glasgow by Ardrishaig and the canals to Inverness. This continuous line, as already mentioned, is effected in several stages. The first part of the journey is performed from Glasgow to Ardrishaig by means of the *Iona*, a vessel which I should imagine to be unmatched for its elegance and speed. Built in 1855 by J. & G. Thomson, of Glasgow, at a cost of £10,000, this beautifully moulded steam-boat, measuring 234 feet in length, with 21 feet breadth of beam, draws only 4½ feet of water, along the surface of which it skims with a rapidity of nearly nineteen miles per hour. As to its remarkable speed, of which I can speak from some experience, it is said that it has more than once run between the Cloch and Cumbrae light-houses on the Clyde, a distance of fifteen miles and two-thirds, in 47½ minutes; and it may be doubted if a like velocity has been attained by any steamer of its dimensions in Europe. With the rate of speed reached by American river-steamers, it is unnecessary to make any comparison; for where the safety of lives is of no importance, and disaster incurs no obloquy, vessels can be urged to a degree of velocity alike excessive and dangerous.

The *Iona* is propelled by two oscillating engines, one working on each side of a fixed exhausting cylinder—an arrangement which secures a certain ease of motion; and this latter quality is further promoted by the use of patent feathering floats on the paddles—that is to say, each float, after making its propulsive stroke, rises slopingly and with the least possible resistance from the water. The smoothness of action, along with a certain saving in force effected by this peculiar process, would render its adoption very desirable for ocean-steamers, but for the risk of derangement. The feathering requires a good deal of mechanism intermixed with the floats, and were any part to break while a vessel was far at sea, the result might be serious; whereas an accident occurring on the Clyde or west coast could be easily remedied. Strength and security are matters of prime consideration in building British sea-going steamers; speed and easiness of action being properly of secondary importance.

In point of interior fittings, the *Iona* is likewise entitled to be called a crack boat. The long open deck is furnished with an abundance of cushioned forms and chairs, and the saloon is decorated in a style of great comfort and elegance—ranges of seats covered with red pile velvet, long mahogany tables, mirrors and gilding, along with appointments

in the steward's department as good as at any first-rate hotel. A health-seeker and gourmet might do worse than to live for a week or two in the *Iona*, travelling daily up and down the Clyde, inhaling draughts of fresh air, seeing beautiful scenery, feasting on salmon so fresh as still to retain its creamy curd, and on herrings caught only an hour or two ago in Loch Fyne—herrings *par excellence*, for in comparison all other creatures of this species are next to worthless. I may here add once for all, that not only in the *Iona*, but in all Hutcheson's vessels, particular attention is paid to the alimentary departments. These, indeed, are conducted by the respective stewards on their own account, but according to certain terms as to quality and charge; and the good principle is followed of allowing no gratuities to be asked or taken by any one whatever. The usual charge is 2s. for breakfast, and 2s. 6d. for dinner; at each meal, besides the ordinary fishy delicacies, there being a profusion of dishes, and water with ice. Least any one should be impatient for an *Iona* breakfast, I should explain that it is not served till a few minutes past nine o'clock, when the vessel has taken on board passengers at Greenock. Starting on its trip from the Broomielaw at seven, passengers have two hours to grow hungry, which they never fail to do; and the sight of Dumbarton Castle in the foreground, with Greenock in the distance, is for the most part looked for with an interest unconnected with the history of these places. Those who do not choose to encounter this salutary hungering process, start by rail an hour later from Glasgow, and come on board at Greenock just as the steward's lads are carrying the hot dishes from the cooking-house to the saloon.

On board and breakfasted, the tourist complacently lounges on the deck, either skimming the morning's news in the *North British Daily Mail*, which he buys from a boy with a basket of books and papers, or gazing delightedly on the ever-shifting outlines of the Argyleshire hills. Touching at Dunoon and Inellan—populous villa-towns of yesterday—next, running into Rothesay in Bute, celebrated for the amenity of its climate, and then proceeding through the narrow zigzag channel known as the Kyles of Bute, the vessel at last reaches Loch Fyne. Up this arm of the sea it goes, detaching at Tarbert a boat-load of passengers, who design to cross the peninsula in order to reach Islay by means of a separate steamer; and at a distance of about twenty miles from the mouth of the loch it arrives at Ardrishaig—a village consisting of a few houses and a hotel. Here, about one o'clock, all quit the *Iona*, and walking one or two hundred yards, they get to the banks of the canal, where lies a pretty track-boat called the *Sunbeam*, which the Hutchesons keep for the convenience of their passengers. Drawn by three horses at a smart trot, the *Sunbeam*, with its load of passengers and luggage, glides smoothly and silently along the canal, that winds among craggy knolls, overhung with hazels, ferns, and wild flowering plants, and offering at various points glimpses of residences of Highland gentry; the more imposing of these seats being the princely mansion of Portalloch, which is said to have cost as much as £100,000. As the *Sunbeam* is necessarily detained at the several locks, the time spent in the transit is fully two hours. If the weather be fine, many prefer walking a few miles. On arriving at the western extremity of the canal, we have before us an inlet of the sea, with a pier, at which lies hiasing the *Mountaineer*—a steamer bearing a close resemblance to the *Iona*; its only difference being that it is not quite so long, and is otherwise better adapted to pass through the seas which surge along the western coasts. The transference of passengers and baggage to the *Mountaineer* occupies but a few

tourists are usually somewhat nervous, they may keep themselves quite at ease, for at each end of the canal it is shifted in attendant carts and trucks by properly appointed servants of the company; everything, including boats, carts, men, and horses, forming part of an apparatus which has for its exclusive object the forwarding of passengers with the smallest degree of anxiety or trouble to themselves. For those who may prefer riding from end to end of the canal, there are always Highland cars, open and covered, in attendance for hire at Ardrishaig. Matters are so arranged that passengers brought by the *Sunbeam* from the west find the *Iona* on their arrival, and ordinarily, therefore, on the small quay of Ardrishaig there are for a few minutes two contending floods of people—one streaming out of, and the other into, the *Iona*. It is further arranged that that very important affair, dinner, takes place in the *Iona* while passing homeward down the comparatively tranquil waters of Loch Fyne, and in the *Mountaineer* while proceeding up the Sound, which is bounded by the islands of Scarba and Linga on the west, and Luing and Shuna on the east.

By the time that dinner is over, the lofty peaks of Jura are sinking in the horizon; the *Mountaineer* is now ploughing her way past Seil, on the right; and on the left, are seen towering the gigantic mountains of Mull, one of the largest of the Hebridean isles. Holding on with an inclination towards the east, the vessel nimbly passes into a narrow sound, bounded on the west by the rugged but green island of Kerrera; at length, about five o'clock, it steams into the beautiful land-locked bay of Oban; and the traveller has reached what is yet only a pretty village of good white-washed houses, but which, from its favourable position and mild climate, must eventually become the metropolis of the west Highlands and Islands.

Oban, of which more shall be said afterwards, is a favourite centre-point for tourists, who wish to make a trip in any direction—to the islands of Iona and Staffa on the west, Skye and Lewis on the north, Inverness on the east, and also in an easterly direction, the vale of Glencoe, Loch Awe, and a number of other places celebrated for their singularly grand scenery, as well as their connection with the stirring events of history and tradition.

After calling at Oban, the *Mountaineer* proceeds up the Linnhe Loch, by Fort-William, to Corpach, where it arrives the same evening. Passengers immediately transfer themselves to a spacious omnibus, luggage is put into two vans, and the whole, in less than half-an-hour, reach Banavie, where they remain for the night. Tourists to whom time is of importance, or who habitually rush past everything, as if that which was worth seeing is still somewhere further on, place themselves next morning in one of Hutcheson's vessels, kept for the passage of the Caledonian Canal, and so at once get forward to Inverness in the afternoon of the same day. Others, more considerate, make a short stay at Banavie or Fort-William, to visit, if not to ascend, Ben Nevis, to see the ruins of Inverlochy Castle, to visit the parallel roads of Glenroy, or to make a trip of a few miles along the banks of Lochail to Glenfinnan, where the unfortunate Charles Stuart first planted his standard in 1745.

Reverting to Oban as a general rendezvous for tourists planning Hebridean excursions, it needs to be explained that to afford scope for sight-seers the Hutchesons station here a third vessel of their swift class, the *Pioneer*, which on certain days proceeds to the highly interesting islands of Iona and Staffa, and on others to Loch Leven—a branch jutting inland from the Linnhe Loch—at the upper extremity of which vehicles are in attendance for a trip to

may return by the same vessel to Oban, or choosing not to be in a hurry, they can stay at the hotel at Balahulish, and be taken up by the *Mountaineer* next day, on its way to Fort-William and Corpach. Let it further be remembered that, if after excursions among the Hebrides, one wishes to return direct through the Highlands to Loch Lomond, and adjacent districts, he has a stage-coach from Oban quite at his service.

Having expatiated at such length on Hutcheson's system of tourist-steamers, it seems only necessary to add, that as these beautiful vessels are employed chiefly in summer, his organisation is completed by the running of two steam-vessels of lesser size, the *Cygnets* and *Lapwings*, which go through the canals and ply with goods and passengers to and from Inverness during the whole year. They are a smart and well-found craft, with comfortable sleeping-berths; they touch at Oban and other places, and by their agency a constant intercourse is kept up with Glasgow and the northern parts of Scotland. We do not need to particularise the more circumscribed steam-system of the Hutchesons in connection with Inverary; it will be of greater public interest to state that, by their means generally, in co-operation with other causes of improvement, an extraordinary impetus has lately been given to the establishment of new mail-routes, light-houses, buoys, and beacons; the plantation of villas along the shores of the Highlands, and, above all, the extension of hotel accommodation for tourists.

A resident in the south, who probably pictures the Highlands as little better than an unmitigated wilderness, can hardly by any force of description be brought to understand that at Dunkeld, Inverness, and Oban, he will find hotels about as extensive and magnificent as those at Euston Square and Paddington—very much better than the generality of hotels in the heart of the metropolis. The Caledonian Hotel at Oban, which has lately undergone considerable enlargement, contains a hundred bedrooms, the equipments in which are all of first-rate quality; the saloon has dining accommodation for upwards of sixty guests; so that the other day, when I formed one of thirty-eight at the table-d'hôte—dinner faultless—this large and elegant apartment seemed to be half empty, though, as the season advances, it will soon be filled with strangers from all parts of the world. The *Times* (of the preceding day), without which an Englishman does not well make out existence, was lying on one of the side-tables. This is but a type, however, of many Highland hotels; and, in point of fact, anything shabby will no longer do. Where Johnson and Boswell were fain to sleep on a couch of heather, and eat oat-cakes, you will find handsomely built inns, furnished with all the appliances of civilised life. At the Trosachs on Loch Katrine; at Tarbert, Inverness, and Inverarnan on Loch Lomond; at Arrochar on Loch Long; at Inverary on Loch Fyne; at Balahulish; and at Brodick in Arran, travellers will find capital hotels, where they may agreeably spend a few days, and drive about in a very luxurious sort of way. Tourists on the grand route by the Caledonian Canal—the greatest work of its kind in Britain, and which should by all means be included in a northern trip—have an opportunity, as already hinted, of ruralising pleasantly at Banavie. There are here two hotels, an old and new one, under the same management, which make up unitedly sixty-two beds; and an addition is now making to the new house, which, we understand, will raise the number to eighty beds. The new house—an aspiring mansion in the Italian style—was built a few years ago, at a cost of several thousand pounds, by Cameron of Lochell. And who is the enterprising lessee of this hotel-villa but our Napoleon of Highland steamers—David Hutcheson—who thus insures, through a sub-tenant, Mr John

Mackenzie, the best accommodation to his Hebridean passengers.

If any one be disposed to accept our advice on the subject of Scottish tours, we should repeat the counsel, not to hurry too quickly over the very interesting stretch of sea and land between Glasgow and Inverness. Don't push on as if between death and life. Do the thing deliberately and satisfactorily; stopping a day or two here and there; making little side-trips to see deep mountain gorges, strange geological formations, scenes of deep historic interest, and waterfalls which we can assure Londoners will be found somewhat more effective than that at Shanklin Chine. With Hutcheson's steamers, with boats and light Highland cars, which can be hired on every desirable occasion, and hotels with which even the most fastidious can find no reasonable fault, what can be more exhilarating—what, to many, more new in physical and social aspect—than a well-arranged excursion in the West Highlands and Hebrides.

W. C.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD.

THE theatrical world, considered more particularly as a branch of that literary and artistic 'Bohemia' which has recently attracted public attention, is in all probability a *terra incognita* to the majority of our readers. Next door to the theatre, however—'next door' to every temple of the drama we know—is invariably a public-house, where we can at any time see the world in question, a world embracing managers and actors, and their satellites and hangers-on in general, but more particularly made up of lessees, shareholders, renters, acting-managers, stage-managers, prompters, leading men, leading ladies, heavy ladies and heavy men, singing chambermaids, juvenile tragedians of both sexes, first old men, first and second light and low comedians, walking gentlemen, respectable utility gentlemen, character actors, eccentric men, copyists, scene-painters, clowns and pantomimists, leaders of the band, *répétiteurs*, fiddlers and other musicians, wardrobe-keepers, theatrical tailors, dressers, dancers, chorusers, ballet-masters, ballet-girls, master and working carpenters, gas engineers, property-masters, property-men, cleaners, stage footmen, supernumeraries, box book-keepers, money and check takers, and nondescripts of all kinds (including the watchful mammas of the afore-mentioned leading ladies and singing chambermaids), the more particular designation of whom can only be known by an inspection of the treasury books—the treasury being a place certain to receive a visit at least once a week from the whole corps of theatrical hangers-on, the dramatic playwright himself not excepted. In addition to these, we have a countless number of dangles after actresses, admirers of actors, adapters of plays, theatrical critics, garrulous old players, whose great point is the *début* of Mrs Siddons; stage-mad people, whose ambition is to talk theatrical slang and give imitations of Kean; a small poet or two, a few painters, and three or four budding authors, who have always a manuscript tragedy in their pocket. These varied elements, properly mixed together, like the brandy and water they consume, make up, as the old poet says, 'a mad world, my masters.' Next door to the theatre, then, at the actors' house of call, we might see representatives of this motley crew, and from their conversation gather an idea of their world. We say *might* do so, if we would; but, fortunately, we are not compelled either to endure the smoky atmosphere peculiar to the actors' house of call, or submit to suffocation from the fumes of the hot spirits and water which are there the fashion. Lend us your eyes, kind reader, and look upon this broad sheet with us, and we will put you on another

and a better plan for your explorations of this mimic kingdom and its painted inhabitants. Our advice to persons wishing to view the theatrical world is to study the *Era* newspaper.

The most correct idea of the theatrical world, and its appurtenances of men and things, is undoubtedly to be obtained from that world's own oracle and friend, the *Era*, which is, to those engaged in the theatrical profession, what *Bell's Life* is to the members of the sporting world. In the *Era* we find the week's theatrical affairs detailed at full length. No matter what branch of the profession we desire to scan, in that paper we find the necessary particulars—all that is known about theatres, opera-houses, singing-saloons, tea-gardens, circuses, and exhibitions in general is chronicled, from the announcement 'to proprietors of first-class concert-halls, gardens, &c.,' of the disengagement of that eminent nigger, Herr Guildenstern, 'the great original performer on ten tambourines at one time,' to the astounding intelligence that Mr Waverley Mortimer Blank, 'the renowned tragedian,' is again, and for the third time, re-engaged at the Theatre Royal, Slashington. We can see also, in the news-columns, that the walking gentleman, who was advertising his services in the number of a fortnight ago, has been engaged at the theatre of Bagot-on-Shipston, where, we are informed, he has made a favourable impression on the Bagotonians; but we regret to find that 'the heavy man,' whose wife is useful in the 'singing chambermaids' (their joint terms being very moderate), is still out of employment. Poor gentleman! perhaps he is too heavy for the present state of theatricals, which are indeed tending decidedly to a lighter style than has marked their progress of late years.

There is no want connected with the profession that cannot be supplied by the advertising columns. As an example of what is done, let us take the case of the aspirant to stage-honours. He will find from an advertisement that he can be 'practically instructed and completed for the theatrical profession,' by a gentleman who for twenty years has been 'manager, author, and actor of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, Lyceum, Strand, Adelphi, Olympic, and Surrey Theatres.' Or if the aspirant be a lady, here is her chance: 'Miss Charming has returned to London for the season. She is prepared to resume dramatic instruction to ladies, and undertakes soon to render them competent to fill situations. Terms moderate. It is desired to form a company for the provinces, to commence about September, and those who evince aptness will be engaged.' Supposing the stage-struck hero to have undergone the necessary cramming as to the 'business' of the boards—that he has been taught how to kneel to a lady, how to cross from P.S. to O.P., and further, that the gentleman of twenty years' standing has given him hints on the expression of stage passions—that 'madness opens the eyes to a frightful wildness, rolls them hastily and wildly from object to object, distorts every feature, and appears all agitation; the voice sometimes loud, and sometimes plaintive, accompanied with tears;' or that 'affectation displays itself in a thousand different gestures, motions, airs, and looks, according to the character,' &c. Supposing the curriculum of practical instruction to have been achieved, the next business is to procure a wardrobe, and an—engagement. We presume, of course, that the tyro, ere reaching this stage of his career, has like all other novices, laid in a large share of burnt cork, so useful in the fabrication of stage-beards, eyebrows, &c., and also a few hares' feet for the due distribution of the rouge and pearl powder, so

kinds of stage-heroes. The wardrobe is easily managed, especially in London, and we presume it to be from the great metropolis our Novice is setting out. Let us suppose, also, that he has already applied to the theatrical agents, in order to have his name placed on the roll of actors wanting an engagement. If his instructor has not himself introduced his pupil to one, he finds the address of several in the *Era*. Having 'stumped up' what the agent will facetiously designate 'the needful'—about half-a-guinea, more or less—his name will then be entered on the books, and an engagement ought to follow in due time. The agent of course inquires carefully as to his 'props'—that is, his properties, in the shape of dresses, swords, &c.; and finding that the youth is unprovided in those indispensable articles of dress which all actors are expected to find for their own use—as boots, collars, tights, shape-hats, swords, &c.—the agent pretends to glance at the *Era*, and then starting up from his chair, he hauls off the youngster, exclaiming rapidly: 'It's all right, my boy; come along with me to Sam Days; he's advertising again, and I'll get him to do it at a moderate figure for you;' and so the business of costume gets settled; and of course, as the agent is Days's friend, it is but right for him to pocket a trifle of 10 per cent. or so on the transaction.

At this stage of the affair, we may almost hail our youth as a member of the theatrical world; he has now the *entrée* at the agent's chambers—agents' chambers are usually to be found in a public-house—and that gentleman very condescendingly partakes of the Novice's beer, and tells him stale anecdotes of the players in return. In due time, the promised engagement comes on the *tapis*; some Saturday morning, just as the Novice is getting restive, the *Era* announces that 'Mr De Courcy Smythe intends visiting London, for the purpose of making arrangements for his ensuing seasons at the Theatre Royal, Slopperton, and the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Swindleham; and will be prepared to treat with acknowledged stars and professional talent, for the regular company, on and after the 20th instant: all applications to contain a stamped envelope for reply, and to be addressed to L. Suckem, at the Sword and Tights, Wych Street, Drury Lane.' The moment Novice reads this, he is off to Suckem's, at full speed, and insists upon that gentleman procuring him an immediate engagement in Smythe's company. As Suckem does not see his way to any more plunder, in the shape of beer or additional goes of brandy and water, he reluctantly complies; and in the course of a few days, Novice finds himself in the green-room of the Theatre Royal, Slopperton, an undoubted member of the 'profession,' and certain to have his goings and comings duly chronicled in the *Era*, for the edification of the public in general, and the theatrical world in particular.

There now opens to the greedy eye of Mr Novice that inner theatrical arcanum, veiled from the common gaze by the impenetrable green curtain; and for the first time he sees the mass of people connected with the theatre, of which he is but a unit, all in motion like the heavenly bodies circling round a common centre—that centre being Algernon De Courcy Smythe, the sun of the theatrical world of Slopperton. We will not attempt to describe 'Smythe's lot,' as Suckem calls them. They are sufficiently seedy in their apparel, and starved-looking in their appearance, to indicate at once their profession. Our aspirant soon finds out how much of tinsel and paint is lavished upon all things behind the scenes; he also finds how unreal the talk is of the mimes; how much each is for himself, and how little he cares for his neighbour, except when he

respectfully, while the heavy woman retails her titbits of scandal about the singing chambermaid; or, by winks and nods, insinuates that the low comedian's wife was seen, upon a late occasion, in suspicious proximity to a pawnbroker's office; how beautifully, too, she throws out a little innuendo about the leading lady's penchant for brandy and water; and, finally, after settling these small matters, observes with what an air she manages to borrow five shillings from the edified Novice. Out of doors—in the tavern frequented by the company—our young actor, not having much study to get through, mixes in the outer theatrical world, and has already even a hanger-on or two wholly to himself, simply because he belongs to a place that has such an undefined charm about it as to command a larger amount of attention than almost any other world, whether of science or art. There is centered in the theatre so much that is novel or wonderful, that even the utility actors of a fourth-rate town command their little circle of followers. In high life, does not the *Court Circular* chronicle the exits and entrances of the great heroes and heroines of the lyric drama? Does not my Lord Fitzkernal get the programme of the opera season sent down to him by special train the moment it can be had—damp as it is—from the printing-office? Of course he does; and there are a score of other noblemen who are equally ardent; and if our aristocracy do this, is it any wonder that Tom, Dick, or Harry, follow suit, and like to know all they can about what is doing behind the scenes of the Theatre Royal, Slooperton?

But time flies, and the Theatre Royal, Slooperton, after languishing for a few weeks, and entertaining but scanty audiences, abruptly closes its doors; the manager, as the low comedian says—accompanying the information with a wink of the eye and a twist of the tongue—is 'nowhere'; and the company, left without salary and with no prospect of immediate engagement, make the best of their way to the nearest harbour of refuge. But our Novice needs not be discouraged yet; he will frequently have to encounter such mishaps; they are a part of the system. But how is it, we are asked, that the Theatre Royal, Slooperton, is obliged to shut its doors? Slooperton is a large manufacturing town with an intelligent population, fond of theatrical entertainments; and, in former times, when its population was much smaller than it is now, it gave to London some of its greatest actors. It was one of the nurseries for the London stage. Kemble, Kean, Mundell, Dowton, O'Neil, Liston, Mathews, Bannister, Incedon, and a dozen others equally celebrated, trod the Slooperton stage on their way to London. We cannot tell, but so it is: the class who now attempt the reanimation of our provincial theatres are, with some few exceptions, mere parodists on the players of the past.

We may now, leaving our friend to find out a new field for the exercise of his histrionic talents, just glance at the country theatre. It is generally a dim dirty house, with a repellent poverty-stricken air, and situated in some hidden corner of the town, which only the most determined perseverance will enable one to find out. You pay your half-crown, and enter. At once you are unfavourably struck with the dismal appearance of the place. The old tattered seats, damp and mouldy, the old torn green curtain, that never will come down straight, the old scenery bare and worn out, the old battered drinking flagons and other 'properties,' that have been shewn at innumerable banquets presided over by innumerable Macbeths, are all characteristic of the place. Year after year are represented the same old stock-plays—*George Barnwell*, or, it may be, *Castle Spectre*, with the everlasting farce of *Fortune's Frolic*, or the *Ploughman turned Lord*. There is no thought of attracting the refined and elegant, nor even of inter-

esting the intelligent mechanic; no idea is entertained of keeping pace with the advancing spirit of the age. In fact, the provincial theatre fell fast asleep fully forty years ago, and has not yet awakened. But if the country theatre is bad, the country manager is a great deal worse. In nine cases out of ten, he is a mere adventurer, with little or no education, boresome and vulgar, with bullying manners, and a tendency to oblivion in all pecuniary transactions. We don't allude to the managers of first or second class provincial theatres, who are most of them respectable men. The specimen we select takes a country theatre as 'a spec,' goes to some dramatic agent, such as Sockem, and so collects a company. He hires a wardrobe from some Jew costumer, and by hook or crook gets himself and his company forwarded to the scene of operation. For the first week all goes well, the company obtaining the whole amount of their salaries. 'Business,' as it is called, continues brisk, perhaps even for a fortnight, and then a dismal change comes over the spirit of the scene. Some fine evening, it gets whispered about that the manager is 'nowhere'; and early next morning, the leading lady, who is inclined to be stout, has the misfortune to be caught stuck fast in the rather narrow window of her apartment on the ground-floor—a predicament she has got into through a vain attempt to escape the just demands of her landlady. Her 'properties'—consisting of five silk stockings, a pair of black velvet shoes, one and a half pair of white satin slippers, a much-used suit of silk fustings, one sandal, four skirts, an old red silk train and a tinsel crown, with a box of worn gloves and a white muslin robe—have been previously spirited away by the leading lady's mamma, who travels with her. The low comedian of the company, who travels only with a pair of tights and a few wigs, has been more lucky; he never takes his 'props,' as he calls the articles in question, to his lodgings, but always leaves them next door to the theatre in case of accident. After the escapade of the leading lady, a miserable attempt is made by the company, as a republic, to keep the place open for a night or two; but the mysterious disappearance of the wardrobe creates a difficulty which no amount of ingenuity can overcome; in addition to that, the printer (a green hand, newly arrived in the place) is wondering who he is to look to for payment of his bill; while to crown all, the landlord has taken possession of the key of the theatre, glad to get quit of the vagabonds without any rent, and the place is peremptorily closed. So ends a season which is the exact counterpart of many more, and thus runs the theatrical world its exciting round.

We can assure our readers that the picture we have painted of the unscrupulous manager who takes a theatre as a 'spec,' and the dire consequences which follow, is not over-coloured. As a companion portrait, we present that of an honest manager struggling with adversity—it is painted by himself, and no touch from our pen could make it more graphic. As will be seen, it takes the shape of an address to his audience at the end of a disastrous season:

After the usual thanks to the 'ladies and gentlemen' for their presence, he proceeds: 'At the conclusion, however, of a season which is well known to be about the worst there has ever been in this town, you will not expect anything very cheerful of me, especially when I tell you that I am very ill, that my wife is worse, and that we are both weighed down with turmoil, anxiety, and disappointment. I commenced my unfortunate season with an opera company for a fortnight, which was very unsuccessful. I then commenced with the dramatic company, which was still worse. . . . Finding everything going the wrong way, I strenuously endeavoured to procure the visits of some first-class

"stars." One, however, was in America, another settled for the time in London, and a third did not think this town would pay him—and those who did come, soon found such was the truth. With such stars as I could get, our receipts never exceeded £5, 1s., and were as low as £2, 17s. My friends, however, assured me that if I could weather the storm till Christmas, and then get up a pantomime, I might be sure of a reward at last. I tried the experiment; produced one—with much difficulty—that I believe gave general satisfaction; but, alas! although there were one or two fair houses, the receipts fell during the first week of its run to L.4, 13s., and during the second to L.3, 1s. 6d. I unfortunately entered into a contract to pay the enormous rental of L.225 for the season, of which—notwithstanding the bad business and general depressions—L.175 has been paid. (Cheers.) Finding it impossible to pay the last instalment, I made an appeal to the proprietors, and assured them that the L.60 I paid down was sunk, that what money I brought with me was gone, what I had raised was spent, and what I had borrowed was unpaid—that having lost my all, my wife being so situated as to be compelled to give up her professional duties—with an anticipated increase to my family—my season at an end here, and nothing settled for the future elsewhere, I must throw myself upon their consideration, and—a good rental having been already realised—hope for a release. To all this I received no answer, but a brief inquiry about what *security* I could give for the balance. I replied that I had exhausted every resource, and could pay no more; but that I was anxious to do all an honest man could do—that there was a great holiday coming on the occasion of the Princess Royal's marriage, and I would get up a strong entertainment, and they might put their own men at the doors and take the receipts. (Cheers and cries of "Bravo.") Now, ladies and gentlemen, I know that not one man in twenty would have made such an offer, and I ask you if mortal man could do more? ("No, no.") Well, to that proposition I could obtain no answer; but all at once, while I was expecting one, I found the bailiffs in the theatre. But I had acted according to a hint I had received, very carefully removing all my best things, and safely disposing of my wife's dresses, upon the value of which I had heard certain parties had been calculating; so when the bailiffs came in, they found little more than would pay for the distraint. (Tremendous cheering, and cries of "Bravo," and hisses from the proprietors.) It is to that fact, ladies and gentlemen, that I am enabled to appear before you this evening. I was therefore placed in a position to treat; but no thanks to the proprietors if I am not now obliged to leave the town without one article of wardrobe, consequently, unable to take any other theatre, or even an engagement in one—for the wardrobe is to an actor what tools are to mechanics—and as the result, in a short time, perhaps, to find my children wanting bread.

As is the country theatre, so, generally speaking, are country actors. The damp and mould of the one, with its ragged seats and tattered scenery, are but representatives of the muddled brain and seedy habiliments of the other. One cause of their decline is, that, in the present day, they can have no hope of 'a career.' The two great theatres of the metropolis are closed to the British drama: the one is a temple for foreign music and dancing; in the other, horsemanship, tumbling, antipodean feats, Tom Thumbs, and performing elephants, have taken the places of Munden, Downton, Kean, and Mathews; in other places the sublimity of the tragic scene has been usurped by the red-hot bombast of melodrama; and the fine old comedy of other days has been banished

to make room for the 'screaming' farce and the extravaganza. If we are so fortunate as to have even one great man to play a hero, he is surrounded by a mob of nobodies—ill-trained, and worse dressed, having no fitness for their profession whatever, except their consummate impudence. A shadow, in fact, has fallen upon the stage; and at present we have few players worthy of the name. The great ones of former days, and the best of their offshoots, are dead, and their memories are all that is left to us, for nobody has caught their mantles.

London, however, is still regarded as the common centre of the profession. Country managers—of whom there is about one hundred, not including the directors of the few strolling companies still extant—always resort to the great metropolis to gather together their little band, and pay their annual round of visits to such of the theatres of London as have an open door, and play in the national tongue; at the present time, there are about twenty of these, of various kinds and ranks. The country manager, and also the respectable country actor, have both of them a great liking for London. There they can enjoy a peep of that greater theatrical world of which their little town is but the miniature. The respectable provincial manager has usually the *entrée* to the best of the London houses, because most of the London managers being actors, he receives an annual visit from them, in their capacity of 'stars,' and so keeps up a friendly acquaintance. He thus gets wonderful peeps into the inner circle of some of our London houses, and obtains ideas as to how all the different 'oracles' are worked which help to oil the machinery of a London theatre. He sees the great man in his 'sanctum,' finds out the true relation between the London dramatic author and the critic of the daily paper, and sometimes stares to find them one and indivisible. Most of our play and farce writers are 'on the press;' and a shrewd manager takes care to select his authors accordingly, knowing that they form a clique, of which each member is bound to puff the other's production, because all in their turn need a similar favour. Still, however, the production of the new farce requires tact and 'management;' and there are numerous interviews between the author (translator, ought we not rather to say?) and manager, before matters get finally arranged, and the puff preliminary is sent out. Outsiders rarely get a piece accepted; but when they do, what a gantlet of criticism they have to run!

The country manager of the old school—Mr Placide, we will call him—not being engaged to dine either with Mr Buskin or Mr Roscius, his two most profitable stars, both of whom are managers of London theatres, steps down to Wych Street to the Sword and Tights, to enjoy a quiet pipe before the parlour fills with its wonted company. The organ of the profession, which he finds lying on the table, opens up a new world to him: he recollects the time, not many years ago, when the drama had no such expositor; and he is more than astonished, as he glances over the advertising columns, at the wonders with which it is filled, never having known before that there were so many kinds of public amusements competing for patronage. What particularly strikes Mr Placide is the manner in which the actors and actresses of the present day advertise and puff themselves, and how men, who are but fourth-rate actors in a second-rate London theatre, pretend that they are stars of the first magnitude in the provinces. Then in every second advertisement he comes on the word 'professional,' and determines to hate it, because it is a new word to him. He likes better the old word comedian or actor: 'professional' includes, he thinks, all sorts of horrors, such as niggers, bounding brothers, anti-podeanists, and equestrian troupes.

'Ay, ay,' says Placide to himself over his pipe, 'no wonder we managers can't make our salt now, with such entertainments surrounding us on all sides. Here is no end of concerts and exhibitions, where the public not only get amusement, but beer as well. What theatre, I should like to know, can stand against beer? Or, if we can beat the beer, by means of either Buskin or Roscius, can we stand up against the performing monkeys who are starring all the year round at the theatre; or, suppose we can even do that, how about the niggers in the concert-halls? A new Shakespeare could have no chance against the niggers—that he couldn't. Then, again, here in London we have the squalling Italians: there's Tamberlik going to get a cool thousand a month; there's a palace been run up for them in five months' time. Who would run up a palace in five months for the British drama, I should like to know?' And Mr Placide having vented these opinions quietly to himself, replenishes his tumbler, and re-adjusts his pipe, and has what he calls 'another go in at the paper.' But we need not follow him further. Suffice it to say, that he cannot tolerate the modern system of advertising at all. 'Only to think,' says he, 'that men have such impudence—men I would not give fifteen shillings a week to! Advertising; ay, it may be all very well for Mr Smythe—I can't afford it. Here is the thing for me;' and Mr Placide runs over the advertisement of the 'Inauguration of the Burial Ground of the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick-fund Association.' 'Ay, the grave will have us all at last; I'm glad to see that there is sense enough left in our actors to provide for this last scene of all. Truly doth Shakespeare say:

Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.'

And with these axioms of the great bard, we humbly take our leave of both the country manager and the THEATRICAL WORLD.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DISCOVERY.

It is always difficult to shake off ancient prejudices. Without a struggle, the truth of no new theory has ever yet prevailed against the errors of long-received opinion; for the latter is strong at once in all the strength of its own prescription, and in all the weakness incident to the novelty of its assailant. Of this truth one striking instance familiar to our readers occurs in the history of the Struggles of Vaccination.* Another instance, more striking still, presents itself in the story of that Great Discovery from which the birth of modern physiology must be dated.

The history of the discovery of the circulation of the blood, which M. Flourens has a well-established claim to have told for the first time with scientific accuracy,† extends, from Galen to Harvey, over a period of more than fourteen centuries. It may be difficult, but it will not, I think, be impossible so to strip it of its technicalities as to make the story not only intelligible, but interesting to the least scientific reader.

The arteries which, during life, as we now know, are distended with blood, are found, after death, to be not only in a great measure emptied of that fluid, but to contain air in considerable volumes. Reasoning from these facts, the physiologists who

preceded Galen, and especially Erasistratus and his school, maintained the theory that, like the windpipe, the arteries were simply air-passages, the air which penetrated to the lungs by the trachea being conveyed by the venous (or, as we should call it, the pulmonary) artery to the left cavity, or ventricle of the heart, and thence by the aorta, or great arterial trunk, and its innumerable ramifications, to every part of the system. From the functions thus hypothetically ascribed to them, the arteries derived the name they still retain (from Greek, *aer*, the air, and *terein*, to preserve, as a pipe preserves the breath).

With this theory, Galen was so little satisfied, that, while yet a young man, he set himself first to investigate, and then to overthrow it. He proved, by a series of experiments on the living body, that the arteries during life contained blood, but did not contain air: he shewed that the air which entered the lungs by inspiration did not penetrate beyond their air-cells; and he even ascertained that in some essential property the arterial differed from the venous blood. But here this great physiologist stopped. He had made, indeed, a great stride in advance of Erasistratus; but he had not, from his necessarily limited knowledge of anatomy, the means of determining the real nature of the respiratory functions. He believed that the office of the air was simply to cool and refresh the blood; nor was it fairly ascertained until some years after the death of Haller, whose opinion coincided with Galen's, that the lungs, and not the heart, are, in truth, the centre of animal heat.

The service, then, which Galen rendered to physiology, was to establish beyond a doubt that air did not pass *en masse* into every part of the body—that it did not distend the arteries, nor cause the pulse to beat. His discovery that arterial differed from venous blood in some essential property, he accounted for by a theory which subsisted—so enduring was his authority—until the middle of the sixteenth century. The veins as well as the arteries—so ran the new hypothesis—were necessary to supply the system with blood. But the blood of the latter had its origin in the left ventricle of the heart, and therefore, as the more spirituous, nourished only the more refined and delicate organs, such as the lungs. The blood of the former, which issued from the right ventricle, nourished the more gross and solid organs, such as the liver. But the venous blood, without an infusion of the spirit of the arterial, would not always be able to perform its functions. The wall, or *septum*, therefore, which separates the two ventricles, must be perforated as to permit the inferior fluid to be easily and uniformly supplied with a portion of the ethereal properties of the superior. I have already said that it was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that this error was corrected and exposed by Vesalius, 'the father of modern anatomy.'

But here, in his turn, Vesalius stopped. The discovery of the pulmonary circulation was reserved for a man who had devoted his energies not to anatomy but to controversial theology, and whose name has, by a terrible and melancholy event, been inseparably associated with that of John Calvin—Michael Servetus.

Here, however, it may be necessary to remind the reader, that in all the higher classes of animals there is a double circulation, the one wholly distinct from the other. The first is that which, under the name of the *pulmonary* circulation, transmits the blood through the lungs for the purpose of its being exposed to the influence of the air in respiration. The second is that which, under the name of the *systemic* circulation, distributes it, after having been so exposed, throughout the body.

Servetus, like Vesalius, denied *in limine* the truth of Galen's hypothesis, that a spirituous influence of

* See *Journal*, vol. vi., p. 16, and vol. viii., p. 263.

† *Histoire de la Découverte de la Circulation du Sang*. Par P. Flourens, Membre de l'Académie Française, et Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences (Institut de France), Professeur au Musée d'Histoire Naturelle de Paris, &c. Deuxième Edition. Paris. 1837.

some kind is transmitted from the left to the right ventricle through perforations in the septum. But he so far agreed with him as to admit, first, that there was an essential difference between the venous and arterial blood, and, secondly, that by reason of the *spirit* it contained, the latter was fitted to perform a functional part in the finer processes of the system for which the former was utterly unfit. But here again the two hypotheses clashed. The air we inspire, Servetus argued, has nothing at all to do with the refrigeration of the blood—nay, it is the very *spirit* which Galen pointed to as distinguishing the arterial from the venous fluid; for the venous artery* conveys the blood from the right cavity of the heart to the lungs; there the artery divides itself into a multitude of smaller vessels, which again unite to form the pulmonary vein; and by the pulmonary vein the blood is transmitted to the left cavity of the heart. 'It is during its passage from the one system of vessels to the other that the blood comes in contact with the air, assumes a scarlet colour, and is purged of its impurities, which are expelled by expiration.'

It was reserved for modern chemistry to demonstrate the nature of the chemical change which the air undergoes from its contact with the blood in the lungs. It was reserved for Harvey to discover that the blood is transmitted through the artery and pulmonary veins, not in small quantities, but in torrents. Otherwise, Servetus's exposition of the pulmonary circulation, when divested of its metaphysical entanglements, is clear and satisfactory. The difference of the two circulating fluids was pointed out. The unity of the circulating current yet remained to be demonstrated.

Servetus fell a victim to Calvin's intolerance. His treatise *Of the Restoration of Christianity*, which contained his discovery, and of which only a few charred fragments remain in the Imperial Library of France, was burned with him, and the discovery itself was for a time lost. At length, about six years after his untimely end, Realduo Columbus, a professor of Padua, then the most celebrated school of anatomy in Europe, arrived by an independent process at the same results, and began to teach the doctrine of pulmonary circulation exactly as Servetus had laid it down. He was followed at Pisa by the celebrated botanist, Cesalpinus, who was the first to introduce into anatomical nomenclature the now familiar phrase of the 'circulation of the blood.'

Amongst the most distinguished of Vasellus's pupils was that Fabricius d'Aquapendente, who during fifty years filled the chair of anatomy at Padua, and contributed more perhaps than any other person to the scientific reputation of the school. In 1574, he discovered the valves of the veins and the mechanism which permitted circulation, and thus made another important step towards a knowledge of its true theory. 'But he did more than this; for Harvey was his pupil; and it was under his instructions that the mind of the young Englishman became stored with that knowledge, and was trained in those habits of reflection, which enabled him, some years afterwards, to arrive at results so important not only to science, but to the welfare of mankind.'

Fabricius survived his great discovery five-and-forty years; and it may well seem strange that he should have gone down to the grave without having seen its full significance. This was seen by Harvey, and by Harvey alone, of all the anatomists of that age; and in 1618,† the very year of Fabricius's death,

he first proclaimed the great truth to the world from his professorial chair.

'I remember,' says Robert Boyle, 'that when I asked our great Harvey, in the only discourse I had with him, which was but a little while before he died, what were the things which induced him to think of a circulation of the blood, he answered me, that when he took notice that the valves in the veins of so many parts of the body were so placed that they gave free passage to the blood towards the heart, but opposed the passage of the venal blood the contrary way, he was invited to think that so provident a cause as nature had not placed so many valves without design; and no design seemed more probable than that, since the blood could not well, because of the interposing valves, be sent by the veins to the limbs, it should be sent through the arteries, and return through the veins, whose valves did not oppose its course that way.'

In 1628, Harvey published his famous *Discourse on the Motion of the Heart and Blood*, which forms the basis of modern physiology. From a passage in this great work, it would clearly appear that its author fully anticipated the rancorous opposition which the startling novelty of his discovery excited. It was assailed at once by men of science, and by men of letters. By the former, the great anatomist was stigmatised as an impostor; by the latter, as a daw in borrowed plumes. By the vulgar at home he was held, says Aubrey, to be crack-brained; and, as he tells us himself, of all his proselytes amongst the faculty, not one exceeded the age of forty. On the continent, his assailants were numerous, powerful, and uncompromising. The opposition of the Paduan anatomists may have been in some degree influenced by jealousy of their ancient pupil; that of the medical faculty at Paris arose exclusively from what M. Flourens calls 'their ridiculous infatuation' for Galen. Still, the doctrine was early taught in the Jardin du Roi by Durozer, and by Dionis, the first surgeon of that age. 'If M. Durozer,' says Guy Patin, in one of his amusing letters, 'knew nothing more than how to lie and the circulation of the blood, his knowledge would be limited to two things, of which I hate the one and despise the other. Let him come to me, and I will teach him a better way to a good medical practice than this pretended circulation'—to Patin, whose practice was limited to bleeding and the administering of senna! 'We save more patients with a good lancet and senna, than were ever saved by the Arabian physicians with all their sirups and opiates.'

In France, however, as M. Flourens remarks, 'this folly was confined to the faculty; it did not belong to the nation. Molière ridiculed Guy Patin,* and Boileau ridiculed the faculty, and Descartes, the greatest genius of the age, proclaimed his belief in the circulation.'

Dr William Hunter has said that, after the discovery of the valves of the veins, the remaining step towards the discovery of the circulation might easily have been made by any person of common sense. It is remarkable that the simplicity of great discoveries should always be made to derogate from the genius of those who make them. Now, Aquapendente was surely a person not devoid of common sense, and yet even he failed, as we have seen, to perceive the true bearings of his own discovery. 'He said, indeed,' as Mr Lewes has remarked, 'that the purpose of the valves was to prevent the accumulation of blood in the lower parts of the body!' Nor would it be a hard task to prove, in spite of De Blainville's insinuations to the contrary,† that, even as a possible process, the true theory

* The *vena arteriosa*, or pulmonary artery, it may be as well to remind the reader, is so called because, although it has the structure of an artery, it contains venous blood.

† Dr Willis, in his *Life of Harvey*, published by the Sydenham Society, antedates this event three years, without assigning any reason for so doing.

* Guy Patin is the *Diafoirus of L'Ecole des Médecins*.
† *Histoire des Sciences de l'Organisation*, vol. ii. p. 227.

of the circulation was suspected by no European anatomist during the time which elapsed between 1574 and 1618, except by Harvey—who, as even Hunter admits, was at work for many years 'upon the use of the heart and the vascular system in animals.' Any attempt, therefore, to rob our countryman of the glory of his great discovery 'must be silenced by a decisive verdict.'

'Perhaps,' said Sir Humphry Davy, in reply to some one who was remarking on the value of his discoveries in the decomposition of the earths and alkalis—'perhaps you give me more credit than I am entitled to. Others discovered the voltaic battery; the time had arrived when it was to be applied to the purposes of chemistry; and it was into my hands that it first fell.' Something like this, perhaps, may be said of the discovery whose history we have been considering. A little earlier, and it could not have been made; a little later, and it would have been made by some one else. With the old dogma of a perforated septum unexploded, the discovery of the venous valves would have attracted no attention; and before the discovery of the venous valves, the idea of a double circulation would have been laughed at. Step by step in this wonderful story we mount, from Erasistratus to Galen, from Galen to Vesalius, from Vesalius to Servetus and Columbus, from them to Aquapendente, and from Aquapendente to Harvey, who, gifted with a more comprehensive genius than any of his contemporaries, took advantage of the labours of his predecessors, traced analogies which had been overlooked, laid bare the fundamental organism of the higher animal economy, and demonstrated the laws by which it is regulated.

DOWN AT THE GRANGE.

III.

It was on a Tuesday, in the midsummer, and the squire was gone to a meeting, likely to be a stormy one, upon education, at the neighbouring town; Miss Markham, ever desirous of a little shopping, had accompanied him, and I had intended to have done so likewise, had not the illness of a parishioner suddenly prevented it. His case requiring certain aliments which were not within the scope of our resources at the vicarage, I walked down to the Grange, according to custom, to request that they might be sent to the sick man's cottage. Mrs Markham was not within; but the beauty of the afternoon enticed me upon the terrace, the extremity of which communicated with the walled garden. The gate was always kept locked, I knew, and only the squire and the head-gardener had the keys of it. Sauntering slowly along upon the turf, and drinking in the prospect dreamily, I had reached the extremity of the walk, and was about to turn, when I heard the whispering of voices. I could not see who the persons were, for they were behind the wall in the garden close below me; they had no business there, I knew, and had probably come after some very choice melons of the squire's. I made no scruple, therefore, of listening; but after the first few words, I felt as though I would have given both my ears rather than have done so.

'I tell you, Jane, that now or never is the time. There is a heap of money in his desk to-day which will go to the bank to-morrow. Markham is away at Ruffham, and it will not kill him when he comes to find it gone.'

'Never!' said a clear full voice which I knew to be Mrs Markham's. 'I will die first. I will go away with you yourself, before I would rob my husband.'

'Your husband?' said the other with a sneer. 'Pooh, pooh! you need not be so squeamish for a few pounds, since you are in for so many pennies already. Why, you've made free of hundreds'—

'Not a shilling,' she interrupted vehemently—'not one single shilling have you touched of his. My own luxuries, my comforts, the wants of God's own poor, have gone to support your profligacy; but not one farthing of his, Heaven knows.'

'Jane,' said the ruffian slowly, 'take you good heed to what I say: I'll blow upon you, and tell all to his face. I'll carry you off, I swear it, before his very eyes. What you have known of me hitherto is nothing to what you shall know of me when you and I come to live together again.' I seemed to see and feel through the wall itself the shudder that ran through that poor lady's frame at these words. If I had thought the worst of her, instead of being assured, as I then was, that her wicked husband Heathcote was indeed alive, and persecuting her with a power more terrible than ever, my heart would not have bled for her less painfully, my indignation against him would not have risen higher; but as it was, my teeth were grinding in my wrath, and my stick was furiously gripped, as though it were a sword. Silently, like a thief in the night, I stole down to the wall, and setting my feet in some convenient crevices, peered cautiously above it. Both, luckily, had their faces turned away from me; but I could see, even on the man's back, scoundrel and coward written. His poor wife's wrongs and goodness, and all that I had heard of his brutality, swept over me in a sea of indignation. Oh, for one quarter of an hour of my college-days, before I had put on that ecclesiastical garb! Oh, to have given him ever so brief an example of that 'one, two,' which I remember to have had some skill in, in the bygone time. My years and profession, indeed, were already so far forgotten, that I rather wished he might just have laid his hand upon her in his rage. My stick was an ashen one, and would not have broken for some time, I think. He wanted to do it, I could see by his twitching fingers: the bowed and trembling, but still graceful figure; the appealing sob, of which I could only guess the meaning; the young life withered and struck down in its joy by his cruel threats and presence—they moved him not one jot. I dared not trust myself to look any longer, but resumed my station at the foot of the wall. After a storm of menaces, met by almost hysteric expostulations that grew feebler every moment, I heard him say: 'You know where I am to be found, woman; and if what I demand does not come to my hand within the next eight-and-forty hours, I come to this house as surely as you are my wife, and claim you.' I heard a fall upon the ground, and knew that his poor victim had fainted; but I waited until the wretch—who heeded her no more than if she were a log—had left the garden and plunged swiftly into the copse that fringed its northern side. I ran in then at the open door, lifted Mrs Markham from the path, and revived her at the spring that flowed hard by. She was afraid, on coming to herself, to look up at me, taking me for Heathcote; but I told her how I had walked in, seeing the gate open, and expecting to find her gardening, and how I feared the heat had been too much for her. She was ice-cold, poor thing; but she murmured: 'Yes, the heat, it was the heat,' as I supported her homewards up the hill. I got away immediately, and pretending a telegraphic message, packed up a little carpet-bag, drove down to the railway station at full speed, and arrived in time for the up express, as I had hoped:

IV.

On the next Wednesday at noon I was back again, and at once took my way down to the Grange. Mrs Markham had been very ill, I heard, and was now no better; the squire was even then at her bedside. I sent for him upon the plea of very urgent business, and he came down into the library at once. *His hand*

not been in his own house, and expecting to meet no other but himself, I should not have known him. His eyes were swollen and dull, his gait tottering, and his features white and drawn like the face of a dead man. She had told him all at last; his first and only love, his true devoted wife, the partner of six happy, happiest years, was to be torn from him by another, and doomed to a life of misery.

'Grantley,' said he, in a hollow unnatural tone, 'I have that to tell which will wring your heart, I know—it has already broken mine.' He had fallen into a chair, like one whose limbs refused to sustain him, and the tears coursed down his cheeks unchecked and unceasing.

'Markham,' said I, 'I know all—everything—more, I think, than you can tell me. Your agony is not for yourself, but for your—for her, I am well assured. She shall not be dragged away. Be comforted. He shall never touch a hair of her head.'

His despairing eyes turned towards me not without a touch of hope. I was about to speak further, when the front-door bell rang gently.

'The man is come,' groaned the poor squire, as if inexorable fate had laid its very hand upon his shoulder.

'Shew him in,' said I to the servant, for his master seemed to have lost all power of speech. For my part, I drew a hopeful augury from that delicate bell-ringing: a ruffian that had nothing to fear would have pulled with both his hands.

Heathcote slouched in with an insolent air, half sneak, half bully.

'I don't want the parson to hear what I have got to say to you,' were his first words.

Mr Markham, who kept his back turned towards him, waved his hand to me in sign that I should speak for him.

'You may say whatever you will,' said I quietly. 'I am aware of the object of your coming: you want to extort the money from this gentleman, which you tried to persuade another to steal from his own desk.'

'Oh, she told, did she?' said the villain, with a diabolical smile. 'It will be the worse for her, presently, that's all.'

'No, sir, she did not, if you mean your wife, Mrs Heathcote. Ay, sir,' added I, as he started back, 'we are aware of all that and very much more. You were overheard in the garden. There is more than one thing known, *witnessed*, Henry Heathcote, of your old doings, which you are not aware of.'

I saw him turn as pale as the poor squire himself. 'Whether or no,' said he after a little, 'I shall have the money or I shall have my wife—who has committed bigamy—whichever that gentleman there pleases.'

'That gentleman,' said I, as I observed Mr Markham was about to speak, 'is not to be intimidated month after month, as Mrs Heathcote was, into supplying your bottomless purse. Nay, sir, your oath is not to be trusted; I hold in my hand a warrant for your apprehension, procured yesterday from Hampshire by Mr Raby, upon a charge of forgery, the proof of which I have now with me. The consequences are upon your own head, remember, and when you leave this house, it will be for a jail.'

'I was quite prepared for this, sir,' said the ruffian, with a look of indescribable malice. 'Mrs Markham that was, will, however, accompany me to prison. Fine food for the scandal of the county that will be; and a good convict's wife she will make to me in my banishment without doubt.'

Mr Markham writhed like one in torture upon his chair. We were indeed in the man's power, as he said, and my journey into Hampshire had been but of small service. One desperate course, however, which

I tried it. 'Miserable man,' said I sternly, 'do you then dare to force us to extremities; you scoff at banishment, but what say you to the gallows? you'—I strode up to the trembling wretch, and laying my hand upon his shoulder, whispered aloud—'you murderer!'

The sweat stood out upon his pallid brow, his knees smote together, and his hair seemed absolutely to bristle up, so abject was his terror. 'Mercy, mercy! I never found the notes,' he murmured. 'No,' said I; 'but here is the packet'—and I produced it—and red with the blood that still cries out against you! At the sight of this frightful evidence, the coward knelt upon the floor and covered his face with his hands.

'Rise, wretch—go!' thundered the squire, who had risen up like a man returned to life from the grave. 'Here is money, the sum that you demanded—take it. If ever again these eyes of mine light on you, as sure as there is a sun in heaven, I hang you.'

The cast-down, half-paralysed figure of Mr Markham seemed to dilate as he said these words; he looked like some incarnate Nemesis denouncing a certain vengeance upon the creature at his feet. It gathered itself up like a stricken hound, seized the proffered notes without daring to look up into the donor's face, and rushing out of the door and from the house, as though the executioner was even then upon his heels, sped away under the flaming eye of noon from Woodislee, for ever.

V.

Mr Raby's guess had been a true one. The pocket of Heathcote had been picked by one of his wicked companions in the bush, and he had murdered the thief for the purpose of recovering the packet, in which hope he had been foiled. This having been found upon the body, had been judged conclusive to identify it with his own remains; and for these so many years he had not dared to shew himself in civilised parts to gainsay it, but had lived the marauding life of a bushranger. Tired of this, and having by a successful pillage obtained enough money for his transit homewards, he had ventured back to England. Finding his unfortunate wife well married and in such great happiness, his hatred of her was redoubled, and his determination strengthened to persecute her further at all hazards. The poor lady had never before had strength of mind to reveal his extortions, nor the horrid truth of his being still in existence; and now her confession, and the certainty of having to leave her beloved Markham for this dreadful husband, had brought her into the most dangerous state. She had prayed for death more fervently than any dying man for life; when, therefore, the squire had carried up to her the result of my interview with Heathcote—for he did not needlessly distrust her with the account of his new atrocity, and of the means whereby he had finally got rid of him—she was almost beside herself with joy. Her gratitude towards me was without bounds, and as she strove to raise her attenuated form from her couch to receive and thank me, tears choked her utterance. The squire was but little more composed. With their mutual confidence, which had been but this once broken, quite restored, and their very life-blood, as it seemed, set once more flowing in their veins, it fell to me to wake them from their dream of new-found happiness, by reminding them of the real position in which they stood. The reaction from the extremity of despair to the certainty of safety, had been too great to admit of any thoughts save those of unalloyed content. Good and Christian man as the squire was, the circumstance of Mrs Markham being still the lawful wife of Heathcote

therefore making her continuance at the Grange impossible, had never once occurred to him. The man having been thoroughly got rid of, and all idea of personal annoyance at an end, Mr Markham had dissociated her in his mind from all relations with her first husband at once. The poor lady must have indeed thought often of her sad case, but had put it from her, probably, as something too horrible to be dealt with justly; nevertheless, she was the first to see the rightness of the path, which it was my duty as a clergyman to point out to both of them. If ever there was a case wherein spirit and letter seemed at war; if ever one wherein an innocent error seemed to be more terribly avenged than crime itself, I acknowledged that it was this of theirs. My heart was wrung for them to its core, but I had no glimmer of doubt as to what was necessary for them to do. Tenderly, but firmly, I put it before them; and before I had done, Mrs Markham sighed to me that it was enough. 'I go,' said she, 'dearest George, at once, while I have still strength to travel.'

'The vicarage, madam, is of course your home as long as you please.'

'I thank you, dear Mr Grantley, but I leave Woodislee,' said she, 'as far behind as possible this very night.'

'And I,' chimed in the good little old maid, whom we had almost forgotten, she had been so silent a spectator—'and I with you, sister Jane, to the end of the world, if you will. She is my care, George, from henceforth, for I have wronged her in my heart.'

The squire's grief was terrible to witness; but he made no opposition. Miss Markham had a small estate in a distant county, to which it was arranged that the two ladies should immediately remove. Boxes were hurriedly packed, the travelling-chariot ordered to the door; and after such a leave-taking as I trust does not often fall to the lot of mortals, the invalid was lifted in, in a fainting state, and borne away swiftly into the night. Darkly, indeed, it fell upon the Grange, where the widower was left mourning for the wife that was yet alive. Weeks and months passed by, but he would not be comforted. The sketch-book on the table, the piano in the hall, the flowers that her graceful hands had tended in and about the house, the garden wherein she had loved to busy herself, her favourite walks, the very prospect which her soul had so delighted in, were robbed of all their charms for him at once. Tears instead of smiles sprang forth at the sight of them, horror was born of them in place of joy—skeletons of their former selves wherefrom the glory had departed, and into which the life was no more breathed. As kind and as good as ever, his cheerfulness seemed quite to have forsaken him, and he was growing old at heart and gray on head apace. Mrs Heathcote—for she had reassumed her former name—never wrote one line to him, nor he to her; but his sister corresponded with the squire daily, and to receive those letters and to talk with me and others who had known her of his departed wife was his sole pleasure.

It was some two years after the separation of Mr and Mrs Markham, that I exchanged my vicarage at Woodislee for the summer months, on account of the sickness of my eldest child, for a parish on the seacoast, and with much difficulty, I got the squire to accompany us. The novelty of the mode of life and scene were somewhat benefiting him, and long excursions on the water affording him most amusement, I persuaded him to take them continually. One evening, while he was thus employed, I was suddenly sent for to the beach, to see what could be done for a poor fellow who had fallen off the cliff. He was, the messenger told me, as we hurried along, a well-known accomplice of the smugglers infesting that part of the

coast, and had met with this accident, it was supposed, while signalling to some of them the approach of a revenue cutter. A little crowd had gathered round him on the shore, but not evincing that sympathy which is usually felt among the poor in places of that sort for victims to the excise-laws; they had, however, furnished him with a mattress, and were giving him water. He was speechless, and scarcely sensible, they said; but a glance at his terrified eyes as I came up convinced me to the contrary. Mangled as he was about the head, and altered by what appeared to me to be the certain approach of death, I recognised the wretched Heathcote at once. He was borne, by my directions, to the nearest cottage, and a man on horseback despatched for medical help, although I saw it could be of little avail. I remained by his bedside all through that night, and it was a fearful one. When the doctor told him that, without doubt, he was a dying man, I thought it would have killed him on the instant. 'I have done everything that is horrible, and nothing good my whole life long,' he said. I gave him such comfort as I could with truth afford him, and urged him to penitence and prayer. His murder, his felony, and whatsoever other crimes he may have committed, did not seem to oppress him so heavily as his treatment of his poor wife. 'An angel, an angel,' he repeated constantly, 'and I was a fiend to her. Markham, Markham, he will make her happy yet. Poor Jane!' 'Poor Jane!' were his last words. When, after his burial, I told the squire this, he was affected to tears. 'My hatred of that man,' said he, 'has stood between me and heaven, I believe; but I forgive him all.'

In twelve months' time from that forgiveness, he stood within this church upon the hill at Woodislee, and was married afresh unto Jane Heathcote by me. It was a happier day than any of us had hoped to see at the Grange again; the only person who shed a single tear was dear little Miss Markham, but that is her way of expressing intense satisfaction. Not a villager was there who did not rejoice in their joy, from the ancient clerk of eighty years, who kissed the bride's hand at the door, to the little school-children who scattered flowers before her feet. There is very little else to tell. Besides, see, there comes toddling up to us a little fellow before whom nothing further must be said; a pleasant-looking, handsome lad with the smile—the old smile that is worn again now—of his mother. Once upon a time, I remember, she said that she was happy not to have him; but they were both glad at the Grange, too, I think, to welcome the young squire.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MEDICAL WOMEN.

In a recent number of our *Journal*, we took occasion to make further known the very interesting history of the education of Dr Elizabeth Blackwell of New York; the first woman, or certainly the first Englishwoman, who has become a regular diplomaed physician. Such trials and difficulties as that lady had to go through and overcome are now happily at an end for all others of her sex who contemplate making themselves useful to humanity as healers of disease.

A female medical college—of the sort which Dr Blackwell in 1849 trusted to see instituted 'in course of time'—has been established at Philadelphia for some seven years, and we hold in our hand the valedictory address to its students of Ann Preston, M.D., Professor of Physiology and Hygiene.

This seems to us to be a prudent as well as an eloquent composition. There is no indignant declamation about women's wrongs or alleged intellectual inferiority, and no ambitious exultation at the idea of

'medical men' being supplanted by medical women. The sphere of the new practitioners is declared to be mainly confined to the sufferers among their own sex, who 'are especially the victims of a wrong hygienic condition, and need medical advisers with whom they can commune freely,' and by whom they can be physiologically instructed. In the *Appeal of the Corporators* of the college, affixed to the valedictory address, this point is also judiciously urged:

'They consider that woman, as a wife and mother, pre-eminently needs a clear understanding of the functions of the human body and the means of preserving health; and that high-toned and intelligent female physicians, from their relations to their sex, must be most important instrumentalities in imparting such knowledge, where it is most needed and will do the most good.'

'It is well known that there is a vast amount of suffering among women, which is left without relief, from the shrinking delicacy of its victims, and it is therefore a demand of humanity that women should be put in possession of the requisite knowledge to administer the required treatment in such cases.'

Indeed, among the more liberal of the faculty here in England, we have often heard it admitted that women would be, for many reasons, far siter medical attendants upon their own sex than men; 'but,' add these ungallant sons of *Æsculapius*, 'though we believe they have nerve and intelligence in plenty, we fear their *crotchets*: we scarcely ever knew a woman of mind without some twist in it.'

Dr Ann Preston, however, affords an example of one who has either been born without the twist, or whose professional education has enabled her considerably to rectify it; she gives satisfactory evidence, too, upon another matter, concerning which the ladies have been much maligned.

'Notwithstanding the common reproach that women are ungenerous to women, and that they exhibit pettiness in transactions of business, I am glad to be able to tell you that in my intercourse with them I have found, with few exceptions, the reverse to be true: nobleness, generosity, and sympathy all unhopd for, have been largely manifested, and my professional experience has deepened my respect and regard for woman and for humanity.'

'Ladies, if you prove yourselves capable and worthy, as we believe you will, society is ready to receive you; on every side the demand for your services is becoming more imperative.'

'But you must not expect a lucrative practice to spring up in a day. Solid superstructures are the work of time; and slowly, carefully, woman also must work her way, building up the reputation which is her professional capital.'

The opposition which these female practitioners have had to encounter has, of course, been very considerable; and even now the professor warns her class of the unacknowledged, or but half-acknowledged, position which they must needs occupy. 'That sympathy and assistance from older members of the fraternity, which the inexperienced practitioner so much needs, will indeed be given you by many of the wise and good: even now, numbers of those who are recognised as standing among the highest in the profession will meet you freely in consultation; but still we cannot ignore the fact that, as a body, physicians have not yet welcomed woman into their ranks as a useful or desirable auxiliary.'

The whole cost for two or more courses of lectures and for graduation at this Philadelphia college is only 175 dollars. And for the encouragement of those whose means will not allow of the usual expenditure, six students will be admitted annually on the payment of twenty dollars per session, exclusive of the matriculation, demonstrator's, and graduation fees.

A department of remunerative and virtuous activity is indeed thus opened, with very moderate outlay, to females. And we cordially agree with Professor Ann Preston, M.D., that those women who shew themselves competent for the medical profession, deserve without doubt to succeed in it. 'Fitness and capability will indicate themselves against the world: they are God's endorsement of the rightfulness of any position.'

EXORCISM OF THE SMOKE FIEND.

An act is to come into force next month for the final putting-down of smoke in factories. It becomes of course a point of wisdom with factory proprietors to prepare for a change which it will no longer be possible to avert; for, though their reluctance to make the required alterations has heretofore baffled local acts and local authorities, we apprehend that this will no longer be possible with a general act, any more than it was with the proprietors of the Thames steamers four years ago—all of which are now smokeless, much to the comfort of the public. We have no doubt that the old proverb, 'where there is a will there is a way,' will receive fresh illustration on this occasion. The old objections as to impossibility of preventing smoke in engine-furnaces without diminishing power, can no longer hold, after what we have seen on the Thames, and what we see in many furnaces on land—our own, for example, where for nine years past there has been no smoke whatever, excepting for a few minutes each time the fire is put on after an interval of work, and this without any detriment to the efficiency of the machinery. Our plan, thus proved so effectual, and by which *ten per cent. of fuel is saved*, is Jeuker's patent (revolving bars for slow feeding); but there are many other effective plans, some of them perhaps even simpler,* and it is likewise ascertained that, with 'ample boiler-power, good draught, and a regulated and moderate admission of air into the furnace,' there can be no offensive amount of smoke. There will, therefore, be no valid excuse for breach of the law. Its violators must be held as making plain confession that they refuse to take a little trouble and incur a little expense to save the public from this intolerable nuisance; and they will stand the consequences.

We most earnestly hope that there will be no slackness on any hand in carrying out the behests of the act. The physical annoyance sought to be put down is 'gross, open, palpable,' leaving no excuse for neglect of remedial measures; but it requires only a little reflection to see that there are also moral and social consequences of smoke, and these of no light importance. In large towns much exposed to smoke—Manchester and Liverpool form marked examples—we everywhere see a tendency of the upper class of people to live in places by themselves out of town, the main purpose of the movement being to get pure air. That the smoke is the main grievance sought to be avoided, becomes evident when we view the case of a city like Edinburgh, not much polluted by smoke, where we find no similar tendency. There, the people really live in town. Now, when families are thus dispersed, and for any intercourse a large space has to be traversed, it becomes impossible to have an easy and inexpensive style of entertainment: hence an encouragement to ultra-luxurious habits—itsself a great evil. The worse evil, however, is, that the cultivated and intelligent classes are wholly separated after four or five o'clock every day from the mass of their fellow-citizens, who, thus deserted,

* The system of revolving bars necessitates the use of a kind of coal which does not form large *scories* (clinkers), as these make a choke at what is called 'the bridge.' Where the suitable coal cannot be got at a moderate price, it will of course become necessary to resort to some other plan.

seek amusements and indulge in tastes of their own, wholly free of the moral element which an upper class can impart. A separation of *sympathies* also becomes unavoidable, and thus it may be that revolutions are partly prepared for even by so apparently insignificant an agent as—*smoke*. If this fiend, then, can be effectually put down in our large industrial cities, we conceive that an improvement is effected, not merely in our daily physical experiences, but in our social and political estate.

DAS SECHSE LÄUTEN, OR THE SIX O'CLOCK BELL.

IN the present age, when practical usefulness and scientific inventions are driving poetry and imagination from the field, the old customs and festivals of former ages are rapidly disappearing. We are not amongst those who desire to mourn over the departure of 'the good old times.' If, with the sports and pastimes of former days, something of light-hearted mirth and fun has passed away from this worky-day world of ours, we believe it is only the shadow we have lost, and that the substance still remains; we believe that with fewer stated periods for festal enjoyment, man is a happier, nobler being than in the days of tourneys and morris-dancings, of May-poles and mummings. But we would not have the memory of these things die; they are interesting as signs of the times; and indications of national manners, customs, and feelings, deserve a place more important than is usually assigned them in the pages of history. These fêtes, which melt under the progress of civilisation like snow before the mid-day sun, still linger in some parts of Europe, and are cherished by the inhabitants of certain districts or towns with fond reverence. One of these national festivals which prevails still at Zurich, is curious and interesting enough to merit especial notice. It is called 'Das Sechse Läuten, or the Six o'clock Bell.' This custom has existed from time immemorial, and its origin remains a matter of dispute.

Those who refer its commencement to a historical event, tell of a time when Zurich, having expelled from its councils certain men obnoxious to the state, was threatened with an attack from these malcontents, who incited the neighbouring Counts of Hapsburg and Toggenburg to join them in their treacherous design. The plot was defeated by the penetration of the boatman employed to ferry them across the Limmat, who, detecting in their words and gestures something which savoured of treason to his beloved city, contrived to sink the boat, and bury the conspirators in the waters. Meantime, a boy who had been concealed behind a large stove, had overheard words which betrayed the treacherous plan, and conveyed intelligence of it to the burgomaster; the great bell of the church tolled an alarm, and quickly the inhabitants flew to arms: those conspirators who had escaped drowning were met by men prepared for their reception, and speedily put to the sword. A walled-up door was formerly shewn in the church, as a memento of the bloody night, through which some traitors attempted in vain to force a passage to stop the ringing of the bell. This account of the origin of the Sechse Läuten is accepted by many, who affirm that on the anniversary of that day of deliverance, a kind of carnival was held in the town.

Another version, and one more consistent, we believe, with probability, is, that it was a festival in honour of the approach of spring. When the sun begins to rise higher and higher in the heavens, and the winter is retiring before his warm and life-giving beams, then the people rejoice with great joy; and on the first Monday after the spring equinox, the fête is held. On this day, the bell of the principal church

begins to toll at six o'clock P.M., and continues its evening chiming until the autumnal equinox returns. Those alone who know what a winter amidst snowy mountains is, can comprehend the joy of the Swiss peasants when the days begin to lengthen, and the sun penetrates for a few more hours daily the deep recesses of the valleys. Nature, which has so long presented one monotonous and dreary aspect, puts forth new signs of life; green leaves appear, and tiny flowers peep above the snow; the meadows look fresh, and the birds begin their sweet spring songs; the snow yields its place to verdure; and the brooks, forced from their icy fetters, dance as if from joy. Then the human heart rejoices too; the intercourse between the mountain hamlets and the towns, so long suspended by snow-drifts, is resumed; and man once more meets his fellow-man in the market-place or in the church. Surely it is a season for joy and thanksgiving; and as a celebration of this return of life and gladness, we are inclined to regard the Sechse Läuten.

It is impossible to fix any date to the commencement of this festival; it seems to have been held annually, and reminds us strongly of the ancient German festivities with which the return of spring was hailed—remnants of which may still be found in the Steiermark, Silesia, and Bohemia, &c. Here, as there, the fir-tree—usually associated with Christmas in other parts of Germany—plays a conspicuous part; it is decorated with garlands and bright ribbons, and carried through the town by girls dressed in white.

The Zurich records furnish accounts of the various modes in which the Sechse Läuten has been celebrated. The ceremonies observed were in some points always the same, but additions and variations were made each year, which prevented monotony. The Zünfte or guilds of the different trades undertook the chief management. The freemen or livery of each guild assembled in their respective halls to share the mid-day and evening meals; the rooms were ornamented with boughs, garlands, and streamers; and as the six o'clock evening-bell tolled its first note of welcome to the spring, the halls, brilliantly illuminated within and without, resounded with shouts and toasts, songs and speeches. Processions were formed, and one particular hall having been selected as the place of rendezvous, the guilds assembled there. A silver goblet, chosen from the plate-chest of the corporation, was borne by the leaders in the procession, filled with sparkling wine, and quaffed in sign of the amity and harmony existing amongst the trades.

While these processions and festivities were enacted, the hills around the town were blazing with huge bonfires, in one of which an effigy of Winter was burnt. The figure represented a decrepit old man, with hoary hair, and a long snowy beard, enveloped in warm wrappings. It was borne about the town amidst universal derision and contempt; and finally, suspended over an enormous fire, it was consumed, while the people shouted for joy, and piled fresh straw and fagots on the flame, until not a vestige was left of poor old Winter but a heap of burnt-out ashes.

These are the usual ceremonies of the fête which are always observed, while each year some new sport is invented, adding fresh interest to the scene. These often take their rise in political events, local reforms, or social changes. The custom had fallen somewhat into disrepute, when, in 1819 A.D., it was revived with fresh vigour; and from this time it seems to have flourished in unbroken prosperity. Sometimes one guild took the lead, sometimes another; the processions were ordered with much care and forethought; beautiful coloured lamps were borne by the members of the corporations, on which were painted their arms and the insignia of their

trade; banners were embroidered, the halls beautifully decorated, scenic representations given of historical events, the costumes for which were carefully prepared; declamations and speeches both grave and gay were held, and imagination tasked each year to produce some novelty. While the citizens were thus busy in their guilds, the people caught the spirit, and added their part to the gaieties of the scene. Early in the morning, boats, adorned with flags, and steamers filled with peasants from the neighbourhood, arrived, all in gala costume, and the streets swarmed with festive groups.

In 1880, for the first time, processions passed through the streets in broad daylight, with bands of music, all who joined in them being attired in the costumes of the olden times. In 1888, the guild of the smiths undertook to solemnise a political change which had taken place in the canton, in which a young Zurich had been actively engaged in destroying old customs; in grief for these innovations, the guilds, headed by the smiths, bore their colours in funeral-procession to an elevated spot above the town, and buried them beneath a group of lime-trees.

We shall endeavour to give a more detailed account of two of these singular festivals, each of which was characterised by peculiar and interesting ceremonies. On one occasion, after a very severe winter, during which great hardships had been endured by the Swiss people, there seemed an unusually eager desire to make the *Sechse Luten* brilliant and imposing. As the spring broke with its promise of warmer days, and relief from the pressure of want, the joy of the people was unbounded; a general enthusiasm pervaded all parties: crowds filled the streets; and beggar and burgher, peasant and townsman, joined heart and soul in the rejoicings and festivities.

By noon, the burghers, in their plain but honourable craftsman-dresses, were seen hastening to meet their brethren at the well-furnished tables in their halls. After the dinner was ended, it had been arranged that the visits to the different guilds should then be paid, rather than defer them until the evening. The processions were marshalled accordingly. First came the butchers, in the full costume of their trade, attended by their apprentices, dressed as maidens; twenty-five of these bold butchers' boys bore on their shoulders a gigantic sausage, measuring fifty feet in length, and containing three hundredweight of the best pork, veal, and beef; across its aldermanic proportions lay two huge knives and forks, which subsequently served in the carving and distributing slices among the people. Next came the fishermen and boatmen, carrying on a large pole a fish of enormous dimensions; this proved to be a sham specimen of the finny tribes, which, when ripped up, showered abroad a quantity of perches and smaller fry, composed of sugar and sweetmeats. Amongst the bakers, a prize had been offered for the best and largest loaf; and in their procession, these prize-loaves were placed on gaily decorated carts, bearing other specimens of the skill of the Zurich bakers. The largest of these loaves was two feet wide, and ten feet long, and weighed 260 pounds. These guilds were succeeded by others too numerous to be mentioned particularly, each one bearing specimens of their particular trade—in wine, cheese, tobacco, and other wares. Before each division, a silver vessel was borne, filled to the brim with sparkling wine. About five o'clock, all the processions, after parading the town, formed into one line, and proceeded to the *Baugarten*—a kind of park on the shores of the lake. Here the sausage was cut up and, with the other good things, dispensed among the admiring crowds; and soon the bell was heard pealing forth its solemn tones, calling on all to join in one song of universal thanksgiving. As

night, fires blazed from the hills, fireworks shot their brilliant lights of varied tint high into the air, and the quiet stars shone brightly down on the scene—all lay reflected in the tranquil waters of the lake. Night deepened, the fires were burned out, the rockets were spent, the lamps dimly flickered, the crowds returned to their various homes; another winter had been dismissed into the abyss of time, and a new summer was opening on the joyous and grateful people.

The next *Sechse Luten* we propose to describe was celebrated in 1856. Expectation had been highly raised: it was noised abroad that preparations were being made on a scale of magnificence unequalled in former years. On the morning of the 7th of April, the city began to fill; steam-vessels from all parts of the lake arrived, bringing crowds of passengers; gay motley groups of peasants in their pretty picturesque costumes, ladies in fashionable attire; officers, priests, people of all ranks and ages. Hundreds of little boats covered the waters, and train after train brought new multitudes of eager spectators by the railway. This new means of conveyance, but recently established in the country, tempted thousands from all parts of Switzerland, so that Zurich had never before seen her streets so densely crowded.

Hitherto, these annual festivals had been peculiarly local in their character; this year, for the first time, they assumed a cosmopolitan form. The march of civilisation was felt even in the remote cantons of the republic; the spirit of innovation—that restless sprite whose influence no nation can resist—asserted her right to share in the *Sechse Luten* of Zurich. The guilds, inspired by one idea, agreed to unite in carrying it out in the best manner possible, and the result surpassed all expectation. Zurich was to be regarded as the centre-point of all the railways in the world; trains were supposed to arrive from all the four quarters of the globe, bearing deputations from all nations and peoples, who subsequently forming into processions, paraded the streets. Switzerland, with the strong prejudices peculiar to her national character, had long opposed the introduction of railways: at length one or two lines had been constructed, and the wild whistle of the locomotive, the whizzing and hissing of the steam, were heard resounding amidst her mountains and valleys, disturbing their peaceful tranquillity, yet bearing in their train blessings undreamed of by the alarmed inhabitants. It was a happy thought to mark this epoch; to bring before the Swiss people thus assembled from all parts the advantages which intercourse with other countries would bring their own, and, in sport, present them with pictures suggestive of so much future benefit.

The hour appointed for the opening of the festivities approached; every window and balcony was filled; the streets and roofs of the houses presented a dense mass of heads; the guild-halls gay with banners; music sounding everywhere; and all was gaiety and expectation. Suddenly the sound as of a rushing wind was heard; smoke curled in dense clouds from the chimney, the whistle shrieks, and the huge engine appears in sight, the *Miracula Spectaculara*, covered with the flags of the federal states. Eight carriages followed in its rear: the northern and north-eastern trains; the eastern and south-eastern; the southern and south-western; the western and north-western, bringing people from every country lying between the poles and the equator. Soon the streets were alive with the various groups which these trains had conveyed.

To describe the scenes which now followed each other in quick succession would be impossible; every moment brought a new party under notice, all mingling in seeming confusion, yet each retaining its

full costume from the Black Forest, from Saxony and Mecklenburg, &c.; here was seen a wedding-party from the rich Altenburger peasantry, with gaily dressed maidens and gallants on horseback; there, a gala-coach filled with Hamburg merchants and brokers, with a shipful of Vierländer (the people who live in the neighbourhood of Hamburg). These were followed by Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians; and bringing up the whole, Mr and Mrs Esquimaux were seen, seated in a fur-covered sledge drawn by six panting dogs. The north-eastern division sent forth vine-growers from the districts of the grape; a gay summer-party from Munich; carriages, laden some with nobles, some with peasants, from Bohemia; Berlin with her Kladderadatsch (the 'Punch' of Germany), guarded by a policeman in Prussian uniform; Polish droschkies, accompanied by noblemen on horseback. Then came the Emperor of all the Russias, surrounded by his staff and guard of honour, Cossacks and Bazouks; while a huge Russian carriage filled with nobles, a cart with serfs, brought up the rear. From the arctic regions there were Tongenses and Finlanders with their reindeer sledges, and the whole summer establishment of a Kamschatka family. Amongst the eastern companies were seen the brave lads and lasses of the Tyrol and Steiermark, with Viennese citizens in gay attire; a marriage-party from Appenzell and St Gall; proud Hungarian magnates in their splendid gala costume, on horseback; horse and cattle dealers from the Carpathians, and in their suite a troop of dark-eyed gipsies. The east sent forth her fair Circassians, Tatars on foot and horseback, with wandering families in tented wagons; even the Celestial Empire deigned to furnish representatives for this great world's assembly. A Chinese fair was arranged, and a mandarin in solemn state was borne in rich eastern litter; and a Japanese general followed, attended by the clang of martial music. New elements came to the fête with the southern train—Italian serenades and carnival antics, bright eyes glancing, and soft mandolines keeping time to merry dancing feet; English tourists in Italy, brigands and Swiss guards; a strain of delicious church-music, wafted, one knew not how, from Rome; peasants from the Campagna in all the glowing colours of the rainbow; pifferari, friars, and monks; lazzaroni and Neapolitan fishermen, Calabrians and Corsicans. The new civilisation of the south-east, headed by the Sultan Abdul Meschid, seated in a carriage surrounded by his new Christian allies; fair creatures from the harem, for this day unveiled, and exposing their charms to vulgar eyes; deputies from the Suez Canal commission, marching under a huge umbrella borne by Egyptian attendants; grotesque Bashibazouks, Greeks, pious pilgrims to the shrine of Mecca, Bedouins of the desert—all following in the sultan's train. Then came the dreamy fire-worshipper, the follower of Zoroaster; the Indian nabob in his palanquin; a carriage filled with colonists from Sydney; and Lola Montes, with her graceful arts and wiles, taming the savages of New Holland. Africa, too, sent Arabs from Sahara, Algerine pirates, and the dark negro from Nubia, with Caffres and Hottentots from the south. Then came the aborigines from New Zealand and South-sea Islands, tattooed and draped in feathers. In the south-western division came Savoyard boys, with marmots, and organs, and plaster-casts; a bridal-party from the south of France; muleteers and herdsmen from the Sierra Nevada, smugglers from the Spanish coasts, and piccadors ready equipped for the bull-fight. The Spanish islands were represented by slave-drivers and planters, and his serene majesty Soulouque from Hayti, attended with his dusky suite; merchants from Buenos Ayres; and giants from Patagonia.

The birth of a young heir to the French imperial crown was marked by a stork bearing a child in its bill, while market-women (*dames de la halle*) brought gifts to grace the event; Paris sent her grisettes and students, soldiers and civilians; and the peace congress—at that time sitting in Paris—was duly represented; the four great western powers solemnly seated in an open carriage, with Prussia and Piedmont standing as footmen behind, and Elihu Burritt and Cobden sitting on the box attired like *Mercuries*, each bearing a palm-branch, the accompanying servants dressed in green, the livery of hope. In the western train was Barnum, with his wondrous shows; while Mexicans and Red Indians closed the procession. England came in the north-western division, with her weavers and colliers; the queen and prince-consort in an open carriage; milors and miladys, boxers and engineers; a faithful impersonation of John Bull accompanied by Punch; while Irish beggars and Scotch *sans culottes* brought up the rear. The processions took more than four hours to pass through the streets of Zurich. The whole was closed by an enormous cosmopolitan omnibus, and a peace-battery, from which genii fired amongst the people rounds of shot, consisting of little rolls of bread. The evening's amusements were terminated, as usual, by corporation visits to the various guild-halls; toasts were drunk, speeches made; and thus ended the curious and interesting festival of the *Sechse Läuten* of 1856.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MOWING.

ALL shimmering in the morning shine,
And diamonded with dew,
And quivering with the scented wind
That thrills its green heart through—
The little field, the smiling field
With all its flowers a-blowing,
How happy looks the golden field
The day before the mowing!

All still 'neath the departing light,
Twilight—though void of stars,
Save where, low westering, Venus sinks
From the red eye of Mars;
How peaceful sleeps the silent field,
With all its beauties glowing,
Half stirring—like a child in dreams—
The night before the mowing.

Sharp steel, inevitable hand,
Cut keen—cut kind! Our field
We know full well must be laid low
Before its fragrance yield.
Plenty, and mirth, and honest gain
Its blameless death bestowing—
And yet we weep, and yet we weep,
The night before the mowing!

THE QUESTION BETWEEN THE FARMERS AND BIRDS.

The truth seems to be this: during the spring, birds do great good by killing insects on which they feed themselves and their young; but when the corn is ripe in the ear, and ready to shed out, the crowds of birds which flutter about on the tops of the stalks are said to beat out the grain in large quantities, which falls on the ground, and is wasted. Young birds should be killed down before harvest; there will generally be enough left to breed in the spring. Something analogous may be said as to rabbits. They do very little harm, if any, except when the corn begins to form its stalk, and when the green crops, as peas, tares, &c., begin to start; then they do considerable damage. They should therefore be killed down during winter, a few only being left to breed.

—*Correspondent of Notes and Queries.*

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LETTERS.

THERE are few things by which the flight of time is more sensibly measured than by the difference of feeling with which at various periods of our lives we indite or receive Letters. In the dawn of life, indeed, as at its close, we have the greatest unwillingness to set pen to paper at all; but the causes of the disinclination are quite different. In those very early times, we are not perhaps confident about our *ps* and *qs*; whether our *h* should have a loop in them, or whether the personal pronoun should be a little *i* or a big one. Our spelling is entirely phonetic; and maybe we are not unconscious of our want of ear even for the attainment of *that* accomplishment; while, in addition, we are sure to have some misunderstanding with our own middle finger, which the writing-master requires us to straighten, and which Nature as imperatively demands shall be kept bent. Unhappy epoch of pothooks and hangers, how well do we remember it! when we could not persuade our teacher that a child could possibly be near-sighted, and 'Sit up, sir! will you sit up, sir?' sounded so implacably in our ears. How nose and chin followed closely that serious pen of ours in all its rounded turns and exquisite up-strokes! How our lips, through a sense of the overwhelming importance of the task, formed themselves into the shape for whistling—when whistling, goodness knows, was far from our thoughts—as it delicately dotted the *is*! How our whole face accompanied its horizontal movements, when it crossed—not the Rubicon, but—the Tees! Still, what we had to write, we wrote willingly enough; albeit, for the above reasons, and because composition itself was not at that time a very easy matter, our epistles were not of the longest; the paper superficies they covered was indeed considerable, but they did not in those early school-days contain much epistolary matter:

'MY DEAR MA—I am very well so is bob all our tin is gone, a cake would not be unexceptable we dont wet enough to eat dear Ma indeed. Love to Pa and Nero who i hope is looked after.—Your dutiful and affectionate son, JEMMY.'

We always accomplished that 'dutiful and affectionate' without mistake, on account of our having to send off a 'holiday letter' at the conclusion of every half-year, which ended with those adjectives. Doctor Whackem himself set the copy of this for the whole school, and looked over our shoulders with painful frequency during the epistolary process. What a number of fine sheets, with lines so carefully ruled

a hypocritical piece of composition it was when all was done, and how it smelled of india-rubber where they had tried to erase the pencil-marks!

'MY DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA—I am very well and happy here, for Minerva Hall is indeed a home to us; but I shall of course be very delighted to see you again. This is to inform you that the holidays begin upon the Friday after next, when Doctor Whackem will give out the prizes in the schoolroom at half-past one, D.V. The Earl of Reddiforaniman has consented, with his usual urbanity, to take the chair. I hope I shall please you, my dear parents, by getting a prize. Doctor and Mrs Whackem desire me to give you their kind compliments; and believe me to be your dutiful and affectionate son, JAMES GOODCHILD.'

It was a pleasure to write even such an epistle as that in those times, because of the holidays it heralded.

Then the Letters we received at school, how unexceptionably welcome they were to us, especially if they weighed somewhat heavier than usual, and cunningly and safely imbedded in the sealing-wax there was found the desired half-sovereign; or if they conveyed tidings of 'a parcel'—expression delightful in its very vagueness—already despatched to 'my dearest Jemmy' by the carrier, the contents of which were to be equally divided with our brother Bob. Alas! what memories the sight of one of those letters would awaken now; what regrets! what tears! We sometimes grudged poor Bob that equal share of his; we were glad when there were pots of gooseberry-jam sent—Bob didn't like gooseberries—and on all occasions drove too hard a bargain with him, he being the youngest. He never grew to manhood and to 'Robert,' but lived and died; and will be ever known among the rest of us—who are thinning by this time sadly—as our boy-brother, 'Bob.' There were no such associations about those school-letters then.

In our adolescence, letter-writing was even a blyther matter still. There was then never any necessity compelling us to it. Out of the abundance of our heart, the pen indited. Our honest thoughts, fresher far than afterwards—and not less true, perhaps, though somewhat crude—flowed from us without effort and without fear. What aspirations had we at that epoch, which—to our present shame, be it confessed—our cheeks would burn with self-contempt to hear now uttered by the friend to whom we wrote them; and he again had the like radiant visions, and laid before our sympathising eyes his own fond dreams of life. What vigour, what elasticity, what overflow of genial humour one must

Now, unless compelled by direct need, we never catch ourselves leaning over foolscap, except for a consideration.

Love-letters—what a splendid occupation the writing of those was wont to be! How pleasant to issue from our mental mint a thousand honeyed synonyms for the Beloved Object! How we lingered over each soft expression, toying with it tenderly as though it were itself the half-angelic being to whom it was addressed!

She is sixteen stone by this time, and her (second) husband's name is Potts, a drysalter; but that dread future was, in mercy, unrevealed to us at one-and-twenty.

Jones was in love with her also; and I have got one or two of his letters now, which the dear girl let me have at that time, in the strictest confidence.

What an unsuspecting, generous, impulsive, affectionate young fellow he must have been! (I hope Jones has not got any of mine, composed about the same epoch). Wizen, bloodless, grasping little money-seeker that he is, how *could* he have ever concocted such epistles! I can't fancy him inditing anything beyond 'Received yours of the 24th instant,' and 'I am, gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant;' by which he means their commercial rival, and most uncompromising foe.

I wonder whether it would be possible for a man to write a *bond fide* love-letter to a wife; I mean, of course, to his own wife, for in the case of another's (we have heard) the thing is practicable, and even easy enough. One couldn't have the face to call her an angel, although one might wish her in heaven; and as to her being addressed as a fairy—think of Belinda Potts, and a fairy of sixteen stone! The handwriting of dearest Belinda resembled a slanting shower of summer-rain; and when it was crossed, as it very often was, by another slanting shower, it was rather difficult to decipher. I think, however, that only enhanced the interest of her delicious meaning, which came out, when it did come, all the fresher, like a flower from the mist. I could detect her long-looked-for communications by more than one organ of sense before they left the postman's hand; their envelopes being pink, and redolent of patchouli. That was how I discovered that Belinda was corresponding with young Hitchins, as well as with myself and Jones. Hitchins was her first husband, and ran away with her from her paternal roof. I should like to see any unassisted individual attempting to run away with the present Mrs Potts.

When Cupid has once departed, taking with him the golden pen and the red (heart's blood) ink, there is no more joy in Letters. They henceforth become a matter of business only and of compulsion. We strive to trick the post-office by making a single stamp do double duty, and, on the other hand, grudge bitterly having to pay the least over-weight in the communications of our friends.

In our married and settled condition the postman becomes to us a daily nuisance. He brings earnest manuscripts from our wife's brother, who is in want of a hundred and fifty pounds for a special purpose, after which, he says, he will be an honour to the family; affectionate notes from our mother-in-law, who is looking forward to spending three or four months with her dearest Jemima, and her James, who

seems like her very own blood; circulars from charitable societies, who 'make no apology for appealing to our sense of Christian duty' (there are no such satirists as your philanthropic people). Worst of all—because reminding us in the cruellest possible manner of the genial past—college bills for wine, cigars, or other vanity we had fondly deemed to have been paid for years ago.

Then, as we grow to be more and more of a *paterfamilias*, more and more bills; we groan in spirit as our delighted daughters hasten at that dread 'rat-tat' (rustling those expensive morning-dresses of theirs), to open the letter-box. What contents they bring us, to spoil our matutinal meal, and to impair a digestion which is already in the most artificial state imaginable!

Here they are. Bill, Bill, Business, Circular (social), Circular (religious), Death (Poor Smith gone; our own age, too, within six months or so, and similar habit of body; horrible!), Bill, Bill ('I wish, Jemima,' tossing it over to the wife of our bosom, 'you would dress the girls more like young people of moderate means, and less like balloons; I won't pay for such foolery, that's flat'), Mother-in-law ('Here's your mother coming *again*; let *her* pay for them'), Business, Brother-in-law, Bills.

Alas, this laughing mask of ours conceals a sad countenance. The satirist of our own day who calls old letters the best satires in the world speaks a frightful truth. Unlock the old chest full of them, the old drawer, or the old desk, and cast your eye over the yellowing rubbish it contains. Open the worn covers, superscribed in the forgotten handwritings, and read the once welcome words spoken by hearts that have long been changed: your mistress's, 'she that married the nabob, and for whom you now care no more than for Queen Elizabeth;' or your beloved sister's—oh, 'how you clung to one another until you quarrelled about the twenty-pound legacy!' This humor of the modern humorist is terribly grim!

A genius, of our own day likewise, but of a very different kind, has written something worthier than this upon the subject of Old Letters—'of those fallen leaves which keep their green (he calls them), the noble letters of the dead.' He shows himself sitting alone in his chamber at late eve, when the rest of the house have retired, and when, without, 'the white kine glimmer, and the trees lay their dark arms about the field,' reading aloud the old letters of his dead friend: when, strangely on the silence broke the silent-speaking words, and strange was Low's dumb cry, defying Change to test his worth; and strangely spoke the faith, the vigour, bold to dwell on doubts that drive the coward back, and hush, through wordy snares, to track Suggestion to her inmost cell; and word by word, and line by line, the dead man touched him from the past, and flashed his living soul on his—— Thus he held awful converse, till the doubtful dusk revealed the knolls once more, where, couched at ease, the white kine glimmered, and the trees laid their dark arms about the field: till, sucked from out the distant gloom, a breeze began to tremble o'er the large leaves of the sycamore, and fluctuate all the still perfume; and gathering fresher overhead, rocked the full foliaged elms, and swung the heavy-folded rose, and flung the lilies to and fro, and said, 'the dawn, the dawn,' and

died away; and East and West, without a breath, mixed their dim lights like Life and Death, to broaden into boundless day.

A WEEK AMONG THE HEBBIDES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IMAGINE a pretty little town of white-washed houses stretching like a semicircle round the head of a bay with a sunny western exposure—a background of irregular protuberances rather than hills, which terminate on the right in the woody heights and picturesque ruined castle of Dunnolly, and on the left by a similar piece of rugged scenery, amidst which, among embowering trees, are placed two or three villas: then, imagine that the bay is bounded so completely in front by a green and pastoral island, as to seem enclosed by the land, and you may have some notion of Oban—an object so calm, so pretty, so uncongenial on these wild and secluded shores, that at first sight it occasions an emotion of surprise. A little inquiry makes the stranger aware that Oban, like many other towns in the Highlands, is a modern Seso-Saxon settlement, founded for the purpose of improving the country; and that latterly, very much through the efficacy of Hutcheson's steamers, it has undergone considerable extension. Tasteful villas are perching themselves about on the rocky knolls behind the town; branches of banks and other commercial undertakings are being established; and hotel and lodging-house accommodation is recently much enlarged. Already, I have spoken of the Caledonian Hotel as a high-class establishment; but there are some other good hotels for tourists: I am, in short, told that the town can accommodate five hundred strangers, and that, by casual visitors alone, as much as £10,000 is spent annually in the place.*

Two objects of much antiquarian interest in the immediate neighbourhood, the ruined castles of Dunnolly and Dunstaffnage, usually attract the notice of visitors. By the politeness of the proprietor of Dunnolly, the small party of excursionists of whom I formed one, were permitted to visit the ruins, which, clothed in ivy of the brightest green, and placed on the summit of a huge rock overlooking the sea, form a beautiful and imposing feature in the landscape. Dunstaffnage Castle—gray, massive, and of greater historical interest than Dunnolly—is situated at the distance of three miles from Oban; and being shewn by a resident keeper, it can be seen at all times with no more trouble than a short walk or ride. No stranger should omit visiting Dunstaffnage, for independently of its connection with events during the old Scottish monarchy, and its being the original repository of the famed Stone of Destiny, now forming part of the coronation-chair in Westminster Abbey—the scenery around, a happy blending of sea, rocks, islands, and lofty mountains, of which Ben Cruachan is the most conspicuous, cannot fail to evoke the most pleasing emotions.

It is time, however, to be getting on. While I have been talking in a very rambling way about how tourists are to transfer themselves to Oban, and of some things that are to be seen there, the *Mountaineer*, distinguishable, like all other of the Hutcheson boats,

by its red funnels, is hissing and snorting at the pier like an impatient Highlander, and threatening to break away and be off on what was intended to be a special cruise among the islands. It is a summer morning in the end of June, and our party, seven in number, having hastened from the hotel, are now on board; the hissing ceases, the paddles begin to rumble, and in five minutes we are steaming at the rate of nearly eighteen miles an hour down the Sound of Kerrera. It was a very joyous-looking day, bright patches of sunshine interspersed with deep shadows on the hills of Lorn; the air crisp and dry; and the sea in a tolerably well-disposed mood.

Our first destination, of course, was Iona, 'that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion.' To reach this classic spot, steamers proceed from Oban according to wind and tide, either round the north or south side of Mull: if by the northern route, Staffa is first visited; if by the southern, Iona—the usual practice, we believe, being to go one way and return another; by which means the tourist circumnavigates Mull, and has an opportunity of seeing, close inshore, various lofty and jagged precipices, and several ruined castles standing in desert loneliness on half-insulated peaks over the white foam which dashes on the iron-bound coast, while far above and beyond these objects he will have a view of huge, misty-topped mountain masses, one of which, the giant of a particular group, attains the height of 3000 feet. The voyage to Iona, by the shortest or southerly passage, ordinarily occupies about four, but on the present occasion, it was effected in three, hours. We left Oban at seven, and at ten were in the Sound, a mile in width, which has the Rose of Mull on the east, and Iona on the west—the isles of Colonsay and Jura being seen far away in the south. At this point, the territory of Mull sinks into tameness, and offers some scope for cultivation, with space on the level shore for a village, whence there is a boat-ferry to Iona, which, at a glance, we perceive to possess the same unpicturesque features as the opposite coast.

Running up within a hundred yards of the island, a boat is seen to put off, manned by two or three natives, the leader of the crew being Alexander Macdonald, an intelligent and obliging Highlander, who speaks English, and acts as guide and interpreter to strangers. Approaching the shore, which is covered with big boulders partially overgrown with sea-ware, and over which, on landing, we pick our way to the dry sward beyond, we perceive that, in the present day, the island of Columba is a simple pastoral bit of land, rising in the middle to a height of two or three hundred feet, and with a slope towards the sea, on which is concentrated within a space of a hundred yards all that is interesting to visitors. But, then, such interest! Standing right in front of this gentle slope we have, first, close on the shore, a row of low huts covered with thatch, a species of roof not seemingly able to encounter of itself the gusts occasionally blowing from Mull, since it is enshrouded in a netting of straw-ropes, held down by big stones, in a manner rather threatening to the heads of the Celtic children, who are sprawling about in their little kilts before the smoky doorways of the clachan. It is proper to understand that this collection of some forty hovels is called, in Gaelic, Baile Mor, or the Great Town. I have no doubt that it is considered by the natives a very fine city, more especially as it possesses a slated house at the south end, where refreshments of a simple kind are dispensed. Baile Mor contains no inn, nor are any spirituous liquors sold within it, on which account it requires no policeman or magistrate.

* Parties under any difficulties respecting their movements, may apply to Mr. McArthur, agent at Oban for Hutcheson's steamers. His office is on the quay, and he will be found an

little distance, on a rocky point of the shore, stands a newly built Free Church; and scattered about behind the village are an Established Church, a parish school-house, and manse for each of the two ministers. These last-mentioned buildings, which are of respectable dimensions, are, I believe, the only dwellings in which lodgings may be obtained by persons who desire to make a deliberate inspection of the island and its curiosities.

Let us have a look, however brief, at what distinguishes this otherwise uninteresting island. Partly behind the row of thatched huts, and partly a little to the north, amidst enclosures of low stone dikes, are a series of ruins in three detached groups, to which we gain access by a rude kind of pathway, environed by the patches of potatoes and corn of the humble villagers. Guided by Macdonald, we do not reach the ruins in the order of their antiquity, but according as they happen to lie. The more southerly group reached first in the series, is a nunnery, of which the chapel, with walls tolerably entire, is the principal remnant. This monastic establishment for females is said to have been founded in the early part of the thirteenth century, a date almost indicated by its finely rounded Saxon arches. Within and around it are some flat tombstones commemorative of prioresses and ladies of rank who were here interred. On one, considerably mutilated, the sculptured figures are exceedingly fine, representing the last prioress; her head supported by angels, and the figure of a little dog on each side—indicating, possibly, that she had been attached to these animals. The date of her death is 1548. Turning round an angle of the building after examining these relics, there stood before us, ranged demurely along a wall, about a dozen little girls, each holding in her hand a small plate of pebbles and shells, which were silently offered for our inspection and purchase. There was something affecting in the attempt of these poorly clad, but clean and orderly children, to pick up a few pence in exchange for the only articles they could find for sale, the coloured stones—bits of serpentine, quartz, and feldspar—which had been worn by the attrition of ages on the shore of the adjacent seas. We selected and purchased some of these tiny fragments; but on giving a shilling to be divided among the party, we were disconcerted to find that the girls did not understand a word of English—a circumstance not very flattering, I must needs think, to those who charge themselves with their education. Luckily, Alexander Macdonald made them all happy, by translating and explaining our intention. Strangely enough, it is alleged that the custom of offering pebbles and shells for sale dates uninterruptedly from the period when pilgrims to the shrine of Columba piously bore away relics of the saintly island; morsels of serpentine, in particular, being prized for the purpose of being set in rings, which possessed a certain protective virtue against divers accidents and misfortunes. Wordsworth, it will be recollected, alludes in one of his sonnets to the pebble-sellers of Iona:

How sad a welcome! To each voyager
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.

The next group of ruins to which we are admitted is that of St Oran's Chapel, being apparently a sepulchral chapel in the midst of the burying-ground, which had received the remains of Irish, Scottish, and Norwegian kings for several hundred years, besides those of abbots, bishops, chiefs, and others who had deemed it an honour to be entombed in what, during the middle ages, was one of the most noted resorts of learning and piety in Western Europe. Several rows

of flat tombstones, sculptured and in good preservation considering the usage they have received from iconoclasts and fanatical relic-hunters, are pointed out by the guide; the whole being of a durable species of mica slate, but gray, and partially covered with vegetation. Eight hundred years ago, this spot of earth received the mortal remains of Duncan—an historical event of which Shakespeare, with his usual tact, makes proper use:

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macduff. Carried to Colme's-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

The various names given to Iona can hardly fail to perplex a number of tourists. On the tombstones, it is uniformly called by a word formed of the single letter I or Y—pronounced *E*. Colme's-kill, sometimes written Icolmkill, signifies the cell of Colme. Latinised according to the mediæval usage, Colme becomes Columba, and I is euphonised into Iona. The real name of the island, therefore, is I, or, in pronunciation, *E*. While so called, it became in 563 the chosen residence of a handful of Irish missionaries, who, under the charge of Colme, their gifted superior, introduced the knowledge of Christianity into Scotland. Of St Colme, or Columba, however, the island cannot with certainty shew any trace. The early and simple edifices of the apostolic band were merged in edifices of a more aspiring kind, which sprung up under the ritual of the Church of Rome. The nunnery, as already seen, is a comparatively modern erection, and so is the third or last group of buildings to which we are conducted, consisting of the cathedral, which latterly became the seat of the bishops of the Isles. This edifice is the most imposing of all the ruins. Its tall square tower, seen at the distance of several miles, rises from the centre of a cruciform structure, of different ages—in the older Saxon arches there being added the pointed Norman, along with decorations of a still later period. It will be for ever matter of regret that the rage for indiscriminate destruction which marked the Reformation in Scotland, should have been carried the length of pulling in pieces all that was artistically beautiful, all that was consecrated by learning and religion in Iona. Buildings were destroyed, clergy and educators chased away, piles of documents of vast historical value dispersed, and the island allowed to lapse into barbaric rudeness; the only parties benefited, as was usual in such cases, being those singularly disinterested personages who accepted from the crown gifts of the varied patrimony of the colony of Columba. After much dilapidation, some care has been taken by the proprietor, in conjunction with the Iona Club, to secure the ruins from utter demolition; nevertheless, it is painful to say that the whole place is kept in a shabby, ill-assorted condition, and if something be not done to secure by masonry several finely groined vaults, damp and decay will speedily lay them prostrate. Both in going to and walking about the ruins of the cathedral, the visitor sees several upright crosses, consisting of slabs of sculptured slate; such being everything that remains of some hundreds of similar elegant objects with which the island was at one time adorned.

Once more on board, the *Mountaineer* steamed rapidly out of the Sound of Iona, with her bows pointed in a northerly direction to Staffa, which was seen right ahead, at the distance of six or seven miles; the view towards the east disclosing Ulva, with the small island of Gometra, at the opening of a bay on the coast of Mull. As Ulva, like Staffa, is a basaltic formation, we now may be said to have got into an archipelago of a very remarkable kind.

geologically; it being far from improbable that the whole is but part of a range which comprehends the Giants' Causeway. Perhaps nothing more strikingly marks the low state of public intelligence which prevailed eighty to ninety years ago respecting the Western Islands, than the fact that Staffa was then unknown as an object of scientific interest. Pennant, who made his journey in 1772, did not land on the islet; he only speaks of seeing it at a short distance. Sir Joseph Banks visited it a month afterwards; spent two days on it, having brought a tent for the purpose; and he was really the first man of science who became acquainted with its wonders. Before either Pennant or Sir Joseph had made any public statement of their discoveries, Johnson and Boswell visited the Hebrides; and, strange to say, they knew nothing, and were told nothing, of either Staffa or Ulva. Boswell observes that when about to quit Col, 'they were informed that there was nothing worthy of observation in Ulva;' and so they took boat to the small island of Inch Kenneth, on their way to Mull. It may be doubted whether these wandering philosophers would have cared much for seeing Staffa, even if they had heard of its natural marvels. Johnson had no regard for scenery, however grand; he liked to go from one private house to another, conversing about social and political questions; while, in his peregrinations generally, he was at the mercy of any one who had a boat, and would, as circumstances served, generously send him on from island to island. However this may be, the fact is certain, that not till 1774 did the world know anything of Staffa, of which Sir Joseph Banks, in a burst of enthusiasm, says, 'compared to this, what are the cathedrals or the palaces built by men?—mere models or playthings, imitations as diminutive as his works will always be when compared to those of nature.'

Staffa makes no great appearance from the sea. It is only when we get near it that the grandeur of its character becomes apparent. Ordinarily, boatmen with boats from Ulva are in attendance to land passengers from the steamer. When the sea is calm, they conduct their boats to the inner extremity of Fingal's Cave, which penetrates a high precipitous cliff with a southern exposure. On the occasion of our visit, the sea was too turbulent to admit of our taking this liberty. A boat from the steamer landed us on a lower part of the rocky shore near what is called the Clamshell Cave; and thence we climbed to the grassy surface of the island. We were enabled to make this ascent by means partly of a wooden flight of steps, that forms one of several appliances with which Mr Hutcheson has provided the island for the convenience of passengers by his steamers. To leave nothing in this respect undone, he has leased the island, and sublet it at a loss for feeding sheep, of which we saw a few browsing about. The surface is irregular, shelving generally down in a northerly direction with a kind of ravine in the centre. The only appearance of a human habitation is the open ruin of a hut on the higher grounds; and besides its sheep, the only inhabitants of the island are various kinds of sea-fowl, which are seen in myriads, hovering and screaming in front of the precipitous headlands. To have a view of Fingal's Cave, the party walked along the tops of a lower range of basaltic columns—not very even footing—which skirts the shore on the east, and in a scrambling fashion got safely round to the cavern. The description of this wondrous recess—70 feet in height and 230 feet inwards—has been so often given, that it would here be superfluous to offer any account of it. By means of a rope, held by iron bolts to the rock, visitors with nerve to do so, may walk on the slippery tops of columns some way within the cavern, about half-way from the water to the roof.

crested billows rolled angrily inward, dashing themselves on the irregular sides, and surging up in masses of foam on the further end of the gulf. The Queen, on her visit to Staffa a few years ago, was so fortunate as to be favoured with that degree of calmness in the ocean which enabled her to be rowed in a boat to the innermost recesses of the cave, a feat in which her Majesty shewed her usual intrepidity.

For the sake of science as well as art, it is to be regretted that there are no means of making a protracted stay in Staffa. During the necessarily short time allowed to tourists, they can just see that the whole island is a mass of basalt, broken irregularly into columns, perpendicular and sloping, some large and some small, some entire, and others which, being broken off midway, offer a convenient footing to visitors in their rambles about the shores. A regular inquirer into basaltic phenomena would, however, need to extend his investigations far beyond Staffa. Besides the curious formations of Ulva, there will be found fantastic groupings of columns on the coast of Mull, Skye, and Eig; those in the latter island being of magnificent dimensions, towering as they do to the height of thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea.

From Staffa, the *Mountaineer*, still early in the day, steamed her course northward; passing on the left Tiree and Col, and on the right Ardnamurchan, a bold headland, the most westerly point of the mainland. We then proceeded towards the Sound of Sleat, leaving on the left the conspicuous islands of Muck and Eig, and more distantly the island of Rum. Entering Sleat Sound, we had on the right successively the districts of Moidart, Morrer, and Knoydart—all bold, rocky, and with huge hills forming extensive pasturages; the coast being indented at several places with long withdrawing lochs, of which Loch Nevish seemed to be the most extended. On the opposite or northern side of the Sound was that part of Skye called the Point of Sleat, near which, amidst plantations, stands Armadale Castle, the seat of Lord Macdonald, the principal proprietor in the island. Although passing quickly up the Sound, we could see that on each side beyond the sphere of his lordship's grounds, the slopes of the hills were dotted over with the diminutive thatched huts of that aboriginal race of crofters whose miserable existence is an anomaly in the middle of the nineteenth century.

In the afternoon, a drizzle came on, the mists settled down on the summits of the hills, from which and other appearances, it was judged prudent to cast anchor for the night in the small and well-sheltered bay of Eillan-Oronsay, in Loch-na-dall. Here the *Mountaineer*, accordingly, came to a pause about a hundred yards from the shore. The idea of lodgings for the night at a small inn was suggested, but overruled. The steward had provided bedding for the sofas in the saloon, and could accommodate us all nicely; so there was no further trouble on that score. It was proposed that after dinner a good deal should be done in the way of fishing over the side of the vessel, with lines provided for the purpose at Oban. But, here, again, anticipations expired in talk. The evening was pronounced rather moist for any amusement of this sort, and lighted candles and what for a time banished the notion that we were moored within hail of a state of social life which had not been seen in England since before the landing of Julius Cæsar. A long day's exposure to the air made us all sleep soundly. On retiring, if such a phrase may be employed under the circumstances, a law was passed enjoining heavy penalties on snoring, a crime which, as it turned out to the credit of the whole party, no one was even in the most distant manner charged with.

Next morning, betimes, all were alert. At seven,

continuation of our cruise. A council being called, it was resolved to proceed first up Loch Houra, an arm of the sea projected eastward into Inverness-shire from the Sound of Sleat, and which is bounded on the north by Glenelg, and on the south by Knoydart. Loch Houra is so rarely visited, that to nearly all on board the excursion was perfectly new; nor probably would it have been quite safe, if we had not had the good-fortune to have with us a retired veteran in Hebridean navigation—Captain McKillop, who, it may be noted, was the conductor of her Majesty when visiting the Western Isles.

On entering Loch Houra, which varies from a mile to less in breadth, we are struck by the picturesque mountain masses, here swelling into rounded pastoral hills, and there rising into lofty jagged peaks, from which, down precipitous gullies, dash long foaming cataracts that, from their whiteness, resemble at a distance streams of milk, while around the more elevated hill-tops, at the height of a thousand feet, play the morning vapours not yet dispersed by the sun. On the lower braes, browse flocks of Cheviot sheep; and these, with the figures of shepherds and their dogs, not less than the absence of smoky huts, plainly tell us that Knoydart has passed into the hands of an improving low-country landlord. The scenery, interspersed with natural oak and hazel, continues beautiful as far as the steamer can advance. At a turn of the loch, a boat having been sent ashore to a village for a native pilot, the vessel securely passed into an inner reach of the loch, up which it proceeded to nearly its furthest limits. Here, on the south side, the party landed, and, favoured by a bridle-path, which, by and by, widened to a sufficient breadth for carriages, we walked several miles to the pass into Glen Quich, a gorge in the mountains environed with huge isolated rocks and boulders strewed about in all the rude grandeur of nature. Retracing our way, and again on shipboard, the vessel proceeded by Glenelg Bay into Loch Alsh, and then struck up Loch Duich, the mountain scenery at the upper extremity of which transcended, as we thought, even that of Loch Houra. At the entrance to Loch Duich, situated on a rocky knoll on the beach, are the ruins of Eillean-Donan Castle, an ancient seat of the Mackenzies, 'high chiefs of Kintail.' On the same side of the loch, in Loch Alsh, are seen various modern improvements, including the mansion and new inn of Balmacarra.

About this spot, the channel between Skye and the mainland makes a sudden turn, and the steamer shortly passing through the strait of Kyle Akin, where there is a ferry, enters a wider Sound, and for our gratification turns to the right up Loch Carron. The scenery on this loch, which is about twenty miles long, is no doubt fine, exhibiting here and there along the shore good specimens of raised beaches; but we are by this time not a little spoiled for sights, after Houra and Duich, nothing of the loch nature will pass muster; and returning to the more open Sound, we hasten on to Portree in Skye, where we are to pass the night. This part of the voyage was made by first touching at Broadford, where there is an inn, and then, after rounding the north of Scalpa, proceeding past Raasay, on the shore of which island stands Raasay House, a handsome modern mansion—an improvement on that in which Johnson was hospitably entertained; the estate having passed from the hands of the Macleods into the possession of Mr G. Rainey, by whom great changes for the better have been effected.*

* It will be recollected that Johnson and Boswell went in an open boat, manned by four stout rowers, from Corriachachin, near Broadford, to Raasay, the doctor, as Boswell says, sitting high in the stern, 'like a magnificent Triton.' Malcolm Macleod, one of the Raasay family, celebrated in the year 1745-6,

The harbour of Portree, so completely enshrouded by jutting high grounds as to afford the best shelter to vessels, received ours for the night, and all was ashore to Ross's Hotel, a house offering good and extensive accommodation. Portree—a name dignifying King's Port, being so called from a visit of James V. of Scotland, on one of his western excursions—is a substantial little town occupying the brow of a high ground overlooking the harbour. The place was thrown somewhat into confusion with the unexpected visit of the *Mountaineer*, but the inhabitants gradually subsided into tranquillity, and unmolested we rambled about the neighbourhood in search of anything to look at. The only objects which attracted us were a recently erected octagonal tower, on a conspicuous height, destined to ruin from sheer neglect, and on some low ground a parcel of those diurnal straw-covered bignings of which we had seen distant specimens on the coast of the island. Aided by an interpreter, a gentleman and I ventured on paying our respects to the inmates—but such a scene of dirt and poverty presented itself as filled us with horror and compassion. Bare stone walls, rafters overhead glittering with soot, and in which a few fowls were perched, the smoke of a peat-fire in the middle of the floor, finding its way out by a hole in the roof, window-holes, and door; the sty-lie beds, straw and dingy blankets huddled in confusion; the clay floor and ragged yet healthy-looking children. In only one of the houses was English spoken. And how do these wretched people live? Small patches of ground under crop, but ill cultivated, and showing about as many weeds as stalks of corn or potatoes, as their principal reliance, along with fishing or earning any odd jobs that come in the way. In one of the huts, on looking into a gloomy recess separated from the rest of the apartment by a few ill-patched boards, we saw a man lying ill—a sad spectacle of human desolation. The only house in which there was an effort at cleanliness was that in which English was spoken. The inmates here appeared to labour under the like desperate poverty; yet there was an air of the most pious resignation to what was probably felt as a dispensation of the Divine will. I could almost wish that habitual grumblers about trifles had been with us on this occasion. On one side of the peat-fire, which, as usual, was in the middle of the floor, sat an aged and lame man, the father of the family; on another side was the old mother, curling wool; while on a kind of cushion on the ground, with legs drawn up and helpless from rheumatism, we placed their daughter, who, according to her own account, had been so addicted for the space of ten years. Administering on our departure some slight gratuity to this unfortunate being, the melancholy consideration was forced upon us that the old crofting system, which is throughout signalised by this depressed and hopeless kind of existence, is totally wrong, and should be obliterated at every available opportunity. Situated as they are, the poor people of whom we had a specimen, can neither do any good for themselves nor in any sense benefit mankind, and but for what to many may seem a certain degree of harshness, they would absorb in the form of poor-rates more than all the rental of the land. The common sense of the country, I should think, must come to this conclusion

acted as pilot, and sang a Gaelic song, which was chorused by the boatmen. 'We sailed,' adds Boswell, 'along the coast of Scalpa, a rugged island, about four miles in length. Dr Johnson proposed that he and I should buy it, and found a good school, and an episcopal church (Malcolm said he would come to it and have a printing-press where he would print all the lies that could be found). With such lively chat, did they try to mitigate the terrors of what seems to have been a very boisterous sail of several hours. In the present day, one of Hutchison's steamers would have carried the party from Broadford to Raasay in an hour, as easily as an oarboat would take them from Charing Cross to St Paul's.

at last. Cruel as it may appear, there is nothing for the poorer inhabitants of Skye, and some other portions of the Highlands and Islands, but emigration. It is true, an outcry has been raised against expatriating an old race, for the sake of depasturing their lands with sheep for a southern market; but let any one visit the smoky hovels which are scattered along so many damp and unreclaimed hillsides, and see how utterly hopeless is the condition of their inhabitants—their very contentment being not less an evil than the language which cuts them off from any chance of intercourse with the busy world beyond—and seeing all this, say whether the removal of this Celtic population to scenes calculated to evoke their latent energies would not manifestly be a blessing.

Having caught a few glimpses of the Storr, the Cuchullin Hills, and some other striking features in the scenery of Skye, we returned with the *Mountaineer* to Oban.

In this voyage homewards, the vessel, after passing Ardnamurchan, proceeded down the Sound of Mull, by adopting which we were afforded an opportunity of calling at Tobermory, a neatly built modern town within a sheltered bay on the north-eastern shore of Mull. On the opposite and equally bold coast of Morven, a part of the mainland adjoining Ardnamurchan, we observed in succession, placed on craggy steepes overhanging the sea, the ruins of three old castles—Mingarry, Aros, and Ardtornish; this last the scene of the opening passages in Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, having been the residence of the proud chieftain of Lorn, whose

Turrets' airy head,
Slender and steep, and battled round,
Overlooked dark Mull! thy mighty Sound,
Where thwarting tides, with mingled roar,
Part thy swarth hills from Morven's shore.

On the point of Mull, at the entrance to the Sound, are the remains of another of these strongholds, Duart Castle, an ancient residence of the chief of the Macleans. On the point of Lismore, a long green island which we skirt on the route to Oban, is seen another picturesque ruin. Associating these old Hebridean fortlets, places of importance in their time, with Dunnolly and Dunstaffnage, Dunvegan in Skye, and other remains of a similar nature—all admirable studies for the landscape painter—along with the still more touching ruins of Iona, the conviction arises in the mind that here, in this western region washed by the waters of the Atlantic, and in ages long past, there existed a state of refinement, which receives little notice in the page of ordinary history—in fact, we see what till this day is so very limitedly known in the eastern and more populous districts of Scotland, that the sight for the first time, not only of these decaying remains of art, but of the grand and more imperishable features in nature, comes upon one with something like the effect of a revelation.

A special object with us in returning to Oban, was to visit the sinuities of the Linne Loch as far as Lochail and the entrance to the Caledonian Canal; and this was pleasantly accomplished by the *Mountaineer* in the space of a single day. What tourists have an opportunity of seeing in this accessible quarter, has been already hinted at—Glencoe, the scene of the unprovoked and horrid massacre of the Macdonalds in February 1692, being alike for its historical interest and sublime physical features, a spot pre-eminently deserving of a visit.

An impression left on the mind by a Hebridean excursion is, that the world generally is as little aware of the deeply interesting character of the scenery of the western islands and coasts, as of the comparative ease and inexpensiveness with which a pretty length-

appliance, can now be effected. Another thing which, being pressed on our notice, affords no little satisfaction: I allude to the obvious improvement of the country, mainly, as we learn, through the transfer of property to men of capital and enlarged intelligence, from England or the Lowlands of Scotland. In sailing about, you can always see at a glance, by the erection of substantial villas and farmhouses, the clearing and draining of fields, the growth of plantations, and the building of piers and wharfs, that energetic Anglo-Saxon minds are busily at work; and that at no distant day, by the gradual thinning of the numbers of the aborigines, the state of the Highlands and Islands will be entirely changed, of course vastly for the better. It is very pleasing to know that the progress of improvement is found to be compatible with the preservation of much that is picturesque and admirable in Highland costume and character; and perhaps I do not exaggerate in saying, that many of the new English proprietors are in this respect, by adoption, more patriotically Highland than the Highlanders, and possess as keen an appreciation of the matchless scenery to which they have migrated as the Celt of twenty generations.

W. C.

A SCREW OF TOBACCO.

AMIDST the whirlwind of the late tobacco controversy, any statement irrespective of party, illustrative of that unfortunate narcotic, would have been listened to by either side with impatience. Now that the storm has somewhat abated, all the smokers who are likely to be convinced at all having given in their adhesion to moral and medical authorities, and the rest being beyond the power of eloquence—a brief narration, having tobacco for its subject, may perhaps be borne. Being merely annals and impartial history, we say, the author of that celebrated tract, entitled *The Pipesmoker's Fate, or the End of a Cigar*, may appreciate the information we have to give him, equally with the wretch who may read it with a Havana in his mouth.

We are tobacco-merchants ourselves, and therefore open to the charge of prejudice if we took it in hand to give our own account of this matter; and we have accordingly selected the most sagacious-looking of the very oldest bundle of cigars we have in our possession, and requested him to narrate to the public his own story:

My ancestors first visited this country under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh; they were at that time foreigners, nor, indeed, are any of the thousands of us born and reared here, acknowledged to be sons of the soil up to this present writing. By a pleasant fiction of the tobacco-dealers, readily entered into by their agreeable patrons, we are supposed to be indigenous only to alien climes. As a matter of fact, we flourish almost everywhere. The American branch of our family is supposed to be the best—a word which signifies in that country, as in this, the richest. In Virginia, we are the *crème de la crème*, the weed of weeds. Next to that favoured region, perhaps Kentucky is entitled to make her proud boast of us. From Maryland we come with light bright faces, and are exceedingly esteemed in this country. Those of us who belong to South America differ much from their northern brethren. Brazil tobacco is a very short scrappy-looking leaf of the family tree, and is covered with the sands of the plains. That of Columbia is more tolerable, and of a fair complexion. German tobacco is a poor relation whom we are loath to own, with a most prolific growth—which poor relations always have—of dark-coloured leaves with little flavour.

the heads of our family there reside, respected and esteemed, and emitting a most agreeable odour. Yarn, an independent member of our race, with a dry—almost sarcastic—amontillado kind of disposition, has also his admirers. In Turkey, we are very bright coloured and sweet tasted, without having, however, much strength in us. Latakia is an especially aristocratic, enervated, listless species of this description. Greek, Hungarian, and Chinese tobacco assimilate to the Turkish. In Java, we are said to be 'of volcanic growth and gutta-percha flavour'; an evidently malignant and exaggerated definition, invented, as is most probable, by a detected cabbage; in Holland, we are very respectable; but all these latter branches of us can be purchased in the London markets at from 8d. to 7d. a pound.

The great object of the manufacturer of tobacco is to make a mixture of us that will stick together, and absorb as much water as possible without our getting absolutely mouldy and fermenting—through sheer sulkiness and indignation, and when all bounds of endurance are passed. One species of us, cut by itself, is too strong; another is too mild: one will break to pieces in cutting; another bears to be pulled about in all directions. Different proportions of us are used in different seasons, in summer, in autumn, in winter. The quantity of water each kind of us will imbibe is calculated to a drop, and its increased weight known to a fraction; the profit is confined to one or two per cent. At first, a moderate quantity of water was applied to moisten us; now, the demand for cheapness, and the increased competition, compel us to derive one-third (nearly) of our total weight from moisture, and drive us, as it were, to drink, whether we will or no. The ancients may have had perhaps a higher moral standard for their commercial transactions; the moderns must needs have a sliding-scale of principle, it seems, unless they would visit Basinghall Street, and we suffer from the times. The genuine Yankee tobacco won't take much water; but the German—poor stuff enough in its natural state, without any Anglo-Saxon blood in him—soaks like a sponge: these two, therefore, are mixed together, and other growths are added of all kinds. Next to making us heavy, the great object is to render us 'flescy,' so as to be held up in a large piece of several pounds-weight together; for the retail shopkeepers will not buy us when we are 'short,' as it is called, for then being weighed and sold out in small quantities, but too much of us becomes dirt and dust. The object of the importer is of course to get a perfectly dry leaf, so that the enormous tax upon us may be levied independently of any weight of moisture. He buys us from samples drawn at the Custom-house, and very queer stuff we look when he takes us for the first time out of our bales. These bales, by the by, are generally made of the hides of the animals of the Pampas, and are sold, on account of their enormous strength, to oyster-dredgers. We resemble, on our first release, shut up fans, of the colour and texture of dried badlocks; we are then called 'hands,' on account of our possessing five leaves, or fingers, upon each stem; but so brittle are we, that we can't bear even shaking.

We suffer ourselves, however, to be softened by steam, and in the thus warmed state, become perfectly pliable and supple. Our backbones, or stalks, are then extracted; we are next mixed together in great cakes, squeezed in hydraulic presses until rendered solid, and then subjected to an improved chaff-cutter, which chips us, with the perfectest regularity and dispatch, to any degree of fineness. When cut, we are passed through a steam-chamber, which expands us a good deal, then—having been shaken about on a heated copper, and all objectionable foreign substances being removed—we remain cooling in little

mole-hills for twelve hours or so, and are then ready for sale. Our leaf, cut without the central stalk, is called *Shag* tobacco; when cut with it, *Bird's-eye*. Different prices are caused by certain varieties in colour and flavour; and to produce them, we have to be sorted, out of an original imported case.

Cigars are made from different kinds of tobacco: Havana, Cuban, Yarn, Columbian, and German are most generally used. Each cigar consists of three parts; the interior is composed of what is called 'fillers,' with scraps of leaf of every sort and kind, this is surrounded by a tolerably large piece, which is yet not good enough to form the outside 'wrapper,' and this last, selected for its beauty of appearance and smoothness, is the mummy cloth which encases the whole. There is great difficulty in getting leaf to 'dress itself' well enough for this purpose; it is apt to look shabby and torn, and scarcely decent. German leaf makes the neatest and cheapest wrapper. Both the inside and outside of a cigar are of course made of materials varying as their price. A cigar that sells at threepence, is made of Havana leaf and out; one at twopence, of Cuban inside, and German out; one at a penny, of German inside and out; or, as some assert, of straw inside, and cutbagg out; but that has nothing to do with us.

When we are rolled into cigars, we have our aliases bestowed upon us then pickpockets; 'a good deal of water, and a great many names,' as the song says. Your twopenny cigar, for instance, is *Woodchuck*, alias *Hayden*, alias *Cabana*, alias *Tropica*, alias *Mama*, and is a scam of the deepest dye. Names mean absolutely nothing. Boxes, brands, and labels are all imitated, or made up by the junior clerks of the Spanish dictionary.

Foreign cigars are rarely met with in any quantity, the price being so very great that dealers scarcely care to keep them. They pay nine shillings a pound duty, and cannot be sold under fourpence each. They are superior to those of home-made appearance, in consequence of having been made up soft, and dried gradually upon their voyage from Havana; the material also being in that country of comparatively little value, only the best parts are used. Otherwise there is no reason why they should be better than the best English cigars made from the best foreign leaf. The foreign cigars are packed in hexagonal bundles of one hundred each. Manila cheroots have been analysed by an eminent chemist, and proved to contain no opium—which has been the heinous offence hitherto laid to their charge—and they are clearly of a more refined form than the cigar. The point of the latter is made with considerable trouble, only to be blown off and thrown away. Cheroots would be made of as good a material as are cigars, were there as great a demand for them. The cigar-makers make out three or four hundred daily, and earn from one to two guineas a week. While they work at their desks—in the large establishments, to the number of thirty or forty in a room—one of them, whose work is of course done for him, is often accustomed to read aloud to the rest. The employment of these human rollers is not easy, ladylike one enough, and might be practised instead of potichomania. Every fragment of us is applied to some purpose. Our stalks are made into Scotch snuff, the Irishwoman's 'soft roe' ground up very fine, sifted and scented (or not) with different mixtures. Rappee snuff is our leaf powdered to a fine powder grain—sifted, and wetted, and scented with essences of roses. Roll-tobacco, used for 'plugging,' is made of the richest Virginian, span into different thicknesses, and pressed for months. There are far worse things done with us in some places than those I have been described; there is quite a Borgia system of poisoning administered to the British public, under pretence of

the pipe of peace. I am myself, however, in a respectable house. I am bound round with a spangled ribbon, like those worn by Spanish dancers, in company with ninety-eight of my fellows. The name that I at present enjoy is that of an *Imperial Lopez Regalia*; but to-morrow I may be a *Nicholas*, and the next day an *Omar Pacha*. Tobacco for pipes comes to the consumer, as I have said, with but small profit to the dealer, but the cigar must be paid for—as that cadet of our family, Snuff, would say, ‘through the nose.’

But, alas, alas, I am in the hands of a purchaser; it is well that my story is told; for my existence will be but for a few minutes longer, and then my ashes will be scattered on the winds!

THE FALSE DREAM.

SOME time after Louis XVIII. was restored to the throne of his ancestors, when the last of the emigrants had returned and set themselves up in the dilapidated *hôtels* of Paris and the still more ruinous *châteaux* of the country, with a large display of old crests and titles, and a great diminution of ancient state and style; when the Faubourg St Germain and its adherents firmly believed that the Bourbons were never more to be rooted up, but the régime would go on from one generation of Louises and Charleses to another, always maintaining etiquette and keeping down the people—the entire house of Courtois was thrown into confusion by two young persons, who insisted on getting married.

The house of Courtois belonged to the noblesse of Brittany. It was very numerous and very poor, with the exception of its venerated chief, a marquis of seventy-three, who had come back in the time of the Emperor, recovered all his own estates and part of somebody else's, married in regular succession three handsome dowries, wore crape for the ladies who accompanied them, and was now a widower with no children. The marquis kept fast hold of all that came into his hands, and gave laws to the whole of his kindred. They knew he would die some day; and as most of their prospects depended on his testament, there was not a more absolute monarch in ancient or modern history. They managed their houses, they educated their children, they were married, and, it was said, born according to his commands. The number of the families that existed on the hope of his demise, and obtained consideration from their neighbours and credit from their tradesmen in consequence, may be imagined, from the popular assertion, that there was not a town or village in France destitute of a Courtois. Every one of them enjoyed a pedigree reaching from the first crusade; but, for the sake of ancient blood, it is to be lamented that not only fortune, but nature herself, had behaved in anything but a liberal manner to that noble house. It was a fact not less generally recognised than their numbers, that all the sons were stupid, and all the daughters plain; and the disposal of either was always a difficult business. The disturbing young persons above mentioned were striking exceptions to this family rule. Silvestre had been born at Bordeaux, and Adeline at Avignon. They were both orphans. Their relationship was that of cousins thirteen times removed. The gentleman's estate consisted of a ruinous building, half farmhouse and half *château*, which one of his ancestors had built for a hunting-lodge in Bas Bretagne; but the surrounding domain had diminished to some metres of garden-ground: and the lady's dowry was

old lace bequeathed to her by her grandmother. The whole house of Courtois had, nevertheless, formed high expectations of their future. Silvestre had taken so many honours at college, that his granduncle, who was confessor to one of the Duchess de Berri's maids, promised to get something done for him if he went into the church; and Adeline came from the convent of St Clair such a pretty, graceful girl, that her cousin, the count's widow, who wanted somebody to enliven her large dreary *hôtel* in the Faubourg, and cheer up her very small parties, said she would introduce her to good society. Who knew but the girl might make a brilliant match, and the marquis might give her a dowry?

If there was ever the slightest probability of the latter event, it was rendered null and void by an unlucky meeting at mass in the Madeleine, where Silvestre saw Adeline, and Adeline saw Silvestre. Both remembered that they were relations. An acquaintance and a love-making followed; and then, in spite of all good advices and every manner of warning, the pair would make a match of it. Of course the marquis was consulted by a family deputation, for he lived in strict retirement, at least from his relatives, though his house was never empty of company and cards. His decision was given in the course of a fortnight: that the young unmanageables should be married with all convenient speed, supplied with two cheap suits each, and sent to live at their ancestors' hunting-lodge in Brittany. These orders were carried into immediate execution. The lovers promised to pray for the marquis all their days, and went rejoicing, with the two cheap suits, to lead a life of Arcadian simplicity and unalloyed happiness, under the administration of old Jacquette, who had been Silvestre's nurse, and stewardess of the *château* and garden-ground, ever since he grew too tall for her management.

Their appointed residence was situated in a wild and solitary dell about a league from the village of St Amand. The country round was half marsh and half moorland; it had once been a forest, and in some spots there was still underwood enough for the wolf and wild-cat to bring up their families. The house had been a low square fabric, with four turrets; these were gone, and so was part of the roof. There were just four rooms habitable on the ground-floor, and only two of them furnished, with chattels which Jacquette had inherited from her grandmother; but the arms of Courtois were still discoverable over its moss-grown entrance. There was a tradition that a robber had been hanged there by one of its ancient lords; so the whole country was proud of the place, and called it the *Château St Amand*. St Amand itself was one of the poorest and oldest-fashioned villages in all Brittany. Under the roofs of its timber cottages, the cows and the sheep, the hens and the family, all lived sociably together. They ground corn there with a handmill, and believed that the oxen talked to each other every Christmas-eve. No physician or notary had ever looked for practice there; no government had ever thought it worth while to appoint a *préfet* or postmaster in that village. All its public affairs were managed by Father Martin; he had said mass in St Amand for thirty years, and so many changes of governors had occurred in that time, that the good man could never distinctly make out who had last come back to the Tuileries; but nobody had ever known him to forget a fraction of his own dues. Under such temporal and spiritual direction, a Breton village might do very well without physician or notary, postmaster or *préfet*; but it could never do without a wise woman; and that important office was, by common consent, assigned to the stewardess of the *château*. Nobody knew her age; the more her

it with the red handkerchief which formed her only head-dress. Sun and wind had brought a naturally dark complexion to the identical tint of the russet woollen gown she wore invariably week-days and Sundays. Jacquette's costume was not *raché*, nor her beauty striking; but she was a short, robust, muscular woman, very active, very thrifty, generally good-humoured, and always proud of herself and her mansion. In one of its furnished rooms she had lived with her cow for the last ten years, keeping the other, which contained the flower of her grandmother's legacy, religiously shut up against the coming of the young master; for it was her conviction that, when Silvestre made his fortune, or a great match in Paris, he would retire to his family seat and live like a Courtois. In the meantime, Jacquette looked after her one cow and bit of garden-ground as the only estate she had to manage; and never were cow and garden turned to greater advantage. The good woman was accustomed to boast that she grew the strongest garlic, and made the hardest cheese, in the commune. Certain it was that on the cow and garden she lived, and contrived to save something—how much, no man was permitted to know—and that mystery, as usual, added importance to the subject. But though deeply respected on this account, Jacquette was still more venerated by the villagers for a faculty she had of dreaming. It was asserted even by Father Martin, that no event, public or private, had ever fallen out in the land, without information of its coming being conveyed to her somewhere between the setting and rising of the sun. The number of births, deaths, and marriages she had thus foretold, would have astonished anybody but a Bas Bretagne. The loss of cattle and sheep, the falling of old houses, and the occurrence of thunder-storms, had been made known to her without measure. The young people of St Amand were accustomed to consult her regarding the prosperity of their love-affairs, the old about the probabilities of their harvests; and Father Martin himself held conferences with her in hard winters touching his Christmas dues.

To this gifted woman, her cow, her garden, and her two furnished rooms in that crumbling old house, came the newly married pair. Of all the relations, Jacquette had been most disappointed and indignant at the match, particularly, it was thought, because she had received false information on the subject in some of her dreams, and predicted a charming bride and a surprising dowry for Silvestre. The honest woman scolded them to the whole village till they arrived; then she did her best to make them welcome: opened the state-apartment, turned the cow into an empty one, worked early and late to make things go far enough for three, taught them all she knew of gardening and cow-management, and kept a sharp eye on their conduct, for Jacquette knew they were but foolish young people. Count nor seigneur had resided in that neighbourhood for three hundred years; the villagers had, in consequence, an immense respect for nobility; and, as the young strangers were of the house of Courtois, did not wear sabots, and enjoyed the protection of Jacquette, they were received with uncommon reverence at the church and market of St Amand. It was not a gay life or a very promising one, but Silvestre and Adeline were in those years when prospects are of little account, and in that state of mind which makes people everything to each other. The young man had not been long enough in view of having something done for him, to miss that outlook and all its accompaniments. The girl had seen just sufficient of her cousin's good society to know that it regarded her as a young person brought home from the convent to be disposed of if possible. They had been poor and despised in Paris, it was better to be poor and revered in

Brittany; so they lived contentedly under Jacquette's government, shared her labours and her fare, and repeated to each other all the verses they could remember about the happiness of a quiet country-life, far from the cares of courts and the sins of cities.

Things had proceeded in this fashion for about six months at the château St Amand. By good-luck, no more of its roof had fallen in, nor had the cracks in its walls grown much wider, and there was every probability of its holding out for the rest of that season, as the winter storms were almost over and Easter at hand; yet her cow and two old hens, accustomed as they were to the good woman's eccentricities, must have been astonished one Saturday morning, for Jacquette got up sighing and groaning, as if not only her own days, but those of the château had been numbered. The young people were not permitted to know it, but they could not help seeing that there was something wrong: she groaned over her spinning-wheel, she grieved to her garden spade, she paused in frying an omelet to cross herself devoutly, and admonished them to go and say their prayers. More amazed than edified by these signs of affliction, they naturally began to fear that Jacquette's senses were giving her the slip; but, after mass next day, when they stayed to see the dance on the village-green, the secret was revealed to her Sunday visitor. It has been stated on good authority that there is no such thing in France as a woman without a lover. The stewardess of the château, accordingly, had one: the widow Renée's son, commonly known in the village as Lazy Jules, had paid his respects to her every Sunday evening, through shower and shine, for the last five years, and been hospitably treated to the hard cheese and the strong garlic. For the latter delicacy Lazy Jules had a special preference; but, on this eventful evening, instead of producing the consumables as usual after the first salutations, Jacquette seated herself on the opposite bench, crossed her arms, and gave a deep groan.

'What is the matter?' said Lazy Jules.

'Don't ask me,' said Jacquette; 'I would not tell it for all the world; but I suppose I must to you, Jules. Listen then, but you won't speak of it—no, not to Father Martin himself. I had such a dream on Saturday morning, just before the cock crew. Jules, I can't make it out; but I never had such sorrow in my sleep. I thought that Father Martin had come here early in the morning—though, good man, he never gets up too soon—and brought, oh, such bad news to my young master and mistress. What it was, I cannot remember, nor make out at all; but I woke with the tears in my eyes and the grief in my heart, and I know there is some great evil hanging over them. Maybe, it's my own going home, Jules. I have led a good life and a hard one, and should not care much for myself. Nobody would miss me, I suppose,' and she glanced at Lazy Jules inquiringly. 'But these young people, what would become of them without a caretaker?'

On which grievous consideration, Jacquette began to cry. Lazy Jules assured her she was good for forty years to come, seriously recommended her to trust in Providence, and finding that the cheese and garlic were not forthcoming, he soon after took his leave.

Jules had been for some time contemplating the propriety of breaking off his suit. A suspicion had crossed both him and his mother that Jacquette's savings might not be as considerable as they had been led to imagine; and now that such shadows of coming evil had fallen on her sleep, his resolution was taken, never to be found another Sunday at the château. In the succeeding week, his spare hours—and they were always numerous with that young man—were spent in imparting to the whole neighbourhood

the tale which was not to be communicated even to Father Martin himself; and before the next Sunday, all St Amand were waiting for the château to be blown down or burned, in fulfilment of Jacquette's dream, and were also aware that Lazy Jules had determined to visit there no more. Of course, the state of the public mind at length reached the ears of the wise woman; and what she said on the occasion concerning Jules, his mother, his family, and his ancestors, need not be recorded here, for Jacquette's tongue was none of the smoothest when she had cause of wrath; but the scold was not fairly over till about three weeks after, when she was roused one morning in the early gray by a loud knocking at the outer door. The good woman's heart died within her as Father Martin presented himself; but the priest's countenance was full of joy and triumph.

'Wake up your young master and mistress,' he said, 'for I have brought news they will dance to hear, in spite of all your dreams. The old Marquis of Courtois is dead, and has left all his fortune to them.'

Father Martin never made a joke about money; it was too sacred in his eyes. Jacquette knew that; and scarcely was his tale told, till she was at the bedside of the sleeping pair, vigorously shaking them both, and crying: 'Get up, get up; you'll lie no more in my old grandmother's bed, nor eat garden-herbs; there's silks and satins, horses and carriages for you; you'll go to mass with two footmen behind, and be called my lord and my lady.'

After this rousing, it was some time before the young people could understand that Jacquette's senses had not departed, and that the legacy for which the whole house of Courtois had done suit and service before they were born, was actually their own. The old marquis had died at last, and whether to disappoint all his relations, amiable man, or to enrich the only promising members of the family, he had previously made his will in favour of Silvestre and Adeline, constituting them joint-heirs of all his possessions except the title, which descended to his heir-at-law, a lieutenant in the African Chasseurs, whom the noble marquis had cordially hated. The rage and disgust of his numerous relatives when this testament was made public, may be imagined. They unanimously refused to attend any mass said for the soul of the deceased, and it was debated among the pillars of the house in Paris, whether or not a commission of lunacy should not be had recourse to. Equally high rose the tide of public feeling at St Amand. It was feared that the widow Renée and her son would drown themselves on the first announcement of the event; but they only set off for Upper Bretagne. Jacquette utterly lost her repute for dreaming from that day; nobody would believe in any subsequent revelation she might get in her sleep; but the honest soul thanked God and all the saints; and it was glorious to hear her dilate on the new roof, the four turrets, and the general plastering the château would get when her young master and mistress came back from Paris in full possession of their great fortune, to keep their family coach, and buy up the whole country, with the right of hunting boars and hanging robbers, like their noble ancestors in the good old times.

To Paris her young master and mistress went in pursuit of their legacy. They had left that centre of civilisation under the cloud of a penniless marriage—they returned to it people of mark and consideration, protected by notaries, and envied by all their relations. As the commission of lunacy was not likely to be got, the latter transferred to them the homage they had been so long accustomed to pay the departed marquis. Once established in his hôtel, friends and advisers mul-

those young people so fresh from the country sensible of wants and requisites becoming their new position. What the granduncle and cousin of former days did or proposed to do, history does not inform us; but Silvestre and Adeline were introduced to fashion, to elegance, and to society with the celerity known only to the happy possessors of large fortunes. German barons, Italian counts, and Russian princes came and did them honour. Madame learned the value of diamonds, Monsieur the use of cards. They forgot all the verses about country-life; they did not like to hear Bas Bretagne mentioned, lest the château and Jacquette might come to people's knowledge, and it would have been an unpardonable offence to suppose that they had ever been out of Paris.

These were not the only changes their good-fortune wrought on the young Courtois. At the particular suggestion of their evil genius, the marquis had so made his will that it was impossible to say where their individual rights terminated, or what was the boundary of each legatee. They would not have disputed for mere bank-paper or acres; but there was a latent love of power and command in both characters, which had not been visible in the young man for whom something was to be done: in the girl brought home from the convent, or in the pair who married for love without a sou, and lived and gardenized with Jacquette in the ruined château. Scarcely had the novelty of being in Paris and having money worn off, when questions regarding privileges and proprietorship began to arise. The joint legacy made them separate interests. First came debates, and then quarrels. The husband found out his authority, the wife her munitions of war. Both parties got lawyers and friends. Within a year after their happy accession, they were holding rival state and receptions in the marquis's great house. Adeline was flirting desperately with a Russian prince of the true Tatar type, by way of avenging her wrongs; and Silvestre was paying court to a terribly rouged duchess of sixty-five. There were temporary reconciliations, and still fiercer quarrels. There were family councils, and suits in law-courts; and at length, all Paris talked of the trial of a lady, young and beautiful, rich and nobly born, but accused of poisoning her husband—it was said to frustrate his design of shutting her up in a lunatic asylum.

Jacquette had gardenized and spun, and looked after her cow almost two summers; every evening and morning walking up to the rising ground above the village, in hopes of seeing her young master and mistress return with the family coach and other requisites for putting on the new roof and four turrets. Letters never came or went from St Amand. Jacquette knew no surer method of getting intelligence of her young people than a journey to Paris. It was a long way, and made a sad inroad on her savings; but she reached the great city just in time to hear that Madame Courtois had escaped the guillotine—her sentence being commuted, in consideration of the above-mentioned set-off, to twenty years' imprisonment. Sad of heart, and sorely disappointed, the faithful stewardess returned home. She never told the story to anybody but Father Martin; and in process of time, it seemed to have slipped out of her own mind, for as the roof crumbled away, and the walls grew more crazy, she was accustomed to wonder to the good villagers who looked in upon her and her respected mansion, why the young people did not come back and begin the repairs. Latterly, as revolutions multiplied in the land, and even the Bas Bretons began to talk politics, she was heard to say that things would never be right in France till the château got its new roof and four turrets; but the predictions of her later years had

remembered that a great fortune had come to Jaquette's young master and mistress, in spite of her false dream.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

To say that hot weather has been the chief subject talked about, that it has taken the vivacity out of all other topics, except, perhaps, the noisomeness of the Thames, is to begin with a truism. As usual in extraordinary cases, Mr Glaisher and his brother meteorologists have been trying to find a parallel season, and they have had to go back forty years. Such extreme heat before mid-summer is indeed a rare phenomenon. As a consequence, rains almost tropical in character have fallen. In one of the storms, three inches of rain fell at Birmingham within three hours, and one half of the quantity in twenty minutes. Hence we of the temperate zone have seen somewhat of the effects of great heat and moisture peculiar to the torrid zone.

The functionaries of the British Association have issued a very good-natured circular, to announce the meeting at Leeds for September next—22d to 29th—and to invite many, both Britons and foreigners, to the gathering, assuring them of amusement and comfort, as well as science. They promise a sight of manufactures, of interesting natural scenery, caverns, cascades, and so forth, attractive alike to the geologist and artist. If the invitation had only promised, besides, an entire absence of smoke, it would have been perfect.

With a view to foster their art, the Photographic Society are organising a scheme for the exchange of photographs among their members.—Photography is now brought into play for one of our social usages; and people who make morning-calls, instead of leaving a card with their name, will henceforth leave a card on which their own portrait has been photographed in miniature. Likenesses instead of names; the notion is a good one; but will the select few who indulge in the luxury have a fresh portrait taken every year to insure a faithful likeness?

According to official returns, the quantity of paper charged with duty in this country in 1857 was 187,414,667 pounds, shewing a decrease from the former year. This falling off, it is said, would not have taken place but for the injurious and unfair operation of the paper-duty. Were this duty taken off, we should see a rapid development of ingenuity in the art of paper-making—materials which cannot now be worked up at a profit would then come into use, and many a languishing mill would revive into busy life. The government is not prepared to remove the tax; but the House of Commons have resolved that the duty on paper is 'impolitic,' so we may hope that in the course of next session the obnoxious impost will be repealed.

Mr Carrington of Redhill Observatory has drawn up a set of instructions for the guidance of astronomers who may travel to South America to observe the forthcoming eclipse of the sun. It has been suggested, that while one party observes on the east coast, and another on the west, a third should take observations from one of the elevations of the Andes, between the two.—We hear that the United States government, now that the delusion about 'British outrages' has died away, intend to equip an expedition to follow up the discoveries made by the late Dr Kane within the Arctic Circle.—News from the Niger expedition reports that Dr Baikie was at Rabba in good health and condition.—We have another instance of the intelligence of the New Zealanders in the establishment of the *Port Nicholson Messenger*, a

newspaper printed in the native language for the benefit of the natives. Communications from natives in their own vernacular are frequent; and considering the advances they have made in other ways, we shall not be surprised to hear before long of Maori editors, printers, compositors, and publishers.—At Cape Town, a new building has been erected for a library and museum; which affords satisfactory evidence that money-making does not, as has been said, engross the whole attention of our brethren on the other side of the globe.

In a communication to the Statistical Society on Public Works in India, Colonel Sykes rectifies certain popular misconceptions, and shews that much more has been done than is commonly supposed. Nearly nine thousand miles of road have been made in the Punjab states—the countries on both sides of the Indus—in Hazara—the Peshawar Valley, since 1853. A considerable portion is, of course, roughish in quality; but a rough road is better than none, and improvements are continuous and systematic. The Grand Trunk-road from Calcutta to Delhi, 837 miles, is as good as any turnpike-road in England, and cost L.489,100. The Great Deccan Road from Mirzapoor to Nagpoor is 400 miles in length, and the road from Bombay to Agra, 785 miles. Four steamers and four flats ply on the Ganges, and on the Indus ten of each. A line of what are called steam-trains is to be established on the river, to run between the terminus of the Sind railway at Kotree, and Moulton, the terminus of the Punjab railway, each train to be capable of carrying a thousand men, or a proportionate burden of merchandise. The whole outlay for public works in 1854–55 was L.2,230,000. Irrigation works are in progress; and where these are introduced, the land is fertilised, and the wealth of the empire increased. The Ganges Canal is to yield L.145,000 a year of revenue. The value of water is great in a country where little or no rain falls for eight months of the year; but, as Colonel Sykes observes, it is not all land that will bear a water-rate, and 'it is, moreover, quite a mistake to suppose that the bulk of the population in India lives upon rice, which, from requiring a water-supply, has its cost so much enhanced above that of the plentiful panicums and sorghums: as a general food, the consumption of rice is only general in the low districts of Bengal, Orissa, Madras, and Malabar.'

The carrying out of public works in India is a very different thing from what it is in this country, where all means and appliances are abundant. There the chief engineer must be ready with manual labour as well as mental labour; 'his resources are chiefly in himself, for he must be not only the designer of the work, but the head-mason, the head-carpenter, the head brick and lime-burner; in fact, the man of all detail, and of all general design.'

The Acclimation Society of Paris, having obtained a grant of fifteen hectares of land in the Bois de Boulogne, are about to establish a garden for the better carrying out of their various operations, which are 'to acclimatise, multiply, and distribute animal and vegetable species, either useful or agreeable.' With this resource the Society will be able to accomplish more than heretofore. As we have shewn from time to time, they have already done great things: they have introduced the yak, with its wool, into France; a new species of yam, as a substitute for the potato; potatoes fresh from South America; to renovate the worn-out stocks of Europe; the sweet sorgho, in the culture of which Southern Europe will become a sugar-producing country; the silkworm of the castor-oil plant—*Palma Christi*, and with such success, that the worm is now in its twenty-first brood, and is accustomed to feed on the leaves of the teasel; moreover, by careful management, the hatching

of the eggs is made to time with the growth of the teasel leaves. This is a remarkable result, as the silkworm in question is a native of Algeria, where the warm temperature is earlier than in France. Aided by French missionaries in different parts of the world, the Society have nearly succeeded in propagating the oak-silkworm in the open air, in countries where the climate is dry. And they have recently received plants of the *Loza*, a species of buckthorn, which produces Chinese green, or green indigo, as it is sometimes called; which plants, it is said, will bear the winter of Paris. Other facts might be enumerated; but in these the Society fully demonstrate their claim to consideration.

This Chinese green will become a valuable addition to industrial resources, particularly for dyers. M. Rondot has written a book about it, entitled *Notice du Vert de Chine*, giving a clear history of that remarkable product and its properties. The book contains specimens of calico and silk dyed with the 'green,' and engravings of two plants, *Rhamnus utilis*, and *Rhamnus chlorophorus*, from which it is derived. These plants are new to European cultivators; they are, however, allies of the *Rhamnus theeensis*, which has long been known as a tree from which the poorest class of Chinese pluck the leaves to use as a substitute for tea. The colour of the dyed silk is remarkably bright, a blue green, one of that class of colours which increase in brilliance in the light. It contains, in fact, some immediate principle which can only be developed by light, and it is a nice task for chemists to discover what this is. Persoz says that light will have to be more and more regarded as an industrial agent; and of the Chinese green he remarks that it is *sui generis*, containing neither yellow nor blue. By experiments made at Lyon, it appears that six species of the European *Rhamnus* will yield a green dye: all the others are to be tried.

Natural history has been somewhat popularised of late, and now another contrivance for promoting the study is put forward in the Butterfly Vivarium. Youthful students will doubtless derive as much pleasure and amusement from butterflies and moths as from fishes and water-snails. We have heard, too, of a Bryarium—a glass-case for mosses—a description of which was communicated a short time since by the Rev. H. Higgins to the Linnean Society. He fits the case with shelves, and keeps the plants in pots in proper soil, and waters them when needful by means of a syringe. Some of the pots require to be placed in trays of water. In this way a large collection of mosses may be grown; and a little experience shews which kinds thrive best. Mr Higgins finds some species of *Bryum* very successful, and mentions the *Pseudoselago* as 'gems for cultivation.'

A botanical subject reminds us that a veteran botanist, Mr Robert Brown, died last month, at the age of eighty-five. He was in many respects a remarkable man. As keeper of the Botanical Department in the British Museum, he continued his duties there within a few weeks of his decease, retaining his usual clearness of mind and cautiousness of expression; and his sight was so good that he never wore spectacles. In him we have lost a link with the men of science of the past generation—John Edward Smith, the founder of the Linnean Society, Banks, Solander, Davy, and others.

Mr Sclater has read a paper before the Linnean, in which he attempts to systematise a part of natural history in a way that will interest naturalists. Among the facts which he brings forward, he states that there are in the globe 7500 species of birds, and 6000 square miles of the globe's surface to each species.

The fourth volume of General Sabine's translation of Humboldt's *Cosmos* is published, or rather the first

pages. It treats of the 'organic and inorganic domain;' coming down from the sidereal universe, where we can use only our eye, to the earth, which we can examine and experiment on by our other senses and other means, and in which we are more interested. It sums up what is known of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism; of the density and ellipticity of the earth; of certain volcanic phenomena of the aurora; and all with the same masterly insight and power of generalisation as in the former volumes.

Apropos of volcanic phenomena, Sir Charles Lyell has read a paper before the Royal Society on lavas and the formation of Etna. His recent visits to Sicily and Naples, and persevering and laborious investigations while on the spot, have led him to conclusions opposed to those of Von Buch and Elie de Beaumont, who hold that volcanic craters are the result of upheaval. Sir Charles attributes them rather to the repeated outpourings of molten material which have built them up, so to speak, on the outside. With this the question is raised, and now geologists of both schools have only to argue it out to a true conclusion. Meanwhile, Vesuvius is pouring out new floods of lava, repeating phenomena which they may witness with their own eyes, and inform themselves by actual operations. Sir C. Lyell expresses surprise that so little should be known of the last eruption of Etna, 1854-55, and so little notice taken of it, considering its magnitude—the greatest for centuries. Where, on his former visit, he had seen verdant glens and forests, now all is obliterated, and for many a league the eye views nothing but ridges of black lava.

Some curious experiments have lately been made, shewing the effects of electricity on thin jets of water. If an electrifier be held near a jet which forms a sheaf-like stream on passing through an orifice, the dispersion ceases, and it becomes a single thread of water; but if the electrifier be brought yet nearer, then the drops are reproduced. Again, hold an electrified stick of sealing-wax at the top of a small column of water, and the cylindrical form will be unbroken; but shift the electrifier to the base, and the brush forms at once at the top of the jet.—Mr Faraday shews that if a ball be placed on a flat metallic plate connected with a Grove's battery, it (the ball) sends off a stream of sparks as soon as the current is established, and runs rapidly around the plate.—De la Rive, in a letter to Mr Faraday, explains a method by which he produces an artificial aurora. Into a glass balloon, he introduces one end of a bar of soft iron, fitted with the necessary connections; he exhausts the air, and sends in a very small quantity of vapour of alcohol, ether, or turpentine, and then making a communication with a Ruhmkorff's coil, he gets an aurora on and around the end of the rod, which throws off luminous coruscations and rotates quickly. The direction of the rotation may be changed at pleasure. But for surprising effects produced by electrical discharges in a vacuum, Mr Gassiot's experiments, shewn before the Royal Society, excel all other. He produces quivering bands of light of surpassing beauty; and to demonstrate what further can be accomplished, he is making glass tubes for the vacuums of dimensions far exceeding any hitherto attempted for the same purpose. Out of all this it is thought we shall arrive at some positive conclusions concerning the phenomena of the aurora, besides other manifestations of electricity.

As regards a useful practical application of electricity, we hear that a manufacturing chemist in France, taking advantage of the sulphates thrown down by a battery in action, has produced 180,000 kilogrammes of 'metallic white,' fit for house-painters, since 1853.

applications: Mitteleldorff of Breslau heats wires to a white heat by means of a battery, and uses them for cauterising interior surfaces, or to cut off tumours. The advantage is said to be great, because the wire can be applied to the part affected before heating, and that the heat, though intense, can be withdrawn as instantaneously as it is produced, and the patient is spared the alarm of seeing a red-hot wire brought near his face, breast, &c.—The *Nuovo Cimento* contains an account of experiments by Count Linati on that interesting subject—the reinvigoration of nervous energy by electricity. He brings a current from a Daniell's battery to bear at the same time on the dorsal and the epigastric regions of his patients for two or three hours at a sitting; and, after several sittings, he finds that the circulation is increased in activity by about one-seventh, with a more energetic pulse; that the respiratory function is augmented in a similar degree, as also that of the stomach and intestines, while the repairing power of assimilation is sensibly facilitated.

A frog poisoned with *curare*, that South American poison, exhibits curious results: the nerve will not contract on the application of electricity—shews, indeed, not the slightest sign of sensibility; but if the muscle is touched with the wires, it contracts strongly, and preserves the contractile power longer than if unpoisoned. Cold has the effect of diminishing the rapidity of a current of electricity through a nerve; a fact from which operators may take a hint. M. Duchenne of Boulogne—on whom a decoration was lately conferred by a decree published in the *Moniteur*—turning these and other conclusions to account, has demonstrated, and with marked success, the therapeutic effects of electricity. He owes much of his success to the means by which he localises his applications. He makes use of three terms in his process—namely, electrification, galvanisation, and Faradisation; the last, which is induced electricity, is the best agent in muscular electrification, especially when required to be long continued, and is, as M. Duchenne avers, the medical electricity *par excellence*. By dint of experiment, he has determined the proper dose for the respective nerves and muscles, an essential consideration, seeing that an overdose involves danger, and the patient might find himself fixed with a contraction, or deformity, greater than that he wished to cure. Some of M. Duchenne's cures are astonishing; by persevering in his electric applications, he has restored paralysed and contracted limbs to their natural condition, inducing the power of voluntary motion; and when that is once achieved, even in a small degree, he leaves it to the will to finish the work. His electric moxa is described as more severe than the actual application of fire.

Mr Gant, of the Royal Free Hospital, has published an inquiry on the *Evil Results of Overfeeding Cattle*, the main point of which is, that meat forced and formed unnaturally is unwholesome; hence disturbance or loss of health in those who eat thereof. Cattle, sheep, and pigs, are now fed up to a size quite disproportionate to their age, or rather to their youth, that prizes may be won at cattle-shows. The heart and lungs are in consequence made to work at high-pressure; these organs thereby become diseased, and with them the whole carcass. Mr Gant tested his conclusions by following the unwieldy creatures from the show to the slaughter-house, by observing what there took place, and by examination of the meat after it was cut up. Among the overfed animals, he mentions the Prince Consort's pigs as distressingly fat and heavy. These evils have been complained of before; but the answer is, that by overfeeding a few, you improve the whole breed of cattle, and so supply the market with better meat. However, seeing that Messrs Lawes and Gilbert have

written a paper on the feeding of cattle, and presented it to the Royal Society, we may hope ere long to be in the possession of sound, practical conclusions on the subject.

M. Gobley has made a careful analysis of milk, to determine anew the constituents of which those slow animals are formed, with a view to ascertain whether they really do contain a cure for thoracic affections. His conclusions negative the belief that the carbonate of lime acts on the tubercle; there is nothing, he says, 'which makes it possible to consider the constituents as exerting any specific action in maladies of the chest.'

PRECEDENCE IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

HAVING given a view of housekeeping three hundred years ago, we readily embrace an opportunity that now presents itself of saying a word on the table observances of the time, as regards precedence. A rare black-letter book, to be found among Bishop More's valuable collection in the Cambridge University Library, and entitled *The Boke of Kerynye* [Carving], W. de Worde, 1506-8, affords us an interesting insight into the table etiquette of our ancestors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It gives us also an additional proof of the fallacy of the prevalent opinion as to the simple and patriarchal habits of our forefathers of 'the good old times.' In point of fact, society was hampered with absurd conventionalities and cumbersome ceremonials, which only ceased to be in vogue with the reigns of the later Stuarts.

These relics of a quasi-obsolete feudalism, as regards the table arrangements, were still fully practised in the households of Elizabeth and the first James. We read that fully half an hour was occupied, after the table had been laid for the royal repast, in entries and exits of court officials, ushers, marshals, chamberlains, and married and single ladies of honour, who each made a prostration or genuflection in turn on entering or retiring, either to imaginary majesty, which was not then present, or literally to the bread or the salt, &c., as was then, it seems, their duty.

The present article treats of that portion of the *Boke of Kerynye*—a species of servant's manual of the time—which details the duties of the marshal and usher in a nobleman's house, and consequently combines the etiquette of precedence, as it then existed. It even gives us a tabular list of titles, ranks, and offices, which cannot but be found interesting.

Shenstone, a keen observer of the human mind, says, that there are no persons so punctilious as to preservation of rank, as those who have no rank at all, while the querulous assumption of the *parvenu* is proverbial; and when we recollect that nobility in Europe, as an institution, certainly dates no further back than the eleventh century, we can easily account for the tenacity with which the notables of the last at the feudal period held to their aristocratic position, and the importance they assigned to its different phases and gradations.

In our own day, the exclusive order has been well ventilated; but we rather believe that the most incorrigible member of the 'Upper Ten Thousand' would be surprised to hear, that in the fifteenth century a duke might not 'kepe the hall, but sede estatte by thyselfe in chambere or in pavilion'—that is, that he could not eat in the public room, but only in private with his own rank.

There are a few more things fully as interesting in the following extracts:

'The marshall and ye usher must knowe al the

estattes of ye lande, and ye highe estatte of ye kinge with the ye bloude ryall, the estatte of a kinge, of a kinge's son, a prynce, of a duke, of a marques, of an erle, of a bysshop, of a vysscounte, of a beron, of ye three chiefe judges, of a mayer of London, of a knyghte batchelour, of a knyghte, deane, of ye archdeackon, Master of ye Rolles, of ye other judges and ye Barons of Cheker, of ye mayre of Calice [query, Calais], of a doctour devine, of a doctour of bothe ye lawes, of hym that hathe beene mayer of London and sargeaunte of ye lawes. The estatte of a maister of the Chauncerie (and othere worshypfull prechers), and clerkes that be graduable, and al othere order of chast persons and prestes, worshypfull marchauntes and gentlemen—all these last may set at the squiers tabell.'

It must have been something to have had 'esquire' tacked to one's name in those days. However, could the editor of the quaint old *Boke of Kerynges* be brought to life, and could he stop one of our modern postmen, he would be as much astounded as scandalised. But to proceed:

'Marques, erles, bysshops, and vysscountes—all these may set together at a messe.

'And beron, and mayer of London, and three chiefe judges, and ye Spekere of ye parlyment—all these may set, but onlie two or three at a messe.

'And al other estattes may set, or three or foure at a messe.

'Also, ye marshalle must onderstand and knowe well of the bloude royall—for some lorde is of the bloude ryall, and peradventure of smal livelyhood. And some pore knyghte is forsoothe wedded unto a ladye of ryall bloude; but she shall kepe the estatte of lordes bloude, and therefor ye ryall bloude shall have ye reverence as before have I sayde.

'Also, a marshalle must take grete hede of ye byrthe, and next of ye lyne of ye bloude ryall.

'Also, must he take hede of the king his officers—of the chauncelor, steward, chamberlan, tresurere, and comptrouller.

'Also, ye marshalle must take hede onto al straungers, and put them onto worshyppe and reverence, for minde; and if that they do have goode cheare, it is much to your soverayne his honour. Also ye marshalle must take goode hede if that the kinge do sende your soverayne anie message; and if that he sende a knyghte, receive him lyke to a beron; and if that he do sende but a yeoman, see ye receive him lyke a squier; and if he sende but a groome, receive ye him lyke a yeoman.

'Also marke, it is no rebuke even unto a knyghte, that ye set a groome of ye kinge's at his tabell.

'Thus endeth the Boke of Serryce and Carvynges and Servinge, and al mannere of offyces [in his kinde] onto a prynce, or anie otter [other] estatte, and al ye feestes in ye yeares.'

It is amusing to remark, that all throughout this rare old tract, each servant—as in this case the usher or marshal, in our day known as groom of the chambers—invariably styles his employer his 'sovereign.' The master may be a nobleman, however, as this quaint relic of the past sets forth on its title-page that its information is intended 'for the service of a prynce or anie otter estatte.' In those days, dukes, marquises, and earls were called 'princes.' This *brevet* arrangement of titles of nobility was prevalent, indeed, for at least two centuries later; and we find that the profligate Buckingham is addressed, in one of the servile and fulsome dedications of the period, as 'The most High and Puissant Prince, the most Exalted and Noble Duke of Buckingham,' &c.

That portion of the above extracts which speaks of some 'pore knyghte' married to a lady of the 'ryall

faction, violence, or intrigue having disposed of British kings in the very summary way peculiar to our early history, set up new occupants of the throne, whose families, and even distant connections, must have been often surprised to have suddenly found themselves included in the 'ryall blond.' The marshals and ushers of those days would have found such changes particularly perplexing to them occasionally, in the exercise of their somewhat onerous and responsible vocations.

STORY OF A RURAL NATURALIST.

THE following truthful narrative exhibits, we think, a degree of devotion in the pursuit of science under difficulties which has rarely been paralleled.

There lives at present in Banff a journeyman shoemaker named Thomas Edwards. Ever since he can remember, Mr Edwards has had a strong predilection for pursuits connected with natural history; more especially, he has devoted himself to making a collection of the land-animals of the district around Banff, as well as the productions of the neighbouring sea. In making this collection, he was engaged for eleven years. During five particular summers—between 1840 and 1846—when he was from about twenty-five to thirty years of age, Edwards generally passed only part of two nights each week in his own house—namely, from a little before twelve on Saturday night till late on Sunday morning; and again on Sabbath evening till near dawn on Monday morning. But even this latter portion of the night he frequently passed dozing in a chair, or lying across his bed, having previously donned his working-clothes, so as to be prepared to start with the first peep of day. All this time Edwards was working from six in the morning till between eight and nine at night; his wages, with which he maintained a wife and a family of five daughters, being about twelve shillings a week. The other nights of the week, unless a storm prevented him, he spent out of doors in the woods with his gun, or by the sea-shore, or wherever he expected to find what he was in search of; but regularly he was at home for his work by six in the morning.

He used to sleep an hour, or so during the darkest part of the night, wherever he found himself; if the rain was heavy, if possible under a tree, or such-like accommodation; if not, he did without shelter at all. By persevering thus, he made a collection numbering two thousand specimens. These, on certain fair-days, he used to arrange in the town-hall—filling three sides—and expose for a small charge. Sometimes he made a pound or two this way. Unfortunately, he was advised, some years ago, to try an exhibition in Aberdeen. He paid a pound a week as rent for a shop in Union Street, and advertised liberally. The consequences were to him ruinous. In six weeks he was hopelessly in debt. A party of equestrians arrived in the town, and, to use Edwards's own words, 'a few came to him after the performance, and said the birds were nearly as good as the horses'—not so the mass. He commenced by charging sixpence, and ended by admitting visitors for a penny; but all was in vain.

Not having the means to pay the charges he had incurred, he advertised his collection for sale, and, after considerable negotiation, got £20 for it. This sum cleared him of Aberdeen, and brought him back to Banff, a sadder, if not a wiser man. For a while he was sorely discouraged; but, by and by, his old tastes returned, and although pursued now with moderated zeal—for exposure has not strengthened his constitution—Tom has again begun to collect specimens, has been appointed keeper of the local museum, which he has aided in bringing to high

again eagerly employed in illustrating the natural history of Banff.

While still a journeyman shoemaker, he corresponds, on his favourite subject, with several magazines, as the *Naturalist* and the *Zoologist*, and his services are recognised by Mr Spence Bate and Mr C. W. Peach, well known for their zeal in natural history.

RAREY ANTICIPATED.

DR CASAUBON, in his work, entitled *Of Credulity and Incredulity in Things Natural, Civil, and Divine*, printed in the year 1688, speaks of one John Young, a 'horse-courser,' as follows:

'Whilst we were above, in the best room I had, and the servants in the kitchen by the fire; my son—the only I then had, or since have had; some twelve or thirteen years of age—comes in with his mastiff, which he was very fond of, as the mastiff was of him. John Young, to make himself and the company sport: "What will you say, sir," saith he, "if I make your dog, without touching of him, lie down, that he shall not stir?" Or to that effect. My son—for it was a mastiff of great strength and courage, which he was not a little proud of—defied him. He presently to pipe, and the mastiff, at a distance, to reel; which, when the boy saw, astonished and amazed, he began to cry out. But the man, fearing some disturbance in the house, changed his tune, or forbore further piping, I know not which, and the dog suddenly became as well and as vigorous as before. Of this I knew nothing, till the company was gone. Then a maid of the house observing that I much wondered at it, and wished I had seen it—"O master," said she, "do you wonder at it? This man doth it familiarly, and more than that, the fiercest horse or bull that is, if he speak but a word or two in their ears, they become presently tame, so that they may be led with a string; and he doth use to ride them in the sight of all people."'

Dr Casaubon hears also, upon good authority, that 'this man was once in company, and being in the mood, or to that effect, began to brag what he could do to any dog, were he never so great or so fierce. It happened that a tanner, who had a very fierce mastiff, who all the day was kept in chains or musled, was in the company, who presently—not without an oath, perchance, it is too usual; good laws against it, and well executed, would well become a Christian commonwealth—offered to lay with him ten pounds he could not do it to the said dog—that was, without any force or use of hands to lay him flat upon the ground, take him into his arms, and to lay him upon a table. Young happened to be so well furnished at that time, that he presently pulled out of his pocket—I think I was told—ten pounds. The tanner accepts; the money on both sides laid into the hands of some one of the company, and the time set. At which time, to the no small admiration, certainly, of them that had not seen it before, but to the great astonishment, and greater indignation of him that had laid the wager, with a little piping the party did punctually perform what he had undertaken. But instead of the ten pounds he expected, being paid only with oaths and execrations, as a devil, a magician.'

Our author himself never sees any of these wonders performed, but he appears to be well convinced of them, and he is greatly impressed with Mr John Young's own manner, who, 'earnestly looking upon him, begins a discourse, how that all creatures were made by God for the use of man, and to be subject unto him; and that if men did use their power rightly, any man might do what he did.'

COLOUR OF WINE.

The colour of wine is owing to the following causes: If the skins of the grapes, or marc, are entirely excluded from the fermenting vat, a white wine is always obtained, the juice of almost all grapes, black and red, as well as green, being colourless. Champagne is made from a red grape, so deep in colour as to approach to black; and

sherry is made from a mixture of white and coloured grapes. The colour of red wine is derived from permitting the wine to ferment in contact with some of the marc, the colouring matter of the grape residing altogether in the skin, with the exception of the grape called tintilla, from which tint-wine is made, in which the juice is coloured. This colouring principle is soluble in alcohol; therefore, when the alcohol is developed by the fermentative process, the must becomes coloured in consequence of the action of the spirit upon the marc. The wine is also more deeply coloured from a higher degree of pressure given to the husks of the grapes. The colour of red wine varies from a light pink to a deep purple tint, approaching to black; the clarets hold the intermediate rank between these two extremes. Dr Henderson observes that 'on exposing red wine in bottles to the action of the sun's rays, the colouring matter is separated in large flakes without altering the flavour of the wine. The colour derived from the skins of the grapes alone is not generally very deep; the high-coloured wines of France and Portugal are often rendered so by colouring ingredients, particularly by mixture with an intensely deep red wine, called *vino tinto*, and sometimes by elderberries and colouring drugs.'—*Housewife's Reason Why*.

CUCKOO.

THE moon is but a crescent white,
Toward the setting of the sun;
Through the throbbing of the night
Comes a mellow monotone:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

You may take a crimson cloud,
Bind it with a golden band,
All its richness were a shroud
To this o'er the meadow-land:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

Glory, might, and mystery,
Beauty, wonder, and unrest,
The whole soul of melody,
In a rolling note express:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

Gleby fields it overfloats,
Like a tidal wave upbent,
Over wheat and yellow oats,
In the valley falling spent:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

It will touch the soul to tears,
List'ning in the falling dew:
All the sadness of the years
Cometh rushing over you:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

Things of beauty and delight
You have dreamed of, overjoyed,
Will loom out as though you might
Reach and clasp them through the void:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

It will touch from summer woods
Joyous heart or wo-begone;
Melteth music for all moods
From the rapture floating on:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

Balmy airs of autumn nights,
Any charm or spell that is,
Windy whispers on the heights
Know no magic like to this:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

Sphered notes of starry belts
In its airy net are kuit;
All the heart of nature melts
On the twilight out of it:
Cuckoo!—cuckoo!

T. A.

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FEATHERED MINNESINGERS.

THERE are two things for which I have a passion—wild-birds and wild-flowers; by which avowal let me not be understood to mean that I am insensible to the delicious aroma of conservatories, or the gorgeous bloom of parterres; much less that I have any rooted affection for the harpy-eagle, or entertain a special predilection for the serpent-eater. But I fear I must confess that I prefer a harebell to a cactus, and speedwell and forget-me-not to calceolarias; and no rajah lory or scarlet macaw need attempt to make up to me for the little wildlings that, 'whether heard or not,' sing by myriads in the hedgerows, hiding in the scented clumps of the milky hawthorn, or shaking free its ruddy berries from the new-fallen snow. Since the days when I gravely followed sparrows in my pinafore, with a handful of salt, the victim of an infamous nursery fraud relative to a caudal application thereof, I have been a devout bird-worshipper, loving with my whole heart, though perfectly innocent of scientific mysteries. My ornithological conclusions at that time, however, were chiefly derived from the curious antediluvian specimens indigenous to a Noah's Ark, and the sparrow-stalking alluded to took place in one of those small mural enclosures which go in cities by the name of gardens.

The dove was my undoubted favourite, secretly, I believe, owing to its prerogative of olive-branch; and after this, my affections wavered between two chrome-yellow canaries and a very remarkable pure scarlet species—name unknown. There was no robin that at all came up to my preconceived ideas, formed upon the dear old ballad that has immortalised the bonny bird—no modern version, plastered with prosy incident, or hammered out into smooth and polished rhymes, till its pathos and its raciness are lost, but the real lilting lines that are so inexpressibly sweet and touching. Children who have read the original, scoff at *Babes in the Wood* in prose. I suppose I may have been six years old, and the book has long been dust; but do I not remember the thin octavo, precious as an Elzevir, with its limp, shining cover of paly green, and leaves of burnished satin; the clear type, speaking from the glossy page; the soft wood-cuts, infrequent, perhaps, but each one honoured with a separate leaf, and its own excerpted legend, and carefully protected from the ravages of the unwary by a dainty film of pink paper! We are not so prodigal of margin and letter-press now.

The *Death and Burial of Cock Robin*, a legend of a very different stamp, unveiled new marvels of bird-flore, infusing martial ardour by the very abruptness

of its initial question and answer, and the haught apparitions of the audacious criminal, bow and arrow in hand, on the title-page. The catechetical plan of this startling drama is highly original, and the excited spectator is introduced to a wide field of ornithological inquiry, not to mention the edifying episodes of the fish and the beetle, and the rather anomalous introduction of the bull as bell-ringer. How the fish obtained possession of that most terrene-looking dish, used to be to me a serious mystery, rousing painful misgivings as to the individual honesty of the benevolent blood-catcher, and involving deep speculations on the subject of fish-potteries and their possible connection with potted fish. The beetle's undertaking capacities were more admissible; but I always considered the owl's feat of sextonship as the *ne plus ultra* of legerdemain. Why the lark so strenuously insisted on the obsequies taking place by daylight, I never could understand, since she made it a point of honour that she was to carry a torch on the occasion; but I rather contemptuously concluded that she must have been afraid of ghosts, and suffered the matter to drop. Of course, I had not the remotest suspicion of any base, underhand doings between rhyme and reason. But all honour to these good old nursery classics! I would give a whole wagon-load of modern importations for *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *Cinderella*, *Cock Robin*, and the *History of an Apple-pie*—which last, by the way, forms the most admirable system of baby mnemonics, and whose most illogical sequences I now gratefully acknowledge, for they taught me the alphabet.

'One swallow does not make a summer,' says the ancient adage; and yet when we see the beautiful darting creature careering swiftly in the pale April skies, we are apt to ignore the wary old saw, though the hedges are sprouting very timidly, and the morning primroses are still cold with frost, and the hoary dew lies white upon the dead beech-leaves till the sun is hot, and hardly a tree but the larch and the sycamore is green, and the snow-clouds are perhaps hovering ominously upon the sky-line. We cannot, it is true, take up the full burden of the quaint old English song—

Summer is yoomen in,
Loud sing cucku;
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new;

but there rise to our lips the words of a yet older refrain, that 'the winter is past, and the time of the singing of birds is come.' We must, indeed, make up our minds to wait for the halcyon days when the life of the little lovers is nothing but a gush of song;

when, from dawn to twilight, the ear vainly listens for a break or a lull in the 'fast thick warble;' but even now, many a winged minnesinger is piping music by snatches, and the faithful triad of voices that cheered the long, lonely winter, is already merged in a fuller chorus: the brave sweet robin, the daisy of birds; the little wren, chirping softly by her 'ain firsie,' as she looked out at the drifting snow; and the stormcock, or mousel-thrush, whose cheery whistle was heard among the loud bleak winds that swept howling through the rowan-trees, and stripped the branches of their scarlet fruit.

The robin and the wren are among the sacred birds of England. This is the odd chant current among the peasantry of Warwickshire, who make their children learn it with all reverence:

The robin and the wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen;
The martin and the swallow
Are God Almighty's bow and arrow.

This feeling with regard to the redbreast is perhaps connected with the pretty legend—one of those harmless and suggestive superstitions which extend to certain of the dumb creation an indirect interest in the higher mysteries of the universe; and which, scattered among the more questionable traditions of the Romish Church, certainly tended to humanise the masses, by bringing all things that had life within the limit of a catholic blessing, and casting over the birds and the flowers the beautiful shadow of Christianity. As in the German myth of the crossbill, a place is claimed for the robin among the Josephs and the Magdalenes, who were not contented with standing 'afar off' the day that the sun was darkened. It is said the fearless little mourner flew straight against the heart that had just been pierced by the soldier's spear, and was bidden to wear his ruddy plumage for ever.

Of course, robin is a favourite with the poets. Thomson draws him tapping at the frosty window, and boldly picking up his morning crumbs; Keats hears him 'whistling from a garden croft,' when the swallows are gathering in the autumn skies; Gray's robin 'builds and warbles' among the church-yard violets; Wordsworth's chases the crimson butterfly; Collins pictures him still at his legendary toll, heaping up moss and flowers in the warm summer evenings; and Cowper, wandering through the silent, leafless woods, hears no sound among the powdery trees except the loosened icicle that drops in the winter noon into the rustling leaves at his feet, and the short, broken song of the robin, perched in a gleam of frosty sunshine among the rimy branches. The affectionate and confiding nature of this little bird wins him a way everywhere. He is capable of strong personal attachment; and one of his most winning attributes is a strange rapport, which he has not seldom evinced towards the sick and the infirm. Wordsworth has a pretty sonnet to a wild redbreast that pecked confidingly from his lips in Rydal woods; and he tells of another which took up his nightly abode in the chamber of one entirely confined to a sick-bed. Roosting there upon a picture-nail, he constituted himself the delegate of the countless warblers from whose songs she was shut out; and his cheery matins broke forth with the returning dawn, sweet and clear as if he was nestled beneath the stars in the whispering greenwood. We knew a robin which displayed a similar instinct, emboldened, it would seem, by the presence of sickness; and which in the fresh summer mornings would enter unbidden at the open window, take his welcome for granted, fly without the smallest fear upon the bed, and take his breakfast under the very eye of the invalid. The robin builds a neat and unpretending nest, rather

brown than green, and generally contrived so as to elude observation. An anecdote is preserved of one who made a little autumn eyry in the shreds of the war-ship which was building at Chatham to commemorate the victory of Trafalgar. The work was suffered to proceed unmolested, and the little patriot actually laid the first of six eggs on the 21st of October, the anniversary of the battle—quite unmoved by the presence of the hundred guns, whose sleeping thunder was destined to waken across the sea the name of England and the memory of Nelson.

But 'the wren, the wren, the king of all birds,' bears off the palm in nest-making. Fabulist as that she alone of the whole feathered race had patience to conclude her studies in architecture; and she certainly presents the most finished specimen of patience and perseverance. The tiny moss-house, roofed over from the rain, appears hardly large enough to accommodate the diminutive owner; yet it affords a cradle to bear a score of wrenlets; and during the leafy summer the wren alone can fill literally the pretty line of the American poet,

The little bird sits at his door in the sun;

so in the darker days, when the infant brood is fed, and the leaves are blown from the shivering bough, the parent bird returns with faithful love to its summer home, and, hidden in its mossy porch, sings out its music, a voiceless minstrel, to the wintry wind.

Nor is the wren without his proper legends. But in Ireland and in Germany, the story goes how he crept unperceived on to the outstretched wings of an eagle, when the birds were flying high for a king; how he was borne aloft by an impetus quite independent of his own volition; and how the statesman politician was thus enabled to outscar his magnificent rival, and had the crown-royal set upon his back by the universal suffrage of the over-reached specter. Paddy, however, has private reasons of his own for paying homage to his little majesty, who is said, during the commotions of one of the civil wars, to have awakened a sleeping sentinel by tapping them with his beak upon an adjacent drum, and by the timely admonition, to have saved a party of royals from impending destruction. The Munster boys still drink to his health and happiness on St Stephen's Day, and think him worthy of being ranked with the geese of the Capitol; and so he is.

But the gem of our British birds is the regalia, or golden-crested wren. This fairy 'kinglet'—as he is sometimes called—is not more than three inches long in his feathers; but this is only the full-dress standard; for those who have studied him in *paris estrados*, aver that his actual longitude is somewhere about an inch. He sits with his tiny queen among the post oaks and alms, like an autumn leaf, or a swallow-tailed butterfly; and bows, with a slender cardage of moss and down, they sling their nest, something a sailor-fashion, from a bough, and bring out a numerous progeny of crested atoms—more like him the birds—to swing in turn upon the swaying boughs, and creep among the sunny leaves.

Lower down, upon the same tree, fixed, perhaps, in some young bough that has sprouted from a low in the elm, or hidden in the brier-rose that is twining round the roots of the oak, is the beautiful nest of the chaffinch. No one who has not seen a sparrow's nest, knows what a bird can do. The delicate cup, covered with lichens, might have been turned on a potter's wheel. It resembles an exquisite bowl of frosted silver, within which lie the fawn-coloured eggs, flecked with irregular purple stains. The chaffinch, like the West Indian humming-bird, makes use of the cobweb in its architecture; for it is with the silken thread of the spider that it stitches the mossy thatch to its flower walls. It commonly shuns the larger forest trees,

and chooses a box, a juniper, or an apple-tree in the garden, a furze-bush or a bramble by the roadside, to shelter the callow nestlings that come blind and helpless from the shell. This bird does not sing in winter, for its voice breaks entirely, and nothing is left of its summer melody but a shrill cry of terror or defiance. Yet it does not leave its familiar haunts; and its well-known form may still be seen, with wings of ashy blue, and a breast paler than the robin's, as it detects with quick and sparkling eye a worm or a barley-corn in the brown stubble-field; or roots out with its azure bill the soft golden heart of the scarlet dog-hip. In Thuringia, that ancient home of the troubadours, the chaffinch is so highly esteemed, that a large price may be obtained for one by those who make merchandise of the 'feathered minnesingers;' but in some of the continental countries, this lovely little bird is the victim of a barbarism so cruel and dastardly as almost to exceed belief. With the avowed purpose of *improving* the wild forest music that it has of nature's gift, its hazel eyes are burned and seared away with red-hot iron, and it is condemned to beat its pretty wings for ever in a wooden cage some few inches square. Here, in its blind and hopeless captivity, it sings, and sings, as if it was mad with joy; its wild glad music bursting in piteous frenzy up the warm sunbeams that creep through the grating of its narrow prison, past the mute, merciful sky, till it rings in the ears of Him who, amid the loud harpings of heaven, hears the young ravens cry; and who, throned among worshipping angels, numbers the sparrows as they fall.

Honourable mention must be made of the goldfinch, the most beautiful of all the *Fringillide*, and called, from the perfect finish of its small but exquisite nest, the 'Arachne of the grove.' This gentle and lady-like bird is extremely sociable in its disposition, ready not only to be at peace with all the world, but even to attach itself to a cage-life with happy docility. It has not the slightest objection to practise under a singing-master, and can soon be taught to echo in its soft flute-like tones the louder strains of a professional wood-lark or canary. But fascinating as the little creature may be in his *civilised* state, go with old Chaucer into the Saxon fairyland; and with feet crushing the glittering dew, seek him out among the broad branches of the hushed, sunshiny trees, the charm, the silence, the freshness of that golden summer morning, which, caught by a sunbeam, lives for ever in that ancient heliograph, *The Floure and the Leafes*:

And as I stode, and cast aside mine eye,
I was ware of the fairist medler tre
That ever yet in all my life I se,
As full of blossomis as it might be;
Therein a goldfinch leping prettily,
Fro bough to bough, and, as him list, he ete
Here and there of buddis and flouris swete.

And at the last the bird began to sing
(When he had eten what he eten wold),
So passing swetely, that, by many fold,
It was more pleassant than I couth devise.

And again, at evening:

The goldfinch, eke, that fro the medler tre
Was fled, for hete, unto the bushis cold,
Unto the lady of the floure gan fle,
And on hir hond he set him, as he wold,
And pleassantly his wingis gan to fold.

The bullfinch, a native of England, but much more common in Germany, is quite as fond of 'buddis and flouris' as the hero of the medlar-tree. He is, moreover, quite as amenable, much more sagacious, and will readily exchange his wild-wood warble for human

ditties, which he learns to whistle with a sweetness and correctness truly astonishing. The little tricks and devices to which he can be trained add to the attractions of the piping bullfinch. He is likewise capable of the most ardent personal attachment, and the most violent hatred, is easily ruled by his affections, and is possessed of a memory wonderfully acute and retentive. The following passages are from the life of a pet bullfinch, now departed, who, if he had been born a Douglas, might have carved upon his scutcheon, 'Tender and true.' He had conceived, from the first, a passionate and instinctive affection for his master, which he evinced on all occasions by the most winning ways, and tokens the most intelligent and unmistakable. A soft whistle from the well-known voice would bring him fluttering to the side of his cage, where he would lay his little velvety head against the brazen wires, rubbing it caressingly on his master's cheek, pecking food from his lips with his bright ebony beak, and sending forth the whole time, from his rosy breast, a low chirrup of deep joy. His rooted antipathy to another member of the family was equally striking; and as there was no ostensible ground for Bully's determined hostility, every endeavour was made to arrive at an understanding; but both emotions stood the test of flattery, cajolement, and coercion. In vain the enemy assumed friendly tactics, made humiliating advances, offered ambrosial sugar, and strove to undermine the citadel of honour by a nefarious system of sapping and mining, and then to take the fortress by storm. 'Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified, his loyalty he kept;' and not only never wavered in his allegiance, but refused to avert, by the most equivocal token, the rising cholera of the foe. At last, during the absence of his owner, by a most unjustifiable travesty of that ancient fraud by which Jacob imposed himself upon his blind father, the little hero was cheated into a momentary acceptance of the hostile advances. Arrayed in stolen raiment, his features hidden by a large green shade—the well-known signal of the beloved presence—the wily masker softly approached his face to the bars; and after enjoying for a few moments the wicked satisfaction of the fond twitter of recognition that was meant for another, suddenly withdrew the visor, and revealed his identity to the deluded little Isaac, who nearly broke his heart upon the spot with wild and bitter rage. But Bully was to have his triumph. It was not till a full month had elapsed that the absentee returned, and then without any previous intimation; so that nothing could possibly have transpired to awaken the expectation of the sagacious little bird. He had betaken himself to bed as usual, at sunset, after the manner of all well-ordered 'foulis,' and was roosting peacefully when the parlour clock chimed ten, with his little black night-cap under his wing. Suddenly the outer bell rang; and roused by the sound, the creature started on his perch, and began to move his head from side to side with an uncertain and attentive gesture, which quickly became impatient and eager. Every moment increased his flutter; his feathers were ruffled, his eyes danced, each motion bespoke expectation. A step sounded at the door; he became more and more excited, and began to cheep and whistle. The little faithful thing was not deceived; and when his anticipations were realised, and his master actually entered the room, he shook his pretty wings, struggled against the bars, and poured forth such a flood of joy and welcome as Blondel rang from his minstrel harp when he found his minnesinger king. Alas for the gallant little hero! Not long after, a hateful cat, ripe for blood and murder, made her way to his defenceless prison; and dashing himself in his wild terror against the wires, her cruel claws choked out his innocent life. It is a pitiful consolation

to add, that his tiny corpse was rescued unprofaned from the clutches of the destroyer.

Let us hasten away from these poor little unfortunates, out into the free blue air, where the sky is filled with the warble of swallows, and God's sunlight flashes on their blue glossy wings; where the swifts wheel onwards and upwards for ever; when the house-swallow caters, open-mouthed, for her young; and the marten hangs with clinging feet to its nest on the face of the sea-cliff, and the bank-swallows creep into their sandy burrows. Surely there was never a captive swallow; for over this beautiful bird there rests an almost universal magic, a feeling of veneration something akin to that which is so magically woven into the *Rimes of the Ancient Mariner*. Nor can we wonder at the innocent superstition that hallows the 'prophet of the year.' All glad instincts are awakened by the reappearance of the little Ariel who is chasing spring for ever round the world, himself the living sapphire that girdles earth with flowers. Only the lightning itself is more rapid than that darting wing, which fascinates the eye by its wonderful grace and velocity, as it wheels its ceaseless and untiring flight from the deep sunrise, when it bathes in the dewy purple which is the home of the morning-star, till the last golden tinge has faded and rippled from the edge of the western sky, and it is sheathed in the trembling silver of night. One of Shelley's most exquisite stanzas to the skylark would apply with even greater felicity to the swallow:

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

Has anybody ever seen a Pre-Raphaelite swallow? Would Mr Millais ask this one to sit for its picture in the sun? We hope not. What sort of a hybrid, compound reflecting micro-telescope does he use in drawing his perspectives? But get the little 'winged seraph' for one moment into your hands, and observe how passingly beautiful he is. Stroke the sleek purple of his slender wings, note the soft scarlet of his sobbing throat, feel the warm panting of his snowy breast, meet the quick terror of his pleading eye, and then let the 'musical cherub' away. You will from henceforth be able to form your own conclusions on the pros and cons, the spirit and the letter, to put your own sense, comment, and interpretation on the literal, grammatical, possible, and intrinsic philosophy of at least one old English proverb: 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'

For house-sparrows, it must be owned, we have no especial favour. They are greedy, and noisy, and impudent—lazy withal, when it serves their purpose. Still, as we have no desire to lay ourselves open to the charge of partiality, we must acknowledge that if the sparrow is a thief, so, if all tales be true, revenge is bound up in the heart of a swallow. We will, however, state the case, without pre-judging either party. It is said that a newly married pair of sparrows, thinking it would be more eligible and economical to occupy a furnished residence than to build one, provided they could sit rent-free, established themselves very comfortably and unconsciously in the last year's nest of a couple of respectable, elderly swallows, which had not yet returned from the continent. The owners, on arriving at home, found their desirable family mansion taken by the intruders; but, apparently satisfied that possession was nine points of the law, they gracefully waived the tenth, and retreated before the reigning power. But while the sparrows were laughing in their sleeves at the discomfiture of the houseless pair, the swallows were laying deep and deadly plans of

vengeance. Days passed on. The little mother cowered down as she brooded over her eggs, and her mate watched with proud importance for the arrival that were to fill his quiver. At last the young birds chipped the shell, and of course there was immediate hunger in the camp. The father of the family departed to procure the initiatory breakfast; and the swallows, I am sorry to say, chose this interesting moment for their coup de main. Flying pell-mell to their desecrated habitation, they gave the poor little mother to understand that the hour and the man had both come, and having the necessary bricklaying apparatus close at hand, they walled her up with her hapless brood as sternly as if they had been monks of the middle ages.

The monks, however, if their own credentials are to be taken for gospel, kept their swallows in better order. The swallows were mild and gentle under its régime of Holy Church. St Francis of Assisi, according to the *Golden Legend*, was quite a bird-man. 'A bird sat singing on a fig-tree by the side of his cell. He called it to him; the bird came upon his hand, and he said to it: "Sing, my sister, and praise the Lord;" and the bird sat singing till he gave it liberty to go away. Going to Venice with his companions, and hearing birds singing in a wood, he proposed to sing the canonical hours, but the monks could not hear themselves for the chattering of the grove, wherefore he entreated the feathered choir to be silent, and they remained so till he gave them liberty to proceed. At another place when he was preaching, he could not be heard for the swallows which were building their nests: he said to them "Sister swallows, it is time for me to speak, as you've said enough, be quiet." And so they went.'

We might go on and on for ever; it would still be a story without an end. We might tell of the gold hedge-sparrow, which sings so sweetly in the first days of spring, when the mornings are still dewy, and a bird's voice rings on the air like a bell. Behold the thorn is green enough to hide its early nest, we might look into the leafless hedge for the blue egg that lies gleaming there like jewels, and not so well, alas! as Alfred's golden bracelets. We might stand by the glossy laurel to listen to the merle's morning hymn, and hear the mavis answer him from its orchard, and the skylark, as she drops into her nest. We might dive into a hollow tree for the eggs of the blue titmouse, that beautiful and mischievous little vixen, who will bite if she is at home, but who is probably creating a panic at the bee-hive, by tapping mysteriously at the door, and eating the bees when they come to see what is the matter. We might pass on to the great dark moor, where the morning mist still hangs like a veil of steam, and hear the great domestic linnets singing by hundreds in the sweet yellow gorse. We might pause in the depths of the forest, to listen to the dim voice of the stock-dove, among the sweet breath of pines, and the rustle of leaves, in the still presence of autumn. We might steal into some grassy dell when the cowbirds are asleep, and watch for the nightingale's midnight hymn.

But before taking leave of our feathered minstrelsy, one word must be given to the pleasant memory of that good troubadour, Walter of the Birdmeadow, whose dying bequest to his fellow-minstrels is the theme of one of those quaint and pretty ballads in which the poet Longfellow evokes Walther von der Vogelweide was a minnesinger from his cradle. He lost his first patron, the son of the Emperor Leopold, in Count de Lion's crusade, and he was but a child of seven; and from that time forward his life was that of a wanderer. He may have learned his songs of the birds; and he has one for a device upon his shield. His lays were generally

of a grave and gentle cast, and his name calls up the shades of birds and flowers. After a pure and peaceful life, he was laid to rest in the cloister of Würzburg Cathedral. In gratitude to the singing-birds, which he always regarded as his teachers, he left in his last will an order that they should be fed daily at noon by the chorister-boys, beneath the tree which shadowed his tomb. A niggardly abbot at last, it would seem, mulcted the pretty pensioners of their dole; the 'Deus istius miserere' has crumbled away with the rest of the monkish epitaph; and the children of the choir no longer know the spot where the voice of the minnesinger sleeps.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweide.

HALF AN HOUR WITH A FIGHTING-MAN.

SOME two months ago, I was walking up and down the Lime Street station at Liverpool, in company with a friend, awaiting the departure of the evening mail, by which we were returning home. As it wanted but a few minutes to the time, we selected a compartment in a second-class carriage; but before we could enter, we had to wait some little time to allow of the egress of two or three of the porters, who were deep in conversation with two passengers already seated, while sundry other porters were clustered round the carriage-door, peeping in with looks of admiring curiosity.

Surely, thought I, we are to have distinguished fellow-passengers. Who can they be? Are they the Siamese ambassadors?—who were then daily expected. There were to have been two of them, one from each of the kings. No; it is second class; it cannot possibly be they. Could it be Spurgeon and one of his deacons 'doing it cheap'? No; hardly likely. So we entered the carriage with doubt and curiosity.

At the further end of the carriage, with his back to the engine, sat a man, whose closely clipped hair, bullet head, and broken nose, plainly told me what his profession was. Facing me, on the opposite side, sat his companion, a person of much more prepossessing appearance and manners. A glance convinced me that they were both prize-fighters.

To say that the first-mentioned individual's head was bullet-shaped, is very much to malign that projectile; for surely no piece of metal shaped as that head was could, by any possibility, be got down a gun-barrel; or even supposing it to be once down, could any known means ever get it up again. No geometrical term with which I am acquainted could possibly convey any idea of that head. It was not a decahedron, and it was not a duodecahedron; and its only claim to the title of an 'oblate spheroid' would arise from the fact of its being flattened at the pole.

My friend glanced at me, and I at him.

They were literally, and figuratively, 'ugly customers'; and I secretly hoped that they would not attempt to 'improve the shining hour' by practising their art upon us. However, I soon found that there was no cause for alarm on this head, for the 'spheroid' was very soon in a slumbering, passive state; and as I am naturally rather partial to eliciting information from peculiar characters, such as one does not meet with in the daily walks of life, I very soon got into conversation with my opposite neighbour, whom, despite his profession, I found to be a very polite, I had almost said gentlemanlike man. He spoke in that peculiar tone of assumption common to most Londoners, and I soon learned that his name was — say, Jones; that he was a prize-fighter; that

he had fought seven prize-battles, and had never yet been beaten; that he held himself liable to be challenged by any man alive, no matter who, or what the amount of the stakes; that, at that moment, he was acting as 'trainer,' or professional tutor, to his companion 'George,' as he called him; that they were just returning from 'George's' first prize-fight, which had come off three days before in the neighbourhood of Liverpool; that his adversary's title to the honours of victory was open to dispute, there being reason to suspect foul-play and bribery, and that it had therefore been decided that the battle should be fought over again.

All this information led on, of course, to further conversation; and on my making some remarks as to 'George's' present personal appearance, he assured me that he was very decent-looking now, compared with what he had been two days previously; for then his head was just double its present size, and that he had brought it down to its present dimensions by the copious external application of castor-oil, and that in a few days' time he would look quite respectable.

I thought to myself that his ideas of respectability must certainly differ very much from my own; for, as I glanced at the physiognomy in question, I was much inclined to doubt whether all the castor-oil in creation, let it be ever so 'cold drawn,' could possibly impress the stamp of respectability upon it. But as I considered that tastes differ, and that it was not for me to set up my own as a standard, I did not dispute his statement, but led him on to further conversation.

He informed me that in early life he had been a carter or drayman in London, and that he had never but once come into collision with the municipal authorities, and that occurred when he was pursuing the comparatively peaceful calling before named. It appears that he had a *difficulty*, as brother Jonathan would express it, with a turnpike-man, relative to an alleged act of extortion on the part of the latter.

In writing the biography of all great men, it is customary to relate anecdotes of their early life, to serve as a foreshadowing of what their future developments were expected to be. So in the case in question, the latent fire of that genius which in after years was to shine forth so brilliantly, flashed out gloriously on this occasion. In his own expressive language, 'he jumped off his cart, squared at the man, and gave him one for his knob.'

He was about to resume his seat, with the pleasing consciousness of having resisted oppression, and done his duty like an Englishman, when he was suddenly seized by two myrmidons of the law, was brought up on a charge of assault and battery, for which he got certain days in durance vile, and then returned to the bosom of that society he was afterwards so much to adorn—a wiser and a sadder man.

This appears to have been the turning-point in his life: disgusted with commercial pursuits, for which he felt that he was in no way adapted, he entered into his present profession, which he appeared to have followed with that success which invariably attends perseverance and assiduity.

His conversation and remarks being of a somewhat desultory nature, I found great difficulty in getting at anything like a consecutive account of his life; but from his various remarks, I gathered that he had worked very hard at his profession.

His first introduction to his companion, George, struck me as having some claims to the credit of originality, to say the very least of it. He said that George was brought to his house by a mutual friend, with a request that he (Jones) would take him in hand. 'I rather liked his looks, so I up with my fist and hit him a blow on his nose; upon this, George began to "to shew fight" in good style; so, seeing

him to be "gamey," I undertook to train him, and make the best I could of him.

On my making some remarks about George, and what his future prospects were, he replied that he could hardly make up his mind as to how he would be likely to turn out. Tapping his own forehead, he remarked that 'George was rather soft there'—'that he had no head,' and that a fighting-man should have a 'good head,' so as to know when to take a 'liberty'—that the success of a fight often depended as much upon the head as the *fists*; and that though George was the 'gameyist' fellow going, he was fearful that want of head, and fondness for drink, would prevent his rising to the dazzling height attained by some others of his profession.

For himself, he furnished a strong argument in favour of teetotalism, by saying that although he kept a public-house in London, he never drank anything when going through the fatiguing operation of training, and very little upon any other occasion, except now and then when on an out of the present kind; and he instanced it as a proof of the great goodness of their Liverpool friends, that he had been kept in a state of partial inebriation for nearly six days without its costing him a penny.

This was their first visit to Liverpool, and he expressed himself much pleased with the kindness they had received, and likewise with the general urbanity of the police authorities in that town, who had never once molested them during the engagement.

I asked him whether men in their profession ever saved money. He replied that it was quite impossible. When a man had been fortunate, he was made a good deal of by his companions, who kept him in a constant whirl of drunken excitement until his money was all gone, and then he had to get up another fight to make more; while if he was beaten, the whole of the expenses fell upon him, besides the lost stakes, and then he got into debt; and he advised me—parenthetically and in confidence—never to make a match for so low a sum as L.25, as it could not possibly pay, for the trade expenses alone amounted to over L.30; the principal items of which he enumerated, one of them, I remember, consisting of a 'trainer at L.3 a week and his keep, for seven weeks at least.' Only fancy letting one's self out to be punched and hammered at by a prize-fighter day by day for seven long weeks! For the trainer's office consists of a series of daily encounters with the trainee, so that he may be in good practice when he comes before the public.

He intimated to me that, however much I might be fascinated by the outward show and glitter of their kind of life, it was in reality a very hard one, at least until a man had obtained a *position*; and that nothing but the excitement of popular applause, and having a public reputation to keep unsullied, could possibly carry them through it.

I have often remarked, in all public professions, the great amount of brotherly feeling that pervades the whole body. See with what generosity and willingness authors, actors, and musicians come forward to the aid of a needy brother—by benefits at theatres, by public readings, by concerts, and similar means. And the same feeling extends, strange as it may seem, even to the profession in question, as the following instance will shew; and in spite of the horrid and revolting circumstances attending the affair, it yet shines like a streak of sunlight through the awful moral darkness—a proof to my mind that, let a man debase and brutalise himself to the lowest possible point, he cannot entirely eradicate his manhood; that now and then it will flash up and reclaim its lost throne, let the reign be ever so short.

My companion casually inquired whether I was acquainted with Ede. I replied that I had not that

pleasure, and, moreover, that I was never at a prize-fight in my life. At first, he seemed not disposed to believe me; but on my assuring him that such was really the case, he looked at me more in pity than in anger, but still seemed hardly able to conceive how in this enlightened nineteenth century any one could possibly have gone so far on life's journey as I had without having at least heard of the hero in question. He therefore endeavoured to recall him to my mind by enumerating some of his more celebrated acts of personal prowess. 'You surely must remember Ede, he who killed "Jack" Somebody in his last fight.'

'Killed his man!' I replied with horror.

'Yes,' he said, 'it was a bad job, poor fellow;' and then he told me all about how the man received a hit on the jaw *after four hours' fighting*; how he was carried off the field; how he never spoke a word after the fatal blow; and how by six next morning he was dead.

'But how about his poor wife and children?' said I.

'Ah, poor woman!' he replied, 'it was a bad job; but we all did the best we could for her. We got her up a benefit, and managed to raise about three hundred pounds, which put her into a good public-house; and we all do our best to make it pay. But what,' he added, 'is all that, compared with the loss of such a husband as she had? For my part, I would not lose my wife for three millions of pounds. She is everything to me; and I have my old mother to keep, and I have brought up my two little brothers without its costing anybody else a penny;' and then he went on to say that there was nothing like civility and kindness—it cost but little, and he had always found that they made him friends wherever he went.

Bravo! thought I; there is a green spot yet left even in this rough debased heart—one little thread yet remaining to connect it with human nature. Imagine for a moment that son tending his aged mother, a mother to whom, perhaps, he owed no debt for early lessons of love and kindness; of whom, in the recollections of his early days, he can recall few pleasing memories, few early admonitions from her lips, which might have stood him in good stead through life as his counsellor and guide.

Even the poor brutalised George, who all this time had been dozing away in a state of battered stupidity—even he had some one who loved him, and whom he loved in return.

Of Nero it was said, that over his tomb some loving hand was seen each day to drop a flower; a poor George found it impossible to keep away from a girl in London whom he loved, and who felt lonely without him, although he had to return to Liverpool in a few days to have another mauling, for his friends were going to get him up another fight for his own peculiar benefit, to reimburse him for sundry losses sustained during his last engagement.

And so I drew near home; and on leaving the train, my companion shook me warmly by the hand, and expressed a hope that when I next came to London I would give him a call.

So he went on his way, and I on mine; and as I walked, I thought; and the more I thought, the more I became confused. Wrong seemed to be getting right, and right seemed to have no merit attachable to it. My conscience told me that I ought to hold that man and his profession in utter and supreme abhorrence; but when I thought of the little streaks of sunlight which ever and anon broke through that dark and heavy cloud, I was fain, though still condemning all fighting on general grounds, to soothe certain angry feelings, and to take shelter under the Master's lesson, 'that if I was without sin, I might then cast the stone.' And I asked myself a question

which I could not answer—why am not *I* the fighter, and he in my place, wrapping himself up in his pharisaical cloak of spiritual pride, and thanking Heaven that he is not such as I? Who can answer me that? No, I do not feel quite comfortable in sitting in judgment on this unfortunate person, as I must consider him to be, without first ascertaining whether the five talents committed to my care, with a clearer knowledge as to their uses, have been made to produce other five also? If it has turned out that I have learned a lesson in charity, my half-hour's ride was not in vain.

PEPSIN.

WHEN food first enters the stomach, it is not, as our readers know, in a condition to be absorbed at once into the blood, for the purpose of renovating the effete tissues of the system. It must first undergo the process of digestion, so as to be reduced to a soluble state, or, generally speaking, to such a condition as to be capable of absorption and assimilation. The digestibility of various kinds of food, and the exact character of the digestive process, have been tested in various ways. Schultz experimented on dogs and cats, which he killed at successive stages of the process; Beaumont on a patient whose stomach had, by a gunshot wound, been made tolerably accessible to observation; and Giese—who possessed the strange power of vomiting at will, and was so enabled to recover portions of food which had been for a time exposed to the action of the gastric fluid—experimented on himself. The results of these various attempts to elucidate the digestive process were in many points conflicting; and but little less satisfactory, so far as concerned the comparative digestibility of different alimentary substances, were the phenomena which resulted from the dissolution of food in fistulæ by artificial means. The *modus operandi* alone was established with any accuracy. Under the generic name of catalysis, chemists are accustomed to group those mysterious processes in which a substance is converted into what they call an isomeric variety of itself by means of some other body or bodies which are in themselves incapable of being affected by the operation. Of these processes, that of digestion proved to be one. It was found that, by the action of the gastric fluid, the food is converted into a substance chemically identical with the original body, but, nevertheless, possessing very distinct and peculiar properties; and that the gastric fluid is a combination of a substance called pepsin, or the *cooking* principle, with an acid which is now generally supposed to be that which, under the name of lactic acid, gives to sour milk its pungent and peculiar flavour. It may be that other acids, such as acetic, phosphoric, and hydrochloric, are also present in smaller quantities; but on this point the greatest chemists are still at variance.

Whether pepsin is secreted in a neutral state, and generates the acid by acting as a ferment on the amylaceous substances of the food, or whether the acid is a primary constituent of the active natural juice, is also still disputed. The prevalent opinion would seem to be that pepsin is a neutral secretion. It certainly possesses the inherent property of causing fermentation, although, without the acid, it has no digestive power. The question altogether is an important one; for, if it be a neutral secretion, the part played by the saliva in the whole machinery of digestion assumes additional importance, as we must then conclude that one of its constituents—*diastase*—is employed in the stomach to convert the starchy matter of the food into grape-sugar, which is in its turn 'converted by the pepsin into lactic acid, without

the aid of which pepsin could not perform its natural functions.'*

In any view, pepsin must be regarded as the chief and indispensable element in producing the change necessary to the absorption and assimilation of food. Without it, all the rest are powerless; and hence the importance which its recent introduction upon a large scale into medical practice by Drs Corvisart of Paris, and Ballard of London, has acquired for it as a curative agent in cases of dyspepsy.

Dr Landerer of Athens is said to have been the first who employed artificial gastric juice in medical practice. This juice he is understood to have eliminated from the stomach of a wolf; but even as early as the year 1884 it had been discovered that the gastric secretion retained its power if removed from the body shortly after a meal; while the rennet, or fourth stomach of the ruminants, had even been used in cases similar to those treated by Dr Landerer to replace and represent the natural peptic principle.

The quantity of pepsin contained in the gastric juice was about the same time discovered by Eberle to be in the proportion of 1·25 to 97 parts of water, and nearly 1·75 parts of salts; and by Schwann, to be capable of precipitation only from the fluid contained in the glandular structure of the stomach. The method of preparing it adopted by M. Boudault, the distinguished Parisian pharmacist, as stated in his Report to the Imperial Academy of Medicine, is as follows: From a number of rennet-bags, turned outside in, and carefully washed, the mucous membrane, which contains the secretory vessels, is scraped off, and, after being reduced to pulp, is steeped for twelve hours in cold distilled water. A small quantity of acetate, or sugar, of lead is then added, which precipitates the pepsin. This precipitate, after being in its turn treated with sulphuretted hydrogen, which separates the lead as a sulphuret, is filtered, and left to evaporate either to a sirup or a powder, as may be wished. Care, however, must be taken that the degree of heat to which it is exposed during the evaporating process shall not exceed 120° of Fahrenheit, as, if suffered to evaporate under a higher temperature, the pepsin loses its digestive properties. It has also been found that, from its excessive deliquescence, exposure to the air tends to its speedy decomposition whether as a powder or a sirup: its smell becomes very offensive, and its taste extremely nauseous. M. Boudault, therefore, mixes the sirup with starch, so that the mixture, on being carefully dried, forms a gray powder resembling coarse wheaten flour. It can thus, when required for use, be brought, by the addition of starch or pepsin, as the case may be, to a uniform standard of strength, and may, if necessary, be mixed with equal ease with muriate of morphia, salts of iron, strychnia, or other chemical reagents which do not affect its digestive properties.

The pleasantest way, perhaps, of administering the preparation, is either in water or between two slices of bread; but, taken in any way, it has been found, in a great majority of cases, to cope successfully with the most serious derangements of the gastric organs, not only by its immediate action on the food, but by restoring to the organs themselves their lost activity.

Dr Ballard, in his book on *Artificial Digestion*, notes one case among many which would seem to preclude all notion of the cure being attributable to fortuitous causes. We quote it as we find it abridged in the same number of the *Saturday Review*, to which we have already referred. A lady, sixty-four years of age, had, during four years, 'suffered pain, which she

* *Saturday Review*, No. 74, p. 280. To the article here quoted we are indebted for much that may be deemed valuable in the present paper. But the reader may be referred for further information to Dr Ballard's *Artificial Digestion* and the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review* for 1887, *passim*.

had "no words to describe," for three or four hours after every meal. The natural consequences were excessive prostration and complete disgust for food; and she had for many weeks limited herself to four rusks and a little milk and beef-tea per diem. The first day pepsin was used, she ate with ease and enjoyment a mutton chop, although, on the day before, she had endured intense agony for no less than five hours after her ordinary meal. In a few days, she ate pretty freely, and gradually improved, and at length was able to give up the pepsin entirely, to eat without pain, and walk some miles without fatigue.

Now, when we consider how common a disease dyspepsia is, and how immense, in spite of the systematic opposition from many quarters to everything like a rational interpretation of the connection between physical and moral phenomena, the influence of the physical condition on the mental condition is—producing suicides in cases where, with a different state of health, only depression or grief would have followed—the importance of such a discovery as that of Drs Landerer and Corvisart cannot be over-estimated. In comparison with unhealthy secretions in confluence with untoward circumstances, all other causes, except insanity—disgust of life, poverty, thwarted love, shame, remorse, grief, the agonies of despair and jealousy—exercise but a very small suicidal influence. Nor, when it is considered that the juices which flow into the intestinal canal during the twenty-four hours amount to about one-seventh of a man's whole weight, need our readers wonder at the statement. A man weighing ten stones will secrete during that time about three pounds seven ounces of saliva, which shall contain about half an ounce of solid matter; of bile, he will secrete as much; of gastric juice, which shall contain about six ounces and a half of solid matter, he will secrete thirteen pounds; of pancreatic juice, seven ounces; and nearly the same quantity of intestinal juice. With these facts before us, can it be doubted that the physician might often avert a catastrophe against which the moralist would preach in vain?

A WIFE BY ADVERTISEMENT:

A STORY OF 1754.

Mr grandfather was appointed rector of a little village in Nottinghamshire in the year 1758. I am myself an old man, having memories of more or less importance attached to every year of this century; and I could box, wrestle, play cricket, and had even made speeches against the Jacobins, before eighteen hundred was born or thought of.

A clergyman's life was not quite so strict a matter a hundred years ago as it is to-day. The priests neither cared to rule themselves by so high a standard as our modern clergy do, nor was it expected of them by their flocks. Mr Hume's *Essays* had a great influence among those younger clergy who thought, and the customs and laws of 'the town,' among those who did not think. Though this was an evil of a tremendous kind, there was one benefit in it which we are apt now-a-days to overlook—the clergy had more sympathy with those persons who would not come immediately under their influence than they have under the present system. It is thought very shocking now for a priest to be seen in the theatre, and scarcely less so at the opera-house; while, if he were to visit Cremorne or Rosherville Gardens, or Highbury Barn, it is most likely his congregation would take such offence that they would move away in a flock as multitudinous and final as a migration of swallows. But in my grandfather's time, priests and actors were found in daily communion; indeed, such men as

Bishop Warburton and David Garrick were friends; even Mr Whitfield desired his people to go to the comical Ned Shuter's benefit, as that celebrated actor was a 'gracious soul';* and the sons of other clergymen than Dr Primrose went upon the stage as a means of livelihood; while every country man who came up to town made a point of seeing Mr Mossop and Mr Garrick in Shakespeare's plays, and of visiting Vauxhall and Ranelagh.

Just such a time of visiting London had come to my grandfather in the spring of 1758. He was then in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and resolved to enjoy himself for a time on the strength of his recent presentation. He had never been in town before; the nearest approach he had made to metropolitan pleasures were such as his restricted allowance had afforded him during his studentship at Cambridge. Hence it was he was resolved not merely to have a dip, but a thorough plunge, into the amusements of London.

Accordingly, he went to Drury Lane, and saw Mr Mossop in *Hamlet*, and Mr Garrick in a whole series of characters. He saw Mr Barry in *Richard III* at Covent Garden. He was present when Mr Garrick and Mrs Clive appeared in the new play of *The Upholster, or what News?* and saw the quidnunc of the day ruining himself by trembling for the ruin of the nation. He was at Mr Shuter's benefit in the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, which had not been acted for so long. He went to the entertainment at Marybone Gardens, and the wire-rope dancing, and concert in the Jew's-harp at Sadler's Wells. He drank the waters with the greatest company at Islington Spa. He heard Handel's *Acis and Galatea* at Ranelagh, visited the Camel and Dromedary, saw the moving figure of the great king of Prussia, and every other rarity with which the town was amusing itself.

There was one thing which was a matter of perpetual unrest to my grandfather; namely, that he was unmarried. He had those manners which are pleasant to ladies, or, as it would have been expressed in his day, to the sex; he was well made in look, and somewhat handsome in feature; of a very affable disposition; not given to drinking, gaming, or attending the cockpit; only a little partial to the race, ready always either for cards or for dancing, indeed, the sort of young gentleman ladies were supposed to like. Yet he could find no lady answering to that standard his eyes and his heart set up. He valued for one of a gay and pleasant disposition, yet free from those vices which the ladies of the plays, novels, essays, and memoirs of the age possessed and exhibited sadly—one, in fact, who did not make the town her rule of life; who would find more delight in the society of a loving husband than in the meeting-place of the beaux; who yet would pay some attention to fashion and to personal graces; who would be agreeable, if not a beauty; last, and I fancy far from last, he wished her to have some nice little sum at her own disposal. All this we have seen set down in private records which the old gentleman has left us. Indeed, my mother has told me that she believed he once worked up these requisitions into an advertisement, and inserted them in the *Public Advertiser*. If so, it brought him no wife, although, through the medium of another advertisement, he became acquainted with that estimable lady to whom is due the second degree I owe my existence. Advertisements for wives, and even for husbands, was not unusual a century ago, as every one who has had occasion to search newspapers of that date well knows. A very odd and pleasant collection might be formed from their columns.

Like many other young gentlemen of the period

* Though only for once. See Lockington's *Mem.*

who came up from the provinces to spend a little time and money in London, my grandfather the rector thought it not improbable that in so plentifully stocked a society, he might perchance run across a wife. The wish was entered in his diary the night before he started. Now the custom is reversed. Our city-clerk, with the air and talk of a capitalist, and the costume of a beau, rushes into the country at Easter, Whitsuntide, or Christmas; finds his way into the simple susceptible heart of a country maiden, woos her, adds visit to visit, and condescends to wed her; for she believes it a condescension, until the slow process of marriage-troubles reveals to her the painful sight and sense of her own superiority. Gentlemen were bolder in my grandfather's days than they are in mine; and ladies also. If either saw a person of opposite sex at church, at the theatre, Ranelagh, or elsewhere, they very often made signal of admiration or invitation too plain to be doubted. This was indeed one of the things which aided young men of property and title in their frightful 'affairs of gallantry,' and is the pivot and turning-point in all the memoirs, comedies, novels, and magazine-stories of that time.

One evening, in the summer of 1758, my grandfather betook himself to Vauxhall. He had seen very many young demoiselles during his stay in town; but he had as yet received no wound which the spear of Telephus alone could heal. He had been also to Vauxhall two or three evenings previously, and had glanced and ogled with all the earnestness and pertinacity of an unengaged man; but this fateful evening put a close to all these wanderings and uncertainties. While he was looking backwards and forwards with his customary inquisitiveness, a young lady entered between two gentlemen, who suddenly drew his roving eyes to herself, and unwittingly kept them fixed there during the whole performance. Before he looked for it, my poor grandfather was overcome.

As soon as the songs were over, he followed her from the orchestra to the banqueting-room, and through the long leafy colonnades, with their myriads of little lamps. He stopped when she stopped. When the company were rushing to see the water-works, he kept close to her; and every time she looked at him—and she did so frequently, by choice or chance—he assumed a most serious, speaking, and melancholy countenance.

It was a great sorrow to him when he saw the young lady take her departure, and marked her into her coach. However, he resolved to assure himself of her dwelling-place, and began to picture himself asking the consent of a father or a guardian, or opposing a rival, wealthier and more favoured than himself. He jumped into a coach, and bade the driver follow that in which the young lady had seated herself. But he was not to succeed so easily. The night was foggy when they started; it gradually grew denser; and before they had reached Westminster, my grandfather's coachman turned round and called out that he had quite lost sight of the chase. So he was ordered by my hurt and disconsolate relative to drive to the coffee-house at which he was staying.

This was by no means the first young lady whose bright eyes had stricken my grandfather in public places. Other young ladies he forgot, after a good supper, or at the sight of a fresh face, or at the thought how impossible it would be to know them, or by consideration of the difference there is between looking a beauty and being good. But he could not forget the maiden of Vauxhall. He lost his appetite, not only for town delicacies, but also for town amusements. At last, after three days of suffering, during which, it must be confessed, he neither wished nor tried to heal himself, he sought consolation, and kept

hope from starving, by inserting the following in the *Public Advertiser*:

'A young lady who was at Vauxhall last Tuesday night, in company with two elderly gentlemen, could not but observe a young clergyman, who, being near her at the orchestra during the performance, and especially at the last song, gazed upon her with the utmost attention. He earnestly hopes, if unmarried, she will favour him with a line, directed to V. V., at the bar of the Temple-exchange Coffee-house, to inform him whether fortune, family, character, and profession, may not entitle him, upon further knowledge, to hope an interest in her heart. He begs she will pardon the method he has taken to let her know the situation of his mind, as, being a stranger, he despaired of doing it in any other way, or even of seeing her more. As his views are founded on the most honourable principles, he presumes to hope the occasion will justify, if she generously breaks through this trifling formality of the sex, rather than, by a cruel silence, render unhappy one who must ever expect to continue so, if debarred from a nearer acquaintance with her, in whose power alone it is to complete his felicity.'

Unluckily, this advertisement was either not seen by the young lady, or, if seen, the young gentleman had been unnoticed, or, if noticed, she had not found in herself any corresponding desire towards him. My grandfather was so solemnised by this sudden love, and the hopeless issue of it, that he could find no pleasure in theatres, gardens, or routs, and actually sought his excitement for the next fortnight in attending daily prayers at the Abbey, the Temple Church, St Andrew's on Holborn Hill, or St Paul's. After that time, he began to reason with himself that she might go often to the places whither the town resorted, and that another chance meeting at the theatres, or at Ranelagh, if not very likely, was still not quite impossible. This was the last straw in sight of his rapidly sinking hope.

Accordingly he went; at first, blind and dumb, to whatever was played or sung before him, unmoved alike by Garrick and Mrs Clive in the merriest farces, and by the compositions of Handel and Dr Arne; but, by degrees, these reinterested him; next, he glanced at the bright faces with their mighty caprioles, their 'post-chaise and horses, chair and chairmen' on their heads, in the boxes; he began to find himself curable; and he returned to Nottinghamshire, though a slightly altered, still a very merry man; he amused himself reading, on his road, the two new volumes of *Tristram Shandy* by his brother in orders, the Rev. Laurence Sterne.

My grandfather had been absent from his cure exactly two months, during which time his very light and easy duties were taken by an unbeneficed friend, a schoolmaster in Nottingham, and man of high repute at Cambridge. These consisted in riding over on Sunday morning, putting on a clerical wig kept in the sacristy, and a surplice much more like a smock-frock than that habitually recognised by ecclesiologists as the officiating costume of an English priest, and reading a sermon of Dr Sherlock's on the evidences of Christianity, to a few old women, a dozen framework knitters, and a number of children, who, as they perceived neither the drift nor the need of it, thought it mightily learned. Pastoral visitation was an exercise my grandfather, at this polite period of his life, conceived quite unnecessary; and frequent non-residence was not only not a sin, but a laudable and gentlemanlike habit in the town season; and, if funds permitted, in the Bath and Matlock season also.

To these not onerous duties my grandfather returned with a heart almost whole. There was just a scratch in that organ—I can scarcely call it a

wound—which gave him a little smart at eve and in solitude, in all such idle times and conditions as court memory. To get rid of this he made twilight lively by inviting an old college friend, a county captain, or one of the pupils of the Nottingham tutor, to stay with him; and, when no visitor was to be had, by smoking his pipe at the Lord Ligonier Arms. He also added to his light clerical tasks the heavier avocation of an angler; and often, when his parishioners were taking their dogs rattling along the Trent-side on summer-evenings, they came upon their solitary priest with his fishing-rod, who, although he looked upon apostolical succession in that sense in which the non-jurors and the Romanists held it, as quite beneath the notice of a man of taste and ton, very frequently found himself their successor in the piscatorial art of tolling all day and catching nothing.

Just at this time some leading political persons in the county were using great efforts to start a new church and anti-gallican newspaper for the midland district—I forget its name. Like so many of modern date, it was just got to move, strutted a little way, bragg'd of its power and vitality, and suddenly dropped down dead. The promoters mainly depended on the support of the squirearchy and clergy; letters were addressed to all these persons; amongst others, consequently, to my grandfather. He was delighted—it came to him in the light of that deliverance from *ennui* which he had long been looking for. He not only promised to use his utmost efforts to further its circulation amongst his clerical brethren, but also volunteered his services as contributor.

I have in my possession a book of printed slips from this newspaper, being the entire series of my grandfather's contributions to it. They consist mainly of panegyrics on Frederick the Great, at that time the most popular man in England. These are a specimen of their titles: A Sketch of the Life of that Grand Character who is the Hope of Europe (the king of Prussia); the Protestant Hero (the king of Prussia); an Essay on the Literary Labours of the Great Philosophical Monarch (the king of Prussia); the Scourge of Superstition: an Ode to the King of Prussia; Tribulator Gallus: an Ode to the Great Frederick; Caesar Outdone, or a History of the Battles of our Magnanimous Ally (the king of Prussia).

To these are appended a series of papers, some in print, and some only in manuscript, imagined by my well-meaning grandfather to be in the style of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; but they are not of that use for the illustration of the middle of the eighteenth century which those inimitable papers are for that of its commencement, or I should either have published them, or presented them to our national library at the Museum.

Every Thursday morning, if my grandfather had not started very much earlier to fetch it, a lad came over from the printer's at Nottingham with this paper. In February 1750, the twentieth week after its birth, and seventh before its death, the boy brought the small quarto, as the young rector was dressing himself for a day's shooting in Lord Byron's park at Newstead, the noble owner* of which, six years afterwards, killed his neighbour, Mr Chaworth, in a duel. With him in his bedroom, making sarcastic remarks on every article of dress as he put it on, at every glance he gave towards his legs, or in the mirror, were his friends, Captain Clayton, that renowned marksman, and the Nottingham tutor, who had been confessor and adviser in that delicate matter of the heart which occurred to my relative when in London. He lengthened the already too-extended and too-interrupted dressing-time, by occa-

sional glances at the newspaper; a paragraph, and then a turn at the toilet; another paragraph, and then the toilet again. News, however, was the smallest matter in those days. 'Our own correspondent' was not yet allowed the honour of having his entire communication appear in print; the editor skimmed the cream off it, which he presented to the readers after his own concoction. Hence it was that the rector had soon finished the news, and begun upon the advertisements. There was not that sameness which appeared in the London papers, and what there was was a puddle compared with the *concoction* as used in this day; but the advertisements in this midland print averaged from three to six. Prominently, amid these few, stood forth the following:

'If any young clergyman, somewhat agreeable in person, and who has a small independent fortune, can be well recommended as to strictness of life and good temper, firmly attached to this present happy establishment, and is willing to engage in the matrimonial estate, with an agreeable young lady, in whom power it is to bestow £100 per annum—any person who this may suit, may call at the second house in Berkeley Street within four days of this advertisement, having previously left a line directed to A.B. at the same house.'

This smote my grandfather with such a sudden, peculiar, and visible effect, that both his friends inquired if there was any very astounding news in the paper. He laughed, and said there was an advertisement for himself. He tossed it over to them, telling them to read the second from the top. While they were doing so, he himself was the channel of a whole flood of unexpected thoughts and sensations. Here was the perpetual cure for the unenviable *ennui* of village-life, the longed-for talisman to make the rectory-house endurable, nay, even *amusing and* gladsome. A London lady, too; not like some old Nottinghamshire damsel he had been introduced to, who had twice been to the county town, and who thought themselves the cynosure of all eyes at their grandmother's seldom worn pinnet. True, it was a lottery; and among so many he was likely to lose after all. He felt disinclined for the *sub-shooting*.

The captain began immediately to rally him on this advertisement, saying he was evidently disappointed to fit its standard. He spoke the very thoughts that were in my relative's own mind. He advised him to set off for town to-morrow, and to be in the field before any hungry London curate had snatched her up. 'You will be a fool, if you don't try,' said he. 'It will but be an adventure if you lose. But with a military and fashionable expletive,' he added, 'you are sure to win, old boy.'

My grandfather appealed to his clerical friends.

'I will say nothing,' said he. 'You ought to remember what fine things you have told me of, and over again about a certain young lady; *enough* love, and so on.'

The captain informed the younger clergyman that the elder, 'like all other schoolmasters, was a bit, and always remembered his trade was to *laugh* and spoke to men as if they were lads.' A controversy ensued between the priest and the soldier; in which (my grandfather's inclination being on that side, and his opponent also doggedly dumb as to reasons for not going) the man of the sword got the best. He said he would excuse the young parson from the shooting, and so give him time to make ready for starting by to-morrow's coach. The elder parson said he should fulfil a promised call on the father of one of his pupils, and should go into *Bedfordshire* by to-day's coach, if he could get back to Nottingham in time. Accordingly, the captain and my grandfather sat down to breakfast, and the tutor mounted his

* Uncle of the poet.

horse, saying, as he rode off, 'he was sure his friend would sleep off his Quixotic notion of rushing after an unknown lady of untold, and, therefore, of pretty advanced age.'

My anxious relative, however, arrived in town by the next coach, bought a new wig and suit, and having left a letter proclaiming his hopes, called at the address mentioned in the advertisement. He was shewn into a room handsomely furnished, and hung with Mr Hogarth's new prints of the Election, which had only been published a few weeks. Here he sat down in great trepidation, and waited for above twenty minutes, during which time he first gave cool consideration to some of the less pleasant possibilities of his adventure—the chance of the lady being much older than himself, or marked with the small-pox, or stammering, or lame, or possibly squinting hideously.

At last the door-handle sounded, and the door flew open. Guess his surprise when his friend the tutor from Nottingham marched in. My grandfather at first blushed up to his eyes. 'What! we were to appear as rivals, then?' he stammered out—perceiving at the same time *why* his friend, if he might any longer call him so, had dissuaded him, and stolen a march to London under feint of Bedfordshire. In a moment, however, he consoled himself by a comparison of his own person and age with that of his treacherous brother in orders. These thoughts made him silent, and, for a minute or two, also forgetful of his awkward position. Should they see the young lady alone, or together? Had they no other rivals? Possibly, she was desirous of a Nottinghamshire husband, and had advertised in no other newspaper.

The elder clergyman burst out laughing. At this my grandfather was aroused, and laughed also—more, however, to take off his nervousness than from spontaneous sympathy.

'My dear Jack,' said the tutor, 'I see I must give in; I shall stand no chance against a brisk young fellow like you.' And he sprang up and abruptly left the room. My grandfather heard his laugh on the stairs. He began to see that he was being hoaxed, and felt bewildered. How the squires, captains, and parsons would laugh at him!

A moment after, the tutor reappeared, leading in a young lady. How shall I tell my grandfather's surprise? It was that very same maiden whom he had watched and followed at Vauxhall, and sighed after so many times since. To this first happy perception soon followed the second.

'Armida, my love—my dearest friend, the Reverend John Grantley.'

'Jack, my lad—my dear little niece.'

The explanation is very short. The merry old clergyman had perceived from Grantley's clear description, at his very first confession, that the young lady by whom he had been smitten was his own niece, a native of Nottingham, at that time staying in London with his two brothers the lawyers, and with them going the round of town amusements. She had returned to Nottingham before my grandfather. The further he thought himself from her, the nearer he really was—a consideration which often filled his confessor with inward laughter. She had frequently seen him from her father's window; had heard him preach in St Peter's, though hidden from him by the Christmas bushes and the deep wooden walls. She had even been in her uncle's house one day when the young rector called there, and was bent upon seeing and speaking with him; but her determined relative sent her home, promising to arrange an introduction before the month was out. She confessed she liked the look and constancy of her admirer, and entered heartily into her uncle's merry scheme of the advertisement. The captain was taken into counsel as accomplice, and agreed to urge my grandfather to

the departing point. There was no fear of any other clergyman answering the advertisement; for the circulation was too lamentably small, and the contriver knew the habits and property of every other clerical subscriber.

LITERARY LIFE IN GERMANY.

Two graceful and charming volumes are lying before us, to which we would invite our readers' attention.* The author's design is to give a popular history of German poetry, with sketches of the lives of the poets; and this is executed in such a manner that we rise from the perusal with a wonderfully clear view of so extensive a field; while the career of many of the personages is so artistically delineated as to give the narrative all the interest of a romance. We cannot, however, include the verse in this warm commendation, for the volumes, to use a favourite phrase of our ancestors, are 'interspersed with poetry'—consisting of translated specimens of the German works referred to. If those translations are faithful, the specimens must be ill chosen, since they do not bear out our author's criticism; but the most courteous, and probably the most correct, supposition is, that, as usually happens, the subtle spirit of poetry has escaped in the process of transfusion from one language into another.

In the first volume, the history is brought down to the period when in Germany—devastated by the Peasant War, then by the atrocities of Anabaptism, and the more dreadful atrocities in which it was extinguished, then by the Thirty Years' War, which cut off two-thirds of the population of the country—the lamp of poetry, and indeed of literature generally, after one or two fitful flickers, was wholly extinguished. It was later and more slowly re-illuminated at the Revival than in any other country in Europe; but gradually, at length, the spirit of German poetry arose from its ashes, though streaming no longer in the national gushes of a homogeneous character which had before distinguished it. Acted upon by new influences, it was divided into numerous schools, all insignificant when viewed from the column of history, but each appearing great in the eyes of its contemporaries. In the eighteenth century, the prosaic hymns of Gellert, and the lackadaisical idyls of Gessner, procured for their authors unbounded reputation; but, at the same epoch, Klopstock came forth, and achieved a fame that even now, though dimmed, is not altogether extinguished. Then, as time flowed on, Lessing, Herder, Bürger, Wieland, Schiller, and Goethe rose above the brightening horizon. It is not with the genius of individual poets, however, we have anything to do for the present: we wish to inquire into their status in the aggregate as a portion of the literary body; and while obtaining some idea of this, an instructive comparison will unconsciously suggest itself between them and their brethren of our own country.

In England, there is no such thing as a republic of letters; there, each literary man stands alone, and he does not obtain even the personal acquaintance of his fellows in virtue of his calling. It is different in Germany, where literature is a species of freemasonry, in which the members of the craft look upon themselves as brethren, and where these members are

* *Poets and Poetry of Germany*. Biographical and Critical Notices. By Madame L. Davézié de Pontès. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1858.

recognised by the rest of the people as belonging to a distinct profession. When the young and poor Klopstock, for instance, the victim of love and poetry, was indulging his dreams and his sorrows by the Lake of Zurich, he suddenly received a letter from the king of Denmark, inviting him to his court, and offering him a trifling annuity in the meantime, and the reversion of some post worthy of his acceptance. When Lessing published his drama, the *Laocon*, he was at once invited, as much to his surprise as delight, to remove from Berlin, and undertake the superintendence of a new national theatre just opened at Hamburg; and when his salary ceased here, and he was reduced to desperation, being in want of the very necessities of life, the Duke of Brunswick, who knew him only by his works, tendered him the post of librarian at Wolfenbüttel. When the Elector of Mainz wanted a director for the university of Erfurt, he applied at once to Wieland, as a man whose fitness for the post was proved by his published books. The poet did not find the situation an agreeable one; but he was soon invited by the Duchess of Weimar to become tutor to the young duke; and various unsolicited compliments were paid to his genius by other princes and nobles. Nor were other classes of the community less discriminating. German authors have usually had a resource in tuition; for the people considered that they who shewed themselves capable of turning to good advantage their own education, must be well fitted to educate others.

Let us not imagine, however, that literature in Germany was, or is now, a flourishing profession in the pecuniary sense of the term. The nobles, although indeed shorn of their beams, were still the dominant party, and they alone were eligible for either civil or military posts of any consequence. They were no longer, it is true, the rivals or masters of the sovereign, who now kept them in their places by means of a standing army; but the very hopelessness of their subjection to the crown rendered them the more tenacious of their tyrannical hold upon the people. They still kept up their heritable jurisdictions, by means of which they fined, scourged, and put to death the peasant tenants; and many of those ancestral privileges remained intact till the revolution of 1848. The emoluments, therefore, even of those literary men who basked in the sunshine of royalty, were not great. Wieland, for instance, when invited to be tutor to the young Duke of Weimar, was offered L.90 a year for his three years of service, and after that, a pension of L.28 for life. But let us not smile at this princely generosity in a country and at a time when beef was seven farthings a pound, veal less than three-halfpence, and house-rent, fuel, &c., in proportion. A thorough maid-servant thought herself well off with less than L.3 a year; a first-rate cook had L.4, 8s.; and a maid-of-all-work not quite L.2. This was at Frankfort, Berlin, or Vienna; in the country, the remuneration of domestic labour was not so extravagant. When Voss contributed to the *Musen-Almanach*, his precarious income was about L.60 a year—a sum which Schiller declared he could live on charmingly with his wife and family—but when he was appointed director of that publication, with a fixed salary of L.70 a year, he at once married his Ernestine, with her anxious mother's approbation, which she had hitherto withheld.

Poverty, however, was, and is, no crime and no shame in Germany. It was never there inconsistent with the highest refinement and the most genial sociality. Look at this picture of the *ménage* of the author we have last mentioned: 'In May 1778, Voss became the husband of her whom he so fondly loved, and bore her back to his humble home at Wandsbeck. As, however, the single chamber with which he had been contented during his bachelor-life was now

insufficient, he hired a little garden-pavilion, and here they established themselves as well as the narrow space allowed. A clear and sparkling rill flowed at the foot of their abode; and the trees and flowers that surrounded it gave it an air of cheerfulness and gaiety which, in the eyes of the young lovers, atoned for the absence of everything but the most simple necessaries. The evening after their arrival, they visited Claudius, and many a happy evening did they spend in his garden, where a chosen few were wont to meet three or four times a week. Every description of luxury was banished as unsuited to the means of the entertainers; neither tea nor coffee was allowed; beer, home-brewed, with bread and cheese, and sometimes a little cold ham, or bacon, were the only refreshments permitted; but the mirth and good-humour of the party required no stimulants; they were as happy as youth, health, friendship, and congenial society could make them. One evening, it was discovered that the provision of home-brewed beer was exhausted, and even that of cheese was waxing low. Some potatoes, however, and a little rice-soup remained from dinner, and with these, Ernestine tells us, they were as happy as princes. "When Claudius came to spend the evening with us, he always bound his little daughter to his back; she was then laid in our bed till his return home." Campe and Lessing were frequently of the party, and joined in all their innocent gaiety.

'We have lingered on this picture of rural enjoyment, because it proves how possible it is to unite the highest literary culture with the simplest mode of existence, the most perfect refinement of mind and manners with the total absence of wealth or splendour.'

This is delicious; but to complete the idea it conveys, we must give a glimpse of a very different interior, that of Wieland, in which refined comfort is heightened by the same genial warmth: 'The house of my friend is at once elegant and rural. It has a fine kitchen-garden extending to a beautiful wood, which, in its turn, stretches to the banks of the river. I dine every day with the patriarch and his four charming daughters in the library, which commands a view of an extensive and verdant meadow. I inquired who was that robust and handsome youth, mowing the grass around a thicket of roses. It was his son. I for my part assist the mother and daughters in their household duties. Country-life reigns here in all its charming simplicity. Goethe came to dine with us the other day; nothing could be more simple than his manners. It was delightful to see these two poets seated side by side, without jealousy, pretension, or affectation, calling each other by their Christian names, as they did in their youth, resembling much less two *beaux esprits* than two good merchants of Gröningen, united by the ties of affection and relationship. The daughters of the great Herder shortly after joined us. Beauty, goodness, wit, genius, and sincere affection—all united in this little room.'

The minnesingers passed away, with the thirteenth century, and the meistersängers were practically extinct at the close of the seventeenth; but the poets of Germany seem gregarious by nature; and in the latter part of the eighteenth century another national association arose of a similar kind, called the Hainbund. The *Musen-Almanach*, already mentioned, was established by them as their poetical organ; and the association in the course of time included the names of many distinguished authors, such as the Stolbergs, Schlegels, and Bürger. The earlier members met every Saturday 'at each other's houses, and there read and criticised their own productions and those of some of more established fame. At times they would assemble in some romantic spot "under the shade of lofty oaks, in the glimmering moonlight, by the side

of murmuring streams or in grassy meads," and there give full vent to that passionate and somewhat exaggerated love of romance and nature which form the principal characteristics of their poetry.' On one occasion they went out to a neighbouring village. 'The weather was most lovely,' says Voss; 'the moon full; we gave ourselves up completely to the enjoyments of nature, drank some milk in a peasant's cottage, and then hastened to the open meadows. Here we found a little oak-wood, and at the same moment it occurred to us all to swear the holy oath of friendship, under the shadow of these sacred trees. We crowned our hats with ivy, laid them beneath the spreading branches of the oaks, and clasping each other's hands, danced round the massive trunk. We called on the moon and stars to witness our union, and swore eternal friendship. We pledged ourselves to repeat this ceremony in a still more solemn manner on the first occasion. I was chosen by lot as the head of the Bund.'

Among the compensations of that tribe whose badge is poverty, we find love the most remarkable. Elsewhere, love is usually an episode; here, it is an important part of the history, its golden threads interwoven throughout the whole web. We have seen literary men introduced by their works alone to such offices as they were supposed to be capable of filling with advantage; but the same works gave them entrance—sometimes personally unseen and unknown—into the hearts of women. Klopstock affords an example of this. A friend one day read to him from a letter some criticisms on the *Messiah*, which struck the gratified poet by their depth of thought and poetical feeling. He learned that the critic was a maiden; and although at the moment smarting under a love disappointment, called on her with a letter of introduction. 'Margaretha Moller was one of the most enthusiastic of Klopstock's admirers. Ardent and imaginative, endowed with talents of no common order, with a heart as warm as her intellect was cultivated, the author of the *Messiah* was in her eyes the ideal of all that was great and good in human nature. To see him, to know him, seemed to her a privilege which would gratify her utmost wishes, but which she could scarcely ever hope to enjoy. Her delight and astonishment may be conceived when she actually heard his name announced. Meta was at that moment engaged in some domestic occupation—no other, we believe, than that of sorting out the household linen—and the room was consequently in no little disorder. Her sister proposed declining the visit for that morning; but the fair enthusiast would not hear of such a suggestion. The linen was quickly concealed, and Klopstock introduced.' In this first interview, at which he found the young lady 'at once so gifted, so amiable, and so charming, that he could hardly avoid giving her the name dearest to him in the world,' a correspondence was agreed upon. He found that she wrote as naturally as she spoke, and that, besides French, she was well acquainted with English, Italian, Latin, and—adds Klopstock—"perhaps Greek, for aught I know."

Meta never thought of concealing her love—a love which marriage had only the effect of increasing. "Since Klopstock and I have met," writes she to her correspondent Gleim, "I firmly believe that all those who are formed for each other are sure to meet sooner or later. How could I ever dream, when I knew Klopstock only by his *Messiah* and his odes, and so fondly wished for a heart like his, that very heart would one day be mine? . . . Even in my thirteenth year, I thought seriously how I should arrange my life, whether I married or remained single. In the first case, I settled how I should manage my household, educate my children, and above all,

conduct myself towards my husband. I formed the *beau idéal* of the consort I should desire, and Providence has given me precisely him whom I had pictured to myself as the type, the model of human perfection." . . . "I must tell you a new happiness," she writes to another, "which increases the number of my calm enjoyments. Klopstock, who had hitherto written out his compositions himself, begins to dictate them to me! This is indeed a delight! Klopstock's first manuscript is always written by my hand, and thus I am the first to read his beautiful verses! Rejoice in the advent of the second volume of the *Messiah*. Abbadona appears more frequently in the ninth song. Do I love Klopstock particularly as the author of the *Messiah*? Ah, for how many causes do I particularly love him! But on this account more than any other. And what a love is this! How pure, how tender, how full of veneration! I am most anxious he should finish the *Messiah*, not so much on account of the honour which will redound to him in consequence, as of the benefit it will confer on mankind. He never works at it without my praying that God may bless his labours. My Klopstock always writes with tears in his eyes!"

The irritable and melancholy Lessing obtained a wife whose admirable qualities acted like heavenly balm upon the spirit of every one who came near her. 'The spell which Madame Lessing threw over those around her could not fail to exercise a potent influence on a mind like that of her husband's, so keenly alive to all that was good and noble. His irritability decreased; his whole nature seemed tranquillised and softened, and the very spirit of love and concord reigned over the little household.' Wieland's first love was unfortunate, although he was beloved in return. His second was so also; and we mention it because the description of the lady shews, what one is inclined to suspect throughout, that the attachment of the German literary heart is determined by qualities different from physical beauty. 'A greater contrast to Sophia could scarcely be conceived. Julia was plain even to ugliness; somewhat pedantic withal, fond of talking with a loud voice and dictatorial manner, not unlike the picture drawn of the gifted and unfortunate Margaret Fuller. Like her, too, she contrived to make all these imperfections forgotten by her intellectual charms, and exercised on every one who came within her sphere an influence absolutely magical. "There is nothing in the world I would not do—nothing that ought to be done, I mean," Wieland writes to Zimmermann, "to win the hand of Julia; but I fear this is impossible." So it proved. Julia was resolved to live and die in single blessedness, and, strange to say, fulfilled her resolution.' Notwithstanding later attachments, however, his early love was never forgotten. At the ripe age of fifty-five, he once more met Sophia. 'Wieland had inquired after her with some impatience, and seemed most anxious to see her. All at once he perceived her. I saw him tremble; he stepped aside, threw his hat down with a movement at once hasty and tremulous, and hastened towards her. Sophia approached him with extended arms; but instead of accepting her embrace, he seized her hand, and stooped down to conceal his features. Sophia, with a heavenly look, bent over him, and said, in a tone which neither clarion nor hautboys could imitate: "Wieland, Wieland! Yes, it is you—you are ever my dear good Wieland!" Roused by this touching voice, Wieland lifted up his head, looked in the weeping eyes of the friend of his youth, and let his face sink into her arms.'

But the loves of the poets is too extensive a theme for our space, and we shall conclude by citing the case of Bürger after the death of his second wife, to whom he was even madly attached. 'Bürger's poems were peculiar favourites among the fair sex, and one of their

warmest admirers was a Suanian maiden, called Elise H——. Young, ardent, and romantic to excess, she had hung with rapture over Bürger's poems; she had listened with pitying sympathy to the recital of his love and his sorrows, and her imagination had pictured him under the most attractive form. Wayward and passionata, thoughtless and unreflective, now glad as a child, now plunged into the depths of sadness—"everything by turns, and nothing long"—Elise was the most charming and the most provoking of her sex. Though far from wealthy, her position was at least independent, and her wit and beauty attracted numerous admirers. As none of her admirers had yet found favour in her eyes, probably because they fell short of the standard of excellence her imagination had formed, she was still unmarried and fancy-free, when the tidings of Molly's [the wife's] death reached her, and awakened feelings which at first she herself scarcely dared to analyse. Bürger, he whose poems had been so long the delight of her heart, now thrilling her with terror, now moving her to tears, was free! That being whom he had so passionately loved was torn from him by the cruel hand of death; and, as Elise pictured his wild despair, his hopeless anguish, his utter loneliness, her enthusiastic soul warmed with mingled tenderness and pity. To see him, to know him, to console him, this was at first the sole end and aim of all her wishes. Gradually others arose—might she not by her love and care reconcile him to that world which was now become a desert to him, and replace his lost Molly in his heart? She did not pause to consider whether a union with a man double her age, who had already twice entered the bonds of matrimony, would be likely to insure her happiness. She trusted to her charms, to her influence, to efface all remembrance of his beloved Molly, and to mould him to her wishes—a delusion which has blasted the peace of many a fond heart.

Among the names mentioned by our author are not those of Goethe or Schiller, or of the writers who have flourished in our own generation; but these will form the subject of a future work. In the meantime, we have thought that it might not be considered an uninteresting or unsuggestive service to deduce from the present volumes some slight account of the compensations of literary life in Germany.

THE SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY AND FRIDAY PAYMENTS.

A MEMORIAL from the Early-closing Association has been laid before the governor and directors of the Bank of England, with a request that they would sanction the movement by closing the Bank at two o'clock on Saturdays, and thereby 'confer an important privilege on those engaged in that establishment, facilitate the adoption of the practice in the London banks generally, and at the same time give a powerful impetus to the cause in other quarters.'

Upwards of eleven hundred of the leading city firms have given their hearty concurrence to this proposition, 'believing that no inconvenience can arise to the public from such alteration being immediately effected,' and their names are affixed to the memorial. It sets forth that this generous concession will not only 'enable many thousands of the mercantile and industrial classes, with their families—without infringing on the Sunday—to participate in those interchanges of friendship, and to take that healthful relaxation, which constitute some of the chief enjoyments, and even necessities of life;' but also that an indirect result of great importance will arise from it, in the more general payment of wages on the Friday instead of the Saturday.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the advantages of such a change. 'When a working instead of a leisure day,' says a committee of the House of Commons, appointed to consider this subject, 'enable the receipt of wages, the workman encounters less temptation to dissipate his earnings at the gin-shop, instead of employing them in the purchase of necessaries for his family. If gentlemen-manufacturers, master-tradesmen, and farmers were aware of the benefits which must result to the labouring-classes from paying their wages on an earlier day than Saturday, especially if that day precede a market-day, your committee entertain no doubt that feelings of kindness, as well as duty, would soon cause the practice to become general.'

And again: 'If the labourer does not receive his wages in proper time on the Saturday to enable him Sunday as a day of rest or recreation, he is manifestly injured by being deprived of that portion of the which it has been the design of laws, both human and divine, to secure to him. If, on the other hand, he receives his wages in time to enable him to make his purchases on the Saturday evening, he is committing an injustice on the shopkeeper by coming him to sacrifice his day of rest by delaying his purchases to the Sunday.'

Nevertheless, we must remember that the absolute and universal stoppage of Sunday trading is impossible so long as the poor are so infamously lodged as they are at present. When seven or eight persons occupy the same room, eating and sleeping, the presence, in addition, of a leg of mutton hanging from the ceiling—which is their only 'safe'—is far from wholesome on the Saturday night, nor is the moral itself rendered more savoury by the process for the evening day; but with respect to commodities which are not perishable, they need never be bought upon the Sunday by persons who receive their wages before the preceding evening. All the weekly labourers in the Queen's employment are paid on Friday, and all those in the government establishments either on that day or before Saturday afternoon; while the same is the case with the Metropolitan and City police force. Moreover, all the Friday-paying firms agree that their men do not keep worse time, and are not less fitted for their duties on Saturday by reason of the change.

The Association, as might have been expected, have indeed been far more successful in effecting the alteration of pay-day than in procuring a diminution of the hours of toil. It is hard to persuade the commercial mind that a few hours given is not a few hours lost, nor does it quite see the necessity of 'refreshing the machine' at all—in the case of other people.

Still, there is a very large minority of hard-headed merchants, manufacturers, and traders, who have sympathized with the early-closing movement, and adopted more or less entirely the Saturday half-holiday, including the Stock Exchange; Lloyd's; the Baltic Coffee-house; a large majority of the insurance companies; the General Post-office and some departments; the railway companies in certain divisions; the distillers; many of the brewers; the hatters; the leather-factors; several of the great printers; the wholesale fruiterers; the wholesale stationers; the wholesale bookellers; numerous merchants and brokers; with all the great warehouses to the north and south of Cheap-side, engaged in the Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Coventry, Lanes, Nottingham, and Scotch trades. While, as an example of the progress of the cause, 'her Majesty's judges, and subsequently the lord chancellor, have established new rules touching the service of pleadings, notices, summonses, &c., to facilitate the carrying out of the movement in the legal profession; and,

readily availing themselves of these new rules, upwards of seven hundred of the leading London solicitors now close their offices on Saturday at two o'clock.

'The bankers, in some of the principal cities in the north of England, including Liverpool and Manchester, as also in Scotland, have for some years past carried out the half-holiday movement.'

The testimonies of many of the more important firms who have long adopted Early Closing, are very gratifying. It in reality appears that, 'whilst they have thus conferred an important boon on those in their employ, for which the latter are most grateful, they generally get as much work done in the shorter time as they formerly did in the more lengthened hours of business. Happily for the cause, this is no mere theory, which may or may not be correct, but the actual experience of business-men whose names stamp their statements with truth, and who, moreover, could have no motive to mislead the public in the matter. This pleasing result is, no doubt, partly owing to the greater heart, and more thorough concentration of purpose with which workmen naturally apply themselves to their calling when cheered by the prospect of a few hours of extra relaxation at the end of the week; and partly to the augmented restorative influence exercised by that prolonged cessation from toil.'

The employers sometimes require an extra half-hour *per diem*, in order to make up for the Saturday half-holiday, and their labourers are very ready to give it. Without this exaction, however, such a firm as Barclay and Perkins are able to assert that 'they have closed business entirely on Saturday, at two o'clock, for the last eighteen months, and the plan has occasioned no inconvenience or obstacle to the due execution of our regular work; on the contrary, it has resulted in greater convenience to all concerned.'

Chubb and Son 'have closed at 1 p.m. on Saturday, for the last eighteen months, and find the system answers very satisfactorily in both their manufactories (London and Wolverhampton).'

Alexander Grant and Brothers, who close at two o'clock on Saturday, declare that it 'has been very beneficial to ourselves, as well as to our people for whose advantage it was adopted. *We get quite as much, if not more, work done, and a better class of men offer themselves for employment.*

The Patent Galvanising and Corrugating Iron Company has closed at two in the summer months, and four in the winter, and the proprietors 'have found no inconvenience whatever in their arrangement, but quite the reverse, as their men have done precisely as much work since shortening the hours of labour.'

The firm of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co., whose men leave work so early as at half-past twelve, ~~state~~ this: 'Three years ago, we adopted the plan of ~~giving~~ the men in our employ a half-holiday on Saturdays. . . . We now complete in five days and a half that which formerly occupied six days to do, and this without any inconvenience; and in the long-run we believe we are gainers rather than otherwise by so doing. Our men are decidedly improved; we get better servants, and the work is done more neatly. . . . We pay all our men at eight o'clock each Saturday morning.'

We have no room for further quotations; but nothing can be more gratifying to those who wish well to humanity than such testimonies from practical men to the commercial benefits which ensue from cutting our own fingers to lighten the heavy burdens upon the shoulders of our labouring brethren. Of the moral advantages of such alleviation from toil, no man can doubt who reads the evidence here placed before him.

The physical necessity for some such change is obvious to all who are acquainted with the business

streets of London and our manufacturing towns, and have marked the frames and faces of the passers-by. In Scotland, or rather—as we fear we must restrict ourselves to stating—in Edinburgh, there is no such conflict for the bare life; no such penning in unwholesome atmospheres the whole day long; no such ceaseless offering up of human health at the desk and counter altars, as in many other places. The hours of toil are certainly not so numerous as in English towns; and the Early Closing Movement—the Saturday Half-holiday—is, in addition, generally observed.

THE SCOTCHMAN IN IRELAND.

THE *Times* correspondent and such-like literary locusts would appear to have exhausted the Green Isle and the Irish utterly; but the author of *Ballytubber, or a Scotch Settler in Ireland*,* proves to us that there is something to be said upon the subject still. It really is a remarkable book for some reasons; and not the less that we have in it the Thistle reproaching the Shamrock with its unornamental appearance; the pot condemning the kettle upon the ground of its being black underneath; in plain terms, one who is familiar with Edinburgh Old Town and the Cowgate, giving the rough side of his tongue to the city of Belfast and the sister-land, upon the score, forsooth, of its being overcrowded and not overclean.

Mr Virgilius Penman, as the author calls himself, is certainly not inclined to be complimentary; but there is such an air of truth about what he goes on to say concerning Irish farm-letting, as proves it to be a personal experience. He is himself a Scotch settler in want of a farm. Such excellent demesnes are offered to him (upon paper) in the Irish advertisements, that he scarcely knows which to choose; all 'in most quiet and respectable localities;' all 'in sporting counties;' all 'in the neighbourhood of Protestant churches, good schools, and market-towns.' Some of these turn out to be such as the thriving city of Eden, in the United States, appeared, in reality, to Martin Chuzzlewit and Company; some are only 'put into the newspapers in order to meet the landlord's eye, while, all the time, they are engaged to some one at a certain rent, or intended to be retained in the agent's own hands;' and some 'are advertised solely for the purpose of ascertaining from applicants their marketable value, in order to raise or fix a rent for their present tenants; whereby strangers are often induced to incur long and expensive journeys fruitlessly.'

Let it be granted, however, that the unfortunate settler gets his stock and tillage-farm at last, consisting of 800 acres, and situated in that most civilised of Irish counties, Dublin; and suppose that his horses, cattle, sheep, are all that could be wished, and that he is fortunate in his husband-men; even with these advantages, he is not, it seems, an enviable agriculturist. His wedders are slaughtered nightly, and the skins alone left to tell the tale, while the shepherd who narrates the misfortune is himself privy to the crime; or the sheep again suffer, and this time by a reverse of the felony, their wool being taken and their bodies left torn and bruised, and perished with the cold; or the manes and tails of the plough-horses are found shorn to the skin, and even the tails of the milch-cows laid under contribution.

The settler's most difficult task, however, seems to be the management of some twenty farm-labourers: five of whom, being men, are appointed to the horses;

* Houston and Wright. London. 1858.

and fifteen women, ten of whom without shoes or stockings, in short, with one-third of their fair superfluities in *paris naturalibus*—their heads, in most instances, uncovered—their vestments consist chiefly of the cast-off attire of both sexes, tucked together by pins and threads, and their hair smeared into cakes by *ham-grease*, and folded up under a ribbon; others have it hanging in slattern folds about their ears, or twisted like snakes around their temples. At six o'clock A.M., the work of these farm-labourers is (supposed) to begin; and at the same hour, allowing an interval of two hours from eleven to one, they (very readily) retire. The wages for women are 8d. per diem; and for men, from 16d. to 18d. Let the unfortunate farmer relate his own experience of day the first:

Day the First.—With the sound of the morning-bell, precisely at the hour of six, our illustrious husbandman enters the field. One only of his ploughmen is up to time; one has forgotten his hame-sticks, and has left his horses grazing by the way until he "just go fetch them;" another has let slip out of his hand one of his spirited mares, and is pursuing her about the farm; the fourth has slept in "because his wife was sick;" and the fifth has gone to the forge, having neglected to go on the preceding evening. . . . Of the number of females engaged, two only are forward at the hour appointed, and these are a soldier's widow and daughter. About an hour hence, a noisy band, singing and frolicking on their way, is seen advancing on the field; and at every hour or half-hour from this till past noon are stragglers coming in. The morning, it is true, has afforded a sorry start; but patience is a virtue, and hopes are entertained of a full muster for the afternoon. At the hour of one the roll is called. Twelve tell up; for though the complement has now appeared on the ground, three of the number are missing—gone off to meet their little boy or little girl, their brother or sister, who was to fetch their "bit o' bread and sup o' tay."

Day the second is not much better, and day the third is worse; so that, if we are to believe the author of *Ballynabber*, the Scotch emigrant in search of a farm, who is not gifted with the patience of Job and the purse of Fortunatus, had better go further afield than into the sister-island. Nevertheless, as Mr Penman does stay in the place after all, one may conclude that things get better in time. Here is a description of one of the best contrivances, perhaps, for making them better that has yet been hit up by those interested in Ireland's welfare—namely, Court of Encumbered Estates. Its importance causes us—in true Irish fashion—to end our notice of Mr Penman's experiences with an account of that institution, without which they would never have begun. The court is held in Henrietta Street, and the auction generally commences about noon.

You approach from this street through a goodly dwelling-house, now converted into offices in connection with the business of the court; thence by a long and narrow passage in the rear of this building to the court-room itself. On entering the disenchanting hall, you will naturally uncover, unmiadful of the counter-example of some gentlemen you will see there—they are up from the wild countries where a new hat is a novelty, and Baron R—— is a man of feeling. Taking your stand or seat as accommodation will afford, and running your eyes over the interior of the chamber, you will see a vast number of men seated on the different rows of benches; some with sharp, lively, trickish looks; others with sad and sorrowful countenances; and some, again, complacently watching at their ease the progress of the business. These three divisions of the company are the lawyers, nominal owners, and intended purchasers; and each order may readily be distinguished

by the various expressions and emotions impressed upon their features. Some, you will perceive, are following the biddings with a nervous and visible anxiety; others engaged in the perusal of and pencil on the margin of *Rentals*; whilst a third order are making notes, and conning over legal documents. The scene, viewed apart from its merits, has something grave and impressive in moral effect; relating, perhaps, as it may, to some once noble patrimony, some once hospitable but now deserted habitation, where festivity and mirth seemed to promise endurance with the rising and setting sun, about to depart for ever from one whose name has been identified with the soil, whose lease or manorial tenure, once counted by centuries, is now within a few months of its eventful end—the glory of an illustrious ancestry about to be forever severed from the territory which some noble founder had "called after his own name!"

THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE

SWEET June, I greet thee on thy birthday morn
With song and gladness; now my heart grows young
As many blessings on its chords are strung
As bright-eyed flowers thy new-worn robe adorn.
Hail to thy coming o'er yon eastern hills,
Treading on gorgeous clouds whose humid folds
Are steeped in heaven's own purple; the high red
Gleam on thy path like gold; thy glory fills
Mountain and vale, the meadows and their streams;
The sweet birds in the forest are awake,
And of a new-born joy like mine partake—
The whole earth of its primal Sabbath dreams,
While fragrant airs in wooing whispers come
Kissing the opening flowers to brighter bloom.

J. R.

A MAINE LAW THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

When whisky was first introduced into Scotland, it appears to have been used only as a medicine, and to have been long strictly used under the lock and key of the medical practitioners, as it now is within those American towns where the Maine Law is rigorously enforced. It was by the sympathy and support of the people, and of the medical practitioners of Edinburgh—the college of Surgeons—in 1505 united in their own persons the rather incongruous duties of surgeons and barbers, and, in that capacity, applied to the town-council, in accordance with the customs of the age, to be formed into a separate incorporation. The town-council granted the prayer of their bill and supplication, by issuing the 'seal of cause, granted be the town-council of Edinburgh, to the crafts of Surgeons and Barbers,' dated July 1, 1505. In the spirit of the times the document—amongst other exclusive privileges conferred on the newly incorporated body—provided and declared 'that na person, man nor woman, within the burgh, mak nor sell any aquavit within the samyn, except the saidis maisters, brother and freemen of the craft, under paine of the escheit of the samyn, but (whar) favours.' This charter was ratified and confirmed by an act of the parliament of Scotland, passed in the reign of Charles I., November 17, 1641. The whisky-bottle had thus been in the exclusive keeping of the medical profession for nearly a century and a half, and by this act, it appeared to be irrecoverably placed in their hands.—*Rise and Progress of Whisky Drinking in Scotland*, by D. MacLaren. Edinburgh: Oliphant.

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LATTER-DAY COACHMEN.

AN elaborate monograph on the omnibus-drivers of London, and their interesting congeners the conductors, would prove an invaluable contribution to the natural history of mankind. Philosophers are much to blame for having allowed the habits of this important class of beings to escape their observation; and unless they make an early attempt to fill up the deplorable hiatus that exists in our knowledge, we shall cease to regard them with anything like respect. My own researches have led me to place the omnibus-driver between the fossil stage-coachman and the modern railway-guard, as I am convinced that he partakes of the nature of each of these distinct types. My endeavours to assign a true position in the chain of being to the conductor have unfortunately been less successful. The peculiarities of the driver are not well marked, owing to his transitional character. Now, his thick shawl wrappings, his countless capes, and his purple visage, recall the old stager; and now, his trim figure and jaunty air remind us of his connection with the railway official. The conductor is subject to still greater variation, his forms being truly Protean. Now he seems a curate; sometimes one might mistake him for a decayed tradesman, a man about town, a ticket-of-leave holder, and sometimes, wonderful to relate, for a gentleman. My local habitation is situated at a nice inconvenient distance from Charing Cross, and my frequent journeys to and from town afford me many opportunities for studying the physical and mental characteristics of bus-men.

The Brown omnibuses pass my door every quarter of an hour. From nine o'clock till eleven, these celebrated vehicles are crowded with government officials, West-end banking-clerks, wealthy tradesmen, and all those varieties of the human race comprised under the head of men of business. I have an indescribable dread of these early passengers, and seldom venture to accompany them. They converse in a language I do not understand, and make free use of those mysterious words *consols*, *dividend*, *percentage*, *stock*, and *discount*, the true import of which I have never been able to master. All these early commercial birds look as if they had picked up the golden worm, and they all bear the mint-mark of respectability. The old gentlemen who ride inside, and sit staring at each other in grim silence, are unquestionably respectable; so are the severe fathers of families who discuss the state of the money-market on the front-seats; and so, indeed, are those pale-faced boys in long coats and tight collars, who smoke huge meerschaums and

fat cigars on the roof. Nevertheless, I would rather not ride in such good company. I would rather wait till noon, when the mothers and daughters of our suburb begin to besiege the Brown busses, when the driver is being continually requested to pull up for another lady, and when the conductor hears nothing but a rustle of silk dresses and a clanking of iron hoops. The fair ones are bent on shopping, and will return in a few hours loaded with ducks of bonnets and divine mantles. Of course they ride inside, and I have seldom anybody to dispute with me my right to the box-seat.

My favourite driver is young Webb, a stripling over whose head some sixty summers may have flown. I do not know how the veteran came by the prefix of *young*, but young Webb he is, and young Webb he will remain, until his turn comes to take a trip in that dismal black omnibus which carries only one inside. His youthful spirits may have procured him the title; but I am inclined to believe that there is an old Webb hanging about the stables, and that my young friend is his son. This opinion is not without foundation, as mysterious allusions to the 'old party' are not uncommon in the driver's speeches. Young Webb looks out of place on an omnibus, and feels his degraded position acutely. He drove four horses in former times on the broad Oxford Road—a fact which he takes care to mention every time he sees me. He dresses in a costume approaching that worn by him in happier days, when, as he says, 'nobody thought them railways would answer, and when coachmen was almost as well cared for as bishops.' A light drab-coat ornamented with large pearl buttons covers his portly person; gaiters of the same colour protect his well-shod feet, and an ancient beaver-hat with a broad turned-up brim shades his rubicund face. The hot weather does not seem to affect him in the least, and he holds blouses and straw-hats in great contempt. Plenty of beef and an extra allowance of porter, he assures me, keep his head cool in the 'blazingest' weather. Young Webb is very communicative; but it is rather difficult to get at the meaning of his enigmatic sentences. I will endeavour to report a conversation we held together a few days since; but his speeches want a running accompaniment of winks, elbow-nudges, and flourishes of the whip, which cannot appear on paper. We were passing the establishment known as Mr De Fluke's Homœopathic Institute, when I ventured to address Young Webb on the subject of that medical man's capabilities.

'Oh, you want to know something about the doctor, do you? Wery likely. Perhaps this ain't the

right shop though; perhaps you'd better apply over the way, with which establishment there ain't no connection.'

'Do you know the gentleman?' I asked as mildly as possible.

'Do I know him? Ah, now, I see what you're driving at. I know him fast enough. If he wasn't a awful vagabond, he'd perhaps be a most respectable man; but what might be, and what is, is two very different horses.'

I assented to the truth of his last proposition, and requested to be furnished with further particulars.

'My opinion don't stand for much, sir,' continued the mysterious driver; 'but I generally knows what o'clock it is at dinner-time; and it's my private opinion that Dr De Fluke is a cure. Now, I'll just give an idea of the man as he is, leaving what he might be out of the question. This is him to the life. He's got a long white calico blind always drawn down to the very bottom of the window, and a gold-headed cane, and all the rest of it. When the shutters is shut, Heaven only knows—but I suppose it's after everybody's abed, and when they're opened, I can't say, I'm sure, but very likely afore everybody's up. Oh, he's a peculiar party, that he is!'

Not exactly seeing the connection between the doctor's shutters and his private character, I asked my friend to explain the hidden meaning contained in his words.

'There's nothing to explain,' said he; 'the calico blind speaks for itself. But that ain't all. There's his advertisements in the penny papers about his invincible pills which ain't feasible. (Webb is very proud of this adjective.) I'm sure I hope them pins' heads may do the folks as takes them as much good as they does him; but what I hopes, and what I believes, is also different horses. But that's not all, sir. Look here—he's actually got a gallows-great letter-box in his front-door, with a hundred and forty-nine letters in it—all of them stuffed full of postage-stamps. This is merely a headline of Dr De Fluke. If you want to know more about him, you go over to the Markie of Granby and have a drop of something warm—ginger-brandy, with a little bit of sugar, is very good, but rum-shrub has its merits. If you light a Hawaiian afterwards, I'm not the one to find fault with you. When you've taken your drop of comfort, just go to the bar and ask for Crispy the postman, and they'll bring him out to you. Then take him very quietly aside, and whisper in his ear that you want to know something about the doctor; and tell him that young Webb sent you. Oh, he'll give you full particulars, he will! Oh, he just is a cure, and no mistake!'

At this moment, Mr Webb pulled up for a passenger, who had scarcely seated himself when my friend asked him whether he knew anything of Dr De Fluke—'a most respectable party, sir—most respectable!'

The mythical personage alluded to as Crispy the postman, is Webb's authority for everything. It was only yesterday that he refused to give me any opinion as to the probability of having wet weather until he had 'reckoned it over' with Crispy.

Mr Higgins is a scholar and a gentleman, though he condescends to drive the one o'clock omnibus. His tastes are literary; and he passes much of his time in 'putting together some verses on a coachman's life.' Start not, reader! there are 'mute inglorious Miltons' on the box-seat, as well as elsewhere; nay, improbable as it may seem, I can bear witness to the artistic powers of a conductor! Mr Higgins is a severe critic, and does not spare the highest reputations. He will tell you that such a writer isn't of much account, that another is going to the dogs, and that a third had better shut up shop. He makes up, however, for the abuse he so freely bestows on some writers, by the lavish praises he awards to his favourites. He

almost worships Eliza Cook, and is for ever quoting her poems, introducing each recitation as 'that pretty little verse by Miss Eliza,' or 'one of Miss Eliza's best.' He invariably asks me whether there's anything new in the book-line, and is extremely easy when I reply in the negative. When he hears a new song, he makes a note of it for my especial edification. 'I heard a pretty little thing last night, sir,' he will say. 'I gave a little musical supper to some friends from the country; and one of the young women—my wife's cousin, in fact—sang a song I think you'd like to have a copy of. I'm sure I forget the name of it; but it begins: "Alone on the desert, alone, all alone—Alone on the desert am I." Then I think it goes: "My good steed has fallen, my pathway is flown"—then—I forget how the last line comes, but it's something about being "left here to die." It's a sweet pretty thing, if I could only remember it. You see, sir, it describes how a poor fellow wanders away from the caravan which contains his wife and family, and is overcome by the heat and the dry roads. However, just as he is at the very last gag, the bells of the camels are heard tinkling in the distance, and he and his animal are saved by the proprietor of the caravan. It nearly made me into a fool of myself, I can assure you, sir; and I felt quite relieved when Mary Anne (that's my wife's maid) began jangling a bunch of keys in imitation of the camels' bells.' Mr Higgins has promised to turn me with a sight of his own composition, which I am convinced must be a literary curiosity.

James is a sporting driver. His face is long and thin like a horse's; the brim of his hat is perfectly flat; his coat is short; his waistcoat is long, and his trousers fit so tightly to his legs, that I have come to the conclusion that he must sleep in them. I think he has a notion that I am a horse-watcher, and is always asking me to put him up to a good time in the Ascot cup. He divides time not by the Gregorian, but by the Hacing Calendar, and talks of the *Flying Dutchman* year, the *Teddington* year, and so on, as if all the world could understand him. James is not an interesting person, nevertheless he is his admirers, and more than one of the conductors owe by him.

Omnibus-driving has an acidifying effect upon most dispositions, at least I should judge so from the chronic peevishness of old Baxter, with whom I have often a little skirmishing-match. He labours under the delusion that he is a victim of continual persecution. When he is not at amity with his passengers, he will inform them of the cruelty of his master, who expects him to work night and day for a paltry little bit of dirt which is scarcely worth pecking. Sometimes he will rave at the other omnibus companies, and point to the miserable condition of their vehicles or animals upon the upstart incapables who are intrusted with the reins. Stoppages in the north work him up to a pitch of frenzy, and will, I think, some day bring on a fit of apoplexy. Whenever he is at a loss for a topic to grumble at, he falls upon his conductor, who appears to be a very old youth, but who, according to the driver, is both wiser than a bend in more or less human shape.

There are a few of the varieties of the genus *humanus* which have fallen under my immediate notice; countless others equally interesting await the coming of the monographer who shall classify and name them.

The cad or conductor has been much commented upon. He is considered to be the embodiment of all that is low and brutal. Even Hon Gaultier speaks disparagingly of him in that celebrated line:

I hold the gray barbarian lower than the Chinese who which is equal to saying, that the cad is the most degraded type of civilised man. For my own part

I have generally found the cad to be a sprightly good-natured creature, rather too fond of indulging in 'chaff,' but capable of displaying considerable attachment to his regular customers. It would be impossible, within the narrow limits of this article, to do justice to my favourite conductors, but I cannot resist a temptation to lay before the reader a characteristic anecdote of Mr Edward Brown, or, as he is sometimes called, Smart Ned.

My friend Bilberry sometimes accompanies me to town; and as he has a strong objection to mount the box, I sacrifice my own comfort on the altar of friendship by riding inside. Bilberry is a popular lecturer of considerable fame, and what is more to the point, a very charming companion. He is a huge man, with a jolly round face, which is slightly tinted by the best of claret. He dresses in a very clerical style; and his turned-up hat, gold spectacles, and black suit, gave him the outward semblance of some high-church dignitary. A few mornings ago, we met at the corner of the road, and waited for our omnibus, which happened to be the one to which Mr Brown is attached. On our way to town, I could not help noticing that worthy's frequent glances at my portly friend. Every now and then he would peep cautiously into the vehicle, and look at Bilberry's hat, his shoes, or his spectacles. At last he dismounted from his elevated post, and took up a position on the step, so that he might enjoy an uninterrupted view of the lecturer. He seemed completely fascinated with the massive gold spectacles, and never averted his gaze for a moment. At Charing Cross I got out, and Bilberry followed. Brown touched his hat to him with a reverential air.

'Beg your pardon, sir,' said he; 'may I speak with you a minute?'

'What is it, my man—what is it?' asked my friend.

'I'm afraid, sir, you'll think me very rude, but the fact is, me and the driver has a bet on about you.'

'A bet about me, man? What do you mean?' Bilberry is rather irascible, and will not be trifled with.

'Well, sir, it's rather a ticklish question to put to you, but ain't you Cardinal Wiseman?'

'Cardinal Wiseman?' roared Bilberry, flourishing his cane. 'Do you mean to insult me, you impertinent rascal. I have a very good mind to—'

My excited friend could not finish his sentence before Smart Ned had slammed the door, mounted his perch, and shouted out at the top of his voice: 'All right, Bill! Drive on! It is his *Hemisphere*!'

SOCIALISM IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Some years ago, the present generation witnessed what we may probably regard as the last expiring efforts of a school of political and social reformers, whose name is perhaps more unpopular and less respected than that of any other sect of philosophy. The extreme section of the Republican party in France, and some of the most earnest and liberal members of the clergy and laity of the Church of England, were each engaged in their respective countries in endeavouring to lay the foundation of a new system of society, by which all the worst evils of the present phase of human affairs were to be avoided, and which was to elicit, sooner or later, a complete moral revolution throughout the civilised world. The failure of the political Socialists of France, and of the Christian Socialists in England, was complete and decisive; it is not likely that we shall, during the lifetime of the present generation, see another attempt made

to carry out in practical experiment the principles of the economical system vaguely denominated Socialism. This being the case, it is possible to inquire into the nature and abstract merits of its doctrines at more leisure, and with more impartiality, than could be expected at a time when the questions at issue were presented in a practical shape, and appeared as subjects of political contention rather than of philosophic discussion. And, though such an inquiry may savour somewhat too much of a 'warring with the dead,' which is at once unprofitable and undignified, it has its value both for those whose minds have been attracted by the brilliant promises of the Socialistic writers and speakers, and for those who have rejected their system as a monstrous and palpable absurdity, without any very clear idea of its character, or of the definite objections which have been conclusively urged against it. There are thousands of the working-classes, and among them often the most intelligent and estimable, who have neither forgotten nor wholly lost faith in the doctrines which they or their fathers first learned some quarter of a century ago. They cling to the idea that existing evils, and the inequalities of human conditions, are the fruit, not of any causes within the control of the sufferers, or beyond all human control whatever, but of an abnormal state of society, which might be cured and rectified, but for the obtuseness of those who are not stung into reflection, and the selfishness of those to whose lot have fallen the prizes of fortune. Holding this belief, they are naturally and rightfully discontented with their fate, and disposed to murmur against all who are more happily situated, as against those who keep them out of their due.

These are men who deserve attentive and respectful sympathy; and the social theories on which they rest their hopes of a good time coming are entitled to be heard with patience, to be elucidated with fairness, and to be refuted with care and in good feeling. The horror with which the name of Socialism is still regarded in the spheres of sober and commonplace conservatism, had its origin in the associations attached to it by the earlier and less-considerate professors of the doctrine. The idea which the term is intended to convey is simple enough. As generally used and understood, Socialism implies the association of labour, while Communism infers the association of property. The Socialist advocates the extinction of all competition for employment or for custom, for profit or for wages. He would organise the industry of the country after a republican fashion, dividing among the labourers the produce of their toil, instead of a stipulated sum in wages from the master-capitalist, to whom that produce now belongs. He would have the labourer to work not for a master, as in our factories, nor for himself, as on the small farms of France, or in the small workshops of Britain, but jointly for himself and his fellow-workmen. The Communist proposes, in addition, that the produce, instead of being divided, shall be held in common property by all. These theories are put forward, not as plans to be forthwith carried into effect by a sudden and violent revolution in the whole frame of society, but as the natural and most hopeful development towards which civilisation should tend.

The unhealthiness, folly, and mischievous nature of competition is the idea that lies at the root of the idea. Competition is regarded as the master-evil of society; nor—unreasonable though it be—is this view unnatural. It is not surprising that men, seeing

only the mechanism through which an effect is produced, should mistake that mechanism for the cause. It is but as if some one, not seeing the engine at work, should attribute the motion of the wheels and shafts to the revolving fly-wheel. It is natural that men of sensitive benevolence should be pained and outraged as they witness the ceaseless jar, and jostle, and struggle of life. It is terrible, in very truth, to see how, in every business, in every rank and grade of existence, men are crowding one another out of the comforts and decencies of life—sometimes actually elbowing one another out of life itself—merely in the effort to make their own way, or even to maintain their own ground. It is not wonderful that men more philanthropic than philosophical should regard this scramble and strife as wanton and needless, and attribute to it the sufferings of which it is the instrument, forgetting that, if it were to cease, while the want of room continued to impede progress, stagnation and suffocation must be the result.

The great object was to discover some system of social arrangements by which the present evils and inequalities of human life might be avoided or redressed. Believing that these misfortunes sprang principally or wholly from the competitive principle which underlies all existing social institutions, and from the selfishness which it engenders, something to supersede this mainspring of society was sought for. Association and organisation from without, instead of organisation naturally arising from competition among the individual members of the social body, were expected to remodel the world. By this means the socialists hoped to insure that every man should have a sufficiency of leisure, and an adequate share of the produce of the common labour. By this means they hoped so to adjust the supply of all articles of desire to the wants of the community, as that neither scarcity nor repletion should ever afflict them. It was their intention so to distribute labour among different occupations, as that none should ever be unemployed because his particular trade was overstocked, or should be forced to labour day and night for a remuneration which hardly sufficed to save him from dying of hunger. It was their endeavour, moreover, to pave the way for a juster and more equal distribution of the produce of human labour and abstinence, than at present exists. Pure Socialism, as the word is understood in this country, would achieve this simply by a more equitable method of partition, and by such a general diffusion of education as would preserve and elevate the classes now poor by reason of ignorance and vice. Communism, with less patience and more audacity, would sweep away at once all inequalities of fortune, by destroying at one blow the institution of private property. The writers and preachers of this doctrine propose to return to that which may not improbably have been the first condition of human society, and which is not unlike the form of proprietary rights subsisting among the nomad tribes of the east. The community, state or family, is to be the sole proprietor; distributing to all, not according to their deserts, but according to their needs. All labour is to be employed and directed by the state; the produce is to belong to the state, and the state is to be responsible for the comfortable maintenance of each individual citizen. Now, there is the widest possible difference between these two theories. The former proposes simply a different organisation of industry from that at present subsisting; the latter demands a complete reconstruction of human society, hardly to be accomplished without a radical change in human nature. The objections to the schemes of the Socialist lie in matters of practice and of detail, and amount on the whole to this—that the plan could not be made to work, and that if it were set in action,

its working would produce results of very questionable benefit to society. Communism is liable to objections far more vital and fundamental; as a theory which could only be carried out by the annihilation of all existing rights, which would be an enormous retrogression in civilisation, and could hardly be to prove most fatal both to the material and the moral wellbeing of mankind. It seems exceedingly improbable that, under a system which should render it impossible to dismiss a labourer for idleness, which should deprive him of the stimulus to industry afforded by the stern necessity of earning his bread, and under which he would derive only as thus inappreciable individual advantage from the immediate results of his toil, men would labour as diligently and heartily as when their present and their future comfort, if not their very existence, depend on their own exertions. One great economist, who is inclined to look with favour upon the communistic scheme of society, expresses a strong belief that the influence of public opinion would be sufficient to prevent any man from shirking the task assigned to him. That influence, in a community so constituted as to give the feeblest possible effect, would be very powerful, we can hardly doubt; but it is by no means certain that it would obtain labour half as effectual as that of a workman at present paid by the piece, and it is very likely that many men will be found to labour as sedulously for the community as they would for working on their own account and for their own sake.

In thus speaking of Communism, we are comparing it of course with the best developed portions of the actual fabric of industrial organisation, and not to still more healthy forms towards which it may aim to tend. Tried by this test, compared with the condition of the intelligent and well-paid mechanic of such a peasant-proprietary as exists in Flanders, Switzerland, and the western provinces of America, the Communistic state of society will appear to most minds evitable, beneficial, or attractive. But to the Dorsetshire peasant, whom daily have to be supported on eight or ten shillings a week, or to the London seamstress who earns some shillings a day at most by sixteen hours' constant toil, the position of the member of a community in which there should be no unequal poverty, and no grinding overwork, must seem an object of fervent desire. It appears, then, that a social system based on the institution of private property may be made far more desirable than that of Communism: it is equally certain, that there are phases of our present system which amply justify those who believe that a more irremediable under that system in sighing after one in which there should be no poor.

It must not be forgotten, however, that under a Communistic régime, all those restraints which are at present mechanically effected by the necessary operation of our social institutions—restraints of indolence and indulgence, coercion to industry, and to economy, checks on an increase of population more rapid than that of food, and the like—must be artificially imposed by the legislation of the community, and enforced by penal statutes. Numberless matters which now are regulated by the necessities inherent in what may be called the individualistic organisation of society, or, at least, to individual discretion under the inevitable pressure of those necessities, must under Communism be ordered and settled by law. What scope there would be left for individuality of thought and action, what degree of personal freedom could exist under such a system—cannot be accurately determined, but we can hardly doubt that a tendency towards the tyranny of a most oppressive uniformity would be one of the very worst perils involved in the theory of the Communist. In this respect, his doctrine cannot

most unfavourably with the work of the practical Socialist, whose 'labour-partnerships,' at least so far as they have yet been actually tried, have done much to develop individual character and personal dignity on the part of their members. That the tyranny of a Socialist organisation which should embrace the whole industry of a country, leaving all trades and workmen at the mercy of a vast centralised administration, would be intolerably severe, no clear-sighted person can well doubt. But the habit of working together with others in a self-governed association, with the feeling of strong personal interest in the work done, and in the dignity of independence which is so highly prized by the educated British workman, is a training, moral and industrial, than which it would not be easy to devise a better.

A few such associations are still flourishing, of which we need only advert to the most successful—the Rochdale Co-operative Store—which does infinite credit to the working-men who founded and managed it, and which has been the best possible school, in every sense, for all connected with it. Institutions of this kind may, and generally do fail, either from want of capital or from want of the necessary qualities of patience, prudence, resolution, and mutual confidence and forbearance on the part of their members. But there is no reason whatsoever why, if these requisites be found, they should not achieve success; and there is every reason to wish that they should do so, as much for the sake of the virtues they call forth, and the valuable lessons inculcated by their difficult struggles towards security and prosperity, as for the material benefits conferred on those who belong to them. When organised by the working-classes themselves, and kept in their own hands, they may be made most valuable instruments for the elevation of their members both in moral worth and temporal wealth, and for the material and educational improvement of their neighbourhood. And perhaps not least among their advantages, we may reckon the insight they can afford to the working-class into the practical truths of political economy; into the hard necessities of commerce, of which they are not the only victims; and into the true nature of those laws which, when their operation is severely felt, they are inclined to break, as mere excuses for the selfishness of masters or the avarice of landlords; into the possibilities of their own future, and the means by which the highest and happiest of those possibilities may be realised; as well as into the practical value of those exalted ideas of a coming industrial regeneration, and a triumph of Socialistic principles which perhaps inspired them at the outset. Those who have talked with the working-men who have had experience of the management of these concerns, cannot fail to be struck with their superiority to their fellows in soundness of thought upon economical matters, and by their more rational views on the questions peculiarly interesting to their class. Were such institutions more commonly successful, and such knowledge and judgment therefore more generally diffused, it is probable that much of the money and time wasted, and good feeling destroyed, by fruitless and irrational strikes, might have been spared. Whatever might be the views of the original teachers of Socialism, it is quite certain that the only portion of their work which has taken practical root in this country, is so far from being hostile to the wellbeing of society as at present constituted, that no better education could be found for the working-classes than the establishment in every large town of such co-operative associations as the Rochdale Store and the Leeds Corn-mill. The test of practice has been applied, and has effectually separated the really valuable principles from the mass of error and extravagance in which the preachers of Socialism had

buried them; and in doing so, it has shewn how much of sound sense lay at the bottom of a theory which had been pushed to such irrational extremities.

OUR NEW ORGANIST.

THE old man who for upwards of thirty years had been organist of Waldon Cathedral, was not forthcoming one spring morning: being sought for, he was found dead in his bed.

When at Waldon—this was never for very long at a time, though not exactly young, I was still in my *Wanderjahr*; I had often officiated for old Jackson; and now, at the bishop's desire, I took upon myself the trouble and responsibility of appointing a new organist.

Waldon—for reasons of my own, I do not speak of my native town by its right name—is a very behind-the-time, out-of-the-world place; my gazetteer says that it is 'chiefly noted for its cathedral, a magnificent, cruciform structure; and its palace, the residence of the lord-bishop of the diocese;' but I do not think that it is 'noted' at all. Nevertheless, though I have travelled much, I have never seen any building that appeared to me so imposing and grandly suggestive as Waldon Cathedral; but then I have that familiarity with it which breeds, not contempt, but truest reverence for what is truly admirable. I own a house in the cathedral-yard, in which I was born, in which I hope to die.

For some months after the death of our old organist, I was a reluctant occupant of this house of mine. As spring gave place to summer, my impatience to escape from the drowsy heat that settled down on Waldon was great. The two or three ignorant and self-complacent young men who alone applied for the vacant situation, received questionably courteous dismissal.

One sultry midsummer evening, my thoughts turned with especial longing to Norwegian fjelds and firds, I rose from my organ practice abruptly, and left the cathedral by a small, low side-door, of which I always made use. The bishop was absent. I went to stroll in the palace-grounds, and, remembering that in the morning I had needed a work of reference, which I knew to be among the ancient volumes in the library above the cloisters, I obtained the key of the library from the bishop's housekeeper. Afterwards I sauntered beneath the ancient trees on the close-shaven lawns, the while denouncing the stifling heat, a good time; then I paced the wall above the moat dividing the palace-grounds from the cathedral precincts. Presently I fancied that I heard the tones of the organ. I had left the door ajar, the organ and my music-book open. Rather indignant that any one should intrude into my domain, the organ-loft, I left the palace-grounds immediately. As I passed into the cathedral-yard by the heavy arched-way, from which an avenue of glorious old limes leads to the principal entrance, I was startled by a full burst of rich harmony; it died away as I reached my little door. Just within it, I paused and listened: I was not disappointed; the organ again sounded. Open upon my desk I had left a collection of intricate fugues; these the unknown musician began to play. I detected signs of diffidence, and of ignorance of the resources of the instrument in the style of the player; but I also detected the presence of feeling, refinement, enthusiasm.

'This man will do,' I thought, as I listened. 'He needs confidence and practice, but he has genius. Ah, ye Waldonites, ye shall slumber through your services no longer! The power of music shall stir ye.'

Twilight was gathering; fine full chords melted into silence; the instrument was not touched again. I proceeded to mount the stairs of the organ-loft. It chanced that I still had in my hand the key of the library; unfortunately, I dropped it, and the consequent

notes, echoing from arch to arch, no doubt alarmed the musician. Having reached the organ, I drew back the curtain, prepared to address the unknown. I found there—no one. Of course, the player had descended one stair as I mounted the other. I leaned over the loft, gazed down into the dimness of the vast building, and listened intently for the sound of a footfall. I heard no sound, and was inclined to doubt if human fingers had pressed the keys that night. But there was my book of fugues, not open where I had left it—a spirit-musician would hardly make use of letters.

I presumptuously called upon the unknown to come forth, unless he desired to be locked in for the night: only the echoing of my own voice replied to me. I shook up the clownish boy who had blown the bellows for me, and still clambered in his niche. He could give me no information; had 'drownd' from the time I left off playing till the playing began again, and had seen 'naught nor nobody.'

No one was now lingering in the building, I felt convinced; so I departed, locking the door behind me; but I scuntered a long time beneath the lines before I could persuade myself to go home.

Next evening I practised again, playing with revived enthusiasm, perhaps in unconscious emulation of the unknown, who might probably be listening. From time to time I peered between the curtains; I saw no one save an old man hobbling about examining the instruments, and a child or young girl whom I had, as it were, noticed, without remarking, for several afternoons, occupying a dim corner during the service. Both had disappeared when I next looked.

I left Mozart's Twelfth Service open on the desk and departed. I took up my station behind a tree, and watched the tempting open door unflinchingly. I had bidden the boy remain in his niche, ready to blow for any performer. No one passed in at that door; yet by and by the playing commenced. It drew me on into the building. The choicest passages of the service were exquisitely played by more assured fingers than those of yesterday; this was evidently familiar music. When daylight entirely failed, the performer began to extemporise, trying the full powers of the instrument, of which I was justly proud. Strains of what seemed to me unearthly sweetness, and weird strangeness, rooted me to the spot. Sometimes I gazed into the mysteriously stirred duskness of the building, sometimes fixed my eyes upon a star glimmering above the piney top of one of the solemn phalæx of ancient trees, so unflinchingly still, so perfectly defined against the delicious clear tone of the summer night-sky. I guarded the only exit; the musician could not escape me, unless indeed— But I did not consider myself to be superstitious, yet I vividly recalled an unexplained mystery of bygone years.

I and my chum of that period lived for some time up among the queer gables of a quaint German town, in the house of a professor of music. At that period, I was studying musical science. One day I sat at the piano in an inner room, poring over a blotted manuscript score, while my chum smoked and read metaphysics in the outer chamber! My brain was perplexed, and the difficulties at which I stuck seemed insurmountable. In desperation, I ran down to the professor's library, and rummaged among musty tomes for any passages that might throw light upon my perplexity. I found what I needed in a mass of Alessandro Scarlatti's. I mounted the steep stair slowly, reading as I went. Suddenly I heard my instrument struck, and paused, rather surprised. My chum was ignorant of the simplest rule of my art.

'The old professor,' I thought, as I listened to a passage which was a perfect and exquisite illustration of the point which I had needed to have illustrated.

I waited till the music ceased, that I might not lose a note, then rushed up stairs, and burst in upon my busy friend. He removed his pipe from his lip, and opened his dreamy eyes widely. 'Hallo! I thought you were in the other room,' he exclaimed.

'Who is there?—the old professor, or—the old—?'

My chum rose; we entered the inner room together, and found no one. Everything was as I had left it. Dusky sunshine from the begrimed lattice checked my music-paper. We looked round, then at each other. My chum shrugged his shoulders. My many eager questions produced this answer: 'I don't understand it, any more than I understand this,' tapping his book with his pipe. 'I saw you here that door'—pointing to that of the outer room—'and after heard a grand strike-up; thought you had perhaps returned while I dozed; saw you appear, looking as if you were slightly demented. That's all, don't pretend to explain. If it were a ghost who played, I fear I have been mighty disrespectful, for I said out: "Well done, old boy."'

We knocked about the furniture, rattled a caddy fastened-up door, which evidently had not been open for ages, and led only to an unsafe wing of the mothering habitation, till it threatened to come to pieces under our treatment, but we obtained no clue to the mystery, and again looked blankly into each other's faces. We never did obtain the slightest clue to this mystery. As I leaned in the porch of the cathedral that night, I twisted the incident I have related all ways, striving to account for it in what would be a rational manner. In vain.

Something passed by me, stirring the air, making no noise. I started up, stood erect; the last vibrations of sound were dying out. What had passed me? Was I thwarted? Had the musician escaped me? I looked the door behind me, looking in the uniform boy, and hurried after a something that faded away close to the wall of the building. Obligated to leave that shelter, it kept close to the trees in the avenue, and proceeded very rapidly. I ran.

An oil-lamp flared under the arched way, yet there I overtook the form I had pursued. But it was only the child I had noticed lingering while I practised. Then my musician was, I flattered myself, safely locked up. But the child must have come on, as she had lingered over since the service. The musician must, too, have lingered, no one having passed in since I had kept watch.

When I overtook the young girl, I found she was not quite a child; she paused, and turned upon me a small sickly face. I felt foolish before the odd questioning of her eyes, and the meek dignity of her manner. I muttered some excuse for frightening her.

'You did not frighten me,' she answered.

'You have just left the cathedral—you have been the playing. Do you know who the musician is? Did any one pass you as you came away?'

'You were in the porch. I passed you. I have seen no one else.'

'No one else! Yet you must have seen a the cathedral ever since service, or I should have seen you later. I want to speak to the person who played. Surely you can help me to find him.'

Her eyes fell, and she seemed to me to half shrink within herself. Just then, an elderly woman stepped under the arch from the street without; she put her girl's arm under her own, and led her away, scolding her for not having come home earlier.

As I returned to the cathedral, my mind nagged me; I reproached myself for having let the girl escape me, feeling convinced that she might have aided to solve the mystery. She had not and she could not help me, but had evidently hesitated. I had now little hope of securing the unknown musician to-night; but I opened the door cautiously, and called

the boy. He came whimpering; he had believed himself a prisoner till morning. Regardless of his distress, I demanded if he had seen the organist.

'She give me this (showing a shilling), and went away the very minute she'd adone playing.'

'She!' It flashed upon me.

I had spoken to the musician then! that alight, plain young girl. She would surely come again—I would secure her. That night I had strange dreams of musical mysteries, and of a wonderful child-organist, whose playing made the solemn limes perform a stately minuet in the cathedral-yard.

Next evening I set my trap—the open door and instrument—and watched. She had not been at the service; I had searched every hiding-place; I watched in vain—in vain for many successive evenings. Yet I felt sure that it was but a question of time and patience; that the attractions of the place would prove irresistible.

I was very observant of the Sunday congregation, and of the few persons who collected to listen to the afternoon services. Once I believed that I saw the wished-for face; but a beflowered bonnet, lifted up determinately after having been bowed down in drowsiness, interposed. I gave up lingering about in the yard of an evening, and ensconced myself instead behind the screening jasmine at my window. An evening came on which my patience was rewarded. I had left upon the organ-desk the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi, that Domenichino of music. Well, just after the cathedral-bell had tolled seven, a slight figure flitted through the arched way, and passed swiftly up the avenue, then took the path branching off to the small door; here it hesitated a moment, then disappeared within the building.

I sprang up and clapped my hands, crying: 'There is no mercy, no hope of escape for you.' I leaped from my window, and crossed the yard bare-headed; before a note had sounded, I had stealthily ascended the organ-loft. I did not mean to shew myself at once; I would assure myself that this was my very miracle.

I peered through the curtain: the young girl was eagerly pulling off her gloves—from such slight, childlike hands! She looked at the music before her discontentedly; evidently she did not know it. She turned the leaves, softly trying one passage and another; her face brightened with intelligence and interest.

The girl-musician was not pretty; till she played, her face wore a dejected expression; when you did not see her eyes, it was lustreless and insignificant. By instinct, she seemed to select the finest passages of the music before her; and as she proceeded, joy irradiated her mien; scintillations of light shot from beneath the lashes of the absorbed eyes; lines of thought and power appeared on the young brow, and a smile of satisfaction made the mouth very sweet. She had forgotten all but the music. I could have sworn then that the sickly girl was perfectly beautiful—no mere girl either, but a woman with an angel's face. By and by she paused, and covered that face with her hands.

When she removed the hands, and looked up, I stood beside her. She did not start; she rose and stood before me, steadily meeting my eyes, varying expressions gathering into hers; at last she slightly smiled. I had meant to be peremptory, to reprove her for the trouble she had given me, and to command her to become our organist. I found myself speaking with the utmost gentleness; there was nothing of pride or triumph in her smile, it was infinitely sad—a smile of resignation.

'If you wish, this shall always be your place. Nobody but you and myself (I would not abnegate my right) shall touch these keys.'

A shy, startled joy came into her face.

'Our organist died in the spring. We have been without one since: you must fill his place in this cathedral.'

'Are you not the organist?'

'No; I only play for love of it, and when no one else is here to do it.'

'Are you the bishop, then?'

'No.' I laughed. 'But I am a friend of his. I appoint you the organist of Waldon Cathedral.'

She looked at me to ascertain if I were mocking her, if I were to be trusted; her face grew very bright, but she shook her head.

'I am too young; I should get frightened. I should not play such music as ought to be played here.'

'I am the best judge of that: I will try you. I will call at your home, and arrange with your relations.'

'I have not any relations; but I have a friend whom I must consult. I will send her to you with her answer to-morrow.'

'Your answer must be "Yes;" and I will do all in my power to make your duty easy and pleasant. Will you play no more to-night?'

She shook her head; so, as it was getting dusk, I closed the organ.

'Promise me that, in any case, I shall hear you play again,' I said.

'O yes, if you wish it.'

'You have not asked my name, or where I live.' I gave her my card, having followed her to the door. She paused there, looked back into the building, and then out at the noble limes.

'It would be beautiful to live here always. Good-night; you have made me happy; I was afraid you would tell me I might not come here again.'

I said 'Good-night,' but followed her still: it looked such a spirit-like little form gliding before me in the twilight, that I felt reluctant to lose sight of it. I hinted as much; but under the arched way she paused to dismiss me. If she were a child in years, she had a woman's impressive, because meek dignity. I was impatient for the morrow.

As I sat at breakfast, a book open before me, but my eyes watching the sunlight slanting on the grotesquely carved figures and rich tracery of the facade of the cathedral immediately opposite me (sometimes my idle days were almost wholly passed in this intent watching, till I could have believed my life to have passed into the shadow I saw stealing more and more of the building from the open sunlight)—as I sat thus, Margaret, my housekeeper, informed me that a 'middle-aged female' wished to see me. I desired she should be introduced directly, and recognised the woman who had joined the young musician under the gateway the night she had tarried in the cathedral so late.

'I've agreed that the young lady shall play; it's pleasure to her, and we are but poor,' was the answer to my eager inquiry.

The business part of the matter was soon arranged. Our good bishop caused the organist of Waldon Cathedral to receive a handsome salary, and the woman became eager that the child's duties should begin at once.

'I have yet to learn the young lady's name,' I reminded her.

'Alice Hall. She's an orphan. I was a housekeeper in her mother's family. They're all gone, and left Alice nothing; and her father was only a music-teacher. We're but lately come from Jersey, and know no one in this town.'

'Miss Hall has friends in Jersey, then?'

'She has no friend in the world but me.'

Mrs Smith—that was her name she told me—turned

back from the door to inquire of me if I knew of any small house out of the town and near the cathedral likely to suit her young lady. I was glad to be able to point out to her a pretty cottage on a slight elevation in a meadow behind the cathedral, which was at that time to let. I despatched Margaret with Mrs Smith to look over the Mead cottage, and to introduce the stranger to its landlord.

I had appointed to meet my little friend in the cathedral at eleven—she was punctual to a minute. Her guardian accompanied her, and settled herself with her knitting on a wooden bench just at the foot of the organ-loft stairs.

This morning, I was teacher. I shewed Miss Hall all the peculiarities of the instrument, and heard her play through some of the last organist's favourite services, telling her that, by and by, when she was at home here, she should play anything she chose.

'It is a misfortune for a musician to have such hands as yours,' I remarked.

'I try all I can to stretch them,' was answered apologetically.

I should have liked to take the tiny, supple things into my own, to feel if they had any bone at all. Of course, I did no such thing; their accidental contact affected me strangely. I did not yet feel so very certain that our little organist was made of merely ordinary flesh and blood.

I made her pay me for my trifling assistance by playing for me Scarleth's Requiem. She knew it well, and rendered it exquisitely. Exquisite is the word for her playing; it was so finished and perfect, though not wanting in power and passion.

When her guardian summoned her, several hours had elapsed, yet I was reluctant to let her go.

I did not praise her; but she pleased me greatly—she was different from any woman I had ever known—in a high degree grateful and intelligent. Already I wondered that I could ever have thought her plain.

For a few days yet I was to play the services. Each afternoon she sat beside me. One would have thought that I was some great master, and she a simple ignorant, so closely and admiringly she watched me. She had the unconsciousness and modesty of genius in an eminent degree. She always looked pained, as if she thought I mocked her, if I descended from the eminence on which she had placed me, and hinted that my gift was less perfect than hers. She had also, as I soon found, the inexhaustible industry and patience of genius—morning and evening found her practising in the cathedral.

'You have had a thorough musical education,' I observed to her one day.

'My father lived for music, and devoted himself to teaching me. It is two years since he died, and I have been starved for music, and his love, since.' There was a thrill of passion in her voice, and the tears started to her eyes. 'Here I shall be happy,' she added calmly. 'I felt sure of it the first time I entered the cathedral.'

'You must have been very young when'—

'When papa died? I was nineteen; now I am twenty-one. I am often taken for a mere child.'

'Alice, Alice! It is time to go home,' Mrs Smith cried.

Miss Hall was to officiate first on a Sunday, because I planned it so. On the Saturday evening I found her nervous, tearful, and deadly pale. I repented my tyranny, offered to play for her, that she might, as she had wished, accustom herself to her duty by first playing the afternoon services to a small audience.

'No. You are very kind, but I ought to play to-morrow—it is my duty. Shall you be very vexed if I make some great mistake?' She looked at me wistfully.

'I will take care that you do not do that.'

'Will you be near me?'

'Where I am now—ready to turn the pages.'

'That makes it all different,' said the child. 'I thought you would be down among the people, and that I should be quite alone. I do not mind now.'

Her words touched me—my eyes grew moist. 'God bless thee, dear child,' I murmured as I looked after her retreating form that evening.

Next morning I went early to the cathedral to arrange things as I thought Miss Hall would best like. She, too, came early, looking pale, but quite composed.

I watched her throughout the service. She played perfectly. Yes; she was quite to be relied upon, this child; yet how she loved to rely upon others. When all was over—the cathedral empty, and her beautiful voluntary finished—she lifted her eyes to my face as I bent down, removing her books.

'How good you are to me! I could not have borne it all if you had not been by me!' she said.

'I think you could. I think any way you would have managed to do your duty well. Never mind that, however; it is time you went home to rest.'

In the evening, she was no longer pale; her eyes did not seek courage from mine: she had no thought but for her music, and played with intense fervour. I did not tell her how the congregation lingered in the building after the service, how many glances were upturned to the curtained gallery where she sat, nor did I afterwards repeat to her the admiration I heard expressed of her performance. Why not? I hardly knew; certainly not because I feared to make her vain—she was far too pure and simple. I fancy I was jealous that she should hear from others warmer praise than I had ever conceded, and chose to believe her quite content with my content.

Our new organist continued to practise with untiring diligence. I saw her at least once, often twice each day. Each day she looked brighter and happier—music was healing her of inward sorrow, removing the sad sense of desolation. Truly she had been starved: now she could satisfy her soul with music. As for love—was I as a father to her?

There came an evening when I was allowed to walk home with Mrs Smith and Miss Hall. Before passing through the arched way out of the cathedral-yard, Alice looked back lovingly:

'Would it be possible for me ever, anywhere, to forget this place,' she said musingly. 'It seems so holy. I am so happy. It is like a dream. When I die, aunt (so she called Mrs Smith), I should like to be buried very near the cathedral.'

'No need to speak to me of such things, Alice; please God, you'll live many a year after I am underground.'

'I do not wish to die,' she answered.

Pressing her hand, which lay upon my arm, against my heart, I longed to gather her dear self to my bosom—the gifted heavenly-minded child!

That night I was invited to sup at the Mead cottage. I had opportunity of observing the elegant neatness—sign of dainty household ways—which pervaded Alice's home. I perceived how the same refinement that characterised her as an artist, informed the humble details of her daily life. When I went home, many things in the arrangement of my grander house displeased me—there were faults of commission, yet more of omission: evidently, a central something was wanting.

The bishop returned to Waldon. I introduced our young organist to him, and he soon began to make a pet of her; fruit and flowers from the palace-garden frequently found their way to the Mead cottage. Everything was satisfactory; there was nothing to detain me in Waldon; still I delayed to start upon my long-planned tour.

Charmed weeks flew by. A cathedral quiet and sacredness was over my whole life. A longer stay than usual in Waldon had often before intolerably irritated me; the ceaseless, silent preaching of the solemn cathedral seeming to tempt me, in some way, to desecrate its holiness; its unvarying, unregarding calm making me doubly conscious of the turbulent passionateness so successfully concealed under my old-fashioned aspect. Now, all was different. My being seemed in harmony with all things lovely, calm, and pure.

I was invited to spend a musical evening at the palace; our young organist was to be there. On her account, the ancient and handsomely inlaid piano, which had long stood in the mullioned window of the episcopal drawing-room, had given way to a splendid instrument of modern construction. By the by, I had long seen that the Waldon young ladies were jealous of Miss Hall. They treated her contemptuously; and it was beautiful to see how to their haughty reserve she opposed a perfectly simple and self-respecting humility. After a primitively early tea—the cathedral chimes told five as we sat down to the table—we all strolled among the brilliant flowerbeds upon the close-shaven lawns. The good old bishop kept Alice by his side, because she was friendless—no one else noticing her. I contented myself with looking at her.

Alice had now been three months at Waldon, and by this time I did not doubt her perfect moral and physical loveliness. She certainly had altered since she first came; the sickly hue of her skin had changed to a clear, pure pallor; the look of dejection had given place to one of deep-seated content; her large gray eyes shone lustrous, and seemed to well over with feeling and genius. I was familiar with each subtle charm—each droop and natural wave of her soft, brown hair; the course of each vein meandering beneath the snowy skin on her fair temples; the graceful line of her bending neck; the rarely beautiful outline—But, O Heaven! I must stop myself.

On this evening, Alice was dressed as simply as usual: her gown was of lilac muslin, to the hue of which the evening sunlight gave a lovely bloom. She glided along by the bishop's side, now and then lifting glad artless glances to his kindly face. Sweet child! she was happy; he loved her. She was always happy with those who loved her.

I had lived in a dream so long, that it was difficult for me to throw off its influence. I did not join myself to any of the groups around me; by and by, I stood quite alone on a little mound, a screen of shrubs between me and the strollers. I stood still to watch the sunset light glide up the sculptured cathedral stones—higher and higher, touching face, flower, foliage; up and up till it failed from off the pinnacle.

I heard my own name uttered by a voice behind me—a voice I knew, a hateful, purring, treacherous voice—then I heard these words:

'She is shockingly affected; a dreadful flirt! It is disgusting to see how she has got on the old bishop's blind side. I wonder if the chit fancies she might be a bishop's lady!'

'She flies rather lower than that,' said a kindred voice. 'She and Mr — (never mind my name) go on in a way that is quite shocking—in the cathedral too. Of course, they call it practising—a very pretty kind of practice!'

Of course the tabbies spoke of Alice. My blood tingled.

I pushed through the drooping branches and confronted the creatures.

'A charming time for sweet and charitable discourse, fair ladies,' I remarked; then passed on towards the house.

A pair of soft eyes questioned me wistfully when I entered the drawing-room; they met a new expression in my answering look, perhaps; they drooped, and a rosy flush crept up to the veiling lashes.

My cathedral calm was desecrated; her eyes had never before so drooped before mine. When I went home, I found a letter awaiting me. It summoned me north, to the death-bed of the only relative I had in the world. Alice and I were alike in our friendlessness. I immediately went to the coach-office to secure a place by the morning mail. Even now there is no railway within many miles of Waldon. I occupied the night in packing, and in selecting music, and writing most minute directions for the organist. This done, I hesitated. Should I write to Alice anything beyond these instructions—anything personal, private? I decided that to do so would be to deprive myself of somewhat of my measure of pure delight: I did not wish to lose one glance, blush, smile, or tear. I did not expect that my absence would be a long one. In the hurry of departure, I forgot to tell Margaret to send the parcel I had prepared for Miss Hall; but as it was addressed to her, she would surely receive it, I thought. My relative lingered. Each day might be his last, they said; yet he lingered a month. Then business detained me; then, perhaps owing to my anxiety to return to Waldon, I was attacked by nervous fever, a complaint I had suffered from before.

It was on a grim December night that I at last re-entered Waldon. Leaving my luggage at the coach-office, I proceeded homewards. I was so cramped by cold, and exhausted by fasting, that I could hardly drag my limbs along, and my brain was in a state of feverish excitement. Alice had been present in most of my sick visions—her face always of deadly pallor and reproachful expression. It haunted me; and, as I had re-entered Waldon, vague apprehension stole over me drearily.

Midnight began to strike as I passed through the arched way into the cathedral-yard. The wind became very high, sobbing and sighing about eerily; it parted the clouds, and let through a half gleam of moonlight to make luminous the moving low-hanging mists. At the further end of the lime-avenue I believed that I descried a human figure: it branched off towards my little door of the cathedral. I tried to overtake it: it vanished, passing in at the low porch. The clanging of the clock had ceased, and I imagined that I detected the sound of the organ. I paused. Yes; low wailing notes deepened to a full gush of minor harmony; then melancholy cadences sobbed away into silence. Chilled to the heart—conscious of icy fingers among the roots of my hair—I opened that door, which I found fast locked. I groped my way into the cathedral, believing nothing so little as that it was earthly music to which I had listened. In the building, all was now silent. I crept on, with a tremulous voice calling on Alice's name. My open arms embraced a cold form; my senses left me.

When the ghastly wintry dawn crept down upon me, I found myself lying at the foot of a sculptured female form. 'Alice is dead' was my firm conviction. I managed to rise, and creep to my house. I did not understand how I came to be in the cathedral.

My aspect frightened Margaret. The first thing my eyes fell upon on entering my room, was the packet I had prepared for Alice. 'Returned after her death,' I inwardly commented. I was too miserable to be fully conscious of my misery. I brooded stupidly over a newly kindled fire, while Margaret bustled in and out on hospitable thoughts intent.

'When did she die?' I asked stolidly, by and by.

'Nigh a month since, sir.'

A long pause.

'Who plays the organ now?'

'Please, sir, take your hot coffee, and get to bed. Time enough to bother about organs when you look less like a corpse,' was added *sotto voce*.

I repeated my question doggedly.

'Well, she does it all the same,' was the weird-sounding reply. I had swallowed one cup of Margaret's hot, strong coffee, and life was rekindling within me.

'Are you mocking me, woman?' I cried.

She stared at me, and then gave some soothing answer. Evidently she feared I was deranged. I made a mighty effort to appear composed.

'Margaret, tell me immediately the name of the person who now plays the cathedral organ.'

'Alice Hall, sir; the same who has played for six months now. She went off sudden, and it made no difference to Miss Hall, as it might have done to some, sir: she has not missed a service.'

Again Margaret appeared to find cause for alarm in my face.

'Do you mean to say that for the last month, since her death, the cathedral organ has been played as it used to be in her life?'

'Yes, sir; it has, sir.' Margaret backed towards the door as I rose.

'Played by a departed, a disembodied spirit; and you take it all as a matter of course.'

'Law! Good gracious, sir, I never said anything of the kind. Some say Miss Hall looks like a ghost; but she isn't one yet.'

'Margaret! who then died a month since?' I put the question solemnly.

'Mrs Smith, sir, who used to live with Miss Hall, went off in a fit, quite sudden, as I told you plainly, sir.'

'Leave the room,' I commanded.

I cannot say what I did or how I felt when left alone.

By and by, I rang for Margaret. I explained to her my recent illness, and as much as I could remember of the incidents of the night. Having taken some trouble to convince her of my sanity, I again dismissed her. Poor, poor Alice! dear, desolate child! I reproached myself bitterly for having selfishly thought of my own delight, not of her peace; and I tormented myself by imagining what she could possibly think of me—of my having left her without one word of leave-taking, or one sign of remembrance. The parcel she had not received.

I went to the cathedral early. I found that Alice was already there. Unseen, I watched her a while. She looked faded and worn, and was dressed in mourning; she had lost her only friend—for I had no right to hope she still considered me as such—and must feel herself indeed alone. Yet angelic peace and steadfast faith stole over her weary aspect as she played. Oh, well I remember the sweet upturned face, the droop of the soft hair down the thin cheek. My darling!

By and by, she paused, and took her hands from the keys to draw her shawl closer, with a pale shudder. I stepped near her. Because I hardly dared speak to her at all, I spoke as if we had parted but yesterday: 'You should not be here on such a morning.'

'And you are come home at last?' She held out to me the hand I had not offered to take. On seeing me, she had grown paler than ever; but when I spoke, gladness beamed from her eyes, to be soon quenched in tears as she saw me look at her mourning-dress.

There was a silence of some moments.

'You have missed me?' I asked humbly.

'Yes, yes.'

'And can you ever forgive me?'

'Forgive you!' she echoed.

I held her hand firmly, and over mine came trembling her free hand, thrilling me by its voluntary, undeserved caress.

'You have been ill—I fear you have been very ill,' she said gazing at me compassionately.

I was glad to make the worst of my case.

'I have been very ill. I have much to plead in excuse of my silence and neglect; but not enough, not half enough, if it has given you pain. You tremble. I frightened you by my sudden return.'

'No, no: you never frighten me; you never pain me. I have been sad and lonely; but I know you would return, if you could—if you ought. You have always been good to me: it would have been wrong of me to think of you unkindly.'

'Why did you shudder but now?'

'I remembered a dream, a dreadful dream I had last night.'

'Tell it me.'

'I had rather not.'

'I have a reason for wishing to know it.'

'I dreamed that you were dead—that I sat at the organ at midnight and played your requiem.'

Again she turned very pale. I think I must have done so too. A queer thrill went through me, as, for the first time, I fully recalled the events of the past night.

'You must let me take you home,' I said. I released her hands, and folded her shawl closely round her.

Looking straight into my face with her dear, innocent eyes, she said:

'You must not spoil me so; if you had not, I should not have found it so hard to do without you.'

This was just too much for me. I gathered the little thing into my arms, kissed her sweet brow again and again, and cried:

'Alice, you must let me keep you always—you must be my wife!'

She disengaged herself; she drew a little away from me.

'I know that you are very good. Is this because my aunt is dead, and I am alone?' she asked earnestly.

'It is because I love you.'

My eyes confirmed my words; hers drooped, and her face looked as if the sun were faintly shining on it through a ruby pane in the window.

The Mead cottage was so desolate that I once took Alice—(not Hall) home to my home in the cathedral-yard. It was on New-year's Day that the good old bishop married us; and ever since my happy home has been perfectly ordered, and, so she tells me, my perfect wife has been entirely happy.

New-year's Day—the tenth anniversary of my marriage. To-day I have been looking over my papers, and have read through this, written five years since. O Alice, Alice! my wife, my wife! Why couldst thou not visibly tarry with me unto the end?

I never leave Waldon now. No fingers but mine must ever touch those keys here used lovingly to you. She was to me as child, wife, all of kin, my my darling! I am having built a new organ, a glorious one; it is to be my gift to Waldon Cathedral, on condition that the old one is taken down five-and-twenty hours after my death, and destroyed; and that during those five-and-twenty hours no mortal finger touch its keys. I say five-and-twenty hours, because on the midnight after my death—and I might die just after midnight—Alice will play my requiem, as I heard her so long ago. The organ must never sound again after that. There is a rumour in Waldon that the organist has been mad since his wife's death. I am not mad, because, for my comfort I know that my love was selfish, my guardianship careless, my tender-

ness ungentle, my sympathy imperfect, compared with that my darling experiences in Thy keeping, O Lord, my God and her God.

Such is the paper that lately came into our hands. We have learned that at the cathedral, here called Waldon, the congregation, of about half-a-dozen persons, assembled one grim December afternoon, were detained after service by the powerful beauty of the voluntary performed by their long feeble organist. It came to an abrupt conclusion—the organist was found with his arms folded on the keys, his cheek rested on them—dead. His wishes with respect to the old organ had long been known: they were strictly regarded.

THE BASS ROCK AND ITS TENANTS.

THE Bass is a solitary, precipitous rock in the Firth of Forth, rising to the height of 420 feet sheer out of the sea. An easy journey of a couple of hours takes you from Edinburgh, and lands you at Canty Bay, a small secluded fishing-station on the coast of East Lothian, immediately opposite the rock itself, which being only two miles from shore, is here readily accessible by a boat.

Within such close proximity to the smiling, richly cultivated lands of East Lothian and Berwick, and at a distance of but three-and-twenty miles from the northern metropolis, it is strange indeed to think of the scene of wild animal life presented by this solitary rock, the annual retreat of thousands of sea-birds, which wing thither their weary flight from the eastern shores of America, and the far-off rocky coasts of Greenland and Labrador. Viewed from Canty Bay, the island presents nothing very striking with regard to its external aspect, saving its abrupt elevation from the sea, and, in sunny weather, a certain white glimmering appearance. But upon nearing it in a boat, it gradually and steadily rises in majestic grandeur upon the view, till its lofty cliffs seem to tower to a dizzying height overhead, impressing the beholder with a feeling of awe.

Like many other rocks on the British coasts, and indeed all over the world, this has yielded to the constant wearing of the winds and waves, and has been gradually broken away in rectangular fracture, leaving a system of ragged shelving nooks on those sides most exposed to the violence of the elements; namely, the east, west, and north. Thus the Bass presents to those points a high range of perpendicular, and in many places, overhanging cliffs, and is accessible only from the south. This peculiar conformation seems to have been taken advantage of when state-prisons were more in vogue than now; for to this day may be seen the remains of fortifications, barracks, cells, and dungeons, once tenanted by many an unhappy captive, and zealously guarded by a governor and troops at that time stationed permanently on the island. History has handed down an interesting account of those state-prisoners, together with the proceedings which led to their incarceration; and I may as well here state, that not only have ample details of the martyrology been furnished in a volume called *The Bass Rock*,* but likewise treatises on the civil and ecclesiastical history,

geology, zoology, and botany, severally—436 pages having been written by authors of the highest repute on a lonely sea-girt rock of but one mile in circumference! Were it solely on account of its relics of bygone times, the Bass would be well worth a visit, especially for the antiquary and artist, as the cell in which worthy covenanting John Blackadder, and others were confined, the governor's house, and the fortifications generally, are in a state of tolerable preservation. My tastes, however, are for the natural history of this singular island, more especially the multitudes of sea-birds which make it their home.

Several species of birds breed on the Bass, but by far the most numerous is the solan goose or gannet. This is one of the few stations in Great Britain selected by it for breeding purposes: the other places principally resorted to are Lundy Isle, off the coast of Devonshire; Ailsa Craig, on the Ayrshire coast; St Kilda, in the Hebrides; and Sulliskerry, between the Orkneys and the Butt of Lewis. A few other places of minor note are sometimes chosen by straggling members, but those are exceptions, and as such, are not worth mentioning.

On my first visit to the Bass, I was much struck by the novelty of the whole scene. As the little sailing-boat neared the rock, I decried considerable numbers of geese sailing on poised wings round and round it; but at the first discharge of a gun, the air became partially darkened by the multitude of birds that quitted their ledges and launched forth into the air. Whole tribes of kittiwakes—a bird of the gull genus—flew screaming from their nests, and kept up their deafening shrieks for many minutes; while parties of guillemots and razor-bills quitted their retreats silently, and flew far out to sea. But the greatest sight of all was the extraordinary number of solan geese that filled the air, sailing round and round the rock in long graceful sweeps. Looking up from a boat towards the cliffs, one is surprised that so many birds should find room on such apparently narrow ledges, to construct their nests and rear their young in safety; but doubtless the great height creates a deception as to the size of objects.

The habits of the solan goose are somewhat peculiar. These birds are, strictly speaking, gregarious; they arrive at the Bass in the beginning of February—a few birds heralding the approach of the main body—and remain there till October, for the purpose of hatching and rearing their young. By far the greater number then depart for the American coasts, some going southward to the Mexican Gulf, and others northward to the shores of Greenland. A few birds remain on the British coasts all the year round, but these are always very much scattered. The number of geese that annually comes to the Bass is estimated at about ten thousand. On their arrival, they at once set about the weary process of constructing their nests: a weary process indeed, from the time required to accomplish it, and the long distances frequently travelled in search of materials. The nest is composed almost entirely of sea-weed, to procure which the bird flies many miles from home, returning with the material in its mouth. Sticks are not altogether rejected, though sea-weed is preferred. The nest requires constant repairs during the season, as great heat shrivels its proportions, while moisture decomposes and enlarges it. It is about fifteen inches in diameter across the top, and several inches deep; and in it is deposited one egg about the size of that of an ordinary goose, but longer and harder. From the exceedingly awkward motions of the gannet, while quitting or returning to her nest, the egg would in all probability be soon broken, were it not coated with a hard calcareous substance, to

* London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

protect it from rough usage. On rare occasions, two eggs are laid in one nest, and I have been told that in these cases one of the young is much smaller than the other. Though the solan is an extremely awkward bird on land, and shuffles clumsily off her nest when scared by intruders, the instant she launches forth from the cliff into the air, her motions are graceful and easy. Her wings measure six feet from tip to tip, and her flight consists of a few regularly timed beats, followed by a long elegant sweep of several hundred yards: these sweeps are usually in a direction towards the sea, and continue till the bird arrives within a few feet of the water, when with an elegant curve she ascends till the impetus is exhausted, and then has to beat her way upwards again. At other times, the solan goose will sail round her sea-girt home for hours at a time, apparently enjoying the exercise: multitudes are to be seen thus engaged, crossing and re-crossing, and following each other in long gliding downward flights, or winging their way homewards after having been many miles away.

To procure food for the young one, the solan will sometimes wander thirty, fifty, or even ninety miles from home. Young herrings form the chief sustenance, and these are carried home in the old bird's gullet, and disgorged for the benefit of the hungry little one. The method of obtaining fish is very remarkable: Nature has gifted the bird with keen organs of vision, and with these she keeps a constant look-out when on a foraging excursion; if a fish is seen, the gannet stops her flight instantly, and gliding perpendicularly down like a shot into the sea, secures her flabby prey with usually unerring certainty; the middle claw and the sides of the bill are serrated, which enables the solan goose to retain a firm grasp of fish with either the foot or mouth. It is a beautiful sight to see those birds hovering over, and diving at a shoal of herrings; scarcely an instant elapses before one of their number makes its rapid descent into the waves, throwing up a torrent of spray, and leaving a white mark in the sea, discernible at the distance of a mile; and one after another swoops in rapid succession, playing as it were a game at follow the leader, and driving an immense herring-trade the while. The solan will sometimes dive from the height of six feet from the surface of the sea, and at other times from elevations ranging from twenty to fifty feet. I have never seen the bird dive from apparently greater altitudes, nor have I ever seen one stop, as if balked of its prey, while on the swoop. The swoop is similar to that of the falcon or sky-lark, the wings being folded close to the body. When emerging from the sea, the gannet rests for a few moments, and then flaps lazily out of the water. She seldom if ever swims continuously, and never dives from the surface. If over-gorged with fish, she will rest on the water for several hours at a time, and in this state these birds are frequently caught by fishermen and others.

The food is disgorged sometimes into the mouth of the young solan, and sometimes into the mouth of the parent bird, for the young one to help itself, but more frequently by the former method. The young is at first of a leaden-black colour; it is totally helpless, and very meek and submissive in appearance, as may be seen from the manner in which it receives occasional spiteful usage from its neighbours, during the absence of its parents. This, however, is compensated by the tender solicitude of the mother while feeding and rearing it. I am not aware that the male bird assists in rearing the young one, though, I believe, he acts his part in foraging for food, and laying it before the female while she is on the nest, for I have seen disgorged pellets so placed.

On the Bass, there are several distinct colonies of geese, apart from those that breed on the cliffs, and the stranger may approach within a very few feet of

them while they are sitting. This allows of close observation being made. The bird is nearly as big as the common goose, and is pure white all over, excepting on the pinion feathers of the wings, which are black, and the neck, which is sandy gray. The male and female are precisely similar in appearance. The head is large, the bill long and pointed, and the mouth capable of opening wide enough to admit a man's foot; this may be proved by placing your foot close to the bird, but take care at the same time that your foot is strong and thick. The head of the solan goose is perfectly destitute of nostrils, no opening being visible where they usually occur in other birds; nor do the middle claw and beak become serrated till the young bird is able to fly—two strange facts in connection with this bird. The young do not arrive at their full plumage till the expiration of several years; the stages of colouring intervening—namely, black and piebald; neither do they pair until the adult plumage is attained.

The solan seldom utters a cry while on the wing, but just before lighting on her nest, she gives out a harsh guttural note, which is usually responded to by the neighbouring sitting birds; the responses, however, I suspect to be the result of jealousy, as they are accompanied by menacing gestures towards the newcomer. Again, when intruded upon, she utters her hoarse cry, resembling the words *kirra, kirra, or, or, cra*, and this cry is taken up by those nearest her. These are the only occasions I have heard the gannet's voice, excepting when two were quarrelling together.

Where so many birds are grouped together within such circumscribed limits, one would naturally suppose the noise to be terrific, and yet it is not so. The comparative freedom from noise is what has always struck me as being a very remarkable circumstance. A single roused kittiwake will, it is true, make more noise than a score of solan geese; but if these small fry are inclined to rest, the noises created by the other feathered tenants of the rock are not sufficient to drown ordinary conversation. I have even noticed certain intervals of almost total cessation, with hundreds of geese flying around at the time, but these must, of course, be rare. Geese breed all over the faces of the rock; kittiwakes usually at an elevation of about two-thirds of the entire height of the precipice; they, in fact, occupy a zone to themselves. The guillemot breeds at nearly a similar elevation with the kittiwake; and the razor-bill in holes in the fortification. The puffins, I believe, breed in deserted rabbit-holes, though I never saw any there. Besides these, a few pair of herring-gulls, black-backed gulls, and cormorants, breed upon the rock; the last frequenting the penetrals of the cave—which perforates the island like a tunnel—and emitting at times the most unearthly sounds, or rather howls. These unearthly sounds are rarely heard on any other portion of the Bass, and have always associated this gloomy cavern with feelings of mysterious awe. Boatmen have attributed these gloomy cries to the guillemot tribe, a few members of which do certainly frequent 'the cave'; but I am inclined rather to impute them to the cormorant, as I have never heard the voice of the guillemot, or 'marrat,' as the sailors call it, under any circumstances whatever, saving the low sharp crack emitted during their dying struggles after a gunshot. A solitary pair of eider-ducks may sometimes venture to rear their progeny of 'bratlocks' on the rocks; several pair of jackdaws; and a single pair of peregrine falcons: these, together with rock-pipits, rear up the species known to me; but there may, of course, be others which have escaped my observation. I heard a common wren from some long nettles close to the fortifications, and, by the same way in which she settled close by, waiting, doubtless, for my departure,

I inferred that she must have had her nest there; but I failed in finding it, though I searched diligently.

The Bass is let at a considerable sum annually by its owner, Sir Hew Dalrymple, to a person termed 'the keeper.' The rent is made up first and chiefly by the money obtained for the young geese, which, when cooked, are sold at from 6d. to 1s. apiece; and second, by the charge exacted from strangers for the privilege of visiting the rock. The number of young geese slaughtered annually is about two thousand; and these are first skinned, then soaked, and baked slowly, after which the greater number are packed and forwarded to various parts of Great Britain, while others are reserved for home-use. The young of the solan goose, when properly prepared, is a daintier morsel than many might suppose, especially when eaten cold; and I believe her Majesty has an annual treat of solan-geese eggs. These should be boiled for twenty minutes—the albumen coagulating merely to the consistency of jelly—and eaten with pepper, mustard, and vinegar; and for breakfast, I know of no greater dainty.

At three different times in the year do the cliff-men essay their dangerous task—1st, when the eggs of the kittiwake, &c., are ready for harrying; 2d, when the peregrine falcon's brood is fit to be carried off; and 3d, when the young geese are sufficiently matured for killing.

The eggs of the first are sought after by collectors, and are always kept in store at Canty Bay, ready blown, price 6d. A supply of the herring-gull, puffin, guillemot, and razor-bill or Tammie Norie's eggs, is also kept, though in much lesser quantity than the kittiwake's; and sometimes the eggs of the greater black-backed gull and cormorant may be had.

On the second descent, the cliff-man brings away the falcon's brood in a basket slung round his shoulder for the purpose. He is let down to the spot by means of a rope tied round his waist, and another loose in his hand; the rope is previously made fast round a rock, and further held by a man above. The cliff-man signals to his companion by the rope he holds in his hand, and so is let down, steadied, or hauled up at pleasure. Young peregrines require to be dexterously handled, or they may inflict severe wounds with their talons. When the cliff-man reaches the eyrie, they instantly begin to screech vociferously, far outvying in their piercing shrieks the cries of the other denizens of the cliff. They always turn upon their backs, and strike viciously with their feet, so that the operation of bearing them away used to be somewhat tedious. The men, however, now generally wear gloves, and are thus enabled to lift their screaming captives at once from the nest. The female falcon usually sails close by all the time, and often lights on a piece of rock at hand, a sorrowing spectator of the scene. This has been a blank year for falcons on the Bass.

On the third and last occasion of descents, which last from the middle of August till the middle of September, the cliff-man is let down three times a week by a rope round the waist, with a steadying or signaling rope in the left hand, and a stout cudgel in the right. From cliff to cliff he gropes his dangerous way, sometimes dangling in mid-air, and then regaining a footing. He knocks a young goose on the head, which kills it at a single blow; he then places the cudgel in his rope-hand, and seizing the dead bird, heaves it clear of the rocks into the sea. A boat is waiting below to gather the slain birds; and I may here remark, that it has to give them a wide berth, as one falling into it might stave it. The art of heaving the dead birds into the sea is one not learned all at once, as it requires both strength to pitch far enough *outwards*, and an eye accustomed to judge of distances at great elevations, to calculate

the necessary force to be employed. Sometimes the man is let down into the boat, and at other times he is hoisted up again by the rope; the whole proceeding, too, is considered most dangerous in wet weather, and is on that account rarely attempted except upon fine days. Accidents to cliff-men are very rare on the Bass.

I will now take leave of the Bass and its tenants, though I have not noticed the rabbits which abound on it, nor the sixteen sheep its somewhat scanty pasturage maintains. The view from the fortifications is truly magnificent, and of itself well repays the trouble of ascending thither. The associations connected with the ruinous cells and dungeons are deeply interesting; and the fair marks presented by two geese, which hold as their own two ledges of rock 180 yards from the fortifications, and are termed Baird's and Elcho's geese respectively, are amply sufficient to test the skill of the rifleman. These are considered legitimate targets by the keeper, who permits any amount of practice at them gratis; but five shillings a head is charged by him for old geese killed in cold blood; so, novice, beware, and when directing thine unerring rifle at either of the above solans, see that thou dost not riddle another instead!

MY FIRST PLAY.

WHEN first anything new happens to us, it is an event, not only for the time being, but for the future. Thoughts, feelings, and intelligences unknown before, spring up and give birth to others which never again seem to leave us, and which indirectly, but certainly, influence our future actions and sentiments, although we may not take the trouble of tracing to their sources the 'little things' which gave the first tiny tinge of colour to what forms our present and permanent bent of character. I had never seen a play of any kind, and had heard marvellously little about plays or scenic representations in general. To be sure, my nursery-maid, Mary, talked occasionally about the 'theater,' and had even told me a long story concerning one Jane Shore, and a wicked king, whose wickedness, I concluded, consisted in making the said Jane Shore cry water-cresses, as it was apropos to hearing that beautiful, melancholy, but now obsolete cry of 'Buy my water-cresses,' that she for the first time related the pathetic tale—assuring me that such was undoubtedly both the mode and the tune by which the lovely and unfortunate prototype of the dirty drabble-tailed drab then passing us, used to call the attention of the Londoners, two or three thousand years ago, to the fresh leaves she had been forced to gather for them, to eat with their bread and butter, early in the morning, at the cold brook-side, before the wicked tyrant himself, or the sun, or the birds were awake.

Mary, being somewhat romantically and sentimentally disposed, dealt chiefly in tragedies where ladies died for love of handsome young gentlemen, who stamped about and stabbed each other in measured time, which she practically demonstrated, by making a ferocious attack on a pillow with the poker; which pillow, after having performed the part of a rival lover, was rendered available in smothering *Desdemona*—that is, the unconscious cat, which never *would* lie quiet and allow itself to be killed as that exemplary wife did, but ran mewing and spitting under the bed. She was not, it must be confessed, particularly clear in her descriptions; and there was a strange jumble of kings and queens in crowns, poisoned cups, bloody daggers, gold waist-coats, purple and crimson robes, ermine and suits of armour, helmets, battle-axes, and clashing swords,

wailing, woe, death, and dismay, dancing in confusion through my childish brain, and filling me alternately with curiosity, terror, delight, and a strong desire to witness myself the wonders she dilated upon.

One Monday morning, when snow lay thick on the ground, frost in the very air of the house, I sat with purple nose and red fingers at the school-room piano, picking out a new music-lesson, my father unexpectedly entered—a very unusual event with him. He hoped I was a good girl; and then, in case my prim governess should insinuate anything to the disadvantage of my character, quickly added: 'We have secured a box on Thursday at Covent Garden, and mean to take you, Lilian, where I hope Miss Birch'—turning to the governess—'will also do us the favour to accompany us.' Whereupon Miss Birch's countenance, hitherto anything but smiling, brightened; she graciously signified her assent to the proposal, saying: 'I was a very good girl, and deserved indulgence.' Although this was in direct contradiction to the opinion she had expressed to myself some ten minutes before, I was not disposed to be critical, but jumped up in a fever of joy, kissed first my father, and then Miss Birch, my blood circulating so rapidly, that before the former had well closed the door, neither purple nose nor red fingers remained.

What was it to me now that the fire burnt low, or that the streets were covered with snow; was I not going to the play? I bustled through my lessons with unusual energy; and the moment the clock struck twelve, bounded off to the nursery, where my little sister Susan always stayed till she joined me at two to commence her lessons also. The joyful news had already been imparted there, and Susan was longing for my arrival to talk over our anticipated treat with Mary, who entered into our feelings most good-humouredly, but told us she did not think we should see *Jane Shore*, inasmuch as that was an entertainment of too lofty a nature to take children to; but she daresayed we should see 'harleyqueen and columbind'—more amusing, and better suited to our intelligence; and then she, nothing loath, tried to enlighten us in the same confused manner she had before attempted to describe her favourite tragedies; leaving our little minds in a tangled maze, which only still more whetted our curiosity. How Tuesday and Wednesday passed, it is equally impossible to recollect as imagine. Going to the play was ever present; and the time seemed so far off, we feared it never would come. Thursday, I remember, was a rapid thaw. I suppose it had begun before, for by the middle of the day, no snow was to be seen or frost felt; the sun shone on our anticipated treat; no lessons were thought of, for Miss Birch, who had her 'frock to trim,' most generously gave us a holiday. We were to dine late, and our parents early—all together! because we were going to the play, as we duly informed every person we saw, and to have a cup of *café à la crème*, to keep us awake; not that there was the slightest danger, we felt sure, of our ever wishing to sleep; but we wisely kept that conviction to ourselves, lest the *café* should be struck out as unnecessary.

Every one knows the particular rumble of his own carriage; that evening, however, we made several mistakes. 'There it is,' was said a dozen times before there it really was; but at last it did positively come, just at the very minute it was ordered, old John Gemmel, the coachman, knowing full well where we were going, and who was going. So jumping, bustling, laughing, squeezing each other's hands, and pinching our mamma's till she wisely bethought herself of elevating them out of our reach, we allowed our little white satin tippets, edged with swandown, to be tied on, smelling of cedar-drawers, lavender, and dried roses—a mixed odour which, when inhaled, even at

this day, restores to me the feelings of that happy hour. A happy hour it was; for

All things please when life itself is new.

Although it was yet the days of oil-lamps—never having been out in an evening before—to our unaccustomed eyes, the streets seemed brightly illuminated. The shops were one blaze of light; and we shouted with glee as we rolled on past mercers and milliners, perfumers and chemists, dazzling the eyes with a rapid succession of the brightest colours; grocers and green-grocers, with their shows of figs and chestnuts, almonds, raisins, apples, pears, and all sorts of good cheer; pastry-cooks' shops, resplendent with snow-capped twelfth-cakes; toy-shops, with dolls and drums and baby-houses, in every variety!—all looking twice as tempting as by day; but yet we pitied the poor people behind the counters and their customers, for they were evidently not going to the play. Much we wondered to see grown persons, who, of course, could always do just as they pleased, composedly walking away from the goal of our desires; and felt certain every one going in the right direction along the glistening pavement, wet with a recent shower, must be 'going to the play.' It seemed a long way off; and so many new sights and feelings were succeeding each other, that to us it appeared at least ten miles. At length, carriages increased; cries met our ears, of 'Bill of the play,' 'Oranges,' and so forth; link-boys flashed their torches; coachmen cut in and cut out, and lashed and swore—we stopped—we went on—we stopped again—we were come to the playhouse door at last! Lifted out by the footman, my father took my little sister by the hand, whilst I followed between my mother and Miss Birch. We now talked no more, and jumped no more, for a sort of overwhelming feeling of mixed joy and fear kept us still as we walked along the lobbies. The box-door suddenly opened; and the lights, 'the sea of heads' the uproar the gods were making at that particular moment, heard amidst the tuning of the orchestra, the cry of 'Music,' 'O. P.,' 'Turn him out,' 'Throw him over,' had such an effect upon my excited feelings, that I really think, for a moment, I lost consciousness. When I came to myself, I found we were all, except my father, seated in the front row, and the overture about to begin. Passionately fond of music, and knowing every popular air, of course this overture, where many were introduced, was a great treat, and one I had not counted upon. It was short; for at Christmas, children form the greatest part of the audience, and what is likely to please them is then more attended to than at other seasons.

I cannot now remember what the name of the piece first acted was; but although I knew it was male-believe, I still could not help fancying it real: the scenery was so like nature; for we saw it from the centre-boxes, which favour the illusion; only the ladies were almost too beautiful for flesh and blood, or anything but wax; however, they sang and danced in a haymaking scene, which, but for these beautiful voodoo-doll ladies, would have been just like the real country, as I had seen it at my uncle's the summer before, where clodhopping clowns and rosy-cheeked ragged rustics figured instead. And there were also warriors in plumed helmets, such as I read of in my story-books; but I could hear with difficulty so far off, and could not comprehend what the gentlemen ranted, and the ladies kept whining about. At last it came to an end; and although we entertained some fears that all was over, our patience was helped by an orange and a bun; and, after an overture, even prettier than the last, came the pantomime.

Ah, these were the palmy days of pantomime! Grimaldi was clown; Bologna, harlequin; and

Mrs Parker, who, though sixty, the age of my venerable grandmamma, looked as young and as blooming, and danced far better than any of the aforesaid haymakers—Mrs Parker, who never grew old, was columbine. Perhaps I confuse, perhaps I may be introducing parts of another pantomime, or perhaps there were three pieces played; but a live elephant and horses appeared on the stage in *Bluebeard*; and, along with my reminiscences of that tragedy, the cabbage-man is intimately connected. A pumpkin formed the head; a cabbage, the body; carrots, the arms; radishes, the fingers; rolls of Epping butter, the legs; and Dutch cheeses, the feet. Whilst I was wondering what Grimaldi could mean, after making his marketings, disguised as a farmer, and laying them together with such care, up jumped this vegetable man, and pursued him round the stage. Certainly a foreshadowing of Frankenstein; perhaps the origin of that remarkable book. Then harlequin entered an apothecary's shop, struck with his wand three large drug-bottles, and out jumped three little devils, with horns and tails, instead of the medicine they were supposed to contain. 'Nothing is new under the sun'; this was undoubtedly a homœopathic hint, whilst yet homœopathy was in embryo; but, I suppose, I must have been rather below par as to intelligence, for one of these poor little imps got hurt in some way, and emitted most doleful cries before he was extricated from his drug-bottle; and—in recording the fact, I almost awaken the feelings of shame of that moment—I, I alone, of all the immense audience, in that immense Covent Garden Theatre, laughed. I heard my own laugh; I saw every eye in our vicinity turn upon me, and then I understood it all, and felt myself a fool; for it was not 'part of the play,' as I, in my ignorant simplicity, thought. The unfortunate child was hurt and frightened both. How utterly miserable I felt is more than words can convey. I did not dare look up for long; but when at last I ventured to do so, to my great surprise, and greater relief, no one appeared to be aware of my existence; all eyes were directed towards the stage; so, with the happy *insouciance* of childhood, I soon forgot my humiliation; I was as much engrossed with the moving scene as before.

The greatest of pains and the greatest of pleasures come to an end some time or other, and although our kind parents, stifling their yawns, remained until the curtain fell, that we might see the whole, we both declared we should like it all to begin over again. Once in the carriage, however, nature resumed her sway, and we fell so fast asleep, that we were undressed and put to bed without awakening, and our slumbers were dreamless; but early next morning we were alive again, calling to each other from our little beds, humming the airs, singing the songs, acting the scenes we had witnessed the night before. For many successive nights, however, clowns and columbines, harlequins and helmeted heroes, chased each other through our midnight visions; and my imitation of Mrs Parker was so successful, that Monsieur Ricochet declared I must have practised in my sleep, so astonishingly had I improved since the preceding week. My sister attempted to read with the emphasis the actors recited, and although it must have been most intensely ludicrous, this new fancy certainly laid the foundation of a better style of reading than the unchanging sing-song she was before remarkable for. The happiness of this our first play did not terminate when the curtain fell, for even now, as I write the above description of what occurred so long, long ago, I seem to live it over again; the tunes start up in my mind, the perfume of my white satin tippet in my nose; for a moment, all the innocent imaginings of that period of life are mine once more; and not only mine, but my little daughter

and niece find the description so pleasant, that they have had it read over to them three times, which makes me hope it may meet with the approbation of other young readers of *Chambers*, and so I send it.

HOME TRAVEL.

Of all the affectations—and their name is Legion—with which Society encumbers itself, that of the fashionable necessity of 'going abroad' is perhaps the most inane. Society does not really like it, and would, if it dared, quite willingly stay upon this side the Channel. It gets so sea-sick in that short passage, so crushed as to its crinoline, so limp as to its shirt-collars, that it can be scarcely recognised as Society at all. It is annoyed by government officials to an extent that would at home have put it in revolution; it degrades itself by the driving of bargains against knavish foreigners, by whom, nevertheless, it is on all sides shamefully plundered; it endures the worst of food, the most acid of drinks, heat such as throws it into the vilest and most profuse perspirations, and filth, almost everywhere, unutterable, which it characteristically attempts to ignore. Society on its foreign travels is made to rise in the morning at about the same hour at which it retires to rest at home, is driven rapidly over infamous roads for many hours, staring at the surrounding objects as long as it can stare; it nods, yawns, quarrels with its fellow-travellers, grows faint with hunger, overeats itself on omelets and fruit, and goes to bed upon a sofa, with a pillow upon the top of it by way of coverlet: all this time it strives to admire with a perseverance which it never uses in Britain, and acquires by the total experience the fashion of underrating the beauties of its native land.

We do not speak of invalids, who among a new people, alien customs, and a more temperate climate, are seeking for health in change; of those who, after making themselves acquainted with the wonders of their own country, set out to extend the sphere of their observations in foreign lands; or of the genuine lovers of painting, architecture, or antiquities, the best examples of which they are naturally anxious to behold with their own eyes. We refer only to Society proper, which seeks in its summer exodus mere novelty and the beauties of nature; which last it makes a very great point of admiring—in the presence of those who have not visited the same localities. Alas! it is not alone fashionable folks who neglect the pleasures which lie close at hand, the flowers that grow within reach, for those further afield, to which distance has lent its charm; but certainly this weakness of theirs is especially obvious in the matter of 'going abroad.'

Why, within a few days' journey of Society's town-house—if Society did but know it—and on English land, there lie whole tracts of country as beautiful as soul can desire, as wild as brain can bear, and whole tribes of its own countrymen whose dialect would be as strange to its ears as Tyrolean or Swedish: mountains, whose summits eye cannot reach from below any more than it can Mont Blanc's; lakes, which yield in beauty to no inland waters even in gorgeous Italy, and which reflect a cloud-canopy such as the sheeny South can never behold; rivers, winding in slumbrous valleys so deep-hidden that one might think the water-gods still haunt them, and the old régime prevails; and, above all, such shores by the stormful sea—shattered crag, and sheerest steep, and silver-sanded bay—as all the coast-lines in the world cannot excel for glorious contrast.

But, as one never looks among our own relatives for any person of genius—except one's self—so it would seem that fashion had determined not to see anything new and fair at home. We thank Mr

Walter White and men like him, therefore, for putting in their protest against this blindness in a very effectual way—namely, by exploring their own beautiful country for themselves, and giving us an account of it in a manner which combines the liveliness of travelling adventure with the accuracy of a guide-book. Almost every summer, as it seems, this Londoner, who has walked to the Land's End, spends his one month of summer holiday in this or that English county, seeing it thoroughly, and taking copious notes of what he sees; the result of which is a new book 'tasting of Flora and the country green,' as surely as spring comes round. His volume for this year is *A Month in Yorkshire**—the same period which Society often allows itself for seeing Germany, Switzerland, the Tyrol, Italy, the south of France, and Spain—nor do those thirty days seem to have been at all too long a time for exploring that most interesting county.

Mr White seems to have met during that ramble individuals quite as singular and to the full as foreign, in dialect, manners, and occupation, as he would have come across had he taken the grand tour; while, in nature, he witnessed scarcely less variety of pastoral beauty and marine grandeur; scenes of history, and haunts of poet; romantic ruin, and wonders of modern engineering. He met too, we are sorry to add, some dwellers among all these striking scenes as careless of the beauties which lay around them as any double-refined worshipper of fashion itself. Two Yorkshiremen, whom he overtakes near Malham, are bent solely upon seeing there a certain horse which one of them has sent thither 'to grass' a few weeks previously.

'They were as much amused at my admiration of the scenery as I was at their taking so long a journey to look at a quadruped. They would not go out of their way to see Malham Cove, or Gordale Scar, not they; a horse was worth more than all the scenery. And yet, judging by their dress and general conversation, they were men in respectable circumstances. Presently, as we passed a rocky cone springing all yellow and gray from a bright green eminence, I stopped and tried to make them understand why it was admirable, pointing out its form, the contrasts of colour, and its relation to surrounding objects. "Well!" said one, "I never thought of that. It do make a difference when you look at it that way." Neither of them had ever been to London, and what pleased them most was to hear something about the great city. They were as full of wonder, and as ready to express it, as children; and not one of us found the way wearisome. . . .

"Eh! that's Maum Cove, is it?" he said, as a turn in the road shewed us the head of the valley—"that's what we've heard so much talk about. Well, it's a grand scar." He seemed to repent of even this morsel of admiration, and helped his neighbour with strong resolutions not to turn aside and look up at the cliff from its base. . . .

'Although Gordale Scar is not more than a mile from Malham, they refused to go and see it. However, when we came to the grazier's house, and they heard that the Scar lay in the way to the pasture where the horse was turned out, they thought they wouldn't mind taking a look, just, as they went. The good wife brought out bread, cheese, butter, and a jug of beer, and would have me sit down and partake with the others; regarding my plea that I was a stranger, and had just taken a drink, as worthless. A few minutes sufficed, and then her son accompanied us, for without him the horse would never be found. We followed a road running along the base of the precipitous hills which cross the head of the valley,

to a rustic tenement, dignified with the name of Gordale House; and there turned towards the cliffs by the side of a brook. At first, there is nothing to indicate your approach to anything extraordinary; you enter a great chasm, where the crags rise high and singularly rugged, sprinkled here and there with a small fir or graceful ash, where the bright green turf, sloping up into all the ins and outs of the dark-gray cliff, and the little brook babbling out towards the sunshine, between great masses of rock fallen from above, enliven the otherwise gloomy scene. You might fancy yourself in a great roofless cave; but ascending to the rear, you find an outlet, a sudden bend in the chasm—narrower, and more rocky and gloomy than the entrance. The cliffs rise higher and overhang fearfully above, appearing to meet indeed at the upper end; and there, from that grim crevice, rushes a waterfall. The water makes a bound, strikes the top of a rock, and rushing down on each side, forms an inverted A of splash and foam. And now you feel that Gordale Scar deserves all the admiration lavished upon it.

"Well!" exclaimed one of the Yorkshiremen, "who'd ha' thought to see anything like this? And we living all our life within twenty mile of it! 'Tis a wonderful place."

"So, you do believe, at last," I rejoined, "that scenery is worth looking at, as well as a horse?"

"That I do. I don't wonder now that you come all the way from London to see our hills."

O A S I S.

Thou camest hither with the crescent moon,
And now his light is scarcely on the wane;
Sad is it thou must go away so soon,
And not return again.

So very sweet a friendship has been knit,
So very brief its harvest-time has been!
Take heart! take heart! we may not think of it
As all in vain, I ween.

For as a traveller in desert lands
Rideth day after day from morn till night,
Weary with the hot sun and endless sands
And gleaming, hazy light;

With thick, incrustèd throat and parchèd tongue,
Straining his leathern bottle, hard and dry,
Gasping and faint and sickly borne along,
And wishing half to die,

Cometh at once upon a sudden well
And pleasant grass and little grove of palm,
Stoopeth delighted all his thirst to quell
With water cool and calm;

And is refreshed and goeth in its strength
Many days more across the desert waste,
And cometh to his journey's close at length,
In freshness and no haste;

So in the desert of this life for us
Friendship has made a cool and pleasant spot;
We shall go onward to the journey's close
With strength that faileth not.

T. A.

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LITERARY GHOULS.

A PROTEST FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

I AM a dead author.

What I wrote, or how, is unimportant now: I dwell 'in the land where all things are forgotten.' The reason why I am permitted 'again in complete steel'—both as to pen and heart—to reappear in the mundane sphere, through the medium of this *Journal*, will be obvious in the following communication. How communicated, by tapping, table-moving, or spirit-writing, befits not me to say, and is irrelevant to the subject under consideration. I will only solemnly attest that the sole devil which has had any hand in the matter is the printer's.

I am dead. For me, no more the delays of publishers, the stupidity or ill-nature of reviewers, the praise, blame, or curiosity of the public. Into 'the silent land' my works, whether 4to, 8vo, or 12mo, happily do not follow me; I shuffled them all off with this mortal coil; left them to take their chance of surviving me; and may their faults lie on them as gently as library dust!

For my dust, that also is a secondary consideration to me now; yet I have a kindly feeling for the relics of what often hampered me most terribly during life. Occasionally, I wander airily round a certain suburban cemetery, to take an amused observation of a certain elegant vase with a marble laurel-wreath at top, and underneath an inscription attesting my great literary merit, and the irreparable loss which I am to society.

Yet that inconsolable society is gradually ceasing to name me, even as 'Alas, poor Yorick!' and shortly I shall only be remembered by a faithful household or two as 'Our poor dear John.' I am not now ashamed of being 'John,' and should be well content to see on the aforesaid picturesque vase only that name and my surname, with the date of my birth and death—the sole facts of moment to me now—or perhaps some modern version of the familiar old epitaph:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To digg y^e dust enclosed here:
Blest be y^e man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Query, had Shakspeare any foreboding of, or did he mean any occult reference to, a certain race of literary ghouls, which, in later ages, delight in exhuming, not the bodies, but the souls of dead authors, who, unlike himself, are hapless enough to leave behind them any materials for biography? **Fortunate Will!** whose 'second-best bed,' left to thy wife

Anne, is the sole clue to thy matrimonial history—whose few scribbled signatures are thy only autographs extant—who tookest no steps whatever to make thy life known to posterity, but wast content to lie down and sleep by Avon side, leaving only that sacred dust, and a few unconsidered trifles of chiefly manuscript plays, which have made for thee an earthly immortality!

It was reserved for the resurrectionists of modern times to do worse than Shakspeare's curse deprecates—to dig up, not the bones, but the memories of the departed great; exposing them like mummies under a glass-case, sixpence a peep (namely, three vols. 8vo, charged twopence each for perusal; may be had at any circulating library). After which, all the critics in all the reviews and newspapers place them on a sort of intellectual dissecting-table, where they are lectured upon learnedly, and anatomised limb by limb, muscle by muscle—not at all out of mere curiosity, oh, dear no!—but simply for the good of science and the benefit of mankind. A proceeding vastly interesting and quite unobjectionable—except for any who may chance to find—as has been found—some near relative or beloved friend in the inanimate 'subject' of Surgeon's Hall.

I am incited to express myself thus, by being the elected spokesman of a committee of ghosts, who, in so far as spirits can suffer wrong, save from the sorrowful beholding of it, have been wronged in this fashion since they left the mortal sphere. Although to us, in our celestial Hades, all this clatter about us

No more disturbs our calm repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose;

still, we deem it right, for truth's sake, that a voice from the other world should convey *our* opinion on the matter.

We abide—where, it matters not; as space, like time, belongs only to the flesh. We are often drawn together, as congenial spirits are, in life and after; and we converse sometimes of earthly matters, which we are aware of; for to be spirit alone implies to *know*. How, or how much we know, I shall not explain, as you will all find it out for yourselves at no distant day. We rarely speak of our own books—we have said our say, and done with it—but we sometimes note the books that have been written upon us since our departure.

These are of every sort: from the humble one-volume *Remains*—compiled by some affectionate heart which deemed the loss as fatal for the world as for itself—to the large and boastful *Memoir* of somebody

who was never heard of till he became a biographee, solely, it would appear, for the glorification of his biographer: from the plain, honest *Life*, with nothing in it to chronicle except useful deeds, or scientific researches: and the pathetic *Final Memorials*, throwing light upon long-secret griefs and ended labours, down to the heaps of *Reminiscences*, *Recollections*, *Journals*, and *Correspondences*, piled up like a cairn over some unfortunate—of whom, after all, the utmost that can be said, is included in a verse by one—whose hint his biographer had much better have taken—

Once in the flight of ages past
There lived a man. And who was he?
Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

And all that need be told of him—which he has not told of himself, by writings or actions—the bard goes on to say—

Is this—There lived a man.

But these ghouls have no respect to the image of man, either spiritually or corporeally. They have dragged into the open daylight all our mental and physical defects; described minutely our personality, living, and in one or two instances, the appearance of our poor corpses after we were dead. Our vices, follies, sufferings, our family secrets and domestic wrongs, have been alike paraded before the world. Truths, half-truths, or two truths so put together as to form a whole falsehood, having been grubbed up in all directions, and either dovetailed into a groundwork purely imaginary, or arranged into a mosaic of most charming pattern—with the slight drawback that the design of it and of our history is entirely owing to our ingenious biographer.

All this harms us not; but we regard the matter as something sad and strange, which may be harmful to authors now living, who, one day, will in their turn become ghosts and biographical subjects.

Thus, suppose we, who most of us passed our sub-lunary existence like ordinary men and women, wrote our books and published them; but for ourselves courted peace, privacy, and the meditative life which all true authors love—suppose we had been aware that on us, defunct, a greedy biographer would seize—rake up all our doings, undoings, and misdoings; record how we dressed, and walked, and ate our dinners; jot down, in various incorrect forms, which we have no power to set right, every careless or foolish word we said, with our motive for saying it; lure from weak, faithless, or indifferent friends our most private letters, written, perhaps, as others beside the luckless *genus irritabile* do write letters, on the impulse of the moment, or under the influence of some accidental mood; call upon all our kindred and acquaintance—one half of whom knew little of us, and the other half never understood us at all—for every possible reminiscence concerning us. Alack, alack! had we suspected this, what a living death of apprehension, annoyance, and mistrust would have been ours! And for the result? We should either have doubted our nearest and dearest, and retired in disgust from the impertinent world, to leave our bones mouldering unmolested in some African desert or American cave; or we should have carefully arranged our whole life with a view to posthumous publication. We should never have made a remark without considering how it would look in Smith-iana. We should have combed our hair, tied our neckcloth, selected our gowns and gloves, strictly for the benefit of posterity. Our very ledgers, house-accounts, and washing-books, would have been penned with an eye to autographs. We should have eaten, drank, and slept, like flies under a tumbler-glass, waiting to be put in amber; or like strange beasts, conscious that their destiny is from the Zoological Gardens to the British Museum. Nay, those

of us whom a beneficent providence removed from the world before the development of the present biography mania, would have trembled lest even on the slender data attainable concerning them, some literary Professor Owen might put them together, and lecture on them in the character of extinct animals.

This last case is the least reprehensible. When his own generation has died out, and no living being can be wounded by any revelations concerning him; when an after-age has decided his permanent position in letters, and become at once less prejudiced, and more just with regard to both his faults and his virtues—then the world has some right to know the main facts of an author's personal history; at least so far as to discover whether his life corresponded with his works, which makes the works themselves doubly valuable. But that one whose whole or chief intercourse with the public has been by the pen—who has never put himself forward as soldier, politician, or desired any of those positions which necessarily make a man public property, should be seized upon as such, the minute the breath leaves him, for the entertainment of the world—is a proceeding the justice of which is certainly debatable.

On the other hand, let us suppose a case in which the writings are the one valuable residuum of a very worthless life, during which the unhappy author has

Known the right, and yet the wrong pursued;

wherein, from weakness, wickedness, or folly, his career as a man furnishes no possible example to posterity, except to wonder how he ever could have written as beautifully as he did.

Take, for instance, Hermon, whose worldly name, did I give it, would be recognised as one for years incensed with most odorous idolatry. What was Hermon? A wild, handsome young aristocrat, stuffed full with that passionate egotism and inordinate love of approbation which is the bane of many second-rate, of a few even first-rate geniuses. Consequently obnoxious to most men—though, because they only beheld the fair side of his character, adored by numerous women; till, whipped on one cheek, and caressed on the other, and maddened within by all the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil—this poet, this demigod, who lived not long enough to know himself a fool, ay, and somewhat of a wretch to boot, was found out after his death to be both.

And how? Because there was no one to say: 'He is dead, he shall be buried; buried altogether, leaving to posterity only the best and noblest part of himself—his writings.' Therefore, over his corpse biographers began to swarm like flies. A fashionable friend, for fear of other fashionable friends, suppressing his autobiography, which the man himself had carefully written, and which might have had one value—truth—puts forth a garbled *Life*. A sentimental, kindly, shallow lady-acquaintance details his *Conversations*; other acquaintance, denominated 'friends'—but he could not have had one real friend in the world, this wretched Hermon, who loved only himself—they too, in successive years, throng the press, dilating on his private history and manner of life—how he starved for fear of obesity, how he wrote noble poetry at nights, and talked slang and ribaldry by day; how the worshipped bard of half the century was, in reality, when you came to be intimate with him, a selfish, conceited, parsimonious, narrow-minded, vacillating, irritable fop.

Which, in degree, he was, and yet a poet; for poets are but men; yet was it for the friends, on pretence of elevating his memory, to hang up this poor battered scarecrow of humanity on a kind of glorified gibbet for every crow to peck at, and every passer-by to shudder or sneer? And will their doing so

advantage any human being? Will it not, in those who have not attained the large vision of us immortals, create a belief that all poets must be weak, puppyish, egotistical, because this undoubtedly great poet was so? Will they not be led to think that poetry itself must be a beautiful lie, because a man could sit in the quiet dead of night, writing out of the inmost depths of his nature his best, truest self, things worthy of it and him—yet rise up next day, put on his weak, foul, conceited self, and persuade shortsighted people that that was the real Hermion after all? Alas! that for this man, who, like many another man, was tormented with two warring natures in his heart—there was no influence strong enough to make him

Throw away the worse half of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

And so he died; and a fine carrion-feast has he made for biographers ever since.

So has his contemporary, who, among us ghosts, strangely surprised to find himself immortal,

Came wandering by,
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood—

and salt sea-brine.

A sapient journal, whose comments on us departed often amuse us mightily in the upper sphere, asserts, noticing the last of the numerous memorials of Spiridion, 'that it supplies reasons why a complete life of him never can be, perhaps never ought to be, written.'

I put it to the conscience of mortals, whether 'a complete life' of any human being can be written, except by the pen of the recording angel?

If it be so difficult for a biographer to get at the simplest, most patent facts in his author's career, how shall he discover the life in full, inner and outer, and paint it clearly, honestly, capably—cramped by no prejudices, hesitating at no revelations, both able and willing to shew forth undisguisedly the whole man? How, even if he wished, can he do this, unless he were the man's *alter ego*, sufficiently understanding all his peculiarities to place his character in its true light before the world?

And was there ever, in his lifetime, any *alter ego* who thus thoroughly understood Spiridion?

Unaccountable as it may be, it is no less true, that most poets are all their days more or less children, and want taking care of like children. The *mens divinator* seems to unfit them partially for the hard necessities of life, unless, as is sometimes—would it were oftener!—the case, their moral conscientiousness is strong enough to force them to acquire qualities not innate or coexistent with what is termed 'the poetic temperament'—namely, prudence, forethought, common-sense; that solid wisdom which, in the sum of life, outweighs all genius.

This, Spiridion never had. How the busy world, deep in counter and merchandise, houses and lands, thrusts its hands into its pockets, and laughs over the picture of the beardless youth and his baby-wife, running from place to place, intending at each charming spot to stay 'for ever.' How afterwards, when he had broken laws, creeds, and women's hearts, it turns disgusted from the poor poet—living contentedly a life as idle and fickle as that of a meadow butterfly; yet, with one or two sad exceptions, almost as harmless. Utterly incomprehensible, to any respectable gentleman coming home at six p.m. precisely to his three courses, is the portrait drawn of our Spiridion, standing reading a whole day long with his untasted cold meat beside him—then starting, with a girlish blush: 'Bless me, I must have forgotten my dinner!'

And worse than incomprehensible—altogether hateful, and anathema maranatha—is the daring blasphemy

of indignant youth, when, blindly confounding the Christianity of a formalist and semi-rotten Church with the Christianity of the Lord Jesus, he dubbed himself atheist, to shew his abhorrence of both. Poor Spiridion!—yet any one studying his life, which, with all its faults, was so pure, unselfish, generous—so essentially the Christlike life of love—making even his enemies love him as soon as they came to know him—cannot but acknowledge that many a saintly bishop has been, practically, less of a Christian than he.

But why write his life at all? Why expose the miserable arcana of a luckless marriage—a disorderly home?—which many a man has to suffer, though he is fortunately not written about. Why unfold every writhing of the diseased restlessness and melancholy, that constitute a phase of mental development, which almost every sensitive nature is doomed to pass through during youth; until the fevers and despairs gradually wear themselves out, and the individual looks back on his old self—which, having happily been outlived, has never been chronicled—with a curious mixture of wonder and pity, that makes him tolerant and hopeful for all others going through the same ordeal. But, in the midst of those red-hot plough-shares, Spiridion died.

Yet understand us. We ghosts do not wish to lay an embargo on all biographies: thereby annihilating the natural wish of the human heart to be remembered after death a little, and causing the worth and beauty of good men's histories to be indeed

Interred with their bones.

Not so. Everything that is great and noble, virtuous and heroic in any author's life—in the life of any man or woman—by all means, after a decent time has elapsed, let it be faithfully related, for the comfort, instruction, and example of later generations. The world has a right to hear and exact such chronicles of its generations gone by.

But let us be chronicled not as authors, because we have written a book or so worth reading, but because we have lived a life worth remembering—the story of which will have a beneficial influence on lives yet to come. If any incense poured upon or saintly odours arising from our mortal dust can reach and delight us in our immortality, it must be thus to know that neither our doings nor our sufferings have been altogether in vain. And for all that concerning us was purely personal, in noways differing from the rest of our species—which can neither 'point a moral' nor 'adorn a tale,' but only minister to an idle and prurient curiosity—in charity's name, let it be buried with us.

Here, in this abode of calm, where the strongest puff of fame cannot send a single ripple across the sea of eternity, we ghosts wish it were better understood, that, however great our writings, we ourselves were but human, and no more was to be expected of us than struggling humanity can achieve; that our genius was an accidental quality, in noways exempting us from the temptations, any more than exonerating us from the duties, of our kind; that, if we erred, it was not our genius, but our miserable human nature that overcame us, as it does other men. We claim for our memories neither more nor less than the immunities granted to others—not authors—namely, that, except for some great benefit to the human race, you have no more right to drag a man's history, fair or foul, out of the merciful shadows of the tomb, than you have to dig up and sell his dead body, to be exhibited in a penny peep-show at Bartholomew Fair. The true manner of dealing with the dead at all times Shakespeare seems to indicate when he makes Queen Katherine say of Wolsey:

Yet thus far, Griffiths, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.

She would not criticise her bitterest enemy, after he was no more, without the apology, 'Give me leave.' It would be well if some biographers I could name had been as tender and womanly.

And this brings me to speak a word on the part of some gentle ghosts among us, who, inasmuch as women naturally shrink from publicity more than men, have been the more sorely aggrieved. I refer not to those who, conscious of living always in the public eye, designedly left their *Diaries*, &c., behind them, elegantly and artistically arranged—a little *couleur de rose* may be—on the principle that

One would not look quite frightful when one's dead,

but still vastly amusing; and no doubt an appreciative public made itself very merry over these dead women, whose life was a perpetual *posse plastique*, and who took care to die in the most graceful of attitudes. They have had their desire; though every one of them may be wise enough to be ashamed of it now.

But for others who lived naturally, painfully, finding the burden of existence quits hard enough of itself, without taking heed as to how it would appear as a picture for future biographers—who arranged no materials, kept no intentional records, and evidently had not the slightest notion of ever being made into a book—the case is widely different.

The generality of female authors do not desire, living or dead, to be made into a public spectacle. Something in womanhood instinctively revolts from it—as it would from caressing its dearest friends at a railway station, or performing its toilet in the open air. Women's domestic ways, actions, and emotions are so much more demonstrative, and, at the same time, more reticent than men's, that to tear the veil from their lives seems a far more cruel wrong.

And in many instances even to do it, is most difficult. The true key to feminine nature is so delicate, so hidden, that it is all but impossible to find it. Thus, in nearly all female biographies current of later years, we feel by instinct that not one half of the life is unfolded—that much which would reconcile jarring mysteries, and harmonise the whole, has either never been discovered, or if discovered, is necessarily suppressed. Whether or not it be so with men—there probably never is written an absolutely true life of any woman; for the simple reason, that the intricacies of female nature are incomprehensible except to a woman; and any biographer of real womanly feeling, if even she found them out, would never dream of publishing them.

Take, for example, one of the most touching memoirs of modern times—the subject of which was a shy, timid, suffering being, utterly unknown, except through her books, until she died. Death—waiting but for the crowning of a long and life with one drop of happiness—took her suddenly away in the prime of her years. Now, the public thirsts with curiosity about her; now publishers foresee that any fragment concerning her is sure to sell; now her few friends and fewer acquaintances discover that they had entertained an angel unawares, and eagerly rack their memories for all possible memorials of her.

So, a life is written—carefully, delicately, and honestly, with due regard to the feelings of the living and the cherished memory of the dead; written as tenderly and wisely as such a life could possibly have been written; but—it ought never to have been written at all. For what is the result of it?

A creature, so reserved by nature that the ordinary attention of society to a 'celebrated author' was abhorrent to her, making her shrink with actual pain, is, after death, exposed openly to the world; her innermost thoughts, words, and actions displayed; her letters, written in the anguish of religious doubt, or family affliction, or intolerable bodily pain, printed and

published, for the amusement of every careless or sarcastic eye; her books analysed, in order to appertain fictitious characters among real originals, and try to extract from the imagination the history of the heart. Every misfortune, error, and disgrace of her kindred, which you feel sure the woman herself would have concealed to the last extremity of sacred endurance, is trumpeted out to a harsh, cynical, or indifferent world—of which the tender-hearted portion can but feel instinctively one emotion: 'For charity's sake—for the dead woman's sake—leave the whole history untold. Cover it up! let her name and her books live, but let her life and its sorrows be heard of no more.'

For, after all, what moral is gained from it?—a chronicle so sad, so incomplete, that apparently it does not 'justify the ways of God to man.' To mortals, on whom its page closed with that last piteous sigh of hers—'Am I going to die, when we have been so happy?'—it can administer no possible lesson except of tacit, hopeless endurance. Many similar lives there are—of which we on the other side the grave are alone permitted to see the blinding up of the broken web—the solution of all dark mysteries in the clear light of eternity: but such lives ought never to be written. It is impossible that any human being can write them, fairly and fully; and to attempt doing so incompletely, is profanity towards ghosts and men, as well as towards the Father of both.

'I would not have used any living creature's name of my dear friends have used me,' said, in the soft utterance of the unknown world, this gentle ghost of whom I am speaking; 'I would not, even had my correspondent been so foolish as to put her heart in her letters, have after her death put it also into print. I would have done with all her intimate correspondence as a friend of mine, estranged, yet soon to be regained—is wise and tender enough to do with hers—burned it. All the publishers and public in the wall hammering at my doors should never have torn my friend's secrets out of my heart. I would have had all things done for her, dead, exactly as would have been done by her, living. Not one breath of the idle curiosity which she hated during life, should have been allowed to expend itself over her tomb. But it harms not me,' said the silver voice, speaking calmly, as if of another person—and breaking up the circle from which, I, the appointed deponent, give this communication. 'My body sleeps in peace among my moorlands, and I live here—and in the one true heart that loved me.'

And then—as one of your poets, still in the land, tries to describe, painting the world which he knew not yet, but shall know—

Her face
Glowed as I looked at her.
She looked her lips—she left me where I stand
'Glory to God,' she sang, and passed the
Thridding the sombre bookings of the veal
Towards the morning-star.

[We print the foregoing article—to say nothing of our esteem for the accomplished author—on account of its suggestiveness, and the germ of truth it contains; but we would not be supposed to endorse its opinions in their whole extent. To do so would be to condemn utterly a popular and important department of literature, to cut off the sources of biography and history, and bury in the grave the materials that in the hands of the skilful are used for developing the scenes of human nature. Authors do not belong less to the world than kings; their influence is more extensive and more lasting, and they are entitled to so immunity from the interest or curiosity of men. Our inquiries into their lives may, of course, sometimes involve mistakes, or give currency to calumnies, but that is all the more reason why inquiry should not

rest. In the end, it will be successful where success is of any general importance; and the individual risk, or the possible delay, should not be grudged by those fine spirits that address themselves to mankind. At anyrate, whatever errors may arise, whatever private feelings may be outraged, whatever eloquent remonstrances may be published, the thing will still go on, for it depends on a principle in human nature: our Boswells will still be read with a luxurious feeling of enjoyment and admiration, and our Gaskells will still command our interest and our tears.—*Ed. C. J.*]

THE MAN OF TWO SHADOWS.

STRANGE and fantastical superstitions are confined to no part of the world; they flourish within the tropics, they locate themselves in the arctic and antarctic circles, and they are perfectly familiar to all the inhabitants of the temperate zone. If, however, they have any favourites residence, it is assuredly in Africa, where, from time immemorial, they have reigned paramount over all classes of the population. In other parts of the world, especially where men affect to be civilised, they who have enjoyed the advantages of education laugh when they meet together at everything denominated superstitious; but when they lay aside their multitudinous existence, become individuals again, walk home along tree-arched lanes, traverse midnight churchyards, and retire to bed alone, by one dim rushlight, in a room high up in some ancient building, rocked and shaken by the all-haunting winds, they often glide back into timorous infancy, and shiver as they pull the sheets over their faces.

This I say by way of apology for the two unphilosophical individuals who figure in the adventure described in the following narrative. They belong to a tribe of Arabs who encamped many years ago on the banks of the Upper Nile. The country in the whole neighbourhood is almost beyond imagination wild. Rocks naked, splintered, and precipitous rise on one side of the river to a great height, and are penetrated here and there by gorges so narrow and tortuous, that in some places the sun's rays never, during the whole day, illuminate their depths. On the stream's other bank, golden sand in billowy eminences stretches away interminably. Close to the water on both sides there is a strip of vegetation green as a pre-Raphaelite picture, and broken and diversified with singular beauty. On one particular point, the Libyan bank projects a little into the stream; and as you stand on this projection about the middle of the afternoon, and look directly southward, your eye catches a glimpse of a landscape which you have some difficulty in persuading yourself belongs to this world. Through a gap in the mountains, which appears much narrower than it is, since it permits the passage of the vast Nile, you behold a valley warm with sunlight, beautified with a broad expanse of water, looking like a fairy lake with patches of green-sward, here flat, there sloping and undulating, dotted with copses of mimosas, tamarisks, henna, rhododendrons, silk-trees, palma christi, and an abundance of nameless flowering shrubs; and overhead, the majestic date-palm fluttering its long leaves as a tall maiden flutters her veil in the soft breeze. Here and there, cresting small eminences, the airy cupolas of the tombs of holy men are seen between the foliage; and the whole stands relieved, like a landscape on canvas, against a chain of rose-coloured mountains, throwing up confusedly their jagged pinnacles into the blue.

The Arabs from the desert never encamp in the cultivated country, but on the sandy edge close to it. At the time I speak of, the tents were many, and

stood pitched in an immense semicircle facing the east, and projecting its horns on either side to the very verge of the palm-groves. The chief of this encampment—a man with green turban, to mark his descent from the Prophet—had a daughter named Selima (I wish the Arabs had more variety in their names); and among the youth of the tribe there was one who rejoiced in the name of Ibn Saffar. It was the misfortune of this young man that he had no relatives. How he found his way into the tribe, the chief only knew, if, indeed, he did. Yet Ibn Saffar was generally respected, because, as some believed, he was descended from the people of the Jinn, or, as others thought, came far away from Persia, where—in the mountains especially—there are people with blue eyes, and hair of the colour of gold. This was Ibn Saffar's case; and instead of shaving his head like the children of the Arabs, he suffered his long locks to escape from beneath a light embroidered cap, and to descend in waving masses over his shoulders. Abou Bernak, the chief, though friendly towards this young man—who possessed neither sheep nor camels, but went forth with his spear into the desert, where he hunted lions and hyenas, and often came back laden with their skins to the camp—was still very anxious that no intimacy should grow up between him and his daughter Selima. For this he had doubtless his own reasons; but the girl had eyes, and looked with admiration on the beauty of Ibn Saffar. It is true he was not gentle. His fierce eyes flashed habitually with an expression of cruelty; his short upper lip curled with disdain; and he appeared to be always eager to engage in conflict. Yet, as often as he came into the presence of the daughter of Abou Bernak, all his fierceness forsook him, and he sat at her feet as gentle as a gazelle. All his countenance wore a serene aspect, and his eyes were tinted like the light of the evening-star. He talked to her often of regions lying beyond the Bahr el Kolzun and the Shat el Arab, where the mountains are clothed with trees, where bright rivers rush down impetuously from the rocks, and where the believers in El Islam inhabit magnificent cities like those which the unbelievers of old times have left in ruins on the banks of the Lower Nile. Selima's imagination was inflamed by these accounts; so that she often wished to take a fleet dromedary and journey towards the rising sun, either alone or in company with Ibn Saffar, whom she loved with a trembling love, because he seemed to her a man of another race, of other beliefs and other feelings, who sympathised with nothing in the valley but her.

Often and often as they sat together, Ibn Saffar's face appeared to be transfigured, but whether by good or evil emotions, she could not tell. Some violent struggle appeared to be going on in his mind. Paleness, accompanied by big drops of sweat, came over him; his eyelids drooped, and his whole figure appeared to be bent with premature old age. Then, the fit being over, his face flushed, his eyes grew doubly bright, and tears as of rapture stood in them. These appearances, however, were painful as they were mysterious to Selima; but she feared to question him respecting them, for there was a loftiness in his manner, and a tone of authority in his voice, which entirely overawed her.

Once in the broad daylight, when the sun was a full hour from the summit of the arch of noon, they walked together to the banks of the river. Why did Selima start? why did she seize Ibn Saffar's arm? why did she look so fearfully into his face? why did her own become so deadly pale? why did her limbs tremble, and almost refuse to support her weight? There, high up on the bank, was the cause.

'Look at it!' she exclaimed to Ibn Saffar; 'we are haunted, or the place is haunted. See, there are two

shadows, which appear like mine and yours, moving high up there upon the bank! They must proceed from individuals moving invisibly above our heads. Oh, Ibn Saffar, explain to me this mystery, for you belong to the people of the Jinn, and there is nothing that is hidden from you!

For a moment the young man could make no reply; but the expression of his countenance was terrible, and he appeared to be labouring to suppress some emotion too violent to be described by words.

'Who has whispered to you, Selima,' he at length inquired, with as much calmness as he could command, 'the falsehood that I belong to the people of the Jinn?'

'I know not,' answered the maiden; 'but I have heard among the women of the tribe many things respecting you; and among others, the suspicion that you are not one of the descendants of Adam.'

'Selima,' he said, 'you are not sincere with me. It is Abou Bernak, it is your father who has poured this calumny like poison into your mind.'

'You wrong my father,' exclaimed Selima, the spirit of the Arabs rising in her breast—'you wrong my father. He is incapable of calumny, as he is incapable of everything base. The blood of the Prophet is in his veins, and in my veins, too, Ibn Saffar. No man, therefore, shall speak to me of anything like falsehood in the chief of my house; and if you have no connection with Afreet, or the people of the Jinn, explain to me why we are haunted, and why yonder shadows pursue us, and hover over us, while our own rest here beside us on the sunny bank.'

'Is it for me,' inquired her lover, 'to explain the mysteries of the creation of God? I am agitated, like you, by those shadows; but I do not say to you, Selima, account for that appearance, or I would suspect you of being an Afreet or a Jinneyet. If the place is haunted, let us meet here no more; there are other walks as beautiful, and the majestic Nile flows to the north and to the south, and we can come down to it anywhere, and speak together, and be happy.'

'Nay,' answered Selima, 'I will meet you nowhere but here, and you must tell me why we are followed by shadows other than our own.'

'I cannot,' answered Ibn Saffar.

'It must be so,' observed Selima moodily. 'I am disturbed by the fear that you belong to the people of the Jinn, and I swear to you by the Prophet!—'

Ibn Saffar put his hand on her mouth. 'Do not swear, Selima, I conjure you! I am not acquainted with the secrets of God.'

Selima retreated a step or two, and then said: 'I swear by the Prophet I will never be your wife until you explain to me the mystery of the two shadows.'

They then separated, Selima to her father's tent, and Ibn Saffar to wander in the desert. They met no more for many days, because Selima avoided her lover, whom she began to regard with superstitious dread. Meanwhile, he was plunged in deep affliction, because he loved her with unbounded love, and would have sacrificed his life to render her happy. He therefore took an instrument of music, and went at the fall of night to the river's side, and, sitting down among the rocks, sang to himself a melancholy song, while his tears fell on the instrument as he touched its strings. He compared his life to the mists which hang upon the mountains of Kurdistan, which are touched and rendered beautiful by the sun's first rays, but speedily melt and disappear, and leave no trace of their existence on the blue ether—to a fountain which springs up in the desert, and bubbles and sparkles for a while in the morning light, but is overwhelmed by the first sand-storm, and concealed from mankind for ever—to a shooting-star which emerges from the depths of the sky, and describes a bright track through the heavens, but, just as it begins to attract the gaze

of men, is extinguished by the breath of Eblis, and forgotten by all beholders. The moon had risen as he sang. Presently, he laid aside his instrument and smote upon his breast, and said aloud:

'Woe is me—the light that had begun to dawn upon my soul is changed into darkness. The daughter of Abou Bernak is devoured by suspicions, and hath ceased to love me. Verily the days of my exile are drawing towards a close and I shall return whence I came, unloved and unblessed. What then? It is written, and I must be numbered among those who are unfortunate.'

'Nay, Ibn Saffar,' murmured a sweet voice beside him; 'you accuse me unjustly. God is my witness, I love you like my own soul, but fears, the nature of which I need not speak of, oppress and overwhelm me.'

The young man arose and bowed before her, and said:

'This is the action of one whose nature is beneficent. Let us walk together along the river.'

'Yes,' she replied, 'let us go to our own place of meeting. It may be there will be no shadows there to-night; the moon is at the full, and floods the whole earth with beauty.'

They repaired to their favourite walk; but Selima's eye, instead of resting as it was wont on the face of her lover, sought among the shrubs, and the grass, and the sands, the fearful shadows which were never absent from her mind. Did her eyes deceive her? No! there they were, fainter, more indefinite, and indistinct; but yet, there they were, moving as they moved, standing still when they stopped, mimicking all their gestures, and appearing to put on every moment a more threatening aspect! What was to be done? Selima's soul was petrified with terror, and Ibn Saffar in the greatest perplexity found no words in which to express his affliction and astonishment.

'Verily,' he said, 'two individuals from among the people of the Jinn are walking over our heads, trading invisibly the soft air, but casting shadows nevertheless, which prove them to be solid substances, which the rays of neither sun nor moon can pass through.'

Selima made no reply, but gazing with strong apprehension at her lover for a few moments, darted away towards the encampment, leaving him in doubt whether he should quit the valley for ever, or bury his sorrows in the mighty river before him. By degrees, wiser thoughts came over his mind. He pondered on his situation, on the causes which had brought him thither, on Selima's character and on his own. It has been said by travellers that there is a mystic music in the Nile, which, as you sit and listen to it, enters your soul, and diffuses its own tranquillity over your whole mind. There may, in fact, be a supernatural power in that ancient and half-fabulous stream. It rises no one knows where, it is augmented no one knows how, it flows through deserts without fertilising them, through a land of its own creation, without apparently losing a particle of its volume, and as it descends with soft murmurs towards the sea, it appears to be conscious that it bears the primitive legends of a whole continent on its surface.

Ibn Saffar gazed at it with feelings little suited to a believer in El Islam. It is one of the properties of the Nile to act irresistibly upon the imaginations of those who behold it, and to infuse into them something like the superstition of the ancient mummy-makers. Ibn Saffar was young, with a fervid fancy, and fierce, ungovernable passions; wild projects thronged his brain; he formed and rejected many resolutions, and his thoughts were fast driving him towards a desperate, and perhaps disastrous enterprise, when he beheld a dervish approaching him from the south.

'Verily, O dervish,' exclaimed the young man,

'you are come to deliver me from extreme perplexity. I will relate to you my adventures, and describe to you my case, and the wisdom you have acquired by walking to and fro over the earth, will enable you to dispel the doubts and suspicions of one who is dear to me.'

The dervis seated himself upon a stone and replied: 'Say on, my son; I am attentive.'

The lover then related all that had befallen him among the tribes of the Arabs, and the relation in which he stood towards the daughter of Abou Bernak.

'Young man,' observed the dervis, 'you have not laid before me the whole truth.'

'I have told you all that bears upon the present matter.'

'You are mistaken. It is of consequence to know what happened in Diarbekir before you fled from your father's house; it is of still greater consequence to know what account you have given of yourself to Abou Bernak and his daughter; it is of yet greater moment to ascertain whether an attachment to the creed of the Suffis qualifies you to become the husband of a Sooni maiden.'

Ibn Saffar stood abashed before the dervis; his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth; his heart, which had never yet quailed in the presence of man, sank as he cast his eyes upon the earth, and he was sorely troubled.

'What I have said,' observed the dervis, 'was only designed to reprove you for your half-confidence. Had you been frank, I also should have been frank. I will be so now. Know, then, that I too am a Suffi; but what I must do in this matter must depend upon an interview which I shall have this night with Abou Bernak.'

Ibn Saffar turned his eyes fiercely on the holy man. 'Do you then intend'—

'If I interrupt you,' observed the dervis mildly, 'it is only to give you the assurance that I will do what is best. Now lead the way to the encampment, and, please God, we shall see what will happen to-morrow.'

Exactly an hour before noon on the following day, Selima stood with Ibn Saffar and the dervis in the middle of the favourite walk on the banks of the Nile. She perceived that the number of the shadows had been multiplied.

'Take this clod,' said the dervis, addressing himself to Selima, 'and cast it into the river, exactly in the spot from which the sun's image is reflected.'

She did so, and large ripples arose and moved in circles on all sides, and the sun's disk disappeared on the mirror of the waters.

'Now turn round, daughter,' he said.

She turned round and looked, and behold, their own shadows fell beside them upon the pathway, but there were no others.

'Praise be to Allah!' exclaimed Ibn Saffar, 'the people of the Jinn are put to flight.'

'Bismillah!' murmured Selima, 'it is as you say, O beloved of my soul.'

'Wait a while,' observed the dervis.

They waited. The waters of the Nile again became tranquil, and brilliant along their surface as polished steel. The glowing disk of the sun again became glassed in the stream, and sending up rays almost as bright as those which streamed from the burning orb in the sky, threw high upon the bank shadows almost as opaque and definite as those produced by the sun itself.

'You see, daughter,' observed the dervis, 'what has occasioned your perplexity. You stand, as it were, between two suns, one below, another above, and their beams falling upon you produce the pheno-

'Blessed be God!' exclaimed Selima, 'who has made such wonders and marvels upon the earth; and bless you, my father, since your wisdom has removed an obstacle'—

With the modesty of an Arab maiden, she left the sentence unfinished. Ibn Saffar completed it.

'Yes, O dervis,' he said, 'you have indeed removed an obstacle to the union and happiness of two hearts, which nothing on earth shall keep asunder. Selima is mine; and with this broadsword,' he added, drawing his scimitar, 'I will vindicate my right to her against the whole world.'

'Be content,' said the dervis. 'Abou Bernak will not refuse her to you when he knows'—

'But he shall give her to me, O dervis, before he knows anything but that I love her, and will have her, though all the tribes of the Mualims should say nay.'

They returned to the camp, where Abou Bernak, upon hearing all that had happened, consented, without any explanation, to bestow his daughter upon Ibn Saffar, who then acknowledged he was a prince of the Persians, who, returning after a while to his own country, distinguished himself in battle, and, under the name of Ahmed Shah, founded the Durani empire.

In his harem, when, in the evening, he sat down upon the carpet of repose with Selima, he took the very instrument upon which he had played among the rocks of the Upper Nile, and laughed and joked about the people of the Jinn and 'the Man of Two Shadows.'

THE HAIR-HARVEST.

PHYSIOLOGICALLY considered, there appears to be no essential difference between the hair and the skin, between the skin and horn, between horn and scales, and between scales and feathers; all five are mere modifications of the same thing. Hence, the most charming of our lady-readers, when she disentangles her luxuriant tresses with a comb, is acting on the same chemically composed material with the same chemically composed instrument as the bird when he sets right some erring feather with his beak. Anatomically viewed, again, the hair is made up of a vast number of horny laminae filled with a pigment which shews through its cortical integument in the same manner as it does through the epidermis of a negro. The bulb or root of the hair rests upon a reticulated bed of capillary vessels, into which the colouring matter passes directly from the blood, while the horny matter is secreted by the capillaries themselves. This colouring matter has been analysed by Liebig, from whose researches it would appear that it is to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen on the one hand, and to a deficiency of carbon and an excess of sulphur and oxygen on the other, that the blue-black locks of the North American squaw, and the beautiful golden tresses of the Saxon girl respectively owe their jetty aspect and their brightness. An oxide of iron has also been traced by Vauquelin in the pigment-cells of the dark-haired races.

The astounding labour of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colours—blond, brown, black, and red—has been successfully performed by another German *savant*, who thus tabularises the results: blond, 140,400; brown, 109,440; black, 102,962; red, 88,740. The scalps he found to be pretty nearly equal in weight; and the deficiency in the number of hairs in the brown, the black, and the red heads to be fully counterbalanced by a corresponding increase of bulk in the individual fibres.

after its removal from the body. Hair shut up for a thousand years has been taken out of Egyptian tombs in perfect preservation, as regards both strength and colour. It is not, however, so durable during life. 'It is generally stated,' says Mr Hassell, 'as an undoubted fact, that the hair may become white, or turn colourless, under the influence of strong depressing mental emotions, in the course of a single night. This singular change, if it does ever occur in the short space of time referred to, can only be the result of the transmission of a fluid possessing strong bleaching properties along the entire length of the hair, and which is secreted in certain peculiar states of the mind.'

Amongst other ethnological peculiarities, the colour and the texture of the hair are determined by race: latitude and climate affect them little, if at all. Dr Prichard, our best authority on this subject, appertains the greater part of the habitable globe to the melanio or dark-haired races. The xantho-comic, or fair-haired tribes, are almost, on the other hand, confined to the limits of Europe, and, within those limits, to certain degrees of north latitude.

The forty-eighth parallel, which cuts off England, Belgium, Northern Germany, Scandinavia, and the greater part of Russia from the ethnological map of Europe, may be taken, with considerable accuracy, as the great southern boundary of the fair-haired races. Between the forty-eighth and the forty-fifth parallels, again, there is a sort of debatable land of brown hair, in which France, Switzerland, part of Piedmont, Bohemia, and part of Austria Proper, nearly the whole of Hungary, and the Asiatic dominions of the czar to the north of the Circassian line, fail to be included. Spain, Naples, and Turkey are the seats of the genuine dark-haired races; 'so that, in fact, taking Europe broadly from north to south, its peoples present in the colour of their hair a perfect gradation—the light-flaxen of the colder latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores.*' Not but there are many exceptions to these limits. The Celtic and Cymric races of Ireland and the Welsh and Scottish mountains, have black hair in spite of their northern position. The Normans, too, in whatever proportion they were originally dark, now rank decidedly amongst the black-haired races; while the Venetian dowds still glory in those luxuriant locks whose golden beauty has been immortalised by Titian. Nevertheless, the general rule, as we shall presently see, is sufficiently exact to have a practical significance in the eyes of the hair-dealer.

Few persons are probably aware of the extent to which the traffic in human hair is carried. It has been ascertained that the London hair-merchants alone import annually no less a quantity than five tons. But the market would be very inadequately supplied if dependences were solely placed on chance clippings. There must be a regular harvest, which can be looked forward to at a particular time; and as there are different markets for black tea and green tea, for pale brandy and brown brandy, so is there a light-haired market distinct from the dark-haired.

The light hair is exclusively a German product. It is collected by the agents of a Dutch company who visit England yearly for orders. Until about fifty years ago, light hair was esteemed above all others. One peculiar golden tint was so supremely prized, that dealers only produced it to favourite customers, to whom it was sold at eight shillings an ounce, or nearly double the price of silver. The rich and silk-like texture of this treasured-article had its

attractions for poets and artists as well as traders. 'Shakespeare especially,' says one of our authorities, 'seems to have delighted in golden hair. "Her sunny locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece;"' as Bassanio describes Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*. Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia says of Sylvia and herself: "Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow." . . . Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly shewing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate women. A similar partiality for this colour, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets, old Homer himself for one; and the best painters have seized, with the same instinct, upon golden tresses. A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery, beginning with those glorious studies of heads, the highest ideal of female beauty by such an idealist as Correggio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens—there is not a single black-haired female head amongst them.'

But all this has passed away: the dark-brown hair of France now rules the market. It is the opinion of those who have the best right to offer one on such a subject, that the colour of the hair of the English people has deepened in tint within the last fifty years, and that this change is owing to the more frequent intermarriages, since the Napoleonic wars, with nations nearer to the sunny south. Whether dark or light, however, the hair purchased by the dealer is so closely scrutinised, that he can discriminate between the German and the French article by the smell alone; nay, he even claims the power, 'when his nose is in,' of distinguishing accurately between the English, the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scotch commodities. The French dealers are said to be able to detect the difference between the hair 'raised' in two districts of Central France, not many miles apart, by tokens so slight as would baffle the most learned of our naturalists and physiologists.

Black hair is imported chiefly from Brittany and the south of France, where it is annually collected by the agents of a few wholesale Parisian houses. The average crops—we scorn the imputation of a pun—harvested by these firms, amount yearly to upwards of two hundred thousand pounds' weight. The price paid for each head of hair ranges from one to five francs, according to its weight and beauty; the former seldom rising above a pound, and seldom falling below twelve ounces. The itinerant dealers are always provided with an extensive assortment of ribbons, silks, laces, haberdashery, and cheap jewellery of various kinds, with which they make their purchases as frequently as with money. They attend all the fairs and merry-makings within their circuit, and the singularity and novelty of their operations are wont to strike travellers more than anything else which meets their notice. 'In various parts of the motley crowd,' says one who had stopped to stare his fill at one of the Breton fairs, 'there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant-girls, who seem, indeed, to bring the article to market as regularly as peas or cabbages. "They have particularly fine hair," he continues, "and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent. But there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 124, p. 207: an interesting and comprehensive article to which we are indebted for some of the facts here brought forward.

were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown.* As far as personal beauty is concerned, the girls do not lose much by losing their hair; for it is the fashion in Brittany to wear a close cap, which entirely prevents any part of the *chevelure* from being seen, and of course as totally conceals the want of it. The hair thus obtained is transmitted to the wholesale houses, by whom it is dressed, sorted, and sold to the hair-workers in the chief towns, at about ten francs per pound. The portion of the crop most suitable for perukes is purchased by a particular class of persons, by whom it is cleaned, curled, prepared to a certain stage, and sold to the perukeiers at a greatly advanced price—it may be forty, or it may be eighty francs per pound. Choice heads of hair, like choice old pictures, or choice old china, have, however, no limit to the price they may occasionally command.

The peruke itself is at least as old as the Pharaohs. A wig found in the temple of Isis at Thebes, is one of the Egyptian trophies of our national Museum. Nor, to judge from the bewigged busts and statues of the Vatican, would this triumph of the tonsor's art seem to have been unknown to the luxurious Romans of the Empire. But before tracing its after-history, we may turn aside a little to glance at the coiffures of generations somewhat less sophisticated than those which anticipated the greatest glory of the reign of the Grand Monarque.

The Assyrians, as might have been expected from the eloquent denunciations of the Hebrew prophets, were dandies of the first-water. A single glance at the engravings in Mr Layard's volumes will shew how exquisite were the bossings, the plaitings, and the curlings which they lavished on their hair and beards, and how unmistakably they 'exceeded in dyed attire upon their heads.' The Greek's innate love of beauty saved him from such ostentatious devices. The Greek lady allowed her hair to fall from the forehead in a graceful sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, gathering it up behind into a bow-like ornament called the *κίρηνος*. A somewhat similar fashion prevailed amongst the men; but their gods they distinguished by characteristic variations of the coiffure. 'Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules, again, remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; whilst the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own sea-weed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth; and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus, denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus.†

The hair of the Roman men was worn short and crisp until the decadence of the Empire, when Commodus set the fashion of wearing it long, and powdering it with gold or mica dust. In the provinces, it was worn long by all but slaves at least as early as the time of Cæsar. The head-dress of the Roman women was only exceeded in elaborate absurdity by that of the queen, Marie Antoinette, who invented a coiffure in which were represented 'hills and enamelled meadows'—we translate the description for the edification of our lady-readers—'silvery rills and foaming torrents, the well-trimmed garden and the English park!' Long hair continued

to be the fashion throughout the middle ages, in spite of the denunciations of the clergy. Serlo, a Norman prelate of the reign of Henry II., seems, however, to have been wiser in his generation than the rest of his brethren. He could act as well as talk. Having on one occasion brought the king and his court to a due sense of the iniquity of wearing long locks, the crafty churchman secured his victory on the spot by pulling a pair of shears out of his sleeve, and clearing the royal head in a twinkling. Still, the 'abomination' continued so much the mode, that, in the reign of Richard II., the hair of both sexes was confined over the brow by a fillet. Accident at length effected what threats of excommunication had failed to bring about. A wound in the head received at a tournament compelled Francis I. to have his hair cropped. The king's example was followed by his courtiers, and soon extended itself to England. Close cropping became the rage; and, as Holbein's portraits shew, was adopted by women as well as men.

But as the hair was shortened, the beard was suffered to grow long. The end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, indeed, comprise *par excellence* the period of magnificent beards. Henry's own was so large and profuse that it has been celebrated in song;* and who does not remember 'the great round beard like a Glover's paring-knife,' and the debate on the attire of Bottom?

The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the Civil Wars. The cavaliers of the reign of Charles I. reintroduced love-locks; whilst the Puritans, to mark their sense of the 'loathsomeness of long hair,' polled even closer than before. But as the hair lengthened, the beard in its turn was shortened. Peaked beards and moustaches became common, and continued popular with all save the straitest sectaries till the Restoration gave a blow to the cause, from which it never recovered.

This was the era of the reinvention of the peruke. Louis XIII. had ascended the throne of his ancestors without a beard, but with hair which had never been polled from his childhood. Every one concluded immediately that the courtiers, seeing their young king's long locks, would look upon their own as too short; and the conjecture proved correct. Nature could be imitated if it could not be forced, and the manipulations of the barber became a science. For a time the people refused to follow the dangerous example; but the peruke-fever at length became so universal that, in 1663, we find it raging in full fury in England. An entry in *Pepys's Diary* marks the date when the epidemic had spread to the middle classes of society: 'November 3 [1663]. Home, and by and by comes Chapman the periwig-maker, and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my hair, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over and my periwig on, I paid him L.3, and away went he with my own hair to make up another of; and I by and by went abroad after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and then concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own hair, and so was Bease.'

Perukes grew so large during the reign of Louis XIV., and so numerous in size and form, that 'the face appeared only as a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair,' and a technical vocabulary was framed to guide the uninitiated in their choice. The most erudite of modern *coiffeurs* might well be puzzled by such items as these: 'Perukes great and little; in folio, in quarto, in thirty-twos; round, square, and pointed perukes; pudding perukes; butterfly perukes; perukes à deux et trois marteaux,' &c. Even

* A Summer in Brittany. By Francis Trollope.

* See Fairholt's *Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume*, edited

children were not exempted from the infliction of wearing these manifold monstrosities.

If the ladies were loath to follow the men's example, and exchange their natural for artificial tresses, they at all events succeeded, by means of frizzing and piles of lace and ribbons, in building up a coiffure of such prodigious altitude as to intercept the view of spectators at the opera, and compel the manager to refuse admittance to all who wore such immoderate head-gear. So intricate, too, were its details, that ladies of quality were often under the hands of the artiste the entire day; and, when engaged to attend *ridottos* on succeeding evenings, were forced to sleep in arm-chairs for fear of endangering its finish!

Pigtails succeeded perukes in the early part of the reign of George III., but fell, in the last decade of the century, before the Gallo-mania and Pitt's tax on hair-powder. They continued, however, to be the bugbear of the soldier till 1808, when an order for their extermination was issued. The very next day, indeed, it was countermanded; but, to the great joy of the rank and file, it was then too late. The author of the *Costume of the British Soldier* relates that, on one occasion at Gibraltar, while this absurd fashion was at its height, a field-day was ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors were compelled to have their heads dressed overnight, and, so pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, to sleep as well as they could on their faces! 'Such was the rigidity with which certain *modes* were enforced in the army about this period, that there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer.'

The white peruke of the early Georgian era has now completely vanished even from the right reverend bench, and is only to be seen in our courts of law. Hair-powder has been banished to the servants-hall; the alpine elevation of the ladies' head-dress has dwindled into 'bands;' and the thick and flowing locks of Lawrence's early portraits have shrunk, in the man, to a coiffure, whose simplicity, if not exactly after the model of 'the curled Antony,' stands at least in advantageous contrast to the hideous devices even of sixty years since.

CAGLIARI.

We parted, dear reader, at the *campagna* of the Marchese, where I left you comfortably enjoying your siesta;* and now suddenly you are transported to Cagliari, the capital of the Capo di Sotto, or southern portion of the island of Sardinia, and the seat of government. You were no doubt fatigued, after your jolting and jogging over rough roads, and rougher mountain-paths; so you were in no mood to find fault with the accommodation at the one hotel of Cagliari, which even you might have been tempted to do, had you come straight from one of the palace hotels of superb Genoa. Neither did the *partie quarrée* of fleas excite your sensibilities so much as they would have done heretofore; you have become used to them, or they to you, which is about the same thing; for it is a well-known fact connected with their idiosyncrasy, that they are capable of sudden attachments to strangers, which, like many other sudden attachments, weaken materially on better acquaintance. Then, as for the gnats, why, positively their humming and buzzing has become your lullaby!

Neither have you any serious fault to find with the *cuisine*; verily, the roasted wild boar and the ragout of quails with which you were regaled last night, were delicious, despite the little admixtures I gently alluded to. But this morning—I sincerely regret to

say it—you were not quite so well pleased. Thinking to have a treat, and without asking or reflecting, you most incautiously, nay, most unwisely, ordered a simple breakfast of *café au lait* and bread and butter. Oh, inadvertent traveller, this land of the fig and the vine does not overflow with milk, although, indeed, it abounds in honey. Thus your treat ended in a grimace at sight of the thick sheep's milk with which you spoiled your coffee; and the lard-like sheep's-milk abomination with which you would not spoil your bread. The dairy business is carried on, on somewhat peculiar principles here. But you ask imploringly, is there no cow's milk? Is there no Christian-like cow's-milk butter to be had? Where are the cows? Where, indeed!

Cows are myths in Sardinia, and so are calves, though oxen are to be seen every hour. Solve this how you will, I never could. But while you are having some addition made to your meagre breakfast, let me tell you something about the place. In the first place, Cagliari is almost of sufficient antiquity to satisfy Jonathan Oldbuck himself, as it was founded by a colony from ancient Greece. It is, as you may perceive, built on a conical hill, commanding a most lovely and spacious bay. The part of the town on the summit of the hill—where you now are—is called the Castello, and is at once the most ancient and the most aristocratic portion of it. During the middle ages, the Castello comprised the whole city; but subsequently, the part called the Marina, stretching downward to the sea; and the suburbs, Stampace, on the western, and Villanuova on the eastern side, have been successively subjoined. Those three large square towers, which are so conspicuously situated, are considered to be fine specimens of Pisan art, and form enduring monuments of the Pisan occupation of the island. But do you hear that clank, clank? Ah, 'tis the poor galley-slave sweeping away yesterday's accumulations, positively heaped up at each doorway. The narrow ill-paved streets become, in very truth, a general receptacle. Witness the lady's-maid at the opposite balcony coolly shaking the linen, and generously adding her quota to the commonwealth of fleas.

Nice custom, certainly; but you are early this morning; it is like having a peep behind scenes, and by and by you will get used to all and everything. Especially, the English reader admires by and by the plan of swinging cords from balcony to balcony right across the street, for the purpose of airing motley woollen garments, or drying linen ones. However, it is a *fiesta* to-day, so they will soon be withdrawn. Sardinia, you must know, boasts more *minis* and more *festas* than any other country. So now the flags are flying from the forts and shipping, cannons are firing, and bells are ringing. Italians say the English know how to make bells, but don't know how to ring them. This is a matter of taste; you may admire your own way best. At anyrate, it is a merry jumble of sounds; and the streets are buzzing with soldiers and people, looking so blithe that their gaiety is positively infectious: even you forget your old English stiffness, and are betrayed into a whistle or the fag-end of some dear old English carol. Look now, at the pretty *pannetiera*; how exquisitely trim is her gay but modest toilet, how glossy the braids of her raven hair—*par parenthèse*, they don't know how to dress hair in England. And there comes forth from yonder portal a stately dame, a veritable Spanish *dofia*, her delicate rosary twisted round her most delicate and well-gloved fingers, which likewise contain her missal and fan; and such a fan, a very Goliath of the fan-tribe! Her dress is elegant; but much it surprises you that it should be an offshoot of the very same Parisian fashion-book we so carefully study in our colder north; it is so exquisitely simple

in its elegance. Shall we follow her to church? She is going with a stream of others to the cathedral. The cathedral is a fine building, much like other cathedrals, and the music is enchanting; but the soldiery; the variously handsome uniforms of the Piedmontese officers; the elegantly dressed ladies, intermingled with the rich wild rustic costumes of the different villages and the different crafts; the black velvet mantle of the regent, contrasting with the costumes of the various government officials; the foreign consuls; the monks, priests, and acolytes, form a *tout ensemble* only to be seen here, and worth travelling hither to see. It is impossible to appear even decently devotional, one is so much attracted by the deep devotion of everybody else.

Ah! now I see the use of mammoth fans, besides making a current of air sufficient almost to turn a mill. I just now detected from behind one of them the furtive glance of a most glorious pair of midnight-looking eyes; the shot was directed towards a very handsome young cavalry-officer, who evidently was on the look-out for it, while the duenna-like personage on the other side of the fan was calmly and unconsciously telling her rosary.

But the high-mass is over; the stream moves off, and you and I go with it. It is far too hot to go further now; we wend our way back; the stones, so pointed and uneven, are burning and torturing our feet. We are glad to get back to our hotel.

And now the streets are vacant, and so quiet, that, but for an occasional little burst of dog-dialogue, one might dream of being at Herculaneum. The fact is, Cagliari dines at this hour, and, after dinner, Cagliari always sleeps; doors are shut and bolted; you may as well rob a Cagliariite of his purse, as invade the sacredness of this his darling dinner-hour. I think I delicately hinted to you before that my beloved Sards had just a little dash of the gourmand; and now, while you are tossing on that very hard couch—sofas are all hard here—and getting up a very sharp appetite, spite of the heat, for a very good dinner—I will just tell you something about the Cagliari dogs—not the Cagliari puppies—these are too various in their species.

The dogs in Cagliari are stationed at the doors of their respective masters. There they sit, basking in the sun, and in general lead a very easy, gentlemanly dog-life. They never think of going into another street, or intruding on another dog's territories, excepting it may be for sociability's sake. Their numbers are restricted, and these have collars round their necks. They are aristocratic dogs; they know it, and feel it, and shew it, too, for there is a consequential wag of the tail, and an erect carriage of the head, which plainly bespeaks it. Besides these town-bred, gentlemanly dogs, there are lower-bred fellows living in adjacent villages. These enter the town regularly every morning in a troop, go to the market, make a round of the streets, and devour all the refuse of the town: they are canine scavengers, and thereby render a most important service; after which they retire as they came, *en troupe*—never associating in any way with the dog aristocracy, who, however, condescend to permit them to proceed on their mission unmolested.

The sun is lower in the horizon now, and Cagliari is waking up and stretching and gaping. Hark! there is music. Let us go to the Terrapieno, and see the *demoni*; halt first at the gate of the city, just to admire that wild, dark, barelegged, stilettoed, extraordinary figure sitting cross-legged beside a very mountain of gorgeous melons. How earnestly is he gesticulating with an equally picturesque and equally earnest customer. How their eyes flash!—how vehement they are! There, he has paid a trifle more, and got the melon:

contents. The very sight is appetising; so perhaps you incline to take an ice at yonder café—you will get delicious water-ices. Allow me, before you enter, to introduce you to the dark-eyed, fine-looking man in the very handsome uniform lounging before the door. His name is De Candia; his father is a certain General De Candia, though possibly his brother may be better known to you by the adopted name of 'Mario.' I hope you have no very striking peculiarity of person, dress, or manner; if so, be sure it will be placarded to-morrow in the café. He has the knack of illustrating these things with—it may be in some cases unpleasant—accuracy and piquancy; and, in short, though I never heard of his being ill-natured, his talents lie quite as much in guiding his pencil, as those of his brother in guiding his organ of sweet sound. The corpulent gentleman to whom he is speaking is a judge. There is a goodly supply of judges here, and, some say, a small supply of justice. Be that as it may, we pass on, and go inside. The thin taper dandy—one of the puppies of the place, by the way—with large moustaches, ambrosial locks, supremely white hands, and ring-laden fingers, is the Duca di C—, just come from *terra firma*. Sards call the mainland *terra firma* invariably. Turin is the place from whence he has lately returned, and he is telling the latest court-news to a small assortment of other notables, chiefly government officials and young Piedmontese officers, who form a very interesting group, for they are fine-looking, gentlemanly young men, quiet and refined in their manners; and their uniforms are peculiarly tasteful and becoming.

After enjoying the scene and the ices, you inquire how much you have to pay. You receive a low bow, with the information that the Baron—has had the distinguished honour of entertaining you. The Baron, meanwhile, has departed; you have no opportunity of thanking him for his civility, for you do not know him from Adam. You are perhaps a little confused by so much politeness; but it is the way of the place. Remember, you are in hospitable Sardinia. You receive more bows, and withdraw. You are a true, warm-hearted Englishman; you return their politeness with bland courtesy. Will you not blush to hear that some from our dear country—and some of noble birth too—have sadly failed in this respect, from a ridiculous notion of their own superiority; and must I add, that this rudeness was set down merely to want of culture and knowledge of the world.

But here we are on the beautiful public walk called Terrapieno. The music is a magnificent military band performing a selection from various operas. It is very delightful, for a breeze is coming from the sea, gently fanning the heated cheek.

What a glorious view is here! the beautiful bay, with its two grand promontories, Pula and Carbonara; the fine harbour, the magnificent mountain-ridge in the blue horizon, and then that rich teeming Campidano lying between: all luxuriant in vineyards, olive grounds, orange-groves, and gardens—with its wondrous cactus hedges, which look so grand, and give such an eastern look to the whole! Then yonder salt-lake, all alive with the feathered tribes, is during winter the resort also of whole flocks of brilliant flamingoes. It is a lovely scene; but we will pass through the pretty garden, at the end of the walk, called 'The English Garden,' very complimentary to our English taste for flowers!

We have rounded the cone-like hill, and now another scene awaits us; how wild and something desolate withal is the panorama here! Those grand giant rocks, what do they mean? There can be no Druid remains here. Then those wondrous excavations in the sides of the hill: ay, they have puzzled

of the Roman amphitheatre, in such excellent preservation too, and the deep yawning caves, underneath. All is very beautiful and wonderful; but we must leave it to go to commonplace-life again. It is dusk, the evening-drum is beating, candles lighting, the *benedizione* pealing. It is twenty-four o'clock. You wonder—not at all; the sun has set; he will not set again for twenty-four hours.

Lovers are dragging canes heavily along the pavement, to attract the quick ears and light footsteps of their *bellas* to the balconies. Serenades, some anything but melodious, are progressing; so perhaps, as the theatre is closed now until the return of the autumn season, you will proceed, either to the consulate, to spend a quiet evening with the best and kindest of England's representatives; or otherwise, if you incline, to a little foreign society, in the house of the Contessa C—, or the Marchesa D—, or Madame G— (the ladies, you know, *receive*), or half-a-dozen other places, where you may spend a pleasant evening, have lemonade and biscuits, perhaps brilliant conversation, and, in any case, a kind reception; only take care that your toilet is *soignée*, and that you retire early.

LIVING IN BARRACKS.

MANY years have passed away since it was the custom in the south of Ireland to live in barracks. Not in the military quarters, usually so named, but among a set of merry boys and girls, and good-humoured men and women, in some wide, rambling, hospitable country-house. The rebels, or Whiteboys, banded themselves together to destroy, without exception, every Protestant man and grown boy in the country; but they usually, except in rare instances, respected the lives of women and children. The gentlemen, gay, gallant, well mounted and well armed, formed themselves into yeomanry corps for the defence of their lives and properties; and in order to concentrate their forces and protect their families, a large mansion in each district was selected, into which as many of the neighbours as the rooms would accommodate congregated. Despite of the burnings, pikiings, murders, and cruelties of the most atrocious description which were going on around, the party inside usually contrived to amuse themselves with eating, drinking, laughing, dancing, and love-making, in a highly satisfactory and thoroughly Irish manner.

The old house of Carrigbawn, situated some miles distant from the town of Killyshaughlin, was selected for this purpose; its master and mistress being a kind and hospitable pair, never so happy as when every closet and cranny-hole was crammed full of guests. The mansion itself was as curious and comfortable a specimen of the in-and-out style of architecture as ever was seen. It and the fine old estate that lay around it are now gone—the one into ruins, the other into the Encumbered Estates Court. But some sixty years ago, both were filled with life and merriment. Family after family had arrived, and had been hospitably welcomed, and comfortably accommodated by Mr and Mrs Synge. Every available corner, including a dark recess, known as 'the cat's closet,' had been converted for the nonce into a sleeping-room. Dinner-time arrived, the whole company were assembled in the drawing-room, and the lady of the house was mentally congratulating herself on the admirable cubicular arrangements which enabled her to accommodate every one, when a loud ringing was heard at the hall-door. Bolts and bars and iron grating were cautiously and creakingly withdrawn, and presently the servant announced: 'The Reverend Athanasius Welbore!'

Angels and ministers of grace! he was the largest,

the most uncouth, and the worst-dressed man in the diocese.

His presence at dinner made no difference; the viands provided would have sufficed for a dozen guests in addition. But the sleeping-room! And Athanasius smilingly informed his hostess, that he had brought his carpet-bag, and meant to partake of her hospitality for some days, he having received a threatening notice, which rendered it expedient for him to quit his glebe-house. Of course, under the circumstances, a less hospitable person than worthy Mrs Synge would have made him welcome; but what was to be done? At last it occurred to her that she would throw herself on the kindness of the gay, good-tempered rector of the parish, a Mr Skottowe, who had been inducted into one of the best bed-rooms, containing a large-sized bed. In the course of the evening she took an opportunity of candidly stating her difficulty to this gentleman, and appealing to his kindness to bestow a share of his couch on the Reverend Athanasius. Mr Skottowe, of course, could do nothing but utter an apparently cheerful compliance; but in his secret soul he registered a vow, that wherever, and with whosoever Mr Welbore might sleep that night, it should not be with him.

One little fact illustrating the personal habits of Athanasius may perhaps be regarded as justifying Mr Skottowe's repugnance to his company. He was accustomed to use, and display somewhat ostentatiously, certain very large and stiff-looking white pocket-handkerchiefs. Some curious observers remarked that these articles were invariably marked with a series of brown diagonal lines; and by some skilful cross-questioning, the fact was elicited that the *soi-disant* pocket-handkerchiefs were doomed a double debt to pay, each one figuring first for a week as a cravat, and then doing duty for a second in the parson's pocket.

With this pleasing circumstance and other similar peculiarities full in his memory, the astute Mr Skottowe took care to be the first to retire to his room, and was snugly ensconced in bed when Athanasius, who remained up the very last of the company, made his appearance. While he was leisurely proceeding to disrobe, and talking complacently of the pleasant evening he had passed, Mr Skottowe began to scratch his own wrists and arms in a most ostentatiously noisy manner.

'What's the matter with you, man?' said Welbore at last, looking at him curiously.

'Oh, nothing. I'm nearly well now.'

'Why, what ailed you?'

'Not much; but you know I'm one of the agents appointed to travel through the country, and examine the poor people who are learning to read Irish; and unfortunately some time ago, from handling their books, or coming somehow in contact with them, I caught that very unpleasant and infectious complaint—the Caledonian Cremona—you know.'

'Speak plain, man!' thundered Athanasius. 'Is it —?'

'Just so,' replied his friend coolly. 'But I have given up for some time past instructing the poor people who have it, and I hope soon to be quite well. Indeed, it is only at night that my wrists annoy me.'

Vociferating a specially unclerical exclamation, and I fear consigning his intended bed-fellow to a locality abounding in the specific remedy for his cutaneous malady, Athanasius, now arrayed solely in his nocturnal garment, seized his candle and rushed wildly down stairs. Mr Skottowe, with a quiet chuckle, bolted the door, and calmly betook himself to repose. The unlucky fugitive, meantime, sped into the drawing-room, the only apartment which he found open, every one in the house having by this

time retired; and seizing two sheepskin mats, together with the hearth-rug and the table-cover, he lay down on the sofa, and having covered himself up very comfortably, soon fell fast asleep.

Now, it happened that Mrs Synge was always an early riser, and at this particular time, with such an additional weight of housekeeping on her hands, it especially beloved her to be up betimes, and look after the regulation of her household; so about six o'clock the following morning, she entered her drawing-room, and proceeded to open the shutters. The early daylight streamed in, and the first thing that caught the lady's orderly eye was the 'mingled heap' on her best sofa.

'Dear me,' she thought, 'that careless Kitty! she has gone and heaped the mats and hearth-rug on the sofa, instead of taking them out to be shaken.'

And with one energetic pull, she dragged off the offending articles. What was her amazement to behold start up the awakened Athanasius, who in his wrath, utterly oblivious of the very scanty nature of his clothing, began to pour out his indignation at the manner in which his hostess had treated him in sending him to sleep with such a companion. She, poor lady, naturally thought he was stark mad—very particularly stark indeed he looked—and she ran off as fast as she could to summon her husband to the rescue. When Mr Synge reached the scene of action, he was very much inclined to think that his wife's supposition was correct. For there was Athanasius, still in a boiling rage, stalking up and down the drawing-room, with a nondescript sort of night-cap perched on his head, while a crimson and gold table-cover, wrapped round him shawl-fashion, picturesquely surmounted his sole calico garment. The master of the house discreetly retreated, and sought an explanation from Mr Skottowe, which that gentleman prudently gave him through the key-hole of his bolted door. At length, however, a truce was concluded between the two belligerents, and Athanasius admitted to resume his garments. We will leave our readers to imagine the scene at the breakfast-table. Poor Athanasius gulping down cup after cup of tea, and half choking himself with enormous slices of ham and cold beef, in order to conceal his confusion; while the bland Mr Skottowe, with an air of mock penitence, sadly contradicted by the amused expression visible at the corners of his mouth, busied himself in eating a new-laid egg.

The genuine good-nature of the whole party, however, soon laughed off everything unpleasant; and in the course of the day the inventive genius of old Mrs Mahoney, a jewel of an upper servant, found out and arranged a separate sleeping-room for the Reverend Athanasius.

It was a dull drizzling day in autumn, such as is very common in the south of Ireland, when there is no cold in the air, and yet you have such a feeling of thorough and diffused dampness, that you involuntarily hang over the fire, as if to air not only your garments, but your hands and face. After breakfast, the gentlemen as usual went out in a party to patrol, and the ladies amused themselves, as they best might, with needle-work and gentle gossiping.

'How I wish,' said Mrs Synge, laying down her embroidery, and politely trying to suppress a yawn, 'that Hugh Lawrence were here! He is the very life and soul of a party, and so good-natured—there is nothing he would not do to oblige a friend.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Warren, 'and children are so fond of him. My little Ellie, who is so shy to every one else, actually flies into Hugh Lawrence's arms, and will not leave him for nurse or any one else.'

In addition to the grown people, there were about a dozen children collected in Carrigbawn House; and

elected for them in the person of one of the second-class refugees, a tithe-proctor named Dick Harris. A sad time he had of it, poor man! Obnoxious as his ordinary occupation rendered him to the rebels out of doors, his new calling made him by no means more acceptable to the juvenile mutineers within. They put crackers into his boots, and incited the cat to stick her claws in his wig. They placed a chair with three broken legs for him to sit upon, and managed—accidentally on purpose—to upset an ink-bottle over his new trousers. This last outrage was too much for the poor proctor. Apostrophising the whole crew as a set of young imps, and declaring that the girls were worse than the boys, he fairly abandoned them to their own devices, and took refuge by the kitchen fire. It was at this juncture, when the ladies in their quiet drawing-room were threatened with an invasion of their collective Willies and Lizzies, that Mr Lawrence's presence was especially longed for.

'He paid a morning visit here a few days ago,' said Mrs Synge, 'and we urged him strongly to leave his lonely thatched cottage, where he has no companions but his dogs, and come into barracks like every one else. "Why, my dear lady," said he, "who would hurt me? Thank God, I don't think I have an enemy in the country among rich or poor; and then I have my steward, that faithful fellow, Hennessey, who would give his life for me, living at the lodge."'

The conversation then took another turn, and the afternoon passed somewhat wearily away; its monotony now and then enlivened by the unavailing efforts of the matrons to preserve order amongst the juveniles, each lady protesting that her boys and girls were the quietest creatures imaginable when at home, and that it was only company that excited them to rebel.

The gentlemen returned in good spirits to a late dinner, and reported that they had seen or heard nothing alarming. About ten o'clock the house was disturbed by a loud ringing at the hall-door. It was no light matter to open at that hour, so the visitor was challenged by the master of the house.

'Who's there?'

'A friend—Hugh Lawrence; let me in!'

At the sound of that well-known voice, bolts and bars were speedily withdrawn, and the whole party crowded into the hall to receive the welcome guest, who looked pale and agitated.

'Synge,' he said, 'I have a dreadful thing to tell you. My house was set on fire this evening, and everything in it burned. I don't care for the furniture, but my poor little dog, Minny, that was licking my hand an hour before—she perished!' And the tears stood in his kind, honest eyes.

It appeared that, while sitting after dinner, he perceived a strong smell of smoke, and, rushing to the window, he saw the dark figures who had put the live sod of turf to the thatch, moving in front of the house. He had been out shooting that day, and his gun stood loaded in a corner of the room.

'I seized it,' he said, 'and fired off both barrels at the fellows, but I could not tell in the twilight whether I hit any of them or not. I saw one man, whose face was blackened, take deliberate aim at me, and I heard an explosion as if his gun had burst in his hand. They rushed to the door, forced it in, and in another moment would have murdered me, when by God's providence a party of soldiers who were passing saw the flames, and came galloping up the avenue. The fellows, of course, made off, and the soldiers tried in vain to catch them. I escaped, just as the roof was falling in, and came on here, as I knew you would not turn me out.'

A warm pressure of the hand was Mr Synge's

'They were out,' was the reply. 'The old cook and the housemaid had asked leave to go to a wake in the neighbourhood; and Leary, my man-of-all-work, had gone out to the stable to feed the horses.'

Mr Syngue and the other gentlemen looked grave.

'Where was Hennessey, your steward?' asked Mr Warren.

'Oh, poor fellow, he has been sick these two days,' replied Mr Lawrence. 'I sent for him this morning, and heard that he was confined to bed with a heavy cold; and there I found him with his head tied up, when I went down to see him and take him a few things that I thought would do him good. If he had been with me, he'd have shed his last drop of blood for me: you know he's my foster-brother.'

There was no difficulty that night in finding a bed for Hugh Lawrence. Poor Athanasius was the first to propose to resign his dormitory, and betake himself once more to the sofa. Mr Skottowe followed suit by offering, with a hypocritical twinkle of his eye, half his bed, if Mr Lawrence had no objection to share it.

'Why, then, you've a deal of brass, that's all I can say for you, Skottowe,' said Athanasius, shaking his fist at him good-humouredly. 'If you don't die a bishop, it won't be for want of asking.'

Next morning, at breakfast, the delight of the children at meeting their friend was vociferous. He was not so much inclined to play with them as usual, for the loss of his favourite little terrier lay heavy at his heart. And the bright, round, young eyes that were fixed on him soon filled with tears, when they heard of the fate of Minny, who had been as well known, and almost as much liked, as her master.

After breakfast, all the gentlemen accompanied Hugh Lawrence to his cottage, now a heap of smoking ruins. The police were also in attendance, with a view to making every possible investigation. Of course, there was no chance of eliciting any information from the servants or the peasantry. They had seen nothing, known nothing; and the party were on the point of going away, when one of the police picked up on the lawn a gun with the barrel burst, and three fingers of a man's hand, which had evidently been blown off by the explosion. Here was a clue. The party immediately set off, and visited every house for miles round, without finding any man with a disabled hand; but as they were returning from their fruitless search, they passed by the cottage of Hennessey, the steward.

'There's no occasion, my friends,' said Mr Lawrence, 'for any of you to come in here; but I'll just step in for a moment to ask how poor Tom is to-day.'

'If you have no objection, Hugh,' said Mr Syngue, 'I'll go in with you.'

They entered the house, where Hennessey's wife was ready to receive them, and to pour forth most voluble expressions of sorrow for 'the poor darling master's misfortune.'

'But how is Tom?' asked Mr Lawrence, moving towards the door of the inner room. 'I suppose I can see him.'

'Indeed, your honour had better not,' said the woman earnestly. 'He's very bad in his head to-day, and I'm afraid of my life 'tis the sickness* he's getting; and maybe your honour might catch it from him.'

'Oh, I'm not in the least afraid.' And gently putting the woman aside, he went in, followed by Mr Syngue.

The room was nearly dark, and they could discern only the outline of Hennessey's figure in the bed. He seemed scarcely able to answer his master's kind inquiries, and spoke in a hoarse, tremulous whisper.

'Well, Tom, my poor fellow, I'll send Dr Taylor to see you before night. Good-bye.'

'No, sir, thank ye, no doctor; I'll be quite well to-morrow!' exclaimed the sick man, in a clear, strong voice, whose changed tone struck even the unsuspecting Lawrence.

Mr Syngue immediately flung the shutters open, and walked up to the bedside.

'Shew me your hands,' he said. No answer.

He pulled down the bed-clothes, and Hennessey's right hand appeared bound up. The next moment the police were called in, the bandage was removed, and the three fingers exactly corresponding to those picked up on the lawn were found wanting to the ghastly bloody hand.

The hardened traitor said nothing; his kind master burst into tears.

The sequel of this true tale may be told in a few words. Hennessey was lodged in jail, fully convicted at the next assize, and most deservedly expiated his crime on the scaffold.

There was one gleam of comfort for Hugh Lawrence, after witnessing Hennessey's arrest; while getting off his horse at Mr Syngue's gate, he thought he heard a faint whine, and looking down, he saw a miserable little animal, with its hair singed off, lying exhausted on the ground.

This was his little favourite terrier, which had somehow crept out of the burning ruins, and with the wonderful instinct of her race, had painfully tracked her master's footsteps.

He took her tenderly in his arms. 'Minny is found! Minny is safe!' was the cry through the house. And if Minny had been the daughter and heiress of a noble family, more care could not have been bestowed on her comfort and restoration.

The little animal was soon well enough to accompany her master to England, whither some of his kind friends took him on a tour, until the terrible scene of Hennessey's execution was over.

THE ANCIENT RESERVOIRS OF ADEN

MANY and great have already been the vicissitudes of the town of Aden. In remote times called 'Eumalmore' or the Prosperous, it continued to prosper as the principal emporium of trade between Europe and the east, till the adventurous Portuguese opened out a new and more convenient ocean-route for the merchandise of India and China. The tide of traffic thus diverted from Aden, its prosperity gradually declined. The Turks got possession of it in an underhand way, just forty years after Vasco de Gama had rounded the 'Cape of Storms,' and they seem to have done a good deal to fortify and improve the town. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, Aden was governed by a native prince. By this time Mocha had successfully rivalled it as the seat of the coffee-trade; and when the East India Company took possession of it in 1839, it was a poverty-stricken, decayed place, having only a lingering remnant of traffic in guns, with about six hundred squalid Arabs for inhabitants, and with no foreign ships to rock securely within its noble harbour.

However, the tide has now turned in its favour, and British rule and the overland route to India combined, bid fair to raise the place to far more than its ancient importance. It can now boast a busy population of 25,000, gathered out of almost every nation under Heaven; the annual value of its imports and exports is little short of a million sterling, and its port is crowded with shipping. It is a depot for steamers, and a principal coaling-station. Here voyagers gladly disembark before or after the somewhat anxious threading of the coral-reefs in the Red

* Typhus fever.

Sea, to 'take their ease in their inn,' and explore—as we are now about to do—the marvellous reservoirs with which we rejoice to be told that the district abounds. For a thirsty district indeed it is, without trees to shade it, without running streams to freshen, its lofty semicircle of barren limestone and lava rocks—but for the relief of the sea-breeze—reflecting intolerably the fierce glare of the tropical sun. The one serious drawback to the permanent importance and prosperity of Aden threatened to be the inadequate supply of fresh water: experiment after experiment was made, new wells were dug with no other result than that of drying up old ones, and vast sums laid out, all in vain.

It would seem, therefore, that the nineteenth century must be content to take a lesson in practical science from the wisdom of the past; and that having discovered a magnificent series of ancient reservoirs for the collecting and storing of rain-water, it can do nothing so well as persevere in their restoration, or, if need be, undertake the construction of others.

It appears that this plan of collecting water in reservoirs is of extreme antiquity in Araby the Blest. The earliest and most gigantic work of the kind we know anything about is the great dam of Mareb, built, some historians aver, about 1750 B.C.—the time when Jacob in his love for Rachel was tending her father's flocks, 'while in the day the drought consumed him and the frost by night.' M. Arnaud, a French traveller, who reached Mareb in 1848, describes the ruins of this wonderful dam as situated between two hills, which, when joined by the embankments, formed the reservoir. So vast was the space thus enclosed, that even in that desert stillness, no shout, however shrill, could reach from one end of it to the other; and the massive fragments of masonry that yet remain bear witness to the former solidity of the whole. Probably this was the great original of other reservoirs in this and other parts of Arabia, as well as of those which the Saracens introduced into Spain during their period of triumphant sway. None of these, however, in any way equals the magnificent series of reservoirs lately discovered at Aden, which appear capable, if duly restored, of containing not less than 30,000,000 imperial gallons of water.

But who built these colossal tanks? we ask, and ask in vain. Even the natives shake their heads, and have no certain tradition to offer. Ancient, very ancient, no doubt, their walls have long survived the names of those who reared them; but the impression of Mr Playfair, the political resident at Aden, to whom we are indebted for our information respecting them, is, that they were begun after the second Persian invasion of Yemen, about the year of our Lord 600. Possibly, many owe their origin to individual piety and patriotism; possibly, some were intended as monuments to perpetuate the fame of the dead, as well as to promote the welfare of the living, for under the domed entrance to one of them a tomb has been discovered, and it is said that an inscription was removed from the tank which might have given some clue to its history.

According to local tradition, it was about the year 1500 of our era that these reservoirs began to fall into disuse, the governors of Aden having persevered in digging wells with sufficient success to meet the wants of the already declining city. We read also in a Latin tract, written in 1530, of another expedient: 'The water was daily brought in on camels, whose number sometimes amounted to 1500, 1600, or even 2000.' If this gaunt and clumsy procession arrived in the daytime, the water was circulated through the city; if in the evening, it was deposited in a large cistern near the water-house. This large cistern was

description: 'Among the ruins, some fine remains of ancient splendour are to be met with. The most remarkable of these remains consist of a line of cisterns situated on the north-west side of the town, three of which are fully eighty feet square, and proportionably deep, all excavated out of the solid rock, and lined with a thick coat of fine stucco, which externally bears a strong resemblance to marble. A broad aqueduct may still be traced which formerly conducted the water to these cisterns, from a deep ravine in the mountain above. Higher up is another, still entire, which, at the time we visited it (November), was partly filled with water. In front of it extends a handsome terrace, formerly covered with stucco; and behind it rise some immense masses of granite, which, being in some places perpendicular, and in others overhanging the reservoirs, formed, during the hot weather, a most delightful retreat. Some Arab children, who followed us, were highly pleased when we arrived at the spot, and plunging headlong into the water, much amused us by their sportive tricks.'

About thirty years later, Captain Haines, visiting Aden, found several of these reservoirs still in tolerable preservation. Besides the hanging tanks, as those built high up on the rugged mountain-sides are called, there were other large ones still to be traced around the town. We are sorry to be obliged to record the fact that, since the occupation of Aden by the English, the tanks have been not only neglected, but injured. The hanging tanks, fortunately, were pretty much out of reach; but the stones of those that lay ready to hand, were ruthlessly carried away for building purposes—the hollows filled up with the debris washed down from the mountains, and the whole believed to be ruined beyond the possibility of repair.

Meanwhile, more than half the population of Aden was drinking water brackish beyond what is usually considered endurable; and many thousand tuns of rain-water were annually lost from want of means to retain it. And now, let us gladly learn how efficient an apparatus for so doing had been all the while buried out of sight, to be restored by the energy of the political resident.

Four years ago, government sanctioned the repair of the three tanks known to be in tolerable preservation; the superintendence of the work being intrusted to Mr Playfair, who, at first, was obliged to content himself with convict-labour, and such assistance from free labour as the small surplus of the town-funds, and the sale of the rain-water collected in the cisterns, enabled him to obtain. At that time, he had no idea that the tank-system was so widely extended, and he expected to carry out the undertaking on the inexpensive plan above mentioned.

But day by day, new discoveries were made; and government came forward liberally to insure the successful completion of an enterprise, which we shall be better able to understand when we have read Mr Playfair's description of the environs of Aden:

'The range of hills which forms the boundary of the crater of Aden is nearly circular; on the outer side, the hills are very precipitous, and the rain-water rushing rapidly down them by means of long narrow ravines separate from each other. On the inner side, the hills are quite as abrupt; but their descent is broken about half-way down by a large table-land, intersected by numerous deep ravines, nearly all converging from the principal range of hills into the Tawela Valley, which thus receives about a quarter of the drainage of the peninsula. This valley is 700 feet in length from the point where it leaves the table-land to its actual junction with the level plain of the crater. The hills throughout are perpendicular; and at the head of the gorge they meet, leaving barely

then gradually opens out to a breadth of a hundred and fifty feet, and the hills circling to the right and left form part of the walls of the crater of Aden.

The steepness of the ravines, the exceeding hardness of the rocks, and their scarcity of soil, all combine to prevent any considerable amount of absorption. Thus even a moderate fall of rain will send a raging torrent down the Tawela Valley, which, ere it reach the sea, not unfrequently swells to an unfordable river. Much damage has thus been frequently done. Reed-houses, animals, nay, human beings, have been swept along into the sea; and during a December fall of rain in 1842, such was the fearful rush of water through the gorge, that two hundred animals were carried away; and when the morning broke on the scene of devastation, nine men were missing, and only three of their bodies were ever found.

Thus, then, we see there is not only a great good to be gained, but a great evil to be avoided. The water-sprites have to be subdued into a blessing, or submitted to as a scourge. The wisdom of earlier ages had taken the first course—their gigantic reservoirs chiefly occurring in and near this main water-course. These have been described by most travellers as excavated out of the solid rock; but Mr Playfair's account differs from theirs in this particular: he describes those at the foot of the hills as generally built at some re-entering angle of the rock which promises a copious flow of water; there the soil has been carefully cleared away, and a salient angle or curve of masonry built across it, while every feature of the adjacent rocks has been taken advantage of, and connected by small aqueducts, to insure no water being lost.

The overflow of one tank is conducted into another, and thus a complete chain once existed into the very centre of the town. Their construction is extremely fantastic, the only principle which seems to have been adhered to being an avoidance of straight lines; and the correctness of this principle has been proved in the recent excavations, as in almost every instance where straight lines existed, they were forced in by the rush of water. The tanks are generally of stone and mud-masonry, roughly plastered on the outside, and beautifully coated with plaster within; flights of steps, gradients, platforms, are heaped together, and give an exceedingly grotesque appearance to the whole. Each large tank has a smaller one in front of it, built for the purpose of retaining all the earth and stones carried down by the torrent, and permitting a pure stream of water to flow into the reservoir beyond. And now for what has been already done: 'Thirteen reservoirs, having an aggregate capacity of 3,500,000 gallons, have been cleared out and restored; thirty-six more discovered, but not as yet excavated. Up to September last, the expense incurred amounted to 1100 rupees; and in the same month, a moderate fall of rain, lasting only three hours, sufficed to fill the restored tanks to the brim. The water thus collected realised, up to the following February, 2200 rupees, or double the expenditure incurred—water having a ready sale in Aden at one rupee per hundred gallons; nor is this all, for over and above the quantity disposed of, there remained a surplus of about 600,000 gallons.' A pleasant sight this filling of the restored reservoirs must have been to all, especially to those whose energy had been instrumental in the work—a pleasant sight to see the mountain-torrent, no longer wandering at its own wild will, but led from tank to tank, gurgling over the lip of the highest, running along the skilfully constructed aqueducts, getting filtered in the smallest reservoirs, and gradually filling those lowest down in the valley. Thousands of all classes and ages flocked to the refreshing sight—how refreshing we, in our cloudy and temperate climate, can little know; and

the noise of the rushing water was fairly drowned by the acclamations of the crowd.

It is calculated that even in the most unfavourable season not less than 6,000,000 gallons will be collected; and thus a minimum annual value of 60,000 rupees (L.6000) produced, while the restoration of all the tanks would insure an annual supply of from twenty to thirty million gallons. We therefore trust that the Indian government will not stop short of this great result. Rendered independent of all external sources for its water-supply, it is difficult to place any bounds to the possible importance and prosperity of Aden. Should the projected sea-canal from Suez to Pelusium be ever carried out—and the equilibrium of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea being now established, affords a strong hope that it will—a direct passage to the east would be afforded to ships of the largest size. The great Indian trade would probably take this route, and the importance of Aden as a coal-depôt and mercantile station being proportionably increased, it would no longer look back to the past for its palmy days, when conquering Rome bestowed on it the title of Romanum Emporium, but forward to the future, with commerce and civilisation ever increasing, and under British sway.

WORDS:

FOR THE GERMAN STUDENTS' FUNERAL-TUNE.

(IN MEMORIAM: NOVEMBER 1857.)

'Thou wilt call, and I shall answer Thee: Thou wilt have respect to the work of Thine own hands.'

With steady march, along the daisy meadow
And by the churchyard wall we go;
But leave behind, under the linden shadow
One, who no more will rise and go:
Farewell, our brother, left sleeping in dust,
Till thou shalt wake again—wake with the just.

Adown the street, where neighbour laughs to neighbour,
Adown the busy street we throng;
In noisy mirth to live, to love, to labour—
But he will be remembered long.
Sleep well, our brother! though sleeping in dust:
Shalt thou not rise again—rise with the just?

Farewell, farewell, true heart, warm hand, left lying
Beneath the linden branches calm;
'Tis his to live, and ours to wait for dying—
To win, while he has won, the palm.
Farewell, our brother! But one day, we trust,
Call—he shall answer Thee—God of the just!

TO THE ADVOCATES OF 'WOMEN'S RIGHTS.'

A gold medal of the value of 1200 francs has been offered by the Imperial Academy of Sciences, Letters, and Arts, of Lyon, for the best essay on the means of improving the moral and economical position of women: shewing first, how the remuneration of women may be raised to an equality with that of men, where there is an equality in usefulness and work; and second, pointing out new careers for the sex, and distinguishing new kinds of work to replace those of which they are and may be successively deprived by the competition of men, and the changes of customs and manners. Competitors are to send their works free to the secrétaire-général of the Academy, each manuscript to be distinguished only by a motto, and the same motto to be repeated in a separate note containing the name and address of the author.

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A MEDICAL MAN'S EXPERIENCES.

ALTHOUGH, in the eyes of the world, I may seem to be middle-aged, and of limited income; to have a tendency to baldness, and to possess a profusion of small children; to be in a state unprosperous and unpromising in a very high degree—I am still, in the opinion of the faculty, a rising young man with very excellent prospects. In the medical profession, no man is old until he is superannuated, and Hope—by means, as it would appear, of some curious chemical preparation—is made to flourish as an evergreen, whether it ever bear fruit or not. Let the weather be ever so favourably unhealthy, let the street-accidents be ever so interestingly serious, no case ever comes to my door—that is to say, no case with anything in it. There are, of course, however, candidates for my gratuitous attentions, enough and to spare. And here are three of my best patients, selected out of a ten years' diary.

Case I.—A. B. Female. Age 49. Profession, sick-nurse. Habit, plethoric. A. B. came upon my hands not at all before it was necessary. She had been seriously ill—the effect of years of indulgence in spirituous liquors—for weeks, and during that time she had been taking hairs of the dog that had bitten her, by way of cure. When I told her, as I felt it my duty to tell her, of her immediate danger, and of the almost certain result of her complaint, she was exceedingly affected and alarmed. Used as she had been to contemplate death in all its phases when it occurred to other persons, she was terrified to the last degree at its approaching herself. She shuddered to think of that cold shadow creeping over her, which she had often watched, unfeelingly enough, and even with impatience, darken the features of her fellow-beings, when its delay chanced to interrupt some trifling scheme of business or pleasure of her own. Her countenance, with the exception of her nose, whose colour circumstances had long rendered quite independent of the action of her feelings, blanched at the few serious sentences which I addressed to her, as though they had been veritable thrusts from the javelin of the grisly King. Her respectable, I might almost write her colossal legs, trembled beneath her while she listened. It was evident that A. B. had some very particular reasons of her own for living a little longer. This feeling, as far as my experience goes, is not peculiar to A. B., but the intensity of it was. Horror at the thought of dissolution is seldom exhibited, if even felt by this class of persons; abject fear such as hers could, I

deep-dyed guilt. I was not much surprised when I was sent for to her lodgings for the second time upon that same night. She had been revolving in her mind what I had said to her, and it had disturbed her greatly. She felt more unhelpful than in the morning, and thought herself sinking. 'The worst,' as the nurse in attendance upon her rather unpleasantly remarked, upon my entrance, 'had come to the worst,' and I was required, she hinted, less as a doctor than as a father-confessor.

'Send that woman away,' said the patient in a hoarse whisper, and pointing to the attendant; 'all nusses is bad uns. I was a nuss myself.'

I motioned the obnoxious witness out of the room.

'I'm dying, doctor; I feel it. You're sure I am dying, ain't you?' interrupted she, changing her solemn tones for very shrill ones, and suffering her mask of forced repentance to drop momentarily aside, and disclose an expression of suspicious cunning—'you're quite sure?'

'We are sure of nothing,' said I gravely: 'you are very seriously ill.'

'I know,' exclaimed she bitterly, relapsing into her melancholy phase again; 'that is what all you doctors say; but it means death. O, sir, I have been a very, very wicked woman indeed. I have something—I have three things on my mind, which it will do me good, I think, to get disburdened of: they will kill me else, I feel, of their own selves. And, sir, I have not got a soul in the world to tell them to, only you.'

So this dreadful old person had indeed dragged me out of my warm bed for the purpose of reposing in me a dangerous confidence, which my own good-nature invited. I should like to have seen A. B. venturing to make a confidant of Dr Cressus in the next street after this same fashion. But it was just like my luck.

'Do you remember the very stout gentleman, doctor—him with the appleplexy in Ward No. 2—at St Barnabasses?'

'446. Pleurisy. Left convalescent?' inquired I, from memory.

'The same, sir. I bled him to death, doctor, at his own house within the week. His friends paid me by the job, you see, and I was overanxious to get it over.'

'Good heavens!' cried I; 'and to save yourself a little trouble, you committed, then, a cruel murder?'

'He went off like a lamb,' cried the wretched creature apologetically. 'But there's worse than that. I once gave a young gent. four doses of laudanum in one, and you wouldn't a known when he was dead from when he slept. But them was murders for all that, I

'They certainly were, miserable woman,' cried I indignantly. 'Have you anything yet more upon your mind?'

'Hush!' whispered she, pointing towards the door; 'she's listening; they always does it, bless you—I knows 'em so well. Once—only once, as I'm a sinful woman—I smothered a sick man with his pillow; that was for his money; he would have died any way, because he had the lock-jaw. Now,' added she, with a long-drawn sigh, and after a pause, 'I feel somehow better and more comfortable like, thanks to you, sir.'

The patient had sunk back from her sitting-posture, as if exhausted with this terrible narration; but I read in her yet anxious eyes that she had still something more to say. Presently she again broke silence, and this time the emphasis with which she spoke was mingled with a tone of gratitude. She desired to recompense me, I suppose, for my prompt attention and interest, and delivered herself of this advice instead of a fee:

'When your time comes, doctor, and your friends send for the nuss, don't let them pay her by the job.'

The revelation of these crimes, which had been, without doubt, in reality committed, filled me with horror; and the reflection that she who had executed them would, in a few days at furthest, be out of the world, and no longer harmful, alone comforted me. My feelings, therefore, may be imagined by the sensitive, when, upwards of a fortnight after I had received the above confession, A. B., whom I had supposed to be far 'otherwhere,' as the poets say, called one morning at my private residence, in tolerable health, and also slightly in liquor. She had been priming herself to act rather a difficult part.

'I am come,' said she, 'to thank you, doctor, for your care and trouble about me when I was ill. I was very ill indeed, was I not, doctor?'

'You thought you were going to die,' remarked I with meaning.

'Yea,' answered she ingenuously, and without heeding the slight discrepancy between her two statements, 'and that is what I am come about to you, doctor. You knows as well as me what a parcel of nonsense folks do talk when they are delirious, and thinks they are in particular notice. [I afterwards discovered this expression to be A. B.'s rendering of the phrase *articulo mortis*.] You must not be hard upon what a party says who has got the trembles. You must let bygones be bygones, doctor.'

I don't know whether it was weak of me, or whether it was strong-minded—whether I thought a confession upon a death-bed ought to be sacred, or whether it was to save myself trouble; but I let the old woman go, with a caution to the effect that she had better not let me hear of her attending any sick folks in future, which she took in exceedingly good part.

Case II.—I became acquainted with H. M. in the wards of St Barnabas, a young man who was by profession a prize-fighter, and who had come into the hospital with a dislocated knee, the consequence of kicking, violently and without due calculation of distance, at a personal friend with whom he had had a disagreement at a public-house. His habits had been very much the reverse of temperate, and the case which at first seemed simple enough, soon assumed a serious aspect: after many weeks of almost incessant suffering, it became necessary that the poor fellow should lose his leg by amputation, if he would preserve his life. The lopping of this limb was to him an especial grief, inasmuch as, next to the loss of one of his 'mauleys,' it was the saddest thing that, to one of his calling, could possibly happen. His occupation as 'a favourite of the public,' a pet of the fancy, would, of course, be gone for ever, and

no other line was open to him, since the talents of a prize-fighter, however rare and valuable in themselves, so far from being of universal application, are an absolute hinderance to success in almost every other walk of life. There was, indeed, about as bad a look-out for poor H. M., when he was carried into St Barnabas' theatre to be acted upon, one April morning, as can be conceived. Still, the brave young fellow never winced or grumbled; he made his bow to the great semicircle of students—the rows of unfamiliar faces reaching from floor to roof—as though they were his ancient patrons of the ring. There was no chloroform in those days; but he looked on at all the proceedings which concerned him without one twitch of the mouth or knitting of the brows; and when the thing was over, and that limb, which he had been so long accustomed to consider his own, became the property of the scientific gentlemen around him, he said: 'I thank you, gentlemen,' in a cheery voice, and wished them joy of their acquisition.

I confess that, in spite of his disrespectful calling, I had a sincere liking for H. M., and pity for his misfortune; and as one of the dressers in his ward at that time, I had opportunities of doing him, occasionally, a little kindness, and speaking an encouraging word. We struck up quite a friendship, founded upon the basis of mutual respect, but, I feel bound to admit, without any great mixture of sentiment. He confided to me several particulars concerning the fancy and its patrons, which are not generally known, but which the same honourable feelings that kept me silent with regard to the delinquencies of A. B., prevent me from here disclosing. When the day came for the young prize-fighter to depart—with the exception of his left leg—from St Barnabas, he addressed me in these terms:

'Doctor, you have been a regular stunner to me all along since I have been here, and no mistake; I should be sorry to leave this here hospital without letting you know what I think about it. Most like, you imagined that a poor chap such as me had nothing to give you in return—which only makes it the more brickish—but I am not so bad off as I seem, doctor, by no manner of means.'

This was exceedingly gratifying to me, and even very exciting. I was trying to recall to my mind some of those instances which I had heard or read of concerning millionaires in the guise of scavengers, angels under the earthly form of crossing-sweepers, who have been, as Mr Lamb says, 'entertained unawares' by benevolent surgeons and others, and pondering whether H. M.'s fortune was more likely to be in the funds or in railway-shares, when that grateful young man resumed as follows:

'Here,' cried he, drawing a coin or medal, wrapped up in whity-brown paper, from his breast-pocket—'here is, if not money, at least money's worth: to one in your station and with your opportunities, etc., a matter of—ah—a pound a week for life, at the very least. Even in my humble walk, it has been a pretty penny to me already.'

'Why, my good man,' cried I, in unaffected disappointment at the discovery, 'this is only a half-penny!'

'Only a half-penny!' repeated H. M. with a delighted chuckle, as he hobbled away on his crutches in order to preclude any thanks for his generous behaviour. 'That's what you'll be trying to persuade other folks to believe before the day's out. It is only a half-penny; but it is a half-penny with a couple of tails upon it!'

H. M. opined—so little does one-half of the world guess how the other half lives—that the respectable profession of medicine demeaned itself like his own by the practice of tossing for half-crowns; and, seriously, if things continue as they are much longer

with me, I think I shall try my luck with that headless half-penny, the only pecuniary fee I have ever received.

Case III.—Once—and that day will not easily be forgotten—I was sent for to attend a lady at a fashionable hotel, and that lady a member of the aristocracy. She was a woman of strong force of will, and had made a point of having the nearest doctor summoned, or else they would have sent for Dr Croesus to a moral certainty. For my part, I wish from the bottom of my heart—but I am anticipating.

The Lady Letitia Beebonnet was Scotch, and 'a wee bit crackit.' She was violent and impetuous upon all subjects—'a monomaniac,' as was said of a greater lady, 'about everything;' but inflexibility of purpose and contempt for conventional practices and opinions were her *forte*. Her present idea was, that so long as she chose to remain in any hotel, no matter for what term of months or years, she never need settle the bill till she went away. She had come to the *Fleur de Lis* without any intention of staying beyond ten days or so; but as her ladyship's account had been sent in somewhat peremptorily at the week's end, she was now staying on, out of spite, and for the express purpose of declining to settle it. Under ordinary circumstances, a person of Lady Letitia's rank might of course have resided in an inn for half her natural life without being troubled by the host; but in this particular case, the hotel belonged to a company, whose accounts were audited every week, and to whom the manager was responsible. He also, plebeian though he was, had that quality in superabundance upon which her ladyship so justly prided herself—pigheadedness. Upon the reiterated refusal of his aristocratic lodger to loosen her purse-strings, he had given to her some pieces of his mind which were not only unpalatable, but had disagreed with her to the extent of sending her to her bed; she was ill, and very ill, absolutely through sheer rage and obstinacy, and threatened to become worse with opposition. The manager had sworn that, upon the morrow, which was the end of her third week's sojourn with him, the Lady Letitia Beebonnet should settle her bill or leave the house; and her ladyship prepared for battle by sending for the nearest doctor.

I gathered these particulars from herself at the first interview, narrated with a garrulity such as I never heard equalled, and with an amount of accompanying action such as I had only seen examples of in establishments devoted to the insane.

'What I stand for,' concluded she, with vehemence, 'is the law—the law. I have plenty of money, hundreds of pounds, in that dressing-case yonder, but he shall never have one farthing of it upon compulsion, nor until I choose.'

As soon as I had recovered her ladyship out of the hysterics into which she had gradually worked herself during this recital, I took my leave. On my arrival the next afternoon, I found that the exasperated manager had refused to let her ladyship's bell be answered, or to supply her with food.

She had comforted herself for some time by pulling at the rope at her bedside, under the idea that she was at least creating a disturbance, although nobody came; but the domestics had placed a worsted stocking over the clapper. She was very unwell, indeed, by this time, and her complaint was not improved by the fact of her having had nothing to eat since the preceding afternoon; but she was considerably more obstinate than before, and quite prepared to starve rather than surrender what she imagined to be her legal rights.

Upon my remonstrating with the manager, he protested that she might starve, and welcome, but that he would put up with her nonsense, and be

hour longer. The company was of more consequence to him, he irreverently observed, than all the Beebonnets over the border.

'But,' urged I, 'if the Lady Letitia dies in your hotel, it will hurt the company seriously; and she will die, if she does not have sustenance shortly.'

Upon that view of the matter, some very weak gruel—with a cinder or two accidentally dropped into it—and a few slices of burned toast, were sent up to her ladyship's room.

The next day, I found my noble patient much better; invigorated by her fool, but especially invigorated by her victory in having obtained it, and by an unlooked-for success of another kind. She had detected, as she lay in her bed, with nothing to do except to watch, like Robert the Bruce, the spider-webs that began to adorn the cornices, a second bell-wire running round her apartment, and had established a communication with it by combining her own useless rope and the handle of her parasol. As I entered, unannounced—for attendance was rigidly denied her—and she had, singularly enough, no maid of her own, she was sitting up in bed, engaged in tolling solemnly at this wire, which, indeed, exceeded her most sanguine expectations, for with every jerk she gave, she rang the alarm-bell. It was placed at the top of the house, so not easily accessible, and the wire, which pervaded the hotel, being of too great importance to be cut, she was mistress of the situation.

'I have been tolling,' observed she with satisfaction, 'ever since daybreak, as though for morning-prayers.'

The Lady Letitia was only at last induced to pay her bill by a pious fraud. She was informed that one of the directors of the company had offered to take the risk on his shoulders, and understanding thereby that she could annoy her foe, the manager, no longer by stopping, but would rather benefit him than otherwise, she left the hotel immediately, although in a very unfit state to be moved.

When she recovered, she wrote me a pretty little note, with a coronet on the top of it, expressing her grateful sense of my attentions; my services had been, she was good enough to say, above all price, but she should nevertheless decline to pay me anything, upon principle. According to law, she had been led to understand that a medical man could not exact remuneration for the performance of his duties: she might be right or she might be wrong; but at all events she preferred, she said, to have the matter tried in court, before running into any unnecessary expense.

SCHOOLING IN INDIA.

At a time like this, when our armies are struggling against terrible odds in one of the fiercest contests that ever shook India to its centre, it is by no means out of place to inquire more closely than we have been wont to do, into the actual condition of that country and its people; and as a means of doing so, we cannot turn our attention to a more fitting subject than their schools.

From official inquiries into the state of education amongst the masses of the population of the Bengal presidency, it would appear that in five districts in which the state of indigenous education is most favourable as compared with other divisions, the proportion of adults who have received any degree of instruction is 6 per cent. of the entire population, so that there remain ninety-four persons in every hundred wholly destitute of education. In the least favoured districts, the proportion is above two edu-

The entire population of this presidency—that is, of Upper and Lower Bengal—may be taken at thirty-eight millions, of which above fourteen millions may be set down as children, and of these we may fairly assume two-thirds to be of an instructible age, seeing that in India children mostly commence school when five years old. Now, inasmuch as the data collected on this subject show that of the children of an instructible age only 7 per cent. receive any kind or amount of education, it follows that there are upwards of nine millions of children throughout Upper and Lower Bengal alone of an age to receive instruction, yet totally without it. Taking in the same way the adult population of twenty-four millions, and deducting from these the proportion of educated persons—namely, 5 per cent.—we find there remain nearly twenty-three millions of the adult population entirely without instruction.

Such being the state of native education in this one division of the Indian empire, it would not be very difficult to arrive at a tolerably accurate conclusion as to the total number of individuals, adult and juvenile, of the entire population of British India wholly devoid of any instruction whatever. We do not believe that on a general average there would be found above four per cent. of the entire population able to read or write in the smallest degree, seeing that the whole of the female population—with the exception of the nautch-girls—are altogether and habitually left without any attempt at education. This being the case, the result would be, that there are in the Indian territories of Great Britain not fewer than one hundred and thirty-four millions of totally uneducated persons! A fearful amount of uncounteracted ignorance, superstition, and vice in the hands of the fanatic priesthood and the evil-minded chieftains, to work upon to their own bad ends.

The extent of private tuition among the Mussulmans or Hindoos is very small indeed, if we except the chief cities of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, where of late years a few of the leading natives have availed themselves of private instruction for their children, both male and female. The public educational establishments of the Mofussil of indigenous growth may be divided into the common vernacular schools, and schools partaking more of the character of colleges. In these latter, Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit are taught; seldom the three in any one establishment, but usually the schools are either Persian, Arabic, or Sanscrit.

The teachers of these are mostly of the Brahmanical caste, many living in extreme poverty, and supported mainly by presents of money and food. The scholars consist of boarders and day-pupils, who, in exchange for the learning imparted, supply their instructors with the daily necessities of life, and also perform for them many little household duties. The age at which pupils attend these institutions ranges between eight and twenty, though there are some who remain to their twenty-second year. The instruction imparted consists of general literature, rhetoric, law, logic, medicine, and astrology.

In these high-class schools, the income in money of the pundits, or professors, varies very much, ranging, indeed, from the merest pittance to a very liberal amount. It has been stated that the average monthly income of three hundred of these learned instructors

is not less than L.6, 10s.; but the correctness of the figures may very well be doubted, as this class of men are extremely tenacious of giving information concerning their mode of living, property, &c. If, however, we assume this amount to be about correct, it shews that the cost of educating the pupils of these establishments is extremely high, far beyond the real value of the learning imparted, for the average number of students at each college does not often exceed seven.

If, however, we inquire into the *quality* as well as the cost of the education taught by these Brahmanical pundits, we shall assuredly arrive at the conclusion, that they do little enough to elevate the character or improve the condition of the people. There is, indeed, no lack of indigenous literature in India. A late official return went to shew that during the last fifty years, there had been not less than five hundred and fifteen persons engaged in literary publications in Bengal.* The same document tells us that in the year 1853-4, there were two hundred and fifty works in the native languages published in the city of Calcutta alone.

The works on grammar, logic, and law may pass without much comment; but the absurdly fabulous and disgustingly immoral recitals contained in nearly all their most popular dramas, poems, and histories, leave little room for surprise that the people for whose edification these are published should prove false, base, and cruel to the last degree.

The schools of medicine are less hurtful, though the little of really practical knowledge they inculcate is so blended with absurd quackeries and strange fallacies, as to excite our pity. In those colleges where astrology, mythology, and philosophy are taught, we find the wildest fantasies, the greatest infidelity, and the grossest licentiousness mixed up with the daily teachings. Truly has it been said in one of the government reports on indigenous education in Bengal and Behar, that the followers of these schools of philosophy are intemperate and licentious in their habits and manners, not only believing that intoxicating liquors, and other vicious indulgences, are permitted, but that they are enjoined by the system they profess.

If such be the system and the *morals* of the higher class of native schools, what shall we find prevailing among the hundreds of village schools and inferior institutions of towns, the teachers of which receive emoluments in the shape of fees, and present of money to the monthly value of from two shillings to two pounds, with an uncertain addition of donations of rice, fruit, fish, &c. It would be well if we could flatter ourselves that these schools were no worse than a negative evil—that they simply effected no good. It can scarcely be said that the acquisition of reading and writing is an advantage, as the adepts employ their powers to little good purpose, more frequently for evil ends. The instruction in these schools, beyond the mere forming and deciphering characters, is of the loosest and grossest description—a mere learning by rote without any attempt at instruction.

The course in these seminaries is to place the young scholar during a month after his first entrance to practise the formation of the alphabet, which he does by writing on the loose sandy floor of the schoolroom with one of his fingers or a small stick. From this initiatory stage he is promoted to the next class, where he is taught to construct words and short sentences by writing on a palm-leaf with an iron style. Thence he proceeds to use the finer leaf of the plantain; and finally, when well advanced, he is

* *Returns Relating to Native Printing-presses and Publications in Bengal.* 1855.

taught to write on paper hardened by the juice of the tamarind-tree, and to draw up petitions, business documents, accounts, &c. In some of the Hindi, though not in the Bengali schools, a wooden board or a brass plate smeared over with mud, or chalk and water, is employed for tracing words by means of a wooden style, as well as for calculations in arithmetic.

It would be difficult to picture anything more miserable than the lot of the ordinary teacher in a native school, or more wretched than the localities usually selected for their operations. So poor, indeed, are the majority of them, that they most frequently add to their professional duties the occupation of accountants to bazaar-keepers, letter-writers, compilers of almanacs, petition-drawers, and such-like work—anything, in short, by which their pens may add to their scanty means.

The village school will frequently be held in an open shed, occasionally in the covered place in which the weekly market is held, on which day a holiday is given to the scholars, and the pedagogue occupies himself in the busy duties of what, in Europe, we should call the 'clerk of the market.'

In the common schools now under notice, the language employed for instruction is Bengali in Bengal Proper, and Hindostani in Behar and other districts; and not only is this the case with the Hindoo population, but the same rule applies to the Mussulman schools of these districts; for although the Hindostani is the common *spoken* language of the better classes of Mussulmans in Bengal and Behar, it is never employed as the means of instruction in their schools. The *Urdu* language, again, is far more poetic, and much richer in variety and force of expression, as it is also more polished, and is the language employed in the pulpit, and in popular tales and poetry; yet it has never found its way into any of the class-books of the schools, where it might be employed to the utmost advantage.

The number of Mussulman teachers, even where Mussulman scholars are taught, are very few. By far the majority of instructors in these schools are of the 'writer caste,' though the number of Brahmans engaged in teaching is also large, contrary as it is to the custom of their caste, by which it is considered degrading to give instruction in any but the higher branches of learning.

As regards the classes or castes of the pupils of these schools, the Brahmans are invariably in the preponderance; next to whom, following pretty closely, is the writer caste, the weaver and other castes keeping at a tolerably respectful distance. Twenty years ago, it was rare indeed that the least degree of instruction was enjoyed by any of the lower castes of tailors, water-drawers, sweepers, or such like; but in the present day we behold learning fully established as a republic of letters, much to the disgust and indignation of the proud high-caste Brahman, who grows up impressed with the utmost abhorrence of all innovation—a true conservative of the old school.

Such domestic instruction as is imparted in families is of a still more unsatisfactory character than that taught in the elementary schools. It is indeed little more than a handing down from father to son a knowledge of the mere rudiments of education sufficient to enable the latter to follow in the footsteps of his parent. Pride of family frequently prevents wealthy or high-born men from sending their sons to any school that may exist in their neighbourhood; sometimes, too, it is poverty which compels the home instruction of the zemindar, the trader, the headman, &c.

Such, then, is a brief outline of the state of indigenous education in Bengal; and having taken this view of it, we may render the picture more complete

of the Europeans in the same part of the country. Missionaries from nearly every society in Europe are to be found, or *were* to be met with before the late rebellion, in almost every province of India. Wherever these unwearying toilers for the truth located themselves, they formed the nucleus of a school generally for instruction in the vernacular. Contrary to the fact in the indigenous schools of the country, their pupils were mostly of the lowest castes; hence naturally the Brahmans and other caste-proud men viewed the missionaries and their labours with jealousy and hatred. All the opposition they could give to missionary preaching and missionary teaching they did give, and in no sparing measure.

The progress made by these schools, although in some instances sufficiently encouraging, has been, on the whole, extremely limited, not only from many opposing causes, but also from a want of qualified teachers, and a great dearth of school-books in the vernacular. It was not until within the last few years that the labours of the Rev. J. Long and others placed within the reach of Christian teachers useful works in the vernacular of an unobjectionable character. The instruction imparted at these establishments is of an entirely elementary nature, but thoroughly sound, and calculated to fit the pupils in after-life for some useful and profitable career.

The educational department of the Bengal government is of comparatively recent origin. It is composed of a director of public instruction, a secretary, a staff of inspectors for the various districts, and a large number of trained teachers in every branch of education. There are professors, too, for the various government colleges, and altogether a very formidable array of workers in the field.

But although the official labours of the government staff are directed towards such private and missionary schools as apply for 'grants in aid,' they are mainly employed in supervising their own establishments. It is to be regretted that the annual reports of this department are so utterly meagre and barren of all practical details as to render them valueless for our present purpose. By far the greater portion of the annual votes for education are expended in the liberal salaries of the director-general and his staff, whilst the sum left for the real workers—the teachers and other subordinates—is insignificant in the extreme compared with the amount of work to be done.

In Calcutta, there are the Presidency, the Hindoo, the Engineering, and other colleges, where professors hold their classes with all the form, and some of the effect, of similar institutions in Europe. At these, as well as at the Hoogly, Dacca, and the other Mofussil colleges, the principal classes are composed of high-caste and well-born Hindoos; indeed, the number of those from poorer sections of native society is very small. The proficiency attained by the students of these colleges, as well as by those of the medical college, is such as would be encouraging were it enduring, or did it produce fruit of any useful kind. Unfortunately, however, the most that our present system of teaching effects is to overthrow the old superstitions of the land, without replacing them with any better faith, proselytism being a forbidden thing in the Company's colleges, punishable with instant dismissal, so careful are the authorities to avoid any appearance of offending the prejudices of the natives.

To those who inquire the reason why our college education should prove of so little use to the students in after-life, we reply that it is *caste* which prevents them availing themselves of much of their knowledge. The Brahmans and the writer caste can engage in but a few occupations. To step beyond that social limit, to break through the old bounds, and engage in any handicraft, or art or calling in which the hands would

penalties of Hindoo fanaticism and bigotry—a consequence which, as yet, but one or two of the rising generation have dared. Until *caste*—the curse of India—be trampled under foot, we can do but little for the country or the people.

BURIED ALIVE.

It was on a bleak afternoon in the beginning of last March that we stood at the drawing-room windows of our house in the village of Bout du Monde, in Savoy, watching the clouds careering wildly over the sky, and speculating whether *M. le Curé* and *Mademoiselle*, his sister, would come to tea. The huge mountains opposite began to look ghastly as the bright rosy reflections from the setting sun faded from their snow-covered summits; the pine-trees in our garden creaked and swayed like the masts of a tempest-tossed ship; and as the sighing, moaning, whistling wind lulled for a second, there fell some heavy flakes of snow.

'Close the *jalousies*, Annette, and draw the curtains.' Poor miserable things these last were—thin muslin with a red cotton border. The fire blazed and crackled merrily as our fair-haired *Jessie* threw on log after log; our moderator-lamp shone like a small sun, lighting up even the most distant of the atrocious engravings of 'Passages in the Lives of *Diane de Poitiers* and *Jeanne d'Arc*,' which covered one of our walls; while on the other bloomed twin samplers, dedicated to *Un Père Chéri*, and *Une Mère Chérie*, and on which were embroidered wreaths of heartsease and forget-me-nots, each surmounted by a dove carrying a large O in its beak—undoubtedly crowns for the heads of the cherished father and mother. *Pussy* lay curled up in his basket on the rug, pretending to sleep, but keenly alive to all that was going on at the tea-table.

We were determined in the most Christian spirit to shew the curé and his sister how much more comfortable we English were than our Savoyard neighbours. So the finest of our table-linen, the best of our china, were brought out for the occasion; a profusion of tea-cakes and preserves loaded the table; while coffee-pot and tea-pot had been so well polished they might have been mistaken for silver. The mention of them is premature, as they were only to appear at the last moment. We were not quite so bad as the lady 'who loved to sit in a snug room and think of the poor wretches at sea;' but we all certainly did peculiarly enjoy, on this stormy evening, the air of comfort which the inviting, soft-cushioned easy-chairs, the thick carpet, and well-spread board, lit up by the warm fire-glow, gave to our country quarters.

'Here he is!' we exclaimed, as we heard the curé's voice calling through the kitchen window to Annette to go and open the garden gate. One side of the house faced the high road.

'*La petite fille* is actually come with him,' cried *Jessie*, running back from the door, where she had been to take observations. This was unusual, the one generally following the other at a short interval, for our curé did not like to be seen walking with a woman, even though that woman might be his sister. In they came, speckled with snow, but with cheery gleaming faces.

M. le Curé was a thin flat man, so flat that he looked like a deal-plank dressed up in a priest's long coat, a garment which closely resembles an old-fashioned scanty lady's pelisse, buttoning all the way up the middle. He always wore his best fringed sash and newest *tricorne* when he paid us a visit. He had a small wizened face, in which twinkled a pair of waggish gray eyes, their lively expression heightened by a decidedly turned-up nose. It was worth some-

thing to hear him preach, particularly when he addressed his parishioners on the subject of the cholera. '*Pardonnez moi, mes chers frères*' (a long pause)—'*passsez moi l'expression, s'il vous plaît*'—with emphasis and the pout of a spoiled child—'*mais, vous êtes des pourceaux de vrais pourceaux*'—in a tone embracing two octaves. Another effective pause, and then a rapid very clear explanation of the peculiar habits of de '*vrais pourceaux*.'

He was so sociable, so full of dry humour, and, withal, delighted so much in our family circle, that we never failed to remark, after one of his long visits, 'What can have induced that man to become a priest?—to shut himself out from all the tender charities of domestic life, formed, too, as he is to enjoy them, as witness his devotion to *la Petite*.' This *petite*, as he always called his sister, and as she always called herself, was a woman quite six feet high, as thin as mortal living frame can be, and with the longest hands and feet I think I ever saw. She was very like, yet very unlike her brother. Instead of a cocked nose, she had a majestic aquiline; instead of small, merry eyes, very large, melancholy ones; nevertheless, there was the mysterious likeness of children of the same parents between them. The hair of both was equally gray, but we were always given to understand that *la Petite* was many years younger than the curé. To hear him talk of her, you were led to conclude that she was a sort of *St Thérèse*, mystical and meditative, never so happy as when poring over what she called her '*Grenade*'—some great canon of a theologian of the middle ages—her *beau-ideal* of a saint being *Ignatius Loyola*. One day we lost mademoiselle *Les Voleurs de Londres*, the French name for *Olivier Twist*. The curé brought it back very soon. 'O no! *la Petite* could not read such a book;' and, to *Jessie's* horror, he gave it as his opinion that ce petit drôle d'Olivier ought to have been hanged!

To listen to *la Petite's* own account of herself, you might be pardoned for believing her without religion of any kind—unless we call adoration of her brother one. She would demur even to this when we observed on their strong mutual affection.

'Yea,' she would answer, 'I love him, and he loves me; notwithstanding, we sometimes bang the door at one another: it never goes further. Our curé is a man with a head, I can tell you.'

By dint of entreaty and some gentle force, we at last settled mademoiselle in one of the large chairs by the fire, with her feet on a footstool.

'*Une si petite fille comme moi*,' she expostulated, stretching out her lengthy limbs, and basking in the genial glow. Then began the ceremony of coffee-drinking; the Savoyards are very Turks in their love of coffee.

'Ah, *Mees Jessie*, you know the weakness of us curés,' said *M. B.*—, as she filled his cup to the brim with sugar.

'Give our curé his coffee, and he is happy,' remarked *la Petite*: 'coffee is his religion.'

This was only one of our *St Thérèse's* usual rather startling observations about her brother.

'Very true,' said the brother demurely. 'I did not get my mid-day cup of coffee last Sunday; and I assure you, madame, I could think of nothing else through the whole of vespers. A cup of coffee haunted me,' and his little eyes twinkled.

'Oh, *Monsieur le Curé*!' cried *Jessie* suddenly, 'how did you ever come to be a priest?'

He coloured a little, hesitated, and then said: 'Well, I will tell you; and no more seasonable time than the present, as this happens to be the eve of the anniversary of the great peril which decided my vocation.'

Jessie was too much abashed by her own thoughtless-

speech even to say 'Thank you;' but the curé, soon recovering his usual manner, ensconced himself in a great leather chair in front of the fire, with our dear pussy, whom he always insulted by calling 'un gros matou,' at his feet. As soon as he heard the click of his sister's knitting-needles, he gave us a look just like the one he bestowed on his congregation before beginning his sermon; and when we were all quiet, he commenced his story.

In the autumn of 1828, just thirty-five years ago, my sister and I went to pay a visit to an aunt, married to a wealthy wood-merchant of Bellinzona. I was then eighteen, and la Petite some years younger. Our uncle and aunt, who had no children, grew very fond of us, and would not hear of our leaving them; they talked of adopting the little one, and of taking me into the wood-business. We on our part were willing enough to stay with them; for never before had we known so much comfort, our parents being rich in nothing but sons and daughters. The winter of 1823-4 was more than usually severe; the snow lay deep in the valley; all the small streams were frozen, so no saw-mills could work. Our uncle grumbled and smoked, and smoked and grumbled, from morning till night. He had several large orders, and he was uneasy at the delay he was forced to make in executing them. You must know that the wood is felled in summer, but not removed till winter, when, by means of long slides, formed of rough trunks of trees, on which water is poured to procure a coating of ice, the timber is conveyed to the foot of the mountain. Now, that winter not one among the stoutest-hearted of the Burratori—the men are so called who cut and bring the wood to the lake—would venture up to the forests. There was nothing for it but to wait till the cold moderated. But February, with its wild bleak days came, and passed, and still the men refused to work. At last some warm sunny days ushered in the month of March. The snow left the valley, and the icy fetters of the merry streams melted quite away. The sunshine without brought us sunshine within; my aunt's husband now whistled about the house, making each of his fingers go off in small reports as a sort of *feu de joie*. Seven Burratori had agreed to go up the mountain. As during the last three weeks there had been neither a fresh fall of snow, nor any indication of a thaw, the weather-wise declared no danger was to be apprehended. In fact, the mountain, from its nature, was little subject to avalanches, nor had any worth speaking of occurred within the memory of man.

Tired out by such long inactivity, I was wild to join the intended expedition, and at last wearied my uncle into granting me permission to begin my apprenticeship at once. I was put under the care of an old fellow called Picurio, generally recognised as the chief of the Burratori. We were to set out on the Monday morning, and it was hoped the job would be completed by the following Saturday.

We had, however, forgotten to ask la Petite's consent. She, who had never been separated from me even for a day since her birth, was in tears from morning till night at the idea of my leaving her for a whole week. My uncle was, in truth, a soft-hearted man, so he agreed to go with us himself, and take the little girl also as far as Aquila, a village in the Val Blegno, lying at the base of the mountain to which we were bound. This arrangement put an end to my sister's tears; though, as the Burratori stop out night and day till the work is finished, she would see as little of me as if she had remained at Bellinzona. We were well provided with woollen wrappers and the means of kindling a fire; and as you may believe, the thought of this boudoir had infinite charms for my imagination.

The cold on that memorable Monday morning was perhaps as intense as it had been during the winter; but as there was no wind, the men kept to their engagement. I cannot affirm that sleeping under a rock was as delightful in reality as in anticipation; still, I relished being treated as a man, and never complained. On the Wednesday, old Picurio declared it was beginning to thaw, and on Thursday it was perfectly clear that the frost had broken up; indeed, we heard the snow slipping down the grooves cut in the mountain's side by the spring and summer torrents. The Burratori did not seem to care, for the pine-trees prevented any dangerous accumulation of snow in our immediate vicinity. Our only danger lay in going to and from the forest, our night's shelter being in the natural caves formed by projecting rocks, which, as a matter of course, were on that part of the mountain where there was no wood. We strained every nerve to finish our task on Friday evening.

'Three or four hours more would have done it,' said Picurio in a desponding tone, as darkness overtook us, and a large stack of timber still lay before us.

'Well, then, let us be up by peep of day,' cried I, 'and we may all be back at Bellinzona by the evening.'

On the morrow, we only mustered five; three of our party were missing. Had they deserted, or only gone on in advance?

'We shall soon know,' said the remaining Burratori, and with one accord they sent forth such wild, unearthly yells, ending in shrill peals of mad laughter, that, though I had heard of their mode of holding communication with their comrades at a distance, I was nevertheless disagreeably startled. These yells can be heard an incredibly long way off. When there could be no reasonable doubt that the missing men had deserted us, many were the smothered exclamations of 'Oibò gatto di marmo' ('cat of marble' meaning lazy fellow), 'you shall pay for this.'

The loss dispirited us, for the work still to be done required all our original strength of hands to get it finished in the time proposed. The dawn was just whitening the horizon when we began our ascent, and a little breeze, barely enough to make the pine-branches quiver, was blowing from the west. Picurio's only son, a stout, handsome young man, the wag of our party, prophesied we should have a fine day; but as the light increased, great black masses of clouds came up from the south-west.

'A bad sign, I say,' cried Picurio; 'we had better turn back.'

I was somewhat vexed at this advice, and answered hastily: 'Those who are afraid, may go back; I shall keep my promise to my uncle, if I send down the rest of the wood unassisted,' and I walked on; the rest followed, but in silence.

Our path up the mountain, now winding in and out through pines, now passing under steep, bare rocks perforated with caverns, ran along the edge of a ravine several hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which lay, silenced under a huge snow-drift, one of the great mountain-streams which in summer could be heard miles away, as it dashed and roared in its precipitous descent to join and swell the wide Ticino. Far above, as high as we could see, were mountaintops bristling with spears of sea-green ice, which, as I gazed, were gilded by the rays of the rising sun.

'Look!' cried I, 'is not that the promise of a fine day?'

Old Picurio shook his head as before, for at the instant a pale, watery sun, encircled by a ring of vapour, shot into view. In another moment it was entirely obscured by the clouds which speedily covered the whole sky. The sighing breeze suddenly grew into a turbulent wind, and some prickling sleet fell.

The men stood still, looking uneasily about them,

muttering between their teeth: 'Ah! *vacca d'on van' mostro!*' (Caw of a monstrous wind!)

'I told you so,' cried Picurio; 'those clouds are a sign of evil. Let us go back—we have no time to lose. The holy Virgin protect us from an avalanche!' 'Nonsense, father!' replied the son; 'you know there are never avalanches on this mountain.'

'Don't say so, my son; I remember hearing my father speak of a terrible one.'

'As big as my hand,' answered the young man laughing.

Nevertheless, the old man's words had produced an effect; for, as if with one accord, we all turned round and began to descend towards the village. The wind would cease as if by magic, then come rushing from every quarter of the heavens 'a mighty and a strong wind;' the sleet changed to thick fast-falling snow, which, whirling in mad eddies, and flying up and down, almost blinded us. We walked as quickly as we could, following Picurio, who had assumed the lead; but what with the teasing of the wind, and the slipperiness of the path, we could scarcely keep our feet. After one blast, which nearly hurled us down the ravine, we joined arms, and kept as close together as we could. Not a word was spoken; for by this time the bravest heart amongst us quaked with fear, and many an anxious glance was cast around in search of any signs of the dreaded disaster.

We had reached a point about half-way down the mountain, where the path passed through a mere cleft between two rocks. Here we were forced to go two by two. At that instant, a boom like that of a distant waterfall struck on our ears. We stopped, raised our eyes in terror, and saw, right above us, a large white mass like a living thing, rise slowly with a convulsive heave from the edge of a rock, hover for a second, topple, then come crashing down.

'The avalanche! the avalanche!' burst from every lip. 'To the left, to the caves,' shouted Picurio, dragging me along with him. In the twinkling of an eye down fell the enormous white mass in front of our refuge; there, we were unhurt, but shut in between a wall of rock behind, a wall of ice in front.

After the first moment of bewilderment, Picurio cried out: 'Who is here besides me?' It was pitchy dark—no seeing even one's own hand.

Mine was the only voice that replied.

'My son! my son!' exclaimed the old man; 'oh, that I had died for thee, my son;' and I heard him weeping. Awful were those moments. Buried alive—a father's agony the only sign of life breaking the stillness and darkness of the grave. Often in the silent watches of the night do I hear again that voice of woe—often in dreams I live over again that terrible scene.

'Have you your axe, young man?' said Picurio.

No. In the perilous moment when he had forced me under the rock, the axe had slipped out of my hand.

With all the energy of despair, we flung the whole weight of our bodies against the inert mass which shut us into our living tomb—hopeless—hopeless. I must have then fallen into a lethargy; for the avalanche fell in the early morning, and the Ave Maria was ringing when I recovered my consciousness. Yes, we distinctly heard the bell of the church of Aquila. No words can describe the rapture I felt in listening to this voice from without; it seemed to say distinctly: 'Hope in God's mercy.'

'Let us pray,' said the old man. We recited the Angelus, and told the rosary. After that we felt more composed, and sat down side by side. The sound of the church-bells had taken away the horrible feeling of being entirely cut off from the living. We felt sure that, as soon as we were missed, all the village would turn out on the morrow to seek for us;

and we agreed that, as we were able to hear the bells so clearly, it would not be difficult to make ourselves heard by any passers. Luckily, our day's food was in our pockets; we divided it into several portions, so that it should last twenty-four hours. Within that period we never doubted obtaining our release.

Presently the church-bell began to ring again. It could not be the *De Profundis*; sufficient time had not elapsed; besides, the strokes were quick and sharp, not slow and solemn. Glory be to God, it was the storm-bell; the alarm was given, and good souls would soon be on the search for us. Neither Picurio nor I spoke, so eagerly did we strain our ears to catch the sound of approaching steps, long before it was possible that any one could have reached the mountain. I think the beating of our hearts might have been heard in that dead silence.

At last, at last we distinguished the barking of a dog. I recognised the bark at once: it was *Lila*, the *Petite's* pet. Nearer and nearer it came, until we could hear him whining and scratching the snow which hid us. Then the blessed sound of human voices became audible. Full of hope and joy, we threw ourselves once more against our snow-barricade; we dug at it with hands and nails, striving to open a crevice through which we might let our friends know our situation. We shouted with all our might, but the noise fell back heavily on our own ears. Many times we were aware that the seekers were close to us—we heard them calling to one another. We could hear, but with anguish we understood that we could not make ourselves heard. Near as the searches were, we could hold no communication with them. Exclamations of horror, pity, and grief, met our ears. The names of our unfortunate comrades were pronounced in tones that plainly revealed their sad fate. There was a bustle, many directions of how best to carry away the bodies, wonder about us, and then the expected deliverers departed. A horrible despair took possession of me as their retreating steps grew fainter and fainter; but poor Picurio always cried: 'Let us pray; God's right arm is long enough to reach us even here.'

I tried to pray, but my thoughts wandered to my home; all the childish griefs I had known were forgotten, and I wept bitter salt tears to think I should never see father or mother, brothers or sisters again; all my faults to them rose up in judgment against me; how solemnly I vowed that should God grant me life, I would never again rebel against the will of my parents! And *la Petite*, what would she do without me? I was sure she would die of grief. As the night wore on, my thoughts took another turn—the whole scene of my own death, the finding of my frozen body, the despair of my poor little sister, were moving pictures before me. I could not detach my eyes from the phantoms it had evoked. It was painfully curious the way in which I arranged and re-arranged all the details, sparing myself no revolting minutiae. I suppose I must at last have dropped asleep, for I knew nothing more till Picurio called to me that he heard the bell for early mass. I raised myself on a sitting-posture, and we each ate a portion of our bread. All that day and the ensuing night passed in alternations of hope and despair. By the next morning—the beginning of the third day since our entombment—our little provision of food was exhausted. We were oppressed by feverish thirst and gnawing hunger—a horrid death was before us, the fate of those who had perished at once was to be envied in comparison with the lingering suffering we anticipated.

We had ceased to speak, ceased to pray; I had no hope now—no faith. In moody silence we sat apart, watching, I may say, the approach of the pang of death, when suddenly the deep hush was broken by a

familiar sharp bark. It was Bibi again! Oh, the unutterable joy of hearing the little fellow tearing and scratching at the snow blocking up our cave! There was another sound that made hot tears rain down my cheeks; it was a child's voice—no other than la Petite's—crying: 'He is here, uncle. I am sure he is here. Oh, dig, good men, dig fast!'

Our hearts melted within us as we heard many steps nearing our prison. There was danger, too, for many cautions were given. The child's voice still rose clear above all: 'Make haste; do make haste. Give me a hoe; I can dig. My poor brother will be dead, if you don't make haste.'

At last a long stick was pushed through the snow-wall; it touched me; I seized it. There was a shout of 'A miracle! a miracle!' mingled with the child's wild cry of 'Brother! brother!' Another stick was thrust through and caught by Picurio. Not a whisper was now to be heard; every one worked; minutes seemed hours to us before an opening was made large enough to drag us through.

When we once more saw daylight and dear familiar faces, we fell down fainting with joy. We were lifted out and laid at the feet of the old curé, who, in spite of age and infirmities, had ventured up the mountain to bless and encourage the efforts of the men who, touched by the child's agony of grief, had consented to make one more search for us.

'Thank God, my sons, for your deliverance,' were the old priest's first words, 'and devote to His service the lives He has so miraculously preserved.'

'It was this, Mees Jessie, that led me to become a priest; and la Petite, who, through God's mercy, saved my life, has made my home her home.'

'She would have made a capital lady-abbess, though,' said M. B——, looking at her with unfeigned pride.

'And old Picurio?' asked Jessie.

'He died in my uncle's house.'

THE CUMBERLAND STATESMAN.

'The fashion of this world passeth away.' It was so in Paul's days, nor has the world's fashion grown more stable since. It is, however, only 'the fashion' that is so unenduring; the substance of the world's life is much the same it ever has been since the days of man's pilgrimage were reduced to threescore years and ten. There is eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, and deaths and funerals; while it is still true, according to the proverb, the 'one half the world does not know how the other lives.' Yet 'the fashion' passes away, and seems to be more fleeting in our days than it ever was in the old time before us. Science and art have sent a mighty flood swoop against, through, and over all our ancient ways of doing, so that the tone and aspect of life has been in a great measure altered. The son is no longer like his father; the young lord is no longer a continuation of the old lord. The fashion of dress passes downwards from class to class, till it vanishes utterly among the clouts on the back of the beggar.

Change has so infected England, that there is scarcely a corner uninfluenced by it. Old-fashioned folk are all dying off: even the Cumberland farmer is becoming an altered man; so much so, that we are fain to trace some lineaments of his old wrinkled face before he drop into the grave, and be wholly forgotten. Our hero is one of those farmers or 'statesmen' who dwell in some one or other of the dales among the Cumberland and Westmoreland mountains. They are a class of men, in many instances, boasting a very ancient pedigree; perhaps we should not say that they boast of this, for they are hardly conscious thereof, further than to know that time out of mind they have been at the same place—the Alisons o' t' How, the Jopsons o' t' Hollows, or the Wrens o' t' Langhwaite. Thus

have they lived on from generation to generation—tillers of the ground, and keepers of sheep; a hardy, long-lived race, fed and clothed out of their own produce; men mighty to struggle with the storm on the mountains, lovers of cur-dogs, and with here and there a tradition of some forefather lost in a snow-storm, or drowned coming from market. They are a people who reckon not by days, and months, and years, so much as by fasts and festivals, fairs and merry-makings, great battles, and the times of great men. For the last two they are especially notable: you may hear them date a very ordinary event by the battle of Trafalgar, or Waterloo, or the days of Pitt, or any other prominent man of the time; and in this they shew forth the old Norse love of war and heroes, which still animates the hearts of their pastoral descendants.

There was once in all the dales one 'statesman' who bore the title of king—a title which was hereditary, having first been gained, doubtless, by the family's superior wealth in sheep and kine, coupled with a liberal spirit of hospitality. It was a bare title, however, conferring no vested rights, but withal some honour and parochial consequence. For instance, his majesty usually sat at the head of the table on all public merry-makings, his voice carried somewhat of a princely weight with it in all disputes between neighbour and neighbour, and when he died, his funeral had the largest attendance, and there was the greatest abundance of cheese and bread and ale. So exclusively was this title confined to one family, that no other was ever known to usurp it, no matter how rich in lands and tenements; and, in one instance, we have known it still given to the lawful heir, though he himself was a most sorry fellow, and without a foot of land beyond the measure of his last bed in 'the chapel garth.'

These dale-kings are now nearly extinct; their descendants lost in the common population, and their lands passed into other hands. The dalemen like to do all things of a special concern after a substantial fashion. They christen, marry, and bury one another in a right English style of hospitality. When an old 'statesman puts up his feet,' as they say of one who dies, two from every house in all the dale are warned to the funeral; and it is the honour of a house to have it said, that there was plenty of everything on the occasion, and that the old man was 'put by decent.' They would count it an ill start in life for any child to be christened without a goodly gathering of friends and neighbours to witness the ceremony, and partake of their hospitality; but it is at a wedding where you best see this characteristic of the dalemen. There are no marriages solemnised in the little chapel in the valley, and so they must needs go to the mother-church—in some instances a distance of eight or nine miles. It was their custom to start early in the morning, all on horseback, to the number of fifteen or twenty, and one horse bearing double 'with pillion,' whereon the bride and bridegroom returned from church. It must have been a fair sight on a bright summer morning, when the shadows of the rocks were lying cool upon the vale, to have seen the cavalcade ambling down through the defile of the mountains, and by the shore of the blue lake. On their return, there would not be so much order, the spirits of the men being exalted with ale; and you might often have witnessed very furious riding, for it was counted an honour to be first home from the kirk. In this substantial fashion the old farmer christened and married his children, and so gave them a cheerful start in life.

Let us take a view of the old farmhouse. It is a low, irregular building, the roof thereof being covered with moss, very modest in pretensions, and, indeed, giving but little outward token of its inward

comfort and hospitality. Its front duly in spring-time receives a fresh coating of whitewash, and very bonnily, on a summer-day, does it gleam from beneath the full foliage of its guardian sycamores. Adjoining it are placed the stable and *laidak* or barn, the cow-house, and other farm-buildings. But let us enter the old man's dwelling-place. The door is low, so you must beware of breaking your head. This little porch which first receives us is both a comfort and ornament to the house. There is a low stone vessel on either side, whereon you may see in the morning the clean scoured milk-pails placed to dry. In one corner there are three or four shepherd's staves, or 'felt sticks,' as they are called, being about six feet long, and shod at one end with an iron prong. There are, moreover, hanging up in the porch two or three old gray coats, used for wet markets, Sabbaths, and fells. The room you enter from the porch is called 'the house,' wherein the family lives. It has a clean stone-floor, and before the large window that looks upon a garden, there is a long, dark, oaken table, by the side of which extend two fir-forms, to serve instead of chairs. The chimney is one of a very ancient sort, being quite open to the house, with the fire lying upon the hearth. Far up in its capacious height are hanging hams and sides of bacon, to receive the benefit of the 'peat-reek,' while upon shelves attached to the beams that support the floor over the house are cheeses, and dried legs of mutton, and bread. The farmer lives in sight of his eatables, which doubtless tends to keep his stomach in a quiet and healthy state, and, moreover, serves to set off the substance and abundance of his estate. It is common, indeed, to infer poverty or niggardliness, where this show of provision does not meet the visitor's eye; and we have heard of a servant-lad, who, on going to his 'place,' and seeing nothing in the chimney, or on the shelves, was determined to run away. He concluded, however, that home was too far to run that night, and so he must needs stay where he was. On retiring to bed, he found a large oaken chest in the room, and being curious to lift the lid, he saw therein a great abundance of hams, legs of mutton, &c., which fully satisfied him that there would be plenty to eat. The reason of the provision being put out of sight was through the housewife having been white-washing and cleaning the house against Whitsuntide, according to custom. At the far side of the house stands an old clock, which seems out of all fashion with the clocks of the present day; and on the side separating the house and parlour there is a long black oak cupboard, with the initials of the original owner, and generally dated early in the seventeenth century. We find this date upon all the old oaken furniture in the farmhouses, which seems to shew that the farmers of that time must have been somewhat prosperous, for modern furniture cannot compare with it in splendour and coarseness. On this piece of furniture you find arranged a goodly show of huge pewter dishes and plates, now wholly out of use, and kept only out of honour for the past. There is generally a tradition or two respecting this pewter—how it was hidden in the orchard when the rebels of '45 invaded England; and how, moreover, it was proposed to do the same with it when there was loud talk of Bonaparte sailing for our shores. The parlour we alluded to as separated from the house by the oak cupboard, is the statesman's bedchamber, choosing to sleep there as well for protection to the house, as to prevent his sons and servants from coming in at untimely hours of a Saturday or a Sunday night, the usual times for sweet-heating. Behind the house is the kitchen wherein the family live in summer, and in general do all their rough work.

In front of the house is a small garden, which

you enter at the side of the porch. It contains a bed or two of onions, and a few rows of cabbage, besides other vegetables, such as the housewife finds useful. Its flowers are of a sweet and simple character; and if not indigenous, yet a colony of an ancient date, as to claim a right to be counted as natives. They are such flowers and shrubs as grow in English gardens when Shakespeare lived—daisies, pinks, and polyantheses, thyme, rue, and citrons-and-wall-flowers, tulips, and roses. The rose is the especial favourite, as indeed it should be, as well for its own beauty and fragrance, as because it is the flower of England. The orchard stands generally behind or at the south end of the farmhouse. It consists of a few rods of land planted with apple-trees, a few plum and cherry trees, and in recent two pear-trees; for the farmer says that it once was 'to be hanging' for breaking an orchard, but that the law did not count it an orchard unless it contained two pear-trees. This, doubtless, has some backward reference to the days of King Alfred, for ought we know. An orchard has something in it peculiarly interesting, whether it be for the richness of its purple-tinted blossom, or its golden fruit, or its quiet sunset hours we have many of us spent then in youth. Ever since the days of Shakespeare, it has been consecrated to our English homes.

Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of an afternoon,

the father of Hamlet was cut off, says the royal ghost; in an orchard, too, Romeo won his Juliet, and swears by the moon 'that tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops.'

But it is time we should speak of the farmer's estate. It consists of from forty to one hundred acres of meadow and arable land; and besides this, he has right of pasturage on the mountains for sheep, two or three hundred upwards, to one thousand or fifteen hundred. The sheep are of the speckled-kind, called Herdwick, and said to have come from Norway. The mutton is very sweet, especially when killed from the pasture, without any previous fattening by turnips. It is manifest that the farmer's own dependence is upon his sheep, and accordingly we find that these are the chief staple of his talk, and subject of his cares. In time past, it was customary for the shepherds to meet on a Sunday morning, before prayers, in 'the chapel garth,' and there talk over their flocks, and give each other such information as they could of any sheep that had wandered from the pasture. You may be sure they were good chat-boxes and mighty sticklers for a proper observance of the Sabbath. Very often their dogs were as ceremonious and sabbatical as themselves, accompanying their masters to the chapel with that air of devotion and thoughtfulness which a haril-wrought car can ill well assume. We have heard of a shepherd's dog which continued its visits to the chapel for many a Sunday after its master was dead and gone, and of another which lay upon its master's grave, and made the lonely mountains echo with howling and lamentation. Very often the shepherd swears very roughly at his dog, and threatens 'to give it him' if he does not go better about his work up the breast of the fell; but it generally ends in words; for there is a rough, strong attachment between them, and an accurate and mutual appreciation of each other's merits. Besides his sheep, the Cumberland farmer keeps half-a-dozen or more milch cows, out of which he makes butter for the market of the nearest town, and generally as many cheeses as will serve his own use. He does not grow much corn, and but little oats or wheat, the seasons very often being unfavourable for their growth, and the pasturage of his fields being required in winter and spring for his sheep.

Let us now look at the old farmer himself. He is already past the fourscore years of man's existence, when his strength is but labour and sorrow. There you see him sitting by the fire in his old oak chair, his head bald, and his eyes grown dim, for ever poking the fire with his stick, and complaining of the cold. A while back, and there was his aged partner sitting opposite on the other side of the fire; but her chair is now empty, and she hath left her husband a solitary thing in the world—a last link between the past and present—between many an ancient usage and many a modern improvement. The old man's thoughts are all in the past, for things are managed so differently from what they used to be, that he seems to care little whether they prosper or not. He will have it that there has been no luck since the spinning-wheel was cast aside, and the tea-kettle took its place. He thinks the world has grown very showy and unsubstantial; and, moreover, sadly decayed in morals and good behaviour. There is not, he says, that kindly feeling between neighbour and neighbour which once existed; but every one seems anxious to exalt himself above his fellow, and pride himself upon some vain distinction. In the old time, he was counted the best man who could do the best day's work, was the stoutest wrestler, and never afraid to speak with his enemies to the face. The sons and daughters of a farmer reckoned themselves as no better than the servants; and when a Christmas feast was made, all alike were invited. But now, he says, there is nothing of this; they talk about their education, and are ashamed of their mother-tongue; laying out all their money 'in fashions,' fine to look upon, but without a penny in their pockets to relieve a poor beggar. The old man feels that the evil times have had a bad effect upon himself, and that he is not so good as he used to be, for all things seem to thrust him aside, and to cast him out as if the world could get better on without him. He knows, too, that he is not 'charitable'; nor indeed can be, for now there are no beggars to bestow alms upon, and so no means of gaining credit in that respect. It was very different once. There were many beggars who made regular calls at the farmhouses for the wonted handful of meal or crust of bread; and this was the light wherein the farmers and their wives understood charity—that charity spoken of by Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians. But the beggars are all swept away, housed in 'the union' or cast into the grave, and so there is a necessary end of charity and of the means of getting to heaven. It is thus the old statesman reasons with himself, and laments over the decadence of Christianity. It is quite a different world which surrounds him from that wherein were formed all his prejudices and likings, his sentiments and opinions; and hence he has a very strong and ingrown hatred towards a Frenchman, not because his larder was once endangered by invasion, but because the French are our hereditary enemies. From his earliest infancy, he learned to fight them in imagination. When a school-boy, it was customary, in games of contest, to name the contending parties as English and French, the latter generally being composed of the worst boys in the school, and such as were hated for their evil deeds. The very butterflies in the summer sun were named after the two nations, the red being called English, and the white French; and every little boy's heart burned with a desire to kill the latter. Yet, despite all this hostility to the Frenchman, the old Englishman thought the Gaul as alone worthy to be his foe, and meet him in fair fight on the field of battle. Victory over any other nation seemed hardly worth rejoicing for; but when the news of Nelson's victories spread through the land, there was no measure to the joy that filled the warrior-hearts of the dalesmen. Every eye was

wet with the patriot's tears of joy, and the English hero celebrated in many a song. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Cumberland statesman should have been slow to acquiesce in our alliance with France. He could never believe it; he said we would lose all our ancient bravery and skill in fight, and so fall a prey to some secondary power. Better things, we trust, are in store for us; and as the men of the old generation die out, so will all ancient prejudices fall away, and the bonds of union be drawn tighter between the two nations.

The old farmer will soon be dead; and there are, indeed, some signs that the whole race of these petty 'statesmen' is dwindling away. In almost every vale, one or more old families have become extinct, or the estate has been sold and passed into the hands of some wealthy man. Averse to change, it may be that they are not able to compete with the spirit of the times; or, perchance, in their decay they are only subject to that law of change which seems to rule all things earthly, and leave no estate, however fair and steadfast, for a long season unmolested. But whoever shall take the Cumberland farmer's place, and would be the equal of his predecessor, must needs be an honest and brave man, imbued with the spirit of a sturdy patriotism, full of kindly and gentle feelings for all his neighbours, a man averse to all shams and pretence, and worthy of the soil that sustains him.

A WORKING OPERA.

THREE minutes to eight o'clock, one Tuesday evening in this present year, and I find myself upon the great stage of the Italian Opera-house in Covent Garden. The piece upon which the curtain will rise in a few minutes is the well-known tragic opera of the *Huguenots*. Before the curtain is the white and gold, and blue and purple decorated area which contains the picked representatives of the refined society of the middle of the nineteenth century.

Behind the curtain, and around me, are the men and women who will, to the best of their ability, give a representation of the stern and rugged Paris society of the latter half of the sixteenth century. They are collected from many countries: sallow Italians, high-cheeked Frenchmen, stout Germans and Flemings, tall thin Poles, Tatar-looking Hungarians, and the smooth-faced natives of our own land. Some are chorus-singers; some merely supers, or men who having two legs, two arms, one head, and one body, let these physical advantages out for a small nightly rental, to be arrayed in any costume the stage-manager may direct, and the stage costume-maker provide—to hold any flag, gun, sword, staff, halberd, battle-axe, or goblet, that may be placed in their hands; and to be arranged in any position by the pantomimic director, upon bridges, in market-places, turret-windows, or princely halls; exhibiting in the mass every stage-expression, from stern unrelenting warlike fury, to easy conviviality. The super, if he does not bring to his labour a very high order of intelligence, has an almost military sense of duty; and I firmly believe that if directed to take up an attitude as one of the ornaments of the pediment, in the portico outside the stately building, he would do so, unflinchingly and mechanically, posing like an oriental fakeer, or an ancient column-stander, exposed to all the variations of a severe and fickle climate, until the curtain of death rang down upon him at his post.

The chorus-singer is not so manageable an individual; he will sing, but he will not act. If he is a fat Italian, it only makes matters worse; for the old native indolent spirit can never be overcome by all the Anglo-Saxon energy in the world. Ask Mr Harris, the best and most active of stage-managers,

who with all the tact and experience, all the industry and determination, all the polyglot denunciations at his disposal, finds it a most difficult and heart-breaking task to infuse some appearance of life into those masses that stand like a row of butts in a brewer's storehouse; musical, most musical, but at the same time most melancholy. The chorus-singer's most common notion of dramatic action is the throwing up of a single arm, as if hailing a cab in the public streets; his extraordinary notion is the throwing up of both arms, as if voting totally and energetically at a public meeting. Having exhausted these two very obvious, and not very elegant or elastic modes of pantomimic expression, he relapses into a state of profound, undisturbed physical quietude and self-possession. Out come his notes as melodiously and as correctly as the most exacting and fastidious conductor can desire. His voice is at the entire service of the management, but his attitudes never; and what little vitality is infused into such inert masses of vocalisation, is due to the introduction of mere pantomimic members of the chorus.

I pass on to the centre of the stage, and find it apparently a scene of hopeless entangled confusion. Machinists' labourers are rushing madly about, bearing what appear to be large solid blocks of architecture in their arms. Others are setting the elaborately painted walls, and deep-windowed recesses of the mansion of the Count de Nèvers, the scene that opens the opera. Tables are being arranged covered with fruit, flowers, golden vases, and drinking-goblets. Next pages are walking listlessly about with wine-jugs in their hands; and the Catholic noblemen settle down one by one out of the surrounding confusion in their appointed places at the banquet, awaiting the rising of the wall of canvas that conceals them from their audience. Their legs form an unbounded field for observation, tightly cased as they are in the long coloured stockings of the period. There are red, blue, black, white, slate, green, pink, and scarlet legs of every variety of shape: some short and thick; some long and thin; some knotted like the trunks of oak-trees; some stiff and unbending; some springing and elastic; some a little—just a little—inclined inwards at the knees; some inclining in an equal degree outwards; some—the white ones—straight and equal all the way down, like altar candles; some like large parsnips, others—the red ones—like large carrots; some very pointed at the knees; some flat in the calves, as if their possessors had been too much in the habit of lying supinely upon their backs, with their faces turned upwards; others sharp in the shins—so sharp that it is a marvel how any stockings can be found sufficiently strong to resist the cutting powers of such members. The click of the prompt bell is heard, and the opening notes of the opera swell up from the finest orchestra in the world, muffled, however, to my ears by the folds of the intervening curtain. The old Huguenot chant merges into the opening chorus; the curtain rises, and the two halves of the great opera-house—the stage and the audience—are made acquainted with each other.

While the banquet, with all its attendant music, is going on, a hundred busy workmen are preparing the second scene, the château and grounds of Marguerite de Valois in Touraine. At the proper moment, when the first scene has closed, the walls of the Count de Nèvers' mansion are torn asunder, as if by an earthquake, by the troop of men who swarm behind them, and are hurried into recesses—called scenery-docks—at the side; the tables, the goblets, the flowers, and the chairs are swept away at the same instant; and the tarred castle, the river, and the high, broad, solid flight of steps in the noble gardens of Chenonceaux, are displayed to the audience. The men with the curious legs crowd behind the scenes, or flow out

of the different entrances, their places upon the stage being now occupied by ladies in flowing muslin robes, the maids of honour to Marguerite de Valois. Melody follows upon melody; the plot thickens, under the struggling outbursts of the chorus, the warbling of the principal singers, and the swelling sea of sound from the instrumentalists in the orchestra; the stage gradually fills with the people of the drama; the great roll of gray canvas comes slowly down, like a mountain mist; the distant music fades away, and the first act is over.

The illusion of the scene is destroyed as a blow. The palace and gardens of fair Touraine are no more; a hundred men in caps and short-skirts are running about the stage, hustling the naive Huguenots and the gray Catholics in the costumes of the sixteenth century; bumping against the iron loungers in their glibbous hats, white neck-ties, and patent boots—carrying tarrets, trees, parts of stair-cases, fragments of houses, and beds of flowers in mid-air, shouted at by the excited stage-manager, excited pantomimic director, excited machinist, excited scenic director. Bit by bit the chaos takes the form of something like order; two old midwinters are built up with pieces numbered and labelled like the parts of a church manufactured for exportation; a chapel is raised in the background; the scene is fixed in; the stage is grouped with all the characters that usually attend a continental Sunday fair; the curtain again rings up, and a picture of life in the *Progrès*—Clerge of old Paris is presented as a basis for the second act.

The stage, under the new mechanical arrangement, is in nearly all cases 'closed in'—that is to say, the old plan of wings, and 'flats' which slide in from each side, and join in the centre, is given up, and every scene is built up, as far as possible, in a solid form, the whole being shut in by side-scenes. The picture thus presented to the audience is with the performers enclosed in a semicircular form occupying about two-thirds of the available stage; and those who are before the foot-lights, with their backs behind the scenes, are left to enjoy their respective areas of comparative privacy undisturbed by any other.

It was while availing myself of this undisturbed the tragic interest of the story that was opening the large and fashionable audience in the front of the house, that I found a Huguenot soldier reliving his overcharged theological feelings in one of the songs, by throwing a modified back-sworder, undoubtedly known in the acrobat profession by the title of 'the flap.'

Outside the charmed circle, or semi-circle, of stage effect was the usual crowd of singers and dancers, interspersed with a few persons like myself, and half-a-dozen policemen, backed by the close brick-walls of the building, and the dark stable windows—black from the intense light within the house—that look out upon the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. Within the charmed circle, aided by the highest order of scenic art; aided by some of the most dramatic music that was ever given by a composer to the opera stage; aided by two of the greatest vocal artists that ever breathed the breath of life into the melodies of this immortal work, it is to be wondered at, that, looking through the paneled window of that room in the castle of the Count de Nèvers in the well-known third act, I should, even from this point of view, be completely impressed with the illusion of the scene, feeling like one who, in the fatal month of August 1572, gazed upon the stately walls and heavy hangings of some Catholic mansion; saw the hooded monks and nuns streaming in through the arched doors, heard the blood-thrilling blessing of the sacrificial swords; and saw the soldiers

assassins slink stealthily out into the streets of old Paris to commence their fearful work. And when Raoul, in that passionate scene that follows the benediction, upon hearing the deep-toned bell of St Germain, rushes to the same window and throws it open, although he gazes in reality upon a blank wall, a few grimy stage-carpenters, a policeman, and a female dresser, waiting with a cloak for her mistress when she comes off after the present duet, who shall say when they look on that pale face, and in those two glaring, startled eyes, that he does not see all he professes to see—the bodies of his helpless friends shot and cloven down in the narrow streets, or floating by in the dark waters of the Seine, with their upturned faces covered with blood? And even when the final leap from the window is taken, into the midst of the motley group who await him, it is at least a minute before he shakes off the influence of the scene, and returns to the more mechanical business of the stage.

The fourth and final act is not hurried over or slurred, because, after the great spirit and interest of the third act, it presents something of an anti-climax. A richly tinted windowed chapel is built up, inside which the full tones of an organ are heard, and from which the variegated light streams upon an enclosed yard, where the final massacre takes place. Part of a cathedral is seen, and outside the yard is a Gothic shrine, beyond which are solid blocks of houses forming the opening to a long, narrow, winding street, at the end of which glisten the waters of the Seine, lighted up with the pale glimmer of coming day. At the side, some of the men with the curious legs are seen once more, stationed to fire the final volley that ends the opera. At a given signal, it is done—the startled female members of the company are deafened for a few seconds with the roar of musketry, the stage is partially filled with smoke; the last faint notes are gasped out, and the great curtain falls for that night upon the opera of the *Huguenots*.

As I pick my way towards the stage-door of the theatre, through the fourth ruin of the evening—the pulling-down and packing away of the final scene—I feel that the faces I have seen under pumpkin-shaped helmets, beef-eater cloth-caps, black wide-awakes, and puritan buff hats, will come across me at intervals for the next four months, sitting at caf  tables, standing at the corners of theatrical streets, and even meeting me in situations where it will be a long, sore, painful, but unavoidable tax upon the memory for me to recollect under what circumstances and in what places they have appeared to me before.

A HINT TO WEALTHY OLD PERSONS.

WEALTHY men with no near relations have a difficulty in knowing what to do with their money. Hence the many fantastic bequests of rich old fellows; bequests which, as everybody knows, get eaten up by lawyers, or are subjected to a process of gradual absorption by administrators and trustees. Not an uncommon idea has been that of leaving money to found hospitals for the boarding and educating of children; but this being pretty well overdone, and in some quarters not particularly popular, rich old men will now more than ever feel a difficulty in knowing what to do with their accumulations—a becoming punishment, some will say, for having selfishly 'laid up for themselves treasures on earth,' instead of spending their wealth with reasonable liberality on proper objects—helping forward every good work in their neighbourhood—while they yet had life and opportunity.

Some time ago, a wealthy gentleman at Pough-

information respecting the working of hospitals for children in Great Britain; his object being to found somewhere in the United States an establishment for the board and education of 800 girls. All the information we could conveniently lay our hands on was duly forwarded, accompanied, however, with a strong remonstrance against the proposed institution: the notion of gathering together 800 young females under one roof being in itself among the wildest we had ever heard of—bad in every way, and, if carried out, likely to produce the most mischievous consequences. We have not heard distinctly whether the benevolent but short-sighted individual in question was so far staggered with our pretty freely expressed opinions as to forego his intention, or to substitute for it, according to our advice, establishments for the board and education of the deaf and dumb, and also for children of weak intellect, about the propriety of which there could be no dispute.

Glancing over an American newspaper—*New York Tribune*—we observe that a person in the position of the Poughkeepsie gentleman seeks for information as to how he should dispose of his great wealth. The following is his inquiry, signed a 'Constant Reader: 'An unmarried man, who has passed the meridian of life, who has gained his plum, and made provision for the attendants who have served him diligently through the summer of life, feels desirous of making the best use of the substance he may leave, and would ask as a special favour of the editors, in whom he has the utmost confidence, what disposition it is best to make of it.' The editor of the *Tribune*—Mr Horace Greeley, we presume—makes a reply, advising, first, the establishment of a universal register-office for persons in want of employment—a project which we think might be left to private enterprise; and second, the institution and endowment of a kind of university where a high-class education would be given for so much labour. This project, also, at least as regards England, does not seem very applicable, and we fall back on a third scheme, of which an account is given in a subsequent number of the same paper. This consists of a plan for reclaiming the destitute and dangerous classes of children who haunt New York and other large American cities. In Great Britain, as is well known, the mechanism of the Industrial or Ragged School is put in advantageous operation for this purpose. In the United States, the kindly disposed have gone a step further. Societies are formed to pick up poor and homeless children; and instead of immuring them in large establishments, they send them to the rural districts in the western states; there, the children are dispersed among the farmers, who educate and rear them as their own offspring—their only reward for doing so being the labour which the children are able to render till they reach maturity, and are able to rely on themselves. Reared in connection with the healthy influences of the family circle, and of occupation in the fields, the result is extremely satisfactory—there not being, as is said, more than two in a hundred of these youths who turn out badly.

This plan of reclamation is not new, but has never been gone into heartily in England. We feel assured, however, that there could be little difficulty at least in properly bestowing any assignable number of children among the rural population of the colonies. When in British America in 1853, we conversed with farmers who would have been happy to receive, educate, and keep poor children, for the sake prospectively of their labour. The question, then, is, why not try a scheme of juvenile reclamation of this nature? No doubt, there could be fifty objections raised against it; but theoretic obstacles must be overlooked in all great schemes of social melioration.

precisely what wealthy men of enlarged views could properly overcome. And if successful in his aim, how rich would be the reward of the philanthropist—the consciousness of having almost cut up crime by the roots, and imparted a new and sweeter tone to society!

But other advantageous methods of expending superfluous wealth could be pointed out. Passing over any consideration of the value of free libraries and reading-rooms in localities requiring these aids to social improvement—setting aside also the ordinary and well-recognised schemes in connection with hospitals for the sick and hurt, and for advancing religious knowledge—let us direct attention to plans, such as are in operation at Mettray, for reclaiming youthful criminals. Reformatories of this kind might with the most beneficial effect be endowed in Great Britain; and as to modes of management, we should only need to examine the working of what are called intermediate prisons in Ireland. These reformatories, as appears by a late parliamentary report, are simple rural establishments, movable from place to place, for cultivating and improving land, and to which prisoners are transmitted to acquire habits of industry and self-denial, and work out, as it may be said, a good character as independent labourers. The success of the arrangement emboldens us to suggest to parties with plenty means at their disposal, that movable rural establishments, adapted at once to reclaim wild lands and reclaim certain hopeful classes of offenders, are much wanted; and, excepting the plans already hinted at for disposing by emigration of destitute children, we know nothing of a simply beneficiary nature more worthy of being recommended to public notice.

W. C.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HARRISON's process for making ice by means of a ten-horse machine has been exhibited at Red Lion Square, where all who were desirous of witnessing it—and they were not few during the hot weather—had the opportunity of seeing it in operation. The machine was constructed for use in Australia, where it will be a desirable acquisition, for the inventor describes it as 'applicable to the artificial reduction of the temperature of hospitals or dwelling-houses in tropical regions,' and also to cooling purposes generally, whether of liquids in large quantities, or of provisions required to be kept sweet in the warm weather. The present season assails the appreciation of such a machine; and if, as some think, we are only entering on a cycle of hot summers, ice will come more than ever into request.

Mr Mallet's monster mortar has been tried again at Woolwich, with a fifty-pound charge of powder; but as something always gives way after two or three rounds, no positive result has yet been achieved.—Better success attended the trial of Bray's 'traction engine' by the authorities of the artillery department: it took three siege-guns, weighing nearly twenty tons, and drew them four miles, partly up steep rough roads, with awkward turns, in one hour and a half. The engine is so contrived that it can alter its grasp to suit the work it has to do.

The Royal Academy Exhibition proved a triumph in a pecuniary as well as artistic sense, the total receipts at the doors having amounted to nine thousand pounds.—The Photographic Society are making experiments with Grubb's patent lens, to which it appears their art is likely to be much indebted. And in their report on the discovery of the collodion process by the late Mr F. Scott Archer, they call attention to 'a series of photographic drawings and plans executed

by the Royal Engineers in reduction of various Ordnance maps, at a saving estimated at £30,000 to the country. The non-commissioned officers of this corps are now trained in the art, and sent to different foreign stations, so that in a few years there will be a net-work of photographic stations spread over the world, and having their results recorded in the war-department.'

The astronomer-royal's annual report to the Board of Visitors of the Greenwich Observatory—which, by the way, we omitted to mention last month through want of space—contains a few items of the science over which he presides, which are worth notice. One relates to the regulation of clocks by galvanic apparatus. Signals are received from four clocks in the General Post-office at intervals from twenty-six to thirty-six minutes past eleven in the forenoon; the required correction is made, and at the same moment after twelve the four clocks return signals to notify their correction; and in turn they regulate a group of more than thirty dependent clocks. 'I believe,' says Mr Airy, 'that it is the best instance of mechanical regulation that exists.' He states, besides, that operations have been twice undertaken for determining the longitude of Edinburgh by telegraph. Owing to imperfections in the wires, the success was but partial. However, on one evening the same series of twenty-two stars was observed at the two observatories—Greenwich and Edinburgh—and the proper signals were sent along the wire. The difference of longitude, allowing for errors, is twelve minutes, forty-three seconds; and this result, we are told, is 'entirely due to the hearty aid rendered by the Electric Telegraph Company, not only by the appropriation to the undertaking of one of the long wires to Edinburgh, and by the loan of their instruments, but also by the cordial assistance of their officers, who, without interfering with the operations, gave their personal attention at both stations to render the apparatus efficient.'

The temporary failure of the great undertaking to lay the Atlantic telegraph-cable was felt as a universal disappointment. All especially who read the interesting account of the *Agamemnon's* hazardous voyage, regretted that so grand an effort should not have been crowned with success. Since then, as everybody knows, the desired consummation has taken place; but for all that, the lessons suggested by the misfortune should not be forgotten. Of course the failure brought out a host of criticisms and suggestions, as well as censures. The cable was too light, or too heavy, or too brittle, or badly twisted, and not a few schemes came forward with plans for the making. Among these, there is one for buoying out a given length of cable, and then by a systematic exhaustion of the buoys, to allow the length to find its way to the bottom without strain. Another, proposed by Mr J. Maclean of Edinburgh, provides a compensation, which, preventing a great or sudden strain, pays out the cable at a safe and easily controllable rate. The compensation is produced by an addition to the system of pulleys now used on board the two great steam-ships, consisting of two pulleys elevated some twenty feet above the others, and attached to a piston-rod, which, bearing on springs, rises or falls according to the pressure. The cable would thus pass over and under five pulleys, and with the advantage that any slackable quantity could always be had in readiness, and that 'the strain could never, under ordinary circumstances, exceed 3000 pounds, which is only one-half of the strain caused by the pitching of the vessel during the late experiments in the Bay of Biscay.' Mr Maclean's plan included details to meet contingencies; but we cannot do more than give this general notion of his contrivance for sinking electric-cables.

The Red Sea telegraph is now likely to be realised, as government have promised a guarantee. Besides this assistance, its chances as a commercial speculation are thought to be bettered by the fact that a Suez canal is impossible. Mr Robert Stephenson, in a masterly review of the whole subject, shews, in the *Times*, why it is impossible, and concludes thus: 'I will no longer permit it to be said that, by abstaining from expressing myself fully on the subject, I am tacitly allowing capitalists to throw away their money on what my knowledge assures me to be an unwise and unremunerative speculation.'

The Institute of British Architects, at one of their late meetings, discussed a paper by Mr George Morgan—'On Public Competition for Architectural Designs'—in which, while admitting that competition could not well be avoided, it was shewn that architects labour under disadvantages as compared with other professions, inasmuch as in the preparation of plans, they must undertake journeys, and incur an amount of trouble and expense, all at their own risk. Last year, 1867, was considered a slack building-year in the metropolis; and yet advertisements were issued, inviting sixty-nine public competitions for works and buildings representing a value of £800,000; and in preparing the plans for all these, there was an outlay of £80,000. Hence it seemed desirable that some way of saving architects from so much trouble and loss should be devised. Mr Kerr made some observations in the course of the discussion, which will bear repetition. 'Competition in the nineteenth century,' he said, 'was really a very childish thing in its results, and might be illustrated by putting a childish case. Suppose A, a little boy at school, had a capital of sixpence, which he proposed to invest in buns. He caused it to be intimated to B, C, D, and all the other boys, that they might send in samples in the form of one bun each; and having received them, he proceeded to adjudicate by eating them all up; and having come to a conclusion as to which was the best, he invested his sixpence with the successful competitor. Each competitor, not knowing much of arithmetic, reasoned thus: If I get the order, I shall make a profit on the whole, though I shall lose what I have sent in; but that is only the loss of the material. This result, however, is only arrived at by an expense to all the others.' Thus the question stands; we shall be glad by giving it publicity to aid towards a solution.

While, as described in a recent *Month*, Rangoon tar is coming largely into use in the industrial and chemical arts, we are reminded not to forget the pitch of Trinidad, which is as remarkable in its way as the Burmese product. Information concerning the bitumen and petroleum of that island has recently been published from memoranda made by the Earl of Dundonald, who it appears has bought the estates in which the Pitch Lake is situate, with leave to lay down railways, and establish a trade. Already this pitch is made use of in this country under the name of Anti-oxide Paint, for the bottoms of ships, for metal pipes, roofs, and the like; but its applications are many. It is a good material for sea-walls, piers, break-waters, and other marine constructions requiring strength and durability, for it seems to defy alike the sun and the waves. Ages ago, the Pitch Lake overflowed, and forced a channel two thousand yards in length to the beach, and advanced thence five hundred yards into the sea, carrying imbedded within it all the loose materials and rubbish gathered on the way. These materials still remain imbedded; the pitch has neither fielded nor cracked, and there it rests a natural break-water against the heavy swell raised by the constant breezes of the tropics. Art, it is said, can imitate nature: the melted pitch might be mixed with other

river; old lighters or hulks might be filled with it and sunk, for when cold, it becomes hard as can be desired. Chalk, or friable stone coated with it, becomes hard as granite. Loose shingle might be concreted with it, and kept from drifting; foundations might be formed for light-houses and the piers of bridges; and owing to the soft state in which it could be applied, the pitch appears to be one of the best things yet discovered for repairing under-water foundations. It can be cast into water-pipes more durable than iron, and at less expense, and without risk of imparting any offensive taste to the water; for the pools in the Pitch Lake are as well known for their freedom from pitchy flavour as for their limpidity. When it was proposed to supply Port of Spain with water by cast-iron pipes at a cost of £14,000, another proposition was made to try the pitch, which was adopted. Pipes were cast and laid along the hills, and the town was supplied with water at an outlay of only £4000. This success has led some of the planters in Jamaica to recommend that the beds of their mountain-torrents, which are very porous, should be coated with a layer of the pitch to prevent the loss of water which now takes place by rapid infiltration before the torrent reaches the low grounds. Again, the pitch makes a good japan, smooth and glossy; it keeps the worm out of timber, and iron from rust, and prevents the entrance of damp into the walls of basements. In the United States it is much used for underground stores; it is said to answer even better than gutta-percha as a coating for telegraph-wires; and mixed with saw-dust or small chips of wood, it is an energetic fuel. And in addition to all this, as the petroleum springs are still active, there is no lack of material from which the chemist may extract oils and other useful products.

Mr George Rennie has brought a question allied to this of the pitch before the Institution of Civil Engineers, in a paper, entitled 'On the Employment of Rubble Béton, or Concrete, in Works of Engineering and Architecture.' He shews how largely this material was used by the Romans, not only for foundations, but for large domes and arches; and how the use of it has of late years been revived in France and in this country. The cement-works at Vassy now produce cement to the value of £32,000 a year. The bridges at Paris have been repaired with it, and, in the case of the Pont de l'Alma and the Pont des Invalides, built entirely of rubble and Vassy cement. The first mentioned was constructed in the short space of nine months; it has three elliptical arches, of which the centre is 141 feet, the other two 126 feet each, and, except the facing of cut-stone, all is rubble and cement. Thus, these large arches may be said to have been cast; as yet, however, they appear to be as strong as those built throughout of cut-stone. The saving of time is great, for the same bridge would have taken three years to build in the usual way. But how far this rubble béton can be relied on is, as Mr Rennie observes, 'a question for futurity to determine.' The French government have used it in the public works at Cherbourg, Marseille, and Algiers; but to stand the shocks of the sea, the blocks must have a bulk of from ten to sixteen square yards, weighing about fifty tons.

One of the earliest revivals of the use of rubble in England was in the foundations of the penitentiary at Milbank in 1813. At Liverpool, some of the dock and river walls are built of rubble, the cost of which is from ten to fifteen shillings a cubic yard less than stone. The Chelsea Water Company used it in the construction of their river-wall 1200 feet along the Thames at Kingston. The piers or break-waters of the harbour of refuge at Dover are built of it, formed into blocks of from six to ten tons' weight, and sunk

when finished, will be eighty-seven feet. The harbour at Alderney, where the depth of water is greater than at Dover, is also built of it; but as regards the British constructions, it must be understood that the concrete is most commonly formed of Portland cement, with the necessary admixture of shingle and sand. Mr Rennie's main object in bringing the subject before the Civil Engineers, was to shew that concrete may be much more used in engineering works than it is at present; but as yet the comparative cost of concrete and of squared stone has not been satisfactorily made out.

M. Kuhlmann, whose researches we have heretofore noticed, has made further progress in the production of hydraulic cements. The object is to combine certain silicates in such proportions with mortar as shall make it resist the action of water, especially of sea-water. Alumina or magnesia kneaded into a paste with a solution of potash or soda, forms a compound which resembles natural felspar or talcose slate, and becomes hard and semi-transparent. Add slaked lime, and a hydraulic cement is produced; and if the magnesia is properly proportioned, the cement gets harder the longer it is exposed to sea-water. From all this it appears that architects and engineers will henceforth have a multiplicity of resources for the construction of foundations and works in ports and harbours.

There is yet another substance by which damp and water are set at defiance—that is, Water Glass, or Oil of Flint, as it is sometimes called. It is a preservative against fire; a good glaze, cement, stiffener, &c., a varnish for metal pipes, rendering them as clean and smooth as glass, no unimportant consideration in water-supply; and for metal surfaces anywhere, for the hulls of ships, and many other purposes. A Water Glass Company has been formed to give full effect to the invention.

Another interesting article is the wood printed and embossed by a process invented by Mr Taylor of Nottingham. He produces table-tops which, though but one kind of wood only, have all the effect of marquetry, so perfect are the impression and variety of colour. The embossed woods, chiefly chestnut and lime, are scarcely thicker than drawing-paper; and the designs are brought up sharp and clear, so that when glued on to walls, or mouldings, or panels, or furniture, they appear as cleanly finished carvings—and at but small cost.

And wood claims attention in another form—that of portable Swiss chalets, constructed by machinery, so as to be erected in any spot in three or four days. Capital things for folk who want a temporary residence, while trying whether a locality will suit them or not: they may now carry their house with them from place to place. A sportsman bound for the moors may have a picturesque shooting-lodge set up for his sojourn, or an angler a fishing-lodge, or boat-house, fashioned to suit the landscape. And now that wood can be rendered all but imperishable and fire-proof, wooden chalets may be occupied with safety.

MY POSSESSIONS.

['TEN years ago, I could scarcely write a half-dozen lines correctly; and six years since, I wore a canvas smock, and worked hard, physically hard, as a porter in Billingsgate market.' This is the avowal of the author of a volume of poems now before us.* But the portership was a promotion to him, who commenced the work of life as a charity school-boy. At

fourteen, he went into a solicitor's office, to drudge at rough copying from morning till night for five shillings a week; then he sat all alone upon the floor of a pawnbroker's warehouse, for still longer hours, reading novels and rummaging out pledges; then, although wages were due to him, he ran off one fine day, with a solitary half-crown in his pocket, to live for the rest of his life in the merrie green-wood, but came back when he reflected that his mother would be inconsolable at his disappearance; then he inhaled the dust of a furrier's warehouse, and then of a cony-cutter's, till his poor wages and sinking health induced his father to send him to work among the salmon at Billingsgate. This was the turn of his fortune: our hero, at thirty years of age, has now a standing in the market of his own, his business finishes at ten in the morning, he has a cottage, a garden, a wife and children, he entertains literary society not quite confined to his own rank, and he shakes hands with Leigh Hunt! Verse-making, Mr Watts tells us, mentally and morally speaking, has enriched him considerably; it has made him happier in every sense; it has elevated his nature, and gained him the sympathy and friendship of those who are distinguished by more than wealth. The contents of this volume will have a corresponding effect upon others. It is full of a vigorous, wholesome, and inspiring spirit; as will be felt by all who read the piece we quote, although others might be selected that are far more poetical.]

MY POSSESSIONS.

I am not rich in worldly goods,
Yet rank among the really blest;
I've sturdy limbs, a hopeful heart,
By friendship true my hand is pressed.
Contentment cheers my lowly hearth,
Health mantles on my glowing cheek,
Hope lights my way from day to day,
And joys are mine no words may speak.

Loved arms entwine about my neck,
Arms of a wife and wee ones four;
A fifth in heaven now wears a crown
Of quenchless light: Say, am I poor?
Poor! poor! Ah, no, but rich indeed,
Rich in the smiles of those I love;
Rich in my health, content, and hope;
Wealth that God only can remove.

Though bloated luxury preside
At lordly feast in lordly hall,
Where streaming wine-cups sparkling stand,
The soul to cheat by foul enthal;
Where gems blaze bright, with magic light,
From queenly brow and heaving breast;
Where beauty smiles and weaves her wiles,
And flatterings lips are most caressed.

My rustic board affords more joy,
More true delight than they may know,
When wife and youngsters press around,
With eyes afire and cheeks aglow:
The cares and troubles of the world
Without are all forgotten then;
I share with them my simple meal,
And reign the happiest of men.

* *Clare, the Gold-seeker, the Elf in Revel, and Other Poems.* By John George Watts, author of *Lyrics of Progress*, &c. London: Groombridge, 1863.

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PLUCKED.

To my mind, the old hospital of St Barbara was the jolliest place in the world. The very gargoyles had an air of being wonderfully learned, and of bearing their erudition with uncommon good-nature. Its buildings surrounded a vast square, with a pump in the middle. Along with their monastic antiquity, they seemed to carry with them the old monastic hospitality which we read of in romances; so much so, that I was fully prepared at any moment to see some fat brother at the principal gateway dispensing huge loaves to the poorer folk, after the fashion of those good old times which, thank Heaven, have passed away long ago. I say old St Barbara's was the jolliest place in the world; and verily—allowing for the enthusiasm of youth—it was. The students were the heartiest, the nurses the prettiest, and the professors the greatest guns in all Babylon. The very patients seemed to suffer from the most opportune diseases one could think of; and although their maladies were not perhaps particularly pleasant to themselves, yet its constant succession of capital cases and exciting operations made St Barbara's the envy and admiration of at least the medical fraternity.

In the midst of the festivities of student-life, however, sat the skeleton which haunts every feast, and lurks furtively in the secret closet of every house. The particular skeleton in my case was the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. If ever a university possessed stringent regulations, and untamable examining boards, it was the university of Babylon. And this was the reason why, being of an ambitious temperament, I eschewed frolic, cut the majority of my acquaintances, and betook myself to study with a laboriousness that astounded my fellows, and delighted the younger, and therefore the more enthusiastic of our professors.

Nine months crept along as the M. B. class pursued the harassing routine of study. It was an interesting study to remark its effects on my especial cronies—Vade Mecum (son of old Mecum the bibliographer) and Cramwell, a scion of the family of Cramwell, county Grindaway. The former wore pretty well at first. By and by he gave up fermented liquors—a pretty strong symptom, as Cramwell and I, putting our heads together, agreed. Then the jocose twinkle which so merrily lurked in the corner of his eye began to fade. Anon, his jokes—he was, and is now, a notorious joker—became, for him, notably mild in quality, and sparing in quantity; in the end, indeed, they were reduced to the most debilitated

bottle of soda-water, and like it, ever ready to frisk out with something sparkling whenever the cork of opportunity should be drawn. Utterly imperturbable, his exertions—he never gave us the idea of using any—had the single and only effect of making him seem more wondrously profound than ever.

The eve of the examination had come. I was weary with long study; I was pale and thin, and excitable by reason of the debility which arises from an overtasked mind in an underworked body. My sleep was disturbed with dreams: night after night I sat in fancy in a long chamber, endeavouring to recall facts I had never perfectly learned. Morning after morning, I awoke in the agonies of despair. Daily I was tortured by the demon Anxiety, in the short intervals of rest from the conning of books and the taking of notes. My appetite failed me, and I grew pale and thin, and utterly wretched.

And now follows the day of registration. I have a vague recollection of standing in the presence of the registrar, who so much resembles a working undertaker, that I am half induced to believe in a coffin concealed beneath the table, into which it is the intention of the officials to smuggle me. We are in a chamber, whose fading decorations tell of bygone splendour. The Dukes of Mullington were the lords whilom of the gracefully sprawling mansion which bears their name, and which, with an evident sulkeness, lodges the learned university of Babylon. I sign my name in the archives of the place; the undertaker is by my side. I depart, and he bows; but from that hour I am a haunted man. In the courtyard—in the restless streets—along by palace, prison, and tomb, I see that gaunt black figure—that pallid face, and that purple nose. I seem to read my destiny in its cold pitiless features.

I am now so sick of study, so restless of purpose, that to attempt to read would be sheer absurdity. I run down into the breezy country. It is the Sunday. I hear the chiming of the village bells; I lie dreamily beneath the trees, and drink in the pure air with a sense of keen relish. I build day-dreams—am congratulated by the court, read my name in the list of happy candidates; while men who have passed, and men who hope to have passed, jog me, and press lustily to get their sight of that wonderful paper—that paper, whose very lines are each an harbinger of happiness to some heart. Then come visions of congratulations: my hands are shaken as hands were never shaken before; absent friends write intoxicating little notes; sisters bury me exultingly in crinoline and embraces. I am the

the St Barbara men speak with something of pride, whose friends advertise with such unwonted liberality. It is nothing but the emptiest of day-dreams; yet, for the time I have passed, and am happy.

The first day of the examination found me travelling westward on the top of an omnibus. Considering the habits of Babylonians, it was as yet early morning—that is, not later than 9 A.M. The sun was pouring its light most marvellously on the roofs and spires of the city. For a brief hour, the canopy of smoke and dimness, which is as much a characteristic of Babylon as the dome of St John's, or the thousand-and-one sights which country cousins 'do' with such remarkable complaisance, had migrated to the suburbs. There was, or seemed to be, an unusual aspect on the streets and their pedestrians—that same aspect which one notices when he is an actor in important or exciting matters—an air as if all nature entered into our feelings and shared our anxieties.

How long that journey seemed! I was wondrously incited to upbraid the driver as the slow coach of all slow coaches. Incessantly my watch was in my hands—not that I noticed the hour, or had the remotest conception of the time, although I scanned its face most carefully. It was a habit, a nervous irritable action that had got the better of me lately. Mecum, the victim of the same circumstances, had taken to the biting of his nails, a practice to which he addicted himself incessantly. As for Cramwell, he was, as has been before indicated, a philosopher, and gave us the idea of being as profoundly cool as ever.

It is a desperately slow coach which never reaches anywhere. Our omnibus, after the most inconceivably tiresome of rides, landed me safely within the desired precincts an hour before time. I passed and repassed the prison-like dead-wall of Mullington House. I strolled up the arcade, that grimy, ill-ventilated bazaar, which looked as if it were getting up seedily after a last night's debauch. I had a turn at the geography of the neighbourhood. Time wore on. At half-past nine, I entered the gates and stood within the quadrangle of Mullington House. Men belonging to some other hospital were cramming voraciously out of text-books. There were gregarious adventurers who stood on steps and discussed anatomical relations; there were solitary men who paced along the beautiful arcade that skirts the quadrangle book in hand—occasionally running flat against dead-walls, or falling precipitously down steps, by reason of an extreme temporary devotion at the shrine of knowledge. In an entrance-hall, other men stood, riding at anchor, as it were, or besieging the bundle—a concited creature, whose bony legs did not tend to redress the imperfections of a turn-up nose and squinting eyes. I, for my part, being of a curious turn, joined a band of exploring adventurers, which tumbled into deserted kitchens, and lost itself down-stairs in cellars. Time wore on. It was a matter for reflection, I ween, to watch the pale, studious faces around me, faces which for weeks had scarcely looked upon a fairer sight than the close-printed, much bebumbed pages of the text-books.

As the bells of St Joseph's are proclaiming the quarters, Cramwell and Mecum enter the massive gateway. I go to meet them, fancying that Mecum leans somewhat more heavily upon the arm of Cramwell than friendship or courtesy demands. We come within greeting distance. Mecum is deadly pale; he tells me he has been reading half the night, and that he has a bottle of sal volatile in his pocket; 'but he doesn't look aced, does he?' Cramwell, for his part, speaks learnedly concerning the columned portico of Mullington House, the gay scenes that have been enacted within its precincts, the great men,

and the handsome women—ah, those women, Cramwell—who have passed beneath its portals. He then changes his strain on an interruption from Mecum, as to how he thinks he shall do, and whether the stylo-pharagous passes between the two curules, and discourses brilliantly on the stories of Boccaccio and the visions of Dante. At this juncture, we stand upon three heavy men from our school; they seem hopelessly buried in manuals. Choddy, Boddy, and Sodsby do not belong to our set; indeed, we rather superciliously eschew them, because their features are coarse, their clothes scrappy, and their lingo intolerable. They come from some far-away county in the north, and are, like all north-country men, peripatetic cyclopadists. Under present circumstances, however, we are on the point of overlooking these minor differences, when lo! at the striking of a clock, doors open, and we are summoned into the examination-room.

We have to ascend a staircase beside whom with the most higgledy-piggledy allegory riots on canvas. There is much artistic workmanship, too, in the balustrade. Cramwell whispers some happy clues to the painter, or the designer, or the quoniam over, but his observation is lost upon me, for we are chaotically queering to catch the first sight of the scene and subjects of our day's labour. The buzz of voices which accompanies the ascent becomes fainter as we thread a lobby; it is entirely lost as we enter the examination-room, where the beadle, when eyes, nose, and legs seem to twist more than ever, orders us to be seated before a series of tables covered with green baize, and bedecked with writing materials. After glancing at Mecum, who has smugled a glass of water by his side, and is decanting a vial of volatile; at Cramwell, who is, in all probability, sketching the Parthenon on a stray sheet; and at the candidates in general, who are bristling with expectation, I perceive that the printed questions are being doled out, and that some men, alphabetically arranged as to surnames, are already staring voraciously at biting their lips almost to amputation.

My turn comes. The paper is before me. I skim its contents, and then look round to see its effect on my acquaintances. Mecum seems, as I have anticipated, oscillating between despair and volatility. The heavy men are already heavily set, recording their cyclopadistic attainments with characteristic industry. I read, and then, without forethought, give myself up to three hours of head-aching penmanship.

One o'clock. 'Time is up, gentlemen,' and we come out of Mullington House. Myself and the rest of our trio hold a consultation—first, as to the astounding difficulty of the questions we have been answering; secondly, concerning our mistake—I find I have sent a hitherto undescribed artery down the shin into the foot—and, thirdly, as to our luncheon, which is to be conducted on physiological principles. We then separate. Mecum's physiology led him, I believe, to consider Allcock's as an axtail-soup the most scientific and appropriate for the occasion; while Cramwell, whose philosophical mind took in alike belles-lettres and hygienic with one comprehensive grasp, indulged, for aught I know, in old Falernian and Spartan broth. For a time acting with similar intentions, gave myself up to newspaper, coffee, and biscuits, and then pursued a solitary stroll into St Joseph's Park.

How well I remember each incident of that web—each detail of the patchwork of shade and sunlight that lay across my path—each face, teeming with its own peculiar interest, that passed me—each word that fell on my ear, from distant traffic or chattering belfry! Well I remember the time that passed while I lay on the grass in the warm sunshine, the water of

St Joseph's Park sparkling before me, and beyond, the trees which skirt its margin, the unfinished towers of the Palace of Northchurch rising skyward, with quaint basket-like scaffoldings around their pinnacles. Never, perhaps, till that moment had I felt how accessory to his own plans each man finds the events which transpire around him. There was I, a medical student, as utterly buried in the obscurity of a great city as it was possible to be—a mere drop, as it were, in the ocean of souls that heaves and struggles under the shadow of St John's, surveying the towers of Northchurch as though they had been built to point the moral of my thoughts, and form a background which should harmonise with an epoch of my life.

Three o'clock put an end alike to stroll, fresh air, and moralising. It saw us again at the green baize-tables; as did the morrow and the next day, when botany was on the tapis—botany, a word that makes one bethink him of rustling woods and wild retired glens, where the rare plants grow—where the hares rush startled by the unusual foot-tread from the midst of quaint fern-fronds—of silent ponds, where white water-lilies lie voluptuously in the beaming sunshine. There was a difference, I ween, between the breezy excitement of a botanising excursion in places like these, and the pen-scratching which was to prove our knowledge of the Bagdads (say) and the Ginger-breadsees.

Oh, the sultriness of that large chamber in Mullington House, and the gaping application of those half-hundred hot, tired students, who were writing most drearily, and now and then stealing a stray minute to build castles in the air about the country and soda-water. Even the bandy-legged, squint-eyed beadle seemed used up when he went to open the windows, under the impression that there was air to be had. I know well that I was ready to expire with langour, and spent half the time in staring at the details of the gilded fretwork of the cornices and ceilings, which seemed to blink amid the heat and sultriness. The very noise of the city had a kind of silence about it; there was, too, that inexplicable oppression which seems to pervade nature at the approach of a thunder-storm.

It was not difficult to see that botany was Mecum's strong point—he perspired from very exertion. The words flew from his pen. He seemed to pooh-pooh the specimens to be described with the air of a practical connoisseur—*sal volatile* was out of the question. I cannot forget his elation when the time was up. He considered the queries ridiculously easy, and vented a storm of phytology which absolutely staggered me. In fact, he had made a point, and was only to be quieted by inveigling Cramwell and myself into the discussion of a bottle or so of sherry, and a tumbler or so of brandy and water.

But whatever Mecum's elation might have been on the last day of the written examination, it was far outdone by the dolefulness of his visage when the first oral questioning was in prospect. Chemistry and Pharmacy were the themes which were to bring us face to face with those temporary Gorgons, the examiners. Only yesterday, in the fulness of his heart, Mecum had enticed Cramwell and myself into the audience of a thousand wonderful adventures, amorous and bacchanal; but to-day, while we waited long and impatiently for our turns, he was biting the last remains of finger-nail his previous nibbling had spared, and devising frantic schemes for obtaining surreptitious information of the precise questioning he was to undergo. There we were, the half-hundred candidates, most laboriously killing time in the saloon where our written answers had been executed, while those first in the list were passing their ordeal in an adjoining chamber. It may be imagined how we

stared multitudinously out of windows, and fraternised with a porter, who made his appearance at one stage of the proceedings, and was instantly installed in the office of purveyor—how we drank furiously the half-and-half, and devoured the ham-sandwiches he brought us, at the rate of a shilling a mouthful, or thereabouts—how at last, bored to death, our names were called out, and ourselves in the dread presence of Professors Nix and Torchee.

A very gentlemanly fellow—I was not quite so familiar by the by in his presence—was Nix; and a very eye-searching, gray-haired, spectacled philosopher, his colleague, whom every one knows as the author of the celebrated dissertation on *Combustion and the Flames*. I floundered nervously in my answers, and made many ridiculous asseverations which will not bear the repeating; but, nevertheless, left the place—I stumbled as I passed the threshold—with the pleasant assurance that 'so far I should do very well, sir.'

The next day was to decide my fate: the examiners in anatomy had to be faced. I seem to have a vague recollection of standing on my head for an hour and a half previous to the time when the little beadle, now in a paroxysm of conceited superciliousness frightful to behold, ushered me into the hall of anatomy.

A large oblong chamber—the cold light streaming solemnly from the roof over its straight bare walls, and creeping down through the chill atmosphere upon the benches in the place; a strange smell of earth and putrefaction; and a silence broken only by the footfall whose sound returns in muffled echoes. There is no need of the two livid bodies upon tables in the background to tell that it is no other than a dissecting-room.

So much for the scene. Beside a desk or bench, whereon lie bones and anatomical preparations, intermingled with grinning skulls and dismembered skeletons, sat the two actors. The utter solemnity of their countenances as they gazed upon the trembling student in their presence, was to me more hideously sepulchral than the cadaverous dead who lay beside them. The one told of departed life—the other, of departed hope. I had been a very idiot had I not seen in an instant that I was *PLUCKED*.

If it had been a dream, I could not have had a more confused remembrance of the next few minutes that passed—of the speech that came brokenly to my ears—about the shocking answers I had made—the unpleasant duty the examiners had to perform; and the absurd artery (before unmentioned) that I had sent down the shin into the foot. The reader will scarcely believe that so wearied was I by the anxious labours of the last week, and the previous year of hard study, that my first sensation was that of relief to find that all was over.

I know that my countenance was strangely heart-broken when the gray-eyed beadle, inspecting me as if I had been one of the anatomical preparations I had just seen, opened the door for me to pass. There was a lobby full of anxious faces, a court-yard wherein strolled men in every aspect of unrest, a quiet street, whose passengers, from the tattered Italian who was grinding the 'Dead March' in Saul lugubriously from a rusty organ, to the fair girl with golden hair and a profile that Raphael might have painted, all looked me in the face. Had I been a criminal, there could not have been more staring eyes besetting my path.

And so I was a plucked man. I did not press lustily, as I had once dreamed, to see the pass-lists for the degree of M.B. My hands were not shaken rapturously by congratulating friends; there were no intoxicating billets greeting my success; there was not a student of St Barbara's who mentioned my name in connection with his school. It was a

letters came gingerly from the country, wondering at my silence, and asking, with grim sarcasm, if anything had happened to me. It was only after a consultation with Cramwell, who, on ascertaining a very pleasant termination to his labours, had walked home leisurely, and commenced an essay on the times of Charlemagne, that I proceeded with much ingenuousness to endeavour to convince the world that, as matters stood, my failure was on the whole a little more brilliant than success could have been; and I need scarcely add, that there were not wanting men within the pale of St Barbara, nor out of it either, to give credence to my reasonings.

THE FAUSSETT COLLECTION.

FIRST ARTICLE.

SOME thirteen years ago, during a summer walk from Canterbury to Lyme along the old Roman road called Stone Street, Mr Roach Smith reached the neighbourhood of a manor-house known as Heppington. It was a place in itself of no great antiquity, as the old castellated mansion of the reign of Stephen had been replaced by one less picturesque. But it had some local fame, as belonging to the Faussett family; and one, somewhat wider spread, as containing a very fine collection of Saxon antiquities, the result of considerable research among the tumuli of the Kentish downs. Still, this fame was little more than a sound. For nearly forty years the collection had not probably been seen by any critical antiquary, or visited for any higher purpose than the gratification of fleeting curiosity. A report, to the effect that the antiquities were not very accessible, tended to restrict all knowledge to the circle of immediate friends and neighbours. But Mr Roach Smith was too conversant with the antiquarian and literary history of the eighteenth century not to be aware of the labours of Bryan Faussett, and to guess at the probable value of the collection he had left to his descendants. He therefore retraced his steps after he had actually passed the turning which led to the house, called, introduced himself and the object of his visit. He was most courteously received by the then possessor of Heppington manor, the Rev. Dr Faussett, grandson of Bryan Faussett; but it not being convenient at that time to inspect the treasure-chamber, he was invited to pay Heppington a special visit in the succeeding year. The engagement was faithfully kept on both sides, and led to a reception of the British Archaeological Association, and to a unanimous and strongly expressed opinion that this collection of antiquities, chiefly Saxon, was of the utmost importance and value. From this date, fresh researches and discoveries by such able antiquaries as Lord Lonsborough—then Lord Albert Conyngham—Mr Akerman, Mr Rolfe of Sandwich, Mr Wright, and others, added to the interest thus originated; and, finally, the Faussett manuscripts and antiquities were offered to the nation through the trustees of the British Museum; with what result, the whole British nation knows. The antiquities were refused because they were considered not to rank as 'high art'—that is to say, they were simply English, not Greek or Roman; and thus what was eminently national and eminently historic, stood a chance of dispersion or of removal to a foreign country. The collection was, however, spared from either fate by the enlightened patriotism and liberality of Mr Mayer of Liverpool. This gentleman purchased and removed it to Liverpool, where—even while we write—it has been enriched by a scarcely inferior gathering of Roman and Saxon remains, also from Kent, and lately belonging to Mr

Rolfe of Sandwich. Thus Liverpool promises, at no distant date, to possess the finest museum of national antiquities in the kingdom; and in that maritime city, amidst scenes which seem so incongruous, future historians will find no scanty materials for those histories of generalisation, instead of fact, of which Mr Buckle's recently published volume, *Civilisation in England*, is the first type and sign.

Under the title of *Inventorium Sepulchrale**—namely, An Inventory or List of Sepulchres—Bryan Faussett left a series of manuscripts, clearly written, and most charming and simple in language, recording in detail when and how he opened those old graves upon the greenest or most solitary of the Kentish downs, and what was his harvest from their still recesses. These manuscripts Mr Mayer placed in the hands of Mr Roach Smith: the result has been a noble-looking volume, ably edited, and with an introduction and notes of considerable value, as classifying the antiquities, and shewing how they illustrate the habits, manners, and customs of the Kentish Saxons. It is likewise beautifully illustrated by Mr Fairholt; and as from its costliness and the limited number of copies issued, it is likely to pass but through the hands of few, we now proceed to give some account of its contents, not only as a means of directing popular attention to the collection itself in Liverpool, but as giving new and varied information on many points of national interest. The reader must not be scared from our little history by any fear of dry discussion or detail: we will simply offer to him the pleasant fruit of much research and mental labour in past and present times; and going back, as it were, to the hearths of those old Saxons, see what cups they drank from, what weapons they fought with, what jewellery they wore, what manner of men they were, from the secrets their graves give up. We have a right to go back to those hearths, from whence, in a large measure, we ourselves have come.

But we must have a word or two about Bryan Faussett; they will add to our interest as we accompany him to the old barrows on those solitary downs, or gather round him as he inspects the jewelled fibula his labourers' spades have just turned up. Born in 1720 of an old Kentish family, and educated at Oxford, he devoted himself, from an early period of life, to literary and antiquarian pursuits. Though surpassed in some points by James Douglas, his successor, in researches amidst the Kentish tumuli, and vastly so by the high-class antiquaries of the present day; though some of his data are negated, some of his theories exploded, Bryan Faussett was yet the first English antiquary who brought common sense to his work, and who nourished a healthy scepticism as to countless fables then believed in with respect to bygone ages, and the scanty evidence time has left to us of their usages and civilisation.

Though he entered the church, and for some time had a cure of souls at Atterbury in Shropshire, Mr Faussett retired, in the prime of life, to the family seat of Heppington, and continued there till his death, which happened in the year 1776. Roman roads crossed his estate, Roman intrenchments lay around; and as a scholar he knew, and could not but be interested in the marvellous succession of events which had made his native county—the old Cantii—the portal to so much which in its aggregate had led his country to greatness. It was unknown to him—for ethnology as a science had at that date

* *Inventorium Sepulchrale*, an Account of some Antiquities dug up in the County of Kent from 1757 to 1773 by the Rev. Bryan Faussett of Heppington. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Charles Roach Smith, author of *Collectanea Antiqua*, &c. Illustrated by F. W. Fairholt. Printed for Subscribers only. 1855.

no existence—that even the signs of a pre-historic race lay as clearly in the sand and chalk beneath his feet, as elsewhere in England, or in Scotland; but he knew that Kent was renowned as the most civilised part of Britain, even before the days of Julius Cæsar. And he could trace its subsequent history—Roman, Saxon, Norman, English, till his own day, when the gloom of the great *Silva Anderida*, or the Weald of Kent, had given place to bounteous harvests and verdant pastures, and the laws of an eternal progress had effected much, and promised more to the generations yet to come.

Bryan Faussett's first excavations were made at a place called Tremworth Down, in the parish of Crundale, in 1757 and 1759; but as the discoveries relate principally to Roman remains, and are therefore less rare, their account is placed last in the volume before us. The *Inventorium Sepulchrale*, therefore, as it now stands, commences with an account of some antiquities dug up at Gilton Town near Sandwich, in 1760–62–63. Being in the neighbourhood at the close of the year 1759, for the purpose of copying inscriptions in the parish church, Mr Faussett made inquiry, as was his custom, as to antiquities or other remarkable things which might be in the vicinity. He then heard of a famous sand-pit in which, from time to time, for many years, antiquities of different sorts had been discovered; more particularly by the servants of a miller, who had wind-mills near at hand. Proceeding to the place and examining it, some of the miller's men came also, and pointing out something a few feet above, assured him that it was the head of a spear, and that from the colour of the sand, a grave was there. They then fetched spades and ladders, and began to dig from the side of the pit, as though about to form an oven, and thus, much to the antiquary's dismay, they destroyed the spear, as such it was, as well as broke up the skull and part of the vertebrae of a human skeleton, besides nearly burying him and his servant in the sand thrown down. As this unscientific method of proceeding would never do, our good antiquary persuaded them, with the aid of a little brandy, without which, as he quaintly says, 'nothing can be done,' to dig downwards from the surface of the ground; but there was no discovery beyond some further remnants of decayed bones. Night coming on, they had to desist; but the men shewed Mr Faussett various things they had found on previous occasions. Of these he purchased some beads; and of their master, the miller, the blade of a sword, straight and very heavy, five spear-heads, though none of them whole, two umbones—that is, the central part of shields, also much broken, and a further quantity of beads. The latter were the only things which were got to Heppington in safety; the rest were so blistered with rust and so brittle, as to fall into countless pieces, though carefully packed and conveyed.

In the spring and summer of the succeeding year—1760, and subsequently in the autumns of 1762–63—Mr Faussett explored one hundred and six graves in the space of eleven days. Though for centuries a harvest-field for spoilers, his researches were not unfruitful, as we shall now proceed to shew; and since his day, many other relics of value have been from time to time discovered. He was wrong, however, in supposing that this spot and its vicinity had formed originally the burial-place for the garrison stationed at the celebrated port of Rutupia. On the contrary, as Mr Roach Smith shews, it had belonged to an adjacent village—the whole of this part of Kent being extensively populated in the Roman period, and subsequently in that of the Saxons; whilst Rutupia, at Richborough, about three-quarters of a mile from the

Gilton, and had an extensive burial-place of its own, as excavations have proved.

The greater portion of graves shewed that the bodies had been deposited in coffins, in some cases of extreme thickness, and probably scooped out of a single block of wood by means of fire. There were the long iron nails which had fastened down the lids; and where the wood had entirely perished—as in very many instances it had—signs of it could be traced in the longitudinal streaks of blackened mould. The male had been invariably buried with his weapons; his shield, his fibula or brooches, and the buckles which had secured appendages to his dress. His heavy spear and smaller darts lay at his right hand, his two-edged sword likewise, and his shield upon his breast. His knives, probably for war, as for domestic use, lay where his belt had been, or elsewhere. His javelin, or spear, and darts seem to have been wrapped together when deposited in some sort of cloth or linen—for the threads of such were found adhering to the rust about the weapons. The wood-work of the shields was likewise entirely gone, nothing but the central boss or umbo, and the transverse pieces of metal within, by which it was grasped, being found. The female graves were more replete with various matters of rude ornamentation. Beside the *fibula subnectens*, the brooch for fastening—many of these of exceeding beauty—there was the garnet-set buckle by which the girdle had been confined; rings of thin silver wire with a sliding knot, so as to fit various sized fingers; beads of amber, glass, and glazed earthenware; pendent ornaments for the throat—these in one or two cases of singular elegance—and in one instance an earring-drop. Beads were found in every child and woman's grave; and even where all traces of an interment had disappeared, except in the discoloration of the earth, these evidences of human vanity in its barbaric state remained. The women were also buried with various articles for personal and domestic use. In five instances, keys were found—coarse copies of those of Roman fabrication, and with a ring attached for suspension to the girdle. In many female graves a lump of rusty iron was found near the hips of the skeleton, and stretching from thence to the knees. It was usually the size of a closed hand, and appeared merely to consist of a great number of iron links, as of a chain interspersed here and there with some straight pieces of the same metal; but they were so rusted together, and so very brittle, that they fell into pieces with the least endeavour to separate them. Mr Faussett found other and more perfect specimens, but he seems to have arrived at no very clear notion of what they were. Discoveries since his time have cleared up the point. They were châtelines or girdle-hangers. The head, somewhat like that of a small flat feather brush, was attached to the girdle; in this were holes in which were hooked small iron chains, at the extremities of which were bronze, silver, or brass appendages—such as large pins, tooth, ear, and nail picks, stilettoes, or borers for embroidery, little hammers and other trinkets, which, like the charms at a lady's watch-chain in the present day, were mere ornaments. These châtelines of the Kentish graves are quite peculiar as to shape and elegance. Those from other English counties, and from Normandy likewise, are mere hooks or hangers, on which small articles might be suspended at will. But these are not the only products of tumular excavations in Kent which bear a distinct character. The jewellery, the glass, and in a minor degree the pottery, are marked by a higher finish; and in many cases, as respects the jewellery, by exquisite taste; and a question of interest is suggested as to whether the Jutes who peopled Kent, and indeed in some degree extended themselves

were more civilised than the other divisions of the Saxon race. As a tribe, they came further north, and must thus, upon their own soil, have been less affected by contiguous civilisations than tribes occupying sites nearer the Rhine. We know, however, that they frequented much the northern coast of Gaul, and at a later date held intercourse with the Frankish settlements thereon. The only true solution to this and many other kindred questions which necessarily arise when we thus open their graves, and come face to face with facts which give results so different to those we gather from much which is mis-called history, seems to be that there was a far greater fusion of race with race than is generally suspected—that is, Celt with Roman, Roman with Saxon, and that the migrations of the latter to this country were carried on slowly, yet continuously, for centuries, in addition to the rapid influx of fresh tribes in the fifth and sixth centuries. This is Mr Kemble's theory, and one rapidly gaining the assent of all scholars. In this, in the one which admits the greater fusion of races, and in the immense probability that the arts connected with Roman civilisation were carried on long after the recall of the legions from this country by purely Roman and Romano-British artificers, and so onwards, if even in a lessening degree, till they were caught up, as it were, by the genius of a new people, is to be found, we think, the clue to that strange thread of likeness which runs through the manipulative arts of those who, race after race, settled down upon our soil. There is the difference begot by the mental and physical idiosyncrasy of race; but the thread of continuance is not less clear for that. We shall, however, the better elucidate this point when we come to speak of Mr Faussett's discovery of the Kingston fibula—the gem of his collection, as, indeed, of all the Anglo-Saxon art which has come down to us.

To return to the Gilton graves. In one of these was found a hand-mirror: it was made of mixed metal, and was flat, circular, and on one side, which was highly polished, it was somewhat convex. Though greatly injured by rust, it still possessed a considerable reflecting power. The handle was likewise found, though broken to pieces by the labourers' spades. Since Mr Faussett's time it has been cleaned and adjusted, and is thus seen to be similar to others discovered in London, Colchester, and elsewhere. 'The presence of such an object in a Saxon grave is remarkable,' says Mr Roach Smith in one of his admirable notes, 'and particularly interesting in connection with the other Roman instruments and ornaments which we have noticed in the Gilton cemetery; for they indicate not only a close chronological relationship between the Saxon settlers and the Roman inhabitants of this part of Kent, but also a striking correspondence between the habits and customs of the two peoples. This affinity is less perceptible in the midland counties.' In the grave which contained the mirror, as also in another female grave, were found the hinges and clasps of small boxes, which had been probably used as deposits for trinkets and other things that had been valued by the original possessor. In two other female graves, as indicated by the discovery of hair-pins, beads, the rusted links of châtelines, and other small articles, two brass pans and trivets were found. Both are much like our modern copper stew-pans, if regarded as without handles; those belonging to them, one on each side, being similar in shape to those affixed to the common wood and paper boxes we see at trunkmakers' doors. The larger pan of the two had been patched and mended in several places; and from this we may presume, that from its rarity, or some other cause, it had been considered of value. A subsequent excavation at Gilton brought to light a bronze basin, which had been mended with pieces of

metal stamped with the figure of a minstrel dancing and playing on a viol, and grotesque forms of animals. This latter vessel belongs to the Rolfe collection, now with Mr Mayer, and is, with little doubt, of Roman manufacture. Vast quantities of utensils for domestic purposes, as well as articles of greater value, must have been scattered about the country after the sack of a city like Anderida (Pevensey), which, singular to say, was the only Romano-British city the Saxons utterly destroyed; and these Gilton vessels may have been warriors' spoil, and so treasured by their descendants when as freemen they settled down to till the land they had helped to conquer. Be this as it may, these vessels must have owed their preservation to some real or supposed value. If the former, they may have served for many culinary purposes, and been interred with their last possessors, in testimony of domestic affection, for, with the exceptional case of the monasteries after the promulgation of Christianity in Saxon England, the cooking was all done by women. We may add that knives of various sizes were found in most of the female graves, as well as scissors and tweezers, the two last much like those in modern use.

THE MOUNTBANK.

I. SETTING OUT.

THE bell rings, the curtain rises, and discovers the actors in our little drama. A middle-aged, stoutly built man, who would have been good-looking, but for the deeply graven impressions of anxiety and hunger which his face exhibited: he was arrayed in an entire suit of flesh-coloured tights, much darned; round his head he wore a fillet, that had once been glowing lace; but all its lustre was gone, long, long ago, and it looked like a piece of dirty tape; yellow-ocher canvas shoes, terribly frayed and jagged, and a pair of faded crimson velvet trunks, on which a tarnished spangle, hanging here and there by a piece of yellow thread, shewed that they had once been elaborately trimmed, completed his attire. Two pretty, pale-faced little boys, dressed, or rather undressed, in precisely the same manner, stood by, looking on dejectedly, yet listening with interest to the conclusion of a dialogue between their father and a hard-featured, elderly woman, of whom the whole family seemed to stand in awe. These formed the group to which I would direct your attention.

'The long an' the short on it is, you'll have to turn out! I could ha' let this room, times an' o'm, for three-an'-six, an' here I only charge you half-a-crown, an' that you won't pay.'

'Won't pay, Mrs Nigga?' replied the poor father.

'Well, leastways, you *don't* pay. To be sure, your missis give me her bit of best gown yesterday, as a kind of security for the rent; but what's the good o' that? It's nowt but a old merina.'

'It was her wedding-gown,' mildly expostulated the mountebank, heaving a sad sigh as he thought of the happy sunny morning when first 'the old merina' adorned its then gay owner—'it was her wedding-gown, and poor Agnes wouldn't like to lose it.'

'That may be; but 'tain't no use to me; it 'ad only fit a half-starved shrimp of a woman like her.'

'But, Mrs Nigga, you 've got my watch too.'

'A trumpery, old-fashioned thing, as big as a warming-pan!' said Mrs Nigga.

'It was dear grandfather's,' sighed the poor man.

'Tain't worth half-a-swearing, I know,' returned the benevolent Niggs; 'an' I want seven weeks' rent of you this very day. Now, don't jaw no more! *talk's* no use; it won't fill my pocket: it's *money* I want. Why don't you go out with them two lads? You said you could do nowt yesterday an' the day before for the rain; it don't rain to-day.'

'Why, certainly, it doesn't rain to-day, ma'am,' said the father, walking to the window, and rubbing a pane of glass with his arm, to make a thoroughfare for his eyesight: 'it doesn't rain, but it looks terribly dark, as if there'd be a downfall of some sort—either rain or snow, and'—looking apprehensively towards his thinly clad children—'it's bitter, bitter cold!'

'Cold!' retorted Niggs; 'cold, do you say? Well, I'm sure, I don't find it cold.' (She had on a warm cloth dress, a large woollen shawl-handkerchief, and thick double-soled boots.) 'Indeed, it ain't cold for the time o' year; fine bracing weather, I call it—make the boys hardy to be out in it.'

'But,' said their father, 'they haven't broke their fast yet; and'—

'It's only twelve o'clock,' interrupted the humane landlady, 'an' many's the good Christyin as hasn't had their breakfast yet, let alone mountebanks an' the like uneducated scum, which I looks on as hathins! What matters whether you takes your lads out afore their breakfasses or arter? You shouldn't indulge their appetites overmuch.'

Here the father glanced at the attenuated forms of his young ones, and replied only by a mournful shake of his head—the children staring earnestly at Mrs Niggs, as if wondering what her notions of 'indulgence' might be. A sixpenny loaf and a jug of water had been the only provision within the walls of their wretched garret for the last four-and-twenty-hours; the last morsel of the bread had been demolished for supper the night previous.

'There,' added Niggs, as a single dab was heard at the street-door—'there's the gal with my shoulder and taters from the baker's. I must be going, for I hate my victuals cold. Now, you mind what I've said, Mr Thingamy—if you don't pay up like a man, afore Thursday, out you go! Take them little creeters into the streets, an' see if they can't earn a trifle, as you call it—*beg* a trifle, as I call it: either way, the money's as good. Grumble about the weather, indeed! Why, for the time of year—Drat that gal! she's left the street-door ajar, an' the draught comes up them stairs enough to cut a body in two—u-u-gh.'

Grumbling and shivering, Mrs Niggs lumped heavily down stairs to scold the 'gal,' and afterwards, to solace herself with a pint of hot ale and a good substantial dinner, the steam and appetising smell whereof ascending to the mountebank's garret, brought tears into his eyes, as he turned away from his hungry children, not daring to meet their looks. So he paced the room, as people *do* when excited, or impatient, or unhappy, or hungry, perhaps: poor fellow, he was all of these at once. First he walked to the dingy window aforesaid, gazed up at the heavy clouds, then down at the pavement, saying mournfully to himself: 'There's sure to be a downfall, for the pavement's quite damp, and that's always a sign.' Then he went to the almost empty grate, put on the last remaining morsel of coal, fanned it with his

breath into a tiny flame, then back again to the window, then again to the cheerless fireplace, fidgeting about, and busying himself with such little matters as sweeping the hearth, dusting the shabby mantel-piece with a remnant of an old clown's cap; and, finally, setting a low, rickety wooden chair before the miserable attempt at a fire, saying, in as cheerful a tone as he could muster: 'Mother'll be coming in soon, my lads, and then'—

'And then, will there be brekfass, daddy?' asked the youngest boy.

'Yes, yes, Midgkins; at least, I hope there will.'

Here the poor fellow took the boy on his knee, drew Alfie towards him also, and tried to beguile the time until mother should come, by hearing them repeat the little songs and hymns which that mother loved to teach them.

'Now, Midgkins, it's your turn,' said the father, after Alfie had gone through his little hoard of knowledge, and yet no mother, and no breakfast.

Accordingly, the child began to recite, and prettily too, that infant favourite, *The Busy Bee*; but when he came to, 'with the sweet food,' &c., his voice failed him; the tears started into his eyes, and he wept loudly and bitterly, with his pale, tiny face hidden in his father's breast. At this moment, a weary step was heard slowly ascending the creaking stairs.

'Mother, mother!' shouted Alfie, who sprang to open the door. Little Midgkins's eyes brightened up; his father set him gently down, and hastened to meet his wife and release her from the burden of a baby some ten months old, which she carried with great difficulty, for the woman was slight and pale, half-starved, and half-clothed. The most cursory glance might serve to inform you that she was indeed the mother so anxiously waited for; she was so like her boys. The same expression of patient endurance was on her long thin face and in her meek blue eyes. A girl, who might have seen two summers, toddled in, clinging to her gown. The child's nose was red, her cheeks blue, and her eyes were filled with water; it was evident, indeed, from the appearance of both the children, and of mother too, that the morning was intensely cold. Alfie met his sister, took off her lilac cotton bonnet, which, long innocent of starch, flapped uneasily over her forehead. He next divested her of an old, coarse, brown overcoat, made originally by mother for Midgkins to wear over his fleashings, but which Lucy had on because her own green stuff pelisse had last week been converted into a dinner. Strangely enough, the fire seemed to burn brighter as soon as mother entered the room! She sat down; Midgkins climbed on her lap; Alfie took possession of a low stool, seated Lucy on his knees, and began chafing her poor half-frozen hands and feet; while father untied baby's cloak and hood—put on certainly more for appearance' sake than for warmth, four young mountebanks in succession having worn them completely threadbare. 'No use your long walk, I know, Agnes,' said father.

'Very little. The guardians gave me a shilling, and told me—not gruffly, but as if they were sorry to say it to me, for they looked pitifully at the poor babes—they told me that the turn-out and the lock-out together had made matters so bad that, in justice to their own townfolk, they oughtn't to have given me even that, and that I mustn't trouble them again.'

On mention of a shilling, Alfie quietly filled the small tin kettle, and set it on the now sparkling fire, slipped on his overcoat and cap, and then nodded to

mother, who of course understood him to mean: 'I'm ready to go to the shop.' She popped the coin into his hand, and away he trotted on his joyful errand. During his short absence, what preparations Midgkins and Lucy made! how they bustled about; how they set out the odd cracked cups and saucers, the two battered leaden tea-spoons, and the old broken-spouted brown tea-pot! Father meantime recounted the particulars of Mrs Nigge's visit, which grieved his wife, although it did not surprise her. Laden with a loaf, tea, sugar, and two red herrings, Alfie returned, and the whole family—in spite of landladies and turn-outs, and the cold weather—enjoyed a hearty meal; babkins (baby, I mean) tucking in wonderful quantities of weak tea and sopped bread. Poor fellow! the maternal nourishment must needs have been but scanty.

Breakfast over, everybody looks more lively: father thinks that, 'after all, the snow mayn't come to-day;' mother fancies that 'the weather's milder than it was two hours ago;' and the boys button on their coats.

'Well, well, we must even try our luck,' says the mountebank; 'we must see if we can't get as far as Eglinthorpe: there's a fair held there to-morrow. It's no use trying the town again; what with the strike and the dearthness of food, poor folks can't give, and rich ones never stop to look at us. Keep up your spirits, Agnes; perhaps we may make a pitch at some village on the road; and if we do, I'll send you half of whatever we get; so look out for a letter.'

So saying, he strapped a drum round his waist, over a miserable ragged gray coat, and pinned a little square of worn carpeting over Midgkins's shoulders; Agnes tied her own cotton shawl round Alfie, kissed her boys, said good-bye to them and father, but still seemed to linger about them; and when they were quite ready for a start, she laid baby on the bed, followed them down stairs, kissed them once more, thrust the remains of the loaf into Alfie's pocket, and whispered to him: 'Be kind to little Midgkins?' Mother watched her treasures in their progress down the street; and when they were quite out of sight, she turned away with a heavy heart to her infant charge in the garret. Poor mother! *why* was her heart so heavy? Often and often had she been separated from her husband and the boys for three or four days at a time, while they pursued their calling. Why, then, was her heart so heavy?

II. THE MOOR.

On they went—the mountebank and his boys—through dirty, poverty-stricken lanes—on, on, through dark, dejected-looking courts and narrow alleys where father thought it just possible they might raise a few pence. In front streets and bustling thoroughfares, he was aware that none would be tempted to stop and admire their performance. Indeed, had a few spectators been, by some wonderful chance, collected in any such locality, the police would certainly have interfered with the customary gruff 'Move on there!' After threading innumerable intricate passages, and tortuous by-ways, with which the mountebank seemed perfectly familiar, our little party emerged into a large open square—in former times, used as a hay-market—which, being surrounded by workmen's cottages, was a place where, perhaps, an audience might assemble; so father began to beat the drum with all his might, Alfred startled the neighbourhood with the clash of cymbals, and little Midgkins shook and spread his tiny square of carpet, by way of giving 'note of preparation' to passers-by. The drum and cymbal overture continued for full ten minutes before any one condescended to notice the efforts of the performers. Three or four workmen, having just dined, then

sauntered to the doors of their respective dwellings, where they stood a while, leisurely smoking their pipes and enjoying the fresh air; a few children, too, attracted by the noise, formed into a group to witness the proceedings of the professionals; and a young woman with an infant in her arms leaned out of the upstairs window of one of the adjacent cottages. Father cast his practised eyes around, counted heads, and shrugged his shoulders. He drummed away for another five minutes, and then took a second survey of his audience, but without any satisfactory result, if one might judge from the rueful expression of his countenance; however, he muttered to himself: 'We must make the best of it, I suppose; it's the only likely place for a pitch at this end of the town.'

Giving a sort of sideways nod to the boys, they took the cue from him with great alacrity, directed themselves of their coats, and prepared to dazzle and delight all beholders with the splendour of their wardrobe, and the combined grace and agility of their movements. Unluckily, just as these preparations were completed, ding dong, ding dong, went the large bell of the nearest factory, and, obedient to its summons, away walked the workmen. A moment after was heard the tinkling of a school-bell, wheresoever, 'with unwilling steps and slow,' as if sorry to be thus deprived of the expected sight, the admiring scholars moved off. Father and boys, perceiving that no chance remained of earning even the smallest pittance, made ready for their departure. Just as they were walking sadly away, the young woman at the window called out: 'Bide a bit; I've summat for the little lads.' Presently, out she came, bringing a jug of hot tea and some thick slices of bread and butter, saying: 'You mun eat this, and take this tea before you go any further, poor things! You'll do but little to-day, for it's beginning to snow, and you can't act in the wet streets. God help you! There! Stop a bit,' she exclaimed, as Alfie gave her the empty jug—'stop a bit!' She ran upstairs, and returned with an old scarlet muffler and a green cotton neck-tie, which she gave to the mountebank to wrap round the children's throats. He received them with many expressions of gratitude—so much kindness was something rather unusual. 'I be sure you're heartily welcome,' said the friendly giver; 'I wish I could do more for you; but my man's one of the turn-outs, and we've nowt but the clection brass to live on. Good-luck to you, master, and to your pretty lads, wherever you go. Ah! there's no knowing what one's own poor little uns may come to in this hard world.' Here she hugged her baby fondly to her bosom; and nodding a kind farewell to the street-artiste, she disappeared. Perchance, comfortable reader, you wonder how these children could find an appetite to enjoy a second meal so soon after their breakfast; but, remember, these boys had existed in a state of semi-starvation at *their lives*; and in such cases, the craving for food is incessant.

'It's useless to go home without money,' thought the poor mountebank. 'I could no more face Mrs Nigge than I could face a tiger; so, we'll step on, best foot foremost; and if the weather doesn't turn out very bad, we can be at Eglinthorpe by five o'clock. Tom Whitlock's sure to be there with his tumbling-booth; he'll be glad of us, and pay us well too, for the fair-day. Let's make a start, boys! Come! Cheerily, ho!' Thus monologuing, and leading Midgkins by the hand, he turned his back on the town, with little Alfie bringing up the rear. At the outset of the journey, the youngsters were lively enough, and prattled on, in childish fashion, about 'what they'd do when they were older; what pains they'd take with their posturing and vaulting; and how they'd get a situation in some grand circus, where an immense amount of salary would be theirs;

and how joyfully they'd give it all to father and mother, who should never be ragged nor hungry any more.' The mountebank smiled on them compassionately as he listened: he remembered that long years gone by, *he*, too, had thought and spoken in the same strain. Alas for human hopes and resolves! *his* parents had died in the parish workhouse! Not that he was unwilling to assist them—not that he lacked affection towards them—but few and far between had been his opportunities of assisting them; for he had not been fortunate in a profession, which is, at best, but a precarious one. True, he had seen others, with a very limited amount of talent and industry, get forward in the race of life—rise in the world, and attain a high position in their calling; but his career had been an unsuccessful one; and though it would have been the pride of his affectionate heart to have cherished the declining years of his aged parents, it was not to be; and, as I said before, they died in the workhouse.

'Cheerily, ho, Alf! Give me your hand, and I'll help you along.' So father led both boys; and when they had walked nearly five miles, and begun to look tired, to their great delight he opened his inexhaustible budget of oft-repeated tales, to lighten the tediousness of the journey. First, he related the anecdote of Alfred the Great and the burned cakes; then the story of William Tell; after these came the fable of the shepherd-boy and the wolf—all of which, though heard for the twentieth time at least, awakened in the juvenile auditors as warm an interest as ever; and many were the sensible remarks and pertinent questions to which they gave rise. Formerly, when the children were too young to be amused in this manner, the mountebank, in providing for a business excursion, would purchase some comfits or peppermint lozenges, and, after walking so long, that symptoms of weariness began to exhibit themselves in the slackened pace of the 'little pedestrians, he would scatter the sweetmeats here and there on the road at short intervals, and the children, forgetting their fatigue, would follow quickly to secure the tempting prize; and when the stock of confectionary was exhausted, they would race with as much eagerness after a ball thrown by father in their onward path, as ever was manifested by jockey when competing for the Derby. Latterly, tales and songs had taken the place of the comfits and the ball.

The sixth milestone was greeted by the youngsters as a friend, for it told them that half their journey was accomplished; but father appeared uneasy: he looked with dismay at the heavy black clouds overhead, and at the thickening snow; it had fallen gently all the afternoon, but it now began to assume a threatening aspect. He stopped suddenly in the most interesting portion of *The Thriftless Heir*, which he was relating, and felt irresolute whether to return even then, or to go forward. After a brief pause, he chose the latter alternative, for, as he argued mentally, to return without having any part of the rent to proffer to Mrs Nigga, would only provoke her to carry into immediate execution her threat of turning all the family out into the streets; whereas, if he went on to the fair, his wife and the younger children would at least be certain of a roof to shelter them—and *that* was something in such inclement weather. Setting this out of the question, his little party was half-way to its place of destination. To be sure, the remaining half lay across a barren moor, where there were no hedgerows or walls to screen the travellers from the weather. What of that? He'd carry Midgkins; and then he and Alf could walk faster than they had done previously, and wouldn't feel the cold. Pursuant to this resolution, he took the tired little one, nothing loath, in his arms, although, encumbered as he

to manage this additional weight. Still he toiled on, supporting Midgkins on one arm, and leading Alf as quickly onward as he could, while thicker and faster fell the snow-flakes, and gradually slower and more feeble became the boy's steps; and Midgkins, nestled in his father's bosom, overpowered with the extreme cold, fell fast asleep.

'Come, my boy, step out and let us get under cover; it's going to be a fearful night! Luckily, the first house we come to in Eglinthorpe is the Travellers' Rest; and a kind-hearted body is Mrs Dawson, that keeps it: she'll not refuse to let you and Midgkins sit by the kitchen-fire, while I look for Tom Whitlock, and settle matters with him. Walk as fast as you can—there's a good boy!'

This the mountebank said in an anxious, husky tone of voice, for the blinding snow prevented his discerning anything likely to prove a guide; a thick darkness was spreading itself all round, and the unhappy man felt a dire foreboding of evil.

'Indeed, father,' feebly replied the child, 'I do walk as fast as ever I can; but I've lost my shoes in the snow, and I'm so tired, and so cold, and so very drowsy. I wish I might lie down and take a sleep.'

The mountebank made no reply to this; but he clasped the boy's hand convulsively, and still endeavoured to urge him forward. In what direction they were going, he knew not, yet hoped for the best. At length, after wandering about on the desolate, snow-clad waste for nearly two hours, without meeting a living creature—the fury of the storm ever increasing, and the cold, as the day wore on, becoming yet more intense, he yielded to the faint entreaties of poor Alf, to 'sit and rest just a little while.' He sat down with both the children on his knees, Midgkins still slumbering, but not peacefully, as happy childhood sleeps: his teeth chattered, he moaned incessantly, and trembled from head to foot. Alf was pale, foot-sore, exhausted. In this terrible strait, what was the bewildered father to do? Shivering as he was with cold, the agony of his mind caused streams of perspiration to roll down his careworn countenance. Short time sufficed for deliberation: he arose, took off his coat, wrapped it round his boys, and placed them in a sitting-posture against the drum.

'Now, Alf,' said he, making a painful effort to speak cheerfully, 'I must leave you for a while. You know I can walk very fast; and I'll try to find my way to the village, and get some one to come and help me to carry you and Midgkins to the Travellers' Rest.'

'But, father, you musn't go without your coat; see what large flakes of snow are coming down.'

'Don't heed me, love,' replied father; 'but try to stay awake, and keep close to your little brother.'

'Yes, father, and I'll say my prayers. Mother always told me to pray to God to take care of us if we should be in trouble.'

The idea of mother at that moment almost overcame the mountebank; but he struggled manfully with his feelings; he embraced lovingly, again and again, Alf and the unconscious Midgkins. He could hardly persuade himself to go; yet to stay, was to bring certain destruction on them, for the snow still fell, and the darkness still increased. Alone and unencumbered, he might reach Eglinthorpe very soon—nay, perhaps, at that moment he might be close upon the village, although the darkness obscured it from his view. These cheering hopes he tried to encourage, as if to brace his nerves for the approaching trial. A trial it was, and a heavy one, to leave his young ones in utter darkness on that dreary moor: but it *must* be. The father yielded to stern necessity, and with tears of agony, tore himself from the spot,

guess-work as to which way he was going—all hap-hazard—it being by this time so dark that, to use a common but expressive phrase, 'you couldn't have seen your hand before you.'

(To be concluded in next Number.)

AN AFTERNOON GLANCE AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE clock of Westminster Abbey is tolling two on a bright sunshiny afternoon in summery spring, as we emerge from Parliament Street into Palace Yard. That model clock in the clock-tower has not commenced its tolling career yet: looking up the shaft of the beautiful column to the fourfold dial, we are aware of a group of workmen busy upon the surface of the dial-plate, whose presence there suffices to impress us with a tolerable notion of the diameter of the huge circle whose numerals marking the hours almost vie in length with the human figures, but are yet in perfect, even modest proportion to the rest of the structure. From the gilded pinnacles of the crowning spire the sunlight radiates like jets of flame; it casts deep shadows among the thin lines of Gothic tracery that climbs and twines over the entire surface of the building, and brings out the force and significance of the artist's design, with an effect as exquisite as it is transient and fleeting. For now the big rain-drops burst from a passing cloud, sparkling like diamonds as they fall; but in a moment they are changed from diamonds to watery bullets—a gloomy thunderous-looking pall covers Palace Yard—there is a sudden disbanding of the phalanx of cabs amidst the clatter of hoofs, the cracking of whips, the shouts and oaths of the jarvies, the yells of the watermen, and reiterated cries of 'Cab! cab!' as the dingy vehicles, galvanised into sudden activity, dash for the kerb, take up, and roll off.

Meanwhile we have gained the hospitable archway of old Westminster Hall, with a rout of other fugitives; and thinking we may be as well employed in a stroll through the House as in watching the falling shower and the deserted yard, we traverse the ample floor and mount the broad stairs leading to the Commons. We are by no means alone in the ante-chamber. The confronting statues of Pitt and Fox, of Mansfield, Falkland, and the rest, seem to be holding a levee to-day. Fifty patient Englishmen at least have taken post on the side-benches, where they sit gossiping in groups, or brooding with the expression of fortitude in their faces, as though they had made up their minds to do something or other the advantage of which was doubtful, and were determined to go through with it. These are the ticket-holders—men who have obtained members' passes to the 'strangers' gallery' of the Commons, and who are come thus early in order to secure admission if possible. For there was a long and stormy debate last night upon the India question, which was adjourned, and will be resumed to-night, when the bright particular stars of parliamentary oratory are expected to speak before the division takes place, which division, it is the expectation of the Whigs, will oust the present administration from office, or at least compel them to an appeal to the country. A debate of this kind, or even one of far less importance, always brings its crowd of spectators to the House. It is by no means certain that all these expectants will get into the gallery, notwithstanding their tickets—they may be too numerous, and one half of them may be jostled out by the other half; but no matter for that—they will wait till the result is known, though it be far into the morning; after which they will go to bed and get up late, to find their secret in the possession of all and sundry through the medium of the morning papers.

Leaving these persistent gentlemen, we pass on through the central hall, and make towards some of the newest frescoes. The panels are filling up but slowly, and what is done, though often excellent and lofty in design, does not say much in favour of the execution of English painters in this, to them, new department of art. The surfaces of most of the pictures have an unpleasant lime-washy aspect, as remote from that of the Italian frescoes as anything can well be. We suspect that this is not so much due to climate as it is to unfamiliarity among artists with the preparatory details of fresco-painting. Continental frescoes shew like stone walls interpenetrated with colour: the performances at Westminster are more like distemper paintings on a plaster-ground. What time may do for them it is not easy to foresee.

There is little light for seeing pictures; and there is a continual traffic up and down stairs of persons hastily coming and going. Following the ascending troops, we are soon in that interminable gallery which, running parallel to the river-front of the legislative palace, contains the committee-rooms of the Commons. It happens to be a field-day with the committees. Numbers of them are sitting at this moment, and, as a consequence, the gallery is more than usually populous. The benches along the windowed side are filled with strangers, provincials and loungers of a rather various class. Numbers of them are witnesses waiting to be examined. There are men in all grades of life, and from all parts of the kingdom. One group are chattering together in Welsh; another are eloquent in the Irish brogue; and further on, there are samples of the west-country face, and sonorous indications of the west-country dialect. Among them, in close contact and confabulation, you see here and there a white-wigged barrister, or a dapper clerk, note-book in hand, or with some foolscap document spread open on his knee; and questions are asked and answered, and memorandums made, not much to the assurance, sometimes, if looks are a criterion, of the respondents. Every now and then there trips along the gallery, with that peculiar motion of the body which seems all confined to the lower extremities, a clerkly-looking waiter from the regions below, bearing before him on a tray a number of small glass retorts containing sherry, with a little mound of biscuits, and perhaps a bottle or two of pale ale. These appetising apparitions never by any chance pause or linger in the gallery: you see them but for a moment—coming like shadows, they so depart, and always into the 'members' entrance' of the committee-rooms. They undertake the duty of managing the victualling department of these legislative investigations, and see that the honourable members, in their zeal for the public service, do not perish of inanition.

But there is a public entrance to each committee-room, and any one is at liberty to enter who chooses. There is no bar—only an admonition scrawled on a slip of paper, and wafered to the panel, which says: 'This door is to be opened and shut quietly.' So, gently does it—that fat oily hinge knows not what it is to groan—and we are inside. And now what have we here? The committee-room is an apartment some five-and-thirty feet square, and perhaps five-and-twenty in height. About one-third of its area is fenced off by a strong railing, breast high, and is supplied with a single bench running along the wall for the use of the public. In the large enclosure a series of tables are ranged in a circle; and on stuffed easy-chairs outside this circle sit the honourable members of the House, who are also members of the committee. In the centre of the circle are the table and seat of the short-hand writer, and parallel with the dividing-rail a long table and bench for the use of counsel, examining lawyers, and parties on

either side of the question under consideration. At the moment of our entrance, a torrent of Irish eloquence is in full flow. The speaker is a gentleman, but not of the gentlest, of about five-and-forty, with a hatchet-face, formed to cut its way remorselessly through all obstacles, no matter how formidable. He is a genuine Hibernian orator, and pours forth his vocables with such astonishing rapidity, that it is almost more than we can do to gather the sense of his utterances. A lawyer in a large Irish town, he has been retained to advocate a bill which has been petitioned for, the object of which appears to be to effect some municipal reform tending to equalise the local taxation of the borough. To hear him, and to judge from his vehement grandiloquence, you might imagine that hitherto a subject of equal importance had never been discussed in the councils of any nation under the sun. When he has wound up his peroration, he calls a new witness; and now, with a coolness as remarkable as was his furor a minute ago, begins putting him to the torture. In so doing, you note, if you have any experience in forensic matters, that he is everlastingly travelling out of the record, and lugging in questions on irrelevant subjects—and you wonder what he is after, or perhaps you think him a booby. Not a bit of it. The chairman of the committee penetrates his wiles, and tries to defeat them by calling him to order; but the orator flies off at a tangent the next moment, and is again on the forbidden ground. The fact is, that the oratorical Irishman, perhaps not overconfident in the strength of his case as it stands, wants to produce an impression upon the committee in favour of his own side, and antagonistic to the luckless witness, by revelations concerning the poor man's antecedents, which cannot be made public, even though they have nothing to do with the business in hand, without being prejudicial to him and his party. In fine, the hard-headed lawyer does make such an impression by dint of persevering iteration: you see that that is the case; you see it in the faces of the committee themselves; you see it in the faces of the public; you see it in the face of the orator, not that he is given to demonstrate his feelings in any way, but that his earnestness relaxes a little when his end is answered; and lastly, you see it in the face of the uncompassionated victim, who rises perturbed and bewildered from the ordeal he has gone through, and flushed and angry, retires in haste from his unenviable position. All this is matter of pleasurable excitement to the on-looking public. The plucky Irishman, who is determined to have his own way, and does have it, carries the general sympathy with him, and is evidently a favourite: like the dog which draws the badger from the bag, he has all the plaudits, and there are none for the unfortunate creature on whom he exercises his prowess.

The next witness, however, is not to be managed in that way. He is a man of extensive property and of considerable influence in his county. You see that he has an antipathy to the bold lawyer, for he almost turns his back upon him, though he cannot refuse to answer his questions. But he is quick in response as the other is in demand, and purposely curt and keen in his repartees. The sentences are banded to and fro like a cross-fire—and the wonder is that the reporter does not interfere, and beg for a little more deliberation. He does not, however. Look at him; there he sits at his little table; one hand holds the pen, not as a clerk would hold it, but with the shaft perpendicular to the ceiling; the other hand turns over the leaves of his book, which carries a leaf of blotting-paper between each leaf of manuscript. That right hand of his wags incessantly at a rate which your eye can scarcely follow; that cascade of words from the

fast as they are uttered; to-night the whole will be copied into long-hand, not by the reporter himself, but by clerks skilled in translating his hieroglyphics; and to-morrow, in all likelihood, it will issue from the printing-office in fair pica type, for the convenience of honourable members. The whole thing seems a miracle, and in good truth it is nothing less; but then this is the age of miracles, and we have been trained to think nothing of them.

Let us now vary the scene a little. Here is another committee sitting on government contracts. The room is as like the first as two peas are to one another, only the members in attendance are rather more numerous. The business here is of a more interesting as well as a more practical kind. On the tables among the documents, and contrasting oddly with the bottles of sherry, glasses of ale, and fragments of biscuits, lie a number of military accoutrements in the shape of soldiers' belts, as yet innocent of pipeclay, and stout regulation boots, broad in sole, and heavily armed at the heel. Honourable members are handling the belts and peering into the boots with much the same expression that may be observed in a magpie peering into an empty bottle. It is evident that they are not up in the article of leather, and will have to depend for information upon the facts they can manage to express from the witnesses. Meanwhile a government contractor is seated close to the short-hand writer, and undergoing examination. Startling indeed are the revelations which, by dint of a battery of interrogations discharged into him from all sides, he is compelled, reluctantly or not, to make. The history of a lot of pouch-belts is the immediate subject of consideration. They have been issued by some contractor, according to specification and pattern, for the use of the army, and the government have paid 4s. 6d. each for them. They have never been used, and are as good now as ever they were. It is even doubtful whether they have not improved by keeping; and, according to the testimony of the witness, there is twenty years' fair wear in them, under the pipeclay regimen, and with average treatment. But it comes out that something over 70,000 of them have been condemned and sold as old stores for 8d. and 9d. apiece! The question is asked in various ways: Do these condemned stores return again to government as new ones by virtue of new contracts? but we cannot catch a positive answer either affirming or negating the fact. The admission is made that, the stores being sound and good, it would be a fair and tradesmanlike transaction to buy them cheap and sell them dear, no matter to whom; but nearer than that it seems impossible to get to the truth. The belts were condemned, it is said, because they were a trifle too broad under the newest regulations, and were therefore of an obsolete pattern; but it is admitted that the cutting of them down would have cost but a trifle. Why they were sold at a loss of 80 per cent. to the nation, nobody pretends to know; all that is an inscrutable mystery, for the elucidation of which nobody is responsible, and therefore nobody chooses to throw any light upon it. The worthy chairman is anxious to arrive at truth, however, in some shape, and he does it. 'If those articles were bought by government,' he asks the witness, 'at 4s. 6d. each, and sold for 9d. each, is it your opinion that the government sustained a serious loss by the transaction?' The witness, after deliberate reflection, and a few shrugs of the shoulder, arrives at the conclusion that there can be no doubt that such is the case; and so that arithmetical fact, consoling to the shade of Cocker, is established, to the evident satisfaction of honourable members.

Then another contracting witness is called to depone concerning the boots. The boots, happily,

the belts, though why they have been subjected to condemnation at all does not appear. They are pronounced by the witness, himself a practical boot-maker, to be first-rate articles, of the very best quality, and in perfect condition. Yet they have been condemned and sold in vast numbers at about 5s. 3d. a pair, having cost the government from 10s. 6d. to 11s. What is characteristic of government economy in this boot-business, is the fact which comes out clearly enough, that the sale of boots at 5s. 3d. has been going on contemporaneously with the buying of them at 10s. 6d. In this way the stores have been ingeniously maintained at the desired level, at the paltry cost of 50 per cent., by simply allowing them to run off at the waste-pipe as fast as they came in at the fount of supply. Again the only satisfactory fact established is the arithmetical one. The chairman repeats his test-question, and in reply the witness expresses his decided conviction that government cannot sell at 50 per cent. under prime cost without suffering a serious loss.

By this time the afternoon is wearing late; honourable members begin to shew symptoms of weariness, not to say of ennui. One by one their easy-chairs become vacant, the occupants gliding off, while those who remain relax in their exertions, and the inquiry goes on in a fitful way, prophetic of a speedy halt. The reporter in the centre of the room is not sorry at such welcome indications. He has turned over some sixty pages of copy since we entered the room; and now for the first time he has leisure to shift himself on his seat—to stretch his stiffening limbs and his weary fingers, and actually to drop his pen for a moment and pass his hands through his bushy hair—a refreshing ceremony, which he performs with unmistakable relish, and repeats more than once ere he resettles to his occupation.

We have had enough of the boots and the belts and the scientific economy of the war department, and we step into another room. Here it is a railway bill which forms the subject of discussion. The room is hung with monster maps as big as the side of a house, shewing the course of the line, the gradients, elevations, and engineering peculiarities. The witness is unpacking a budget of dry details which the reader would not thank us for reporting; and we ourselves gladly turn our back upon them. We are about entering another room for another chance, when the committee within suddenly breaks up, and we are swept out of the doorway by the hasty efflux of the public. A few minutes later, and all the committees have adjourned for a future day, and the long gallery is rapidly clearing.

The rather musical tinkle of a small bell informs us at this crisis that the chaplain is about to commence prayers in the Commons' House below. Members do not shew any remarkable eagerness to be in at the devotions, where a good number of them worship by proxy, moving off in person to the refreshment-rooms in another direction. Descending to the Commons' lobby, we find the door-keepers already sentinelling the entrance, and the members emerging from that short cut through the side-door in the hall appropriated to their sole use, and straggling by ones and twos to their seats within. There is, as usual, a crowd of strangers marshalled on the other side of the lobby, made up in part of personal friends or constituents of members, and in part of strangers from the country, to whom the Commons' House is a species of lion's den, and who come to gratify their curiosity by identifying, with the aid of the by-standers, the remarkable personages of whom they have heard and read so much, year after year, at home. They will wait by the hour together for the sake of catching a glimpse of Palmerston or Disraeli, of Gladstone or Wood, of Cobden or Bright—with a

special eye, you may be sure, for their own proper representative. For our part, it is long since we had any curiosity of that kind ungratified; and we push through the crowd, and once more into the entrance saloon on our way out. Here the ticket-holders are being marshalled by the policemen in attendance on the left-hand benches, preparatory to being passed into the strangers' gallery in the order in which they arrived. At the same moment, some well-known faces belonging to the reporting staff flit by us: we encounter more upon the stairs as we descend into the broad hall, and quit the Parliament House just as the grand logomachy is going to commence.

As we stroll up Parliament Street towards Charing Cross, the familiar parliamentary faces meet us on their passage down. Some of them we can remember well for more than a quarter of a century, and can recall under very different effigies from those they now present. And some, too, we can recall, who were wont to tread this route at this same hour, who have passed away for ever. It seems but the other day that we saw the aged Duke amble past on his quiet bay; that Sir Robert Peel strode sturdily along the pavement, and unconsciously fenced the air with his walking-stick; that Bentinck dashed past on his mettled steed; that— But, pshaw! we must not be tagging a melancholy sermon to a random sketch like this: yonder comes our omnibus. Hoy, conductor, set us down at the Angel.

THE GOLF TOURNAMENT.

THE Scottish game of golf has existed for several hundred years, and has been practised by persons of all conditions, from royalty itself down to the bottom of the scale. As an out-of-door pastime, it certainly deserves to be ranked among the best, and, for certain classes, perhaps the best, as it incurs no great bodily fatigue, and may be followed by old stagers whose declining powers will not admit of severe exertion. It is on this account that elderly gentlemen form so large a majority of the class golfers: in pleasant communion with each other, they take their daily rounds on the field, club in hand, and striving at no great feats of 'driving' such as they could once accomplish, but content to play their own sure 'quarter game,' they quietly and happily gossip away the day.

Of late years, golf has taken a rapid stride in public estimation, and is now played not only in the British Isles, but in France, in India, at the Cape, &c. Commons, or, as golfing-courses are termed in Scotland, 'links'—hitherto sacred to geese-rearing and clothes-drying—have suddenly assumed a more distinguished position; and, indeed, to such an extent are these links now taken up by golf, that we are sometimes inclined to wonder where the geese will eventually find a living, or to what green spot washerwomen will resort to dry their clothes in peace.

Before touching upon the tournaments of 1857 and the present year, it may be useful to say something about the game itself. For its proper enjoyment, several things are necessary. Firstly, a wide-spreading common, with a tolerable sprinkling of sand-pits, whins (furze bushes), and other 'hazards,' that the game may not be rendered too easy, and 'science' become of little moment. At distances from each other of several hundred yards, according as the nature of the ground will permit, small holes of half-a-dozen inches diameter are bored in the turf: thus, if the links are extensive, as at St Andrews, the holes are frequent—eighteen being the round there—namely, nine out to the end, and nine home; but if the limits

of the green be circumscribed, as at Blackheath or Musselburgh, fewer holes occur.

Secondly, a set of clubs and balls are requisite. The shafts of the clubs are made of hickory or lance-wood, and the heads usually of apple-tree, faced with horn, and weighted behind with lead: others have iron heads, the use of which will be seen presently. A set consists of from five to ten, and sometimes a dozen clubs, each of which is appropriated to duties peculiar to itself during the progress of the game. The names of the wooden-headed clubs principally used at St Andrews—the Melton of golf—are as follows: the play-club, long-spoon, mid-spoon, short-spoon, driving-putter (the 'u' pronounced as in 'but'), putter, and baffing-spoon; those with iron heads are the cleek, sand-iron, and track-iron. Fastidious players make use of the whole of these, though, in ordinary practice, they may be reduced to half that number, or seven at the outside. It may appear strange to a non-golfer that a game, whose object seems to consist in striking merely a little ball along a green plateau, should require such a variety of implements, but the brief sketch we shall presently give of their separate uses, may set him right.

Thirdly, the player must be provided with several small hard gutta-percha balls, well hammered, and painted white.

And fourthly, he requires a caddie (porter) to carry his clubs, and—an opponent.

Furnished with those leading requisites, let us follow the pair out a hole or two, to see how they get on, premising that they are pretty equally matched, and that each has practised the game before. The object of the players is to drive their respective balls from one hole to another till the round is finished, and he who succeeds in holing his ball in fewest strokes, gains that hole; but if each party holes in the same number, it is halved, and counts to neither side. If two players start, one of whom is more skilful than the other, the weaker man receives *strokes*—that is, odds; thus A gets, say four strokes on the round from B, and he agrees to take his strokes between certain holes; if under these conditions A holes in six, and B in five, that hole is halved—A's extra stroke allowing him to reckon *one less* than B; and in this manner the play of the less-skilful golfer is brought to a level with that of his opponent. Brown and Jones start, then, to play a round, say of the St Andrews links, which, as we before said, consists of eighteen holes. Their caddies 'tee' the balls, or, in other words, place each on the top of a pinch of sand, to offer a conspicuous mark for the starting stroke—this, be it known, being only allowed for the first shot; as for subsequent shots, with certain rare exceptions, the ball must be hit where it lies, however awkward the situation. Brown places himself in position opposite his ball, grasps his play-club—the longest club in his set—keeping his eye on the ball, swings the club slowly back and sharply down, and has 'struck off his tee-shot.' Jones does likewise, but with less skill; so his ball does not go the distance of his opponent's, which requires him to play the 'odds' when he comes up to it. Aiming in the direction of the hole they are approaching—the second hole—Jones plays the odds, and Brown the 'like.' In this manner, the players arrive within proximity of the hole, both having played an equal number of strokes, say three; fifty feet intervene between Brown's ball and the hole, and as he is further from it than Jones, he plays the odds. This short stroke he accomplishes with his 'putter,' a short-shafted, stiff club, and lays his ball within ten feet of the hole. Jones also takes his putter, and carefully surveying the 'lie' of the ground, that he may 'borrow,' if it be sloping, plays the 'like,' and, by well-judged strength, lies three

feet from the hole. Again Brown essays the hole, and misses at the odds; while Jones holes at the like, and scores one.

Away they go again, Brown having cleared a gaping bunker or sand-pit some fifty yards ahead; Jones, alas! having swiped into it. But here begins the science of the game, its joys and woes; for, in reality, the golfer knows no joy equal to that of escaping 'hazards' by well-judged strokes—no grief so severe as losing a match by hugging them! Though inwardly chagrined at his mishap, Jones puts his best face on the matter; he seizes his sand-iron—a short stout club, with a scooped iron face—and, with a skilful jerk behind his ball, frees it from 'grief,' and lands it on the green. 'Play two more,' shouts Brown; and taking his long spoon—a wooden-headed club, with the face slightly scooped—our friend Jones drives forth his gutta from its not too favourably lying position—a swingeing shot!

'Never mind,' observes Jones's caddie; 'we'll maybe halve the hole yet.'

In the meantime, Brown addresses himself to his ball, which is lying in a 'cup,' or small hollow, and, with his short-spoon, plays 'one off two'—or, in other words, two strokes less than Jones has played. The unfavourable position of his ball, however, has not admitted of his doing any great wonders, and not being up to his opponent's third stroke, he again plays—'the like.' Both men have now played three shots, and it is Jones's turn to play. He lies about a hundred yards from the hole, with another of those bunkers *intervening*; but he is 'good at the cleek,' so he takes that little straight-faced iron-headed tool, and, by a beautifully played shot, and admirable strength, 'lofts' his ball over the bunker, and drops it some twenty feet from the hole. This is rather a staggerer for Brown, who had piqued himself upon having it all his own way when playing 'one off two.' He is forty yards from the hole, with a few bushes of gorse or whins between; he too, therefore, takes a club somewhat similar to the cleek, and jerks his ball—oh, ye fates of golf!—into the bushes. Dismay sits upon his countenance—placid sympathy (?) upon Jones's. Still, however, Jones's ball is furthest from the hole; so he plays the odds again, and curls away to within a foot of the hole. Brown jerks his ball out of the whins with his iron, and lies a dozen feet from the hole, on the other side of his opponent's ball. Cruel chance—a *stiny*! He cannot reach the hole at the odds, for Jones's ball 'stops the way,' and Jones is in at the like, and wins the hole!

Here let us remark is an illustration of the 'glorious uncertainty' of golf, and of the old saying, that 'a hole is never lost till it is won.' Jones started amidst difficulties, and ultimately was victorious; Brown led off in triumph, but ended in grief.

And thus have two of the eighteen holes been played, sufficient, we hope, to give our non-golfing readers some idea of the mode of practising the game. In a few words, let it be understood, that on St Andrews links, more especially than perhaps on any other golfing course in Scotland, each hole has its peculiarity of position, and requires *finesse* and judgment on the part of the player, to negotiate it in a moderate number of strokes. Long driving, and straight direction, are great requisites, as the player is, by them, enabled to clear many hazards into which a shorter driver might fall; the 'short game'—coming into play when the ball lies from a hundred to one hundred and fifty yards from the hole, is an essential requisite towards success; and no less so is the 'quarter-game,' when sixty or seventy yards intervene. As a general rule, experienced golfers excel in the quarter-game, while tyros fail completely; and some who have grown gray in the service are deadily at the 'putting' alone. Good quarter-game

and putting, are held in greater repute than long driving, for though the 'tremendous swiper' may gain a stroke upon his adversary between every hole, still the wonderful 'lofts' and cunning 'puts' of the other, *tell in the long-run*.

Our friends Brown and Jones have started to play against each other, in technical language, 'a single'; this, when repeated for several rounds, is hard work, especially with such swift walkers as they are. For our part, we prefer playing in a 'foursome'—that is, two against two, each playing alternately. A foursome is easier work, and admits of more 'chaff' and fun than a single—hence is more usually played than the latter on long rounds such as St Andrews.

Previous to 1857, the members of golf-clubs had been content to compete amongst themselves for some annual medal, set of clubs, or other prize; or, at most, had been in the habit of sending friendly challenges to other clubs, to test their respective prowess. At length, however, the happy idea of having an annual tournament at which every club might compete, was originated, and carried into execution for the first time on record last year. A circular was forwarded by the committee of the royal and ancient golf-club of St Andrews to every known club in Great Britain, inviting it to select two of its best players to come forward on the 29th day of July, to compete for the prize. The idea was warmly seconded, and accordingly the principal clubs forwarded two of their best men on the appointed day. The rules drawn up for the occasion were simple and concise. Competing clubs paid L.4 towards purchasing a handsome piece of plate, with golfing device; each pair of representative members played throughout as partners against another pair, forming a series of foursome matches; opponents were drawn by lot before each start, club against club, the winners of the first set of matches being drawn in the same manner for the second set, and so on till but one winning couple was left. The matches consisted of the best of thirty holes; and in the event of matches being halved, both couples were drawn again for the next set. An umpire was appointed, whose decision, in cases of dispute, was considered final, he being guided by the rules of the St Andrews golf-club; and the club represented by the winning couple was considered the champion club till the next tournament, and entitled to the prize.

St Andrews, Blackheath, Prestwick (Ayrshire), Musselburgh (Mid-Lothian), Bruntsfield and Burgess (Edinburgh), North Berwick (Leven), and many other clubs, sent their chosen pairs; and on the appointed day the grand struggle began. The battle waxed 'fierce and long,' mettle against mettle, skill *versus* skill, science against science; and after many beautifully played rounds, the Blackheath club-men alone remained, to whom the prize was awarded. The weather was extremely fine; and the tournament having received so many stalwart men into the lists was, as usual, graced by ladies, whose presence, as the local papers said, added not a little to the gaiety of the scene.

So successful was the first tournament, that it was resolved to make it annual; but the *modus operandi* was somewhat changed this year. Instead of inviting two members only of a club to compete, the committee invited any amateur golfer in Great Britain to enter the lists, upon his paying one guinea towards 'the cup'; and further, it was agreed that the prize should belong to the winner himself, instead of the club to which he might happen to belong. This was decidedly an improvement upon the method adopted in '57, as it was calculated to produce the finest play from individual golfers; and, moreover, would secure to the winner the honour of being champion of the

year. As expected, so did it turn out. There probably was never seen at St Andrews three days of better 'single' play than that of the 28th, 29th, and 30th of July. Many of the competitors ran their opponents close enough to 'tie,' or halve, on more occasions than one; and then there was nothing for it but to draw again for fresh opponents. Two rounds were played the first day, fourteen couples starting for the first tilt; thus fourteen men were put *hors de combat* (barring the ties) at the end of round No. 1; at the end of No. 2, seven men; and so on, till, on the afternoon of the 30th, three alone remained. Now, it was necessary to draw lots who was to be the odd man, and who were to be the competing members of the trio, the odd man having the advantage of waiting till the victor of the other two was ready to play him. The fortunate man, exempted from playing in that round, but at the same time standing out till the next bout, beheld the struggle between his two less fortunate-favoured competitors, and next day went in with the conqueror for the grand finale that was to settle the day. At 11 o'clock on Saturday the 31st, the teeshots were struck off, and away went the sole surviving pair, followed by a crowd of onlookers. Hole after hole was taken and halved and taken, without any great advantage on either side. Leven was striving against Edinburgh for the championship; and great was the interest upon the 'event' by the backers on both sides. Seventeen holes were played when the game stood *all even, and one to play!* They arrive within a few yards of the last hole 'the like as they lie.' Twice before have the same pair played a round and tied, and so might they again, but for his favouring Edinburgh, and throwing out his wily fighting opponent by but one stroke! And thus was the second golf tournament fought.

IN A GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY.

You, the general public, remember doubtless that I have had difficulties to contend against for these last six or seven years, in getting private tutors for my boys. In the advertisement-sheet of the *Times* newspaper, and under the head of 'Education,' you cannot but have often perused that rather compact statement, just within the five-shilling charge, of exactly what is wanted in the tutorial line by A. Z. in Derbyshire: '*In a gentleman's family at a picturesque village in the north*—I put in the word 'picturesque,' not at all because the prominent feature of the place, which is singularly bleak, is a tumbledown old grassy, upon a very unproductive moor, but because I thought it might attract a draughtsman; in which case my boys would gain an accomplishment, in addition to the usual branches of education, which yet should not be an extra—'an opportunity of making himself *very useful*'—the idea which that happy turn of expression conveys is, it is right to state, borrowed from the classics; but the phrase is all my own—'is offered to any gentleman of character and attainments in the capacity of tutor to three intelligent youths. For information regarding salary, &c., &c., apply to Rev. A. Z., Puckin, Derbyshire.'

I had some conscientious doubts about referring inquirers to those initials, on account of my surname not beginning with a Z, and of my Christian name being William; but these were overruled by my wife. She objected strongly to my real address being given in the paper, lest it should be supposed—so she argued, and I am not bound to find her reasons, but only to render her obedience—that I was connected with the public press.

'Never,' said she, 'let me see you so forgetful of what a stock I come of, as to put your name in the columns of a newspaper, William.' Nor, indeed, am I likely to forget it, since I am reminded of it every day!

my life. It was a great blow to my good lady's importance when Mr Donald Macdermot of Glengarithcoe, N. B., having answered the advertisement and our requirements, came down to Peakton from his Highland eyrie and ancestral home. He gave us to understand that he was in his own country a personage of great power and dignity, three generations at least in advance (or rather behind) any southern pedigree. He would have preferred, as he confided to his pupils, to have been called by his territorial name of Glengarithcoe had not its inconvenience to our English tongues been too tremendous; but he was known, among ourselves, by a title conferred upon him by my daughter Georgiana—the Macdermot, as conveying in some degree an idea of the singular and almost ferocious animal which he really was. My wife's ancestral pride was grievously wounded by the assumption of this gentleman from North Britain, while her moral dignity, as you shall hear, received, at the same hands, a shock from which she has never completely rallied.

The young man had been with us for a month or two of spring-time; and the first summer day had just arrived when I was awakened from my afternoon nap in the library by a succession of agonising screams from my wife and daughter. I heard them scamper up-stairs into my bedroom, and lock and double-lock the door, after which they began to scream afresh with undiminished vigour. I instantly flew to their assistance on the wings of a husband and a father; but it was long before the hysterical indignation of the ladies would allow them to find words to explain themselves.

'We suddenly came upon Glengar-gar,' sobbed my wife.

'Yes,' interrupted my daughter, 'upon the Macdermot at the corner of the gravel-walk.'

'Yes; and what do—do—do you think, William,' continued her mamma; 'there he was, this beau-beau—beautiful tutor of yours without any'—

'Yes, papa,' corroborated Georgiana, 'without any at all.'

'Without any what?' cried I impatiently. 'Speak out—what had he not got?'

'No tut—tut—tut—trousers on,' exclaimed the wife of my bosom, relapsing into hysterics.

At this moment, 'Papa, papa,' shrieked my second son from without, in an ecstasy; 'there's Donald Macdermot, Esq., walking about in the costume of his native land; and the cook and the housemaid have locked themselves up in the cellar; and he has almost put poor Gus to death for laughing at him.'

The young man coolly informed me, in his defence, that he always wore the kilt in hot weather, and recommended me to discard 'trews' myself, and take to a shepherd's plaid petticoat of black and white, such as would be appropriate to a clergyman. This reprehensible style of dress (which he persevered in), joined to the fact of my offspring acquiring under his tuition at least as much Scotch as Latin, caused the dismissal of the Glengarith man from my unworthy roof.

Mr Donaldson Adams, who succeeded the young Scottish chief, was of a very different order. He was the best scholar of his years, and indeed a better than any old or young whom it has ever been my lot to know. He had carried off all the honours that were open to him at his university, both classical and mathematical; and yet he wore them as lightly and as gracefully as a wreath of flowers. How we managed to get him for a hundred guineas a year was always a marvel to me; and the reason which he gave for his acceptance of so humble a post, was itself most eminently characteristic of his beautiful nature.

'I love retirement,' said he, 'and domesticity; and

good as to say so) is more to me far than the applause of senate-houses. I have had enough of ambition. Here,' he would say, laying his thin white hand upon the head of that one of my three boys who chanced to be most convenient—'here lies my future duty, and it is one that is inexpressibly dear to me.'

My wife averred that it was quite a privilege to have such a young man as Mr Donaldson Adams in our house. Georgiana raved about him to that extent, that I had to remind her that, although when house and land are gone and spent, learning might be most excellent, still it was better to have house and land to begin with; and that Mr Adams, however eligible in other respects, was not, in his present circumstances, the man for my son-in-law. The families in the neighbourhood expressed themselves indebted to me for the introduction of such an Admirable Crichton into the county. Nay, he completely cut out the pet Puseyite curate in the market-town among his own female disciples; and the member for the borough himself spoke to him in public, affably, upon two distinct occasions.

Mr Donaldson Adams was indeed at the apex of his popularity at the very moment when the whole edifice of it came down with a crash. If he could but have managed to hold on to his tutorial position for another six weeks, I think it as probable as not that he would have received a piece of plate; but this he could by no means do. The restraint which he had put upon his disreputable nature for half a year could be no longer maintained. He cast his slough of respectability, and came out, harlequin-like, when you least expected it, in his own proper colours at once.

My watch, my wife's watch, the cook's watch, Bob's silver mug, given to him by his godfathers and godmothers on his baptism, Gus's opal ring left to him by his great-aunt—everything of value, in short, which he could possibly get lent to him upon any pretext by anybody, Mr Donaldson Adams had pawned at various county-towns within a radius of sixteen miles from the rectory. He was so good as to write out a neat and accurate account of the respective places where each of these articles was to be found, and to leave it upon my study-table, when he departed at three o'clock on a certain morning, after having received his quarter's salary overnight. It would wring my heart to recapitulate the many crimes of that abominable young man. It is sufficient to state, that in him I nourished a serpent of the worst description in my bosom, and that he took advantage of that situation to pick my pocket of a very considerable sum. There was nothing true in the account he had given of himself in answer to our advertisement, except his statement of his university career, which was one-half correct—the half which related to his honours; the dishonourable part, containing an expulsion and other matters, he kept religiously to himself. 'His worst he kept, his best he gave,' as the poet sings; and I am sorry to say, recommends in addition. He certainly was, however, an admirable scholar, and taught my three boys of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years old, respectively, to make the neatest cigarettes that ever I saw, and to smoke them.

Our advertisement was answered many times after that without our getting suited. Mr Adams had, among other wickednesses, caused a domestic rupture between myself and my wife. She had the hardihood to observe, with reference to that young person, that what had occurred was all my doing; that she herself—she even went to that length—had seen how things would be from the beginning; and that I 'ought to have known.'

'Good,' replied I; 'in future, madam, you shall

Like that well-known political nobleman who has been said to be ready to undertake the superintendence of any department of war or science at ten minutes' notice, my wife is impressed with a full sense of her universal fitness, and she accepted the post upon the instant. She examined the different candidates who presented themselves at the rectory, as teachers of the young idea, just as she was accustomed to interrogate the applicants for her housemaids' situations—namely, with her hands behind her, and with an expression of countenance at once suspicious and patronising: it was long, therefore, before each party came to terms. Mr Joseph Buttamuth, a washed-out individual of a whity-brown complexion, and with unreliable knees, was at last the lucky man. He was so young that he was not only whiskerless, but had not even the down which gives the promise of whiskers; he could not be said to walk so accurately as to shamble; he termed his future pupils, to their great merriment, 'the boyth,' and when I asked him if he had ever taught boys before, he answered: 'Yeth, thir.'

Nevertheless, it is but right to say that Mr Buttamuth fulfilled all the tutorial duties that were required of him; it was not in the bond that he should be a conversable companion to me, as well as a teacher of my children; still, after Mr Donaldson Adams, poor Buttamuth did certainly seem a most uninteresting companion after the ladies had left the dinner-table, and not the less so, perhaps, that he had been chosen by my better-half. However, he was harmless. Our character and our watches in his hands were safe at least. He never came down to breakfast with a black eye in the morning, and the excuse that he had the misfortune to sleep on his flat. He was simplicity and guilelessness personified. For example, speaking to him one day of his chances of promotion in the church, for which profession he was steadily qualifying, I made use of the expression: 'If you play your cards well, you may be a bishop;' to which the unsophisticated young fellow rejoined: 'Ah, thir, but the misfortune is that *I don't know how to play cardth.*' Photography was his only joy. He took my own likeness from every possible point of view, in canonicals and in *deshabille*, on glass and on paper. He took my wife and daughter, and the three 'boyth,' and the servants, full length and half length, full face and in profile, individually and in groups. My daughter Georgiana was instructed by him in this delectable art. Fool that I was, to think that all was collusion and innocence, instead of being design and camera obscura! One day—a capital day for photographing, what he called, in his absurd jargon, 'a white day,' but which I do not consider 'a white day' by any means—while he was taking a 'negative' of my daughter, he proposed to her at the same time, and she gave him an affirmative. The whole thing, as Mr Buttamuth had the effrontery to tell me afterwards, was almost 'simultaneous' (another of his ridiculous terms); everything was then settled, except the asking the consent of her parents—the drying process, I suppose—which they put off till after their wedding. Mr and Mrs Buttamuth are now trying in a Westmoreland curacy the problem of a frugal marriage on L.120 per annum; and they have already, to enhance the experiment, a couple of baby 'boyth.'

BRIDE-WAINS AND BIRTH-CAKES.

From a very interesting paper called *Ancient Customs and Superstitions in Cumberland*, read before the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, by Mr Craig Gibson, we learn how it was possible to marry upon less than 'three hundred a year' in the Lake country. 'The sports at these bride-wains were racing—by horses, donkeys, and

men—wrestling, fencing, leaping, and other athletic games, of which the Cumbrians have always been passionately fond, and in which they still excel. After the ceremony, these, with eating, drinking, and, of course, dancing, filled up the day and night; but the characteristic feature of these meetings was the manner of carrying out the object for which they were drawn together. The bride, seating herself in some conspicuous situation where she would be passed and seen by all the multitude of guests—say, on their way to or from the refreshment-tables—with a large wooden platter or pewter dish in her lap, invited contributions from all and sundry. All contributed according to their means, and many very liberally; so that when the expenses were paid, a sum would remain sufficient to enable the parties interested to make a respectable start in housekeeping.' Nor were these couples so poor, it seems, but that they entertained their neighbours upon occasions of importance. 'After marriages, we legitimately come to the customs connected with births. Of these, the only one I have remarked as being confined to Cumberland is the fashion of making, for the regalement of gossips and callers, a compound called room, or rum, butter; I am not certain which name is correct. It is a concoction of butter, sugar, spirits, and spices; and when eaten in the orthodox manner, with crisp oaten cake, is not so disagreeable as might be supposed. The quantity consumed in some country-houses, after the arrival of each little stranger, is something quite wonderful, especially in the more thinly peopled localities, where, as would scarcely be surmised, the number of congratulatory visitors is always the greatest. The humble dwelling in one of the fell dales, of a worthy clergyman who has reared twenty-one children on an annual income of less than L.70, has witnessed the preparation and consumption of forty-two stones of this Cumbrian dainty, or twenty-eight pounds at the birth of each child.'

CHILD-PHILOSOPHY.

Sister, the rain-drops as they fall
Upon the summer leaves,
Are like the sad, low, whispered call
Of some soft voice that grieves.

Yes, brother, yes; no rain-drops fell
In Eden's happier years,
Till sin and sorrow broke the spell,
For they are angels' tears.

Sister, I often think at night,
When on the stars I look,
They seem like faces sweet and bright
In some great picture-book.

Yes, brother, yes; the stars look forth
From out the quiet skies,
And smile upon us in our sleep,
For they are angels' eyes.

Sister, the rainbow on the cloud,
Reflected in the sea,
So endless and so beautiful,
Is like eternity.

Yes, brother, yes; the rainbow's arch
Doth teach us wondrous things,
For 'tis the light of God's own smile
Upon the angels' wings.

Sister, look on the calm blue sea,
And yon fair line of light,
Is that the pathway to the sun,
Dear heaven's own portal bright?

O brother, yes; and may we rest
When we have ceased to roam,
For ever blessing, ever blest,
There, in the angels' home!

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MY BABES IN THE WOOD,

WHICH was the title jocularly given in ours, to an interesting young family, reared this summer in a hole in the trunk of a venerable apple-tree, at the corner of the garden. Children, shall I tell you their history? 'beginning at the very beginning,' which you know you like?

It was towards the end of May, and our garden was becoming a perfect aviary. It is a very old-fashioned garden, stocked with ancient fruit-trees:

Apple and pear, and plum and cherry,
Or anything else to make us merry,

as many a bird sang, or meant to sing: with luxuriant undergrowth of currants, gooseberries, raspberries, running almost wild. In this paradise are admitted neither guns, nor traps, nor bird-nesting boys; so we presume it is well known to all our feathered neighbours; and that they mention it to one another privately—under the rose, or the hawthorn-bush—as 'a most desirable place for house-building.'

We had concerts gratis all day over, mingled with chirpings and squabbings among the sparrows, the most quarrelsome birds alive; and a few inextinguishable 'rows' of a general kind, after which a cuckoo would be seen flying, in her lazy, heavy way, from the scene of dispute, pursued by a great clamour of lesser birds. Mrs C., however, seemed indifferent to public opinion; would settle herself on a tree in the field, and indulge us with her soft, plaintive 'Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!' till she was tired.

Nest-building was at its height—namely, the tree-tops. The most important mansion was owned by a pair of anonymous birds—I believe of the thrush species, though they did not sing. They had gone about their domestic affairs so very quietly that the family were nearly fledged before the nest was discovered. Afterwards, for days, they gave me no little disquietude. I used to be disturbed at inconvenient seasons, from work or talk, by the misery of these big ungainly birds—they were nearly as large as pigeons—which kept flying frantically about the garden, and screeching discordantly, all because a curious but perfectly well-intentioned lad was peering into their nest. If my pet cat happened to lie in sleepest innocence on the parlour window-sill, these indignant parents would swoop fiercely past him, close enough to have pecked his eyes out, and sit screeching at him from the neighbouring tree. He never took any notice; but since feline nature is weak, from the day that the nest was vacated, and more than one newly fledged youngster was seen hopping awkwardly about

under the gooseberry-bushes, I was kept in mortal fear lest he should walk in at the window with a young thrush in his mouth. No such disaster happened; yet, I confess, that when the thrush family finally disappeared, it was a great relief to my mind.

My next friends were a pair of tom-tits, which took possession of a crack in the wall, underneath my bedroom-window. Their privacy was extreme. It was a mystery how they contrived to creep in and out of a hole, apparently not big enough to admit a large blue-bottle fly; and their little family must have been reared in very cramped lodgings. Nobody ever saw the young ones, for it would be impossible to get at them. Yet it was pleasant of a morning to watch the old birds flying to and fro, hanging a moment outside of the crack, and then popping in. They were very pretty birds—the papa especially—a most natty little fellow, delicately shaped, with a glossy blue-black head. After feeding-time was over, he used to go and sit on the nearest tree, in sight of his domestic establishment, brushing up his feathers, and singing 'tit, tit, tit,' the utmost he could do. When at last this worthy little couple vanished—children and all—I decidedly missed them from the crack in the wall.

But of all my garden families, the one most cared for was that I have to-day lost—my babes in the wood. Let me resume their history.

It was about the end of May, when in my daily walk before breakfast—which you will find is the very best hour for observing birds or anything else in nature—I found that, whenever I passed a particular corner, I always startled some large bird, which flew away in alarm. At last I saw it—beak, head, and all, emerging from a hole in a half-decayed apple-tree. It was a black-bird.

'So, my friend,' said I, 'you are evidently bent on settling—a very laudable proceeding—and you shall not be disturbed.'

Therefore, though I passed the tree twenty times a day, and each time out flew a bird, for many days I generously abstained from taking any notice of the busy little house-builders. At last, after watching one of them scramble out of the hole—the hen-bird probably, as she was large, clumsy, and brownish; it really is hard that the female of most birds should generally be so much less good-looking than the male—I ventured to look in. There, with some difficulty, I saw, a foot or more deep in the hollow tree, four bluish eggs.

Considering them now fairly settled in house-keeping, I took every opportunity that their shyness

allowed, of becoming acquainted with the new-comers. Soon I knew them well by sight, and they certainly had a fair chance of reciprocating the compliment. Gradually, they shewed less fear; and though that peculiar cry, half twitter, half screech, which seemed used as a signal of alarm between the parents, was still uttered, it was not in that shrill pitiful anguish which really makes one feel that

To rob a poor bird of its young,

or even to make it apprehensive on the point, almost transforms one, in one's own conscience, to an ogre killing a baby.

The old birds were a goodly pair. Mr B., as I named him, was an uncommonly handsome little gentleman—jet-black, with the slenderest figure, the yellowest bill, the brightest eyes; quite a beau among black-birds. But with all his beauty, he was the most attentive of husbands, and the most cheerful and musical. He had great richness and variety of song, made distinct turns and trills; nay, I once heard him execute a distinct shake on two notes. He never tired of singing. Lying awake one night, I heard him begin with the dawn, loud as ever; and in showery weather, his exuberant carols lasted all day long.

But the treat of treats was to watch him perched on the topmost spray of a poplar, not yet fully in leaf, so that his delicate shape was clearly discernible against the sky; and listen to him in the still June evening, singing to his wife and family a song that almost brought the tears into one's eyes, to think there should be such a happy creature in the world.

Meantime, the world jogged on as it will; and all sorts of things were, week after week, happening to everybody in it, while, peaceful in his garden, which no doubt, he looked upon as his own personal property, currants, raspberry-bushes, and all—

That blithe and indefatigable bird,

Still his redundant song of love and joy preferred.

Mrs B. I rarely saw—not even when looking down into the nest, though she was probably there all the while, brooding dusky and motionless over the four eggs. You may have noticed that nothing alive is so absolutely motionless as a hen-bird sitting on her nest. You may go up to her, almost put your hand upon her, and not a feather will stir; hardly a twinkle of the bright observant eye will betray her consciousness of your presence, or the maternal agony which at the last minute, and not till then, drives her away by the mere instinct of self-preservation from her rifled home. I wonder how any boy, who ever had a home and a mother, can take a bird's-nest.

I thought the eggs a long time hatching; but that was Mrs B.'s affair, not mine. One fine morning, passing the apple-tree, I heard a chirp, weak and faint, but still the chirp of a living thing, and felt as pleased as—well, as most people are when silly, young, helpless things of any sort are newly introduced into the business of this world. But the parents flew about so wildly, and appeared in such a state of mind, that I had not the heart to frighten them further by looking into the nest. Next day, in their absence, I did so; and lo! four wide-open mouths—mouths and nothing else—stretched themselves up from the bottom of the hole, in true infantine fashion, clamorously demanding 'something to eat.'

'My young friends,' thought I, 'your papa and mamma are likely to have a busy life of it, if this is your behaviour on the second day of your existence.'

But the third, fourth, and all following days it was just the same. I never saw any young creatures—including kittens and babies—so incessantly and preternaturally hungry. As soon as my step was heard passing, arose from the heart of the apple-tree that eager 'chirp, chirp, chirp,' and there were those four gaping beaks, or sometimes three, one having apparently had its worm and retired content—ravenously appealing to me for breakfast. Very flattering—to be mistaken for an old black-bird!

In process of time, my 'young family,' as they were called, grew wiser and less clamorous; but still, they always chirped when I looked in at the nest, and their parents, seeing no ill follow, became more at ease, even familiar. Many a morning, as I sat reading under a tree, about three yards off, Mrs B. would come and sit on the bough within a few inches of her nursery, and hold a soft chirping conversation with her little ones, while her husband was practising his florid music on the topmost branch of the tree. They were a very happy family, I do think, and a pattern to many unfeathered families far and near.

One night in June we had a terrific storm. The thunder, close overhead, rolled through the heavy dawn like parks of artillery; the rain came dripping through the roof and soaking in at the window-sills. We afterwards heard, with no great surprise, of churches struck, wheat-stacks burned up, and trees in the next garden blasted by the lightning; but amidst all these disasters, I grieve to confess, one of my most prominent thoughts was: What will become of my young black-birds? For their hole being open to the sky, I expected the torrents of rain would have filled it like a tub, and drowned them, poor wee things! in their nest.

How this did not happen, I even now am puzzled to decide; whether the rain soaked safely through the wood, or the parents, turning their wings into umbrellas, sat patiently over the opening of the hole till the storm was passed. But next morning, when I paddled through the dripping garden to see if they were alive, there they were, all four, as perky and hungry as ever! And at noon, a stray sunbeam piercing into their shadowy nursery, gave me a distinct vision of the whole family, sound asleep, packed tightly together with their heads over one another's backs, not a feather ruffled—they had feathers now—among the whole brood. What could they for thunder-storms?

They now thrived apace. Once, coming suddenly round the corner, I saw on the edge of the hole the drollest little head, all beak and eyes, which looked about for a minute, and then popped down again. Doubtless, the eldest of the family, an adventurous and inquisitive young bird, desiring to investigate the world for himself—after which he and the rest were probably well scolded by the old black-birds, and advised caution; for sometimes the silence in the nest was such that I thought they had all flown. I caught sight of the four little yellow bills and twinkling eyes.

Still, one now might daily expect their departure and I own to an uncomfortable feeling at thought

the empty nest, until an incident happened which reconciled me to the natural course of things.

One morning, at our railway station, I overheard two of my neighbours conversing.

'Yes,' said one, 'they are very great annoyances in gardens. I shot this morning a fellow which no doubt had his nest somewhere near—a remarkably fine black-bird.'

'Sir,' I was just on the point of saying, 'was it my black-bird?—have you dared to shoot my black-bird?' and a thrill of alarm, mixed with a sensation so fierce that I now smile to recall it, passed through me, and remained long after I became aware of the ludicrous impossibility of expressing it. If I could I have given 'a piece of my mind' to that stout middle-aged gentleman—who went on saying what a good shot he was, and how many birds he usually killed in his garden of a morning—he might not have gone into town to his office so composedly.

The wrong he did, however, was to some other 'young family,' not mine. I found them chirping away, neither fatherless nor motherless. Mrs B. was hopping, stout and matronly, among the apple-branches, and Mr B. caroling his heart out in his favourite cherry-tree—where, probably, he feasted as contentedly as our gunpowder friend would on lamb and green peas in the merchants' dining-rooms.

My happy family! That was my last sight of their innocent enjoyment. The same evening, two warning voices insinuated cruelly: 'Your black-birds are flown.'

I denied it. Not ten minutes before, I had heard their usual sleepy chirp, before they were quiet for the night, at the bottom of the hole. I wanted proof.

'We can give it. We poked'—

'You didn't surely poke them with a stick?'

'No!' cried the accused criminals. 'But we dropped a gooseberry down into their hole. We heard it fall, and not a chirp—not a stir. Now, not even your black-birds could have received such an unexpected visitor—a large, hard, green gooseberry—without giving some sign of surprise. Depend upon it, they are flown.'

They were not. Next morning, I both heard and saw them again, snug as ever, or so I believed. But a few hours after, taking advantage of the bright noon sunshine pouring direct on it, I looked deep down into the familiar hole. There was the nest, neat and round, and there, in the middle of it, reigning in desolate grandeur, was the large gooseberry!

'My young family is gone!' said I, rather sadly, when, having peered in every garden-nook, and found no sign of them, I came indoors.

'O yes, they left the nest an hour ago. The boy helped them out. They had got to the top of the hole, and couldn't get further; so he just put his hand in and gave them a lift, and out they flew.'

'All four of them?'

'All four—and as big as their parents.'

'And they have not been seen about the garden anywhere?'

'Nowhere. They just got out of the nest, and away they flew.'

So that is the end of my story.

I hope my 'young family' are enjoying themselves very much somewhere; that they find plenty of fruit, and worms, and sunshiny weather; above all, that they take care to keep out of the garden of my warlike neighbour taking his early morning rambles in company with a gun. But my garden, I confess, is a little duller than it used to be; and for some

weeks to come, I shall probably prefer other corners of it to that which contains the empty cradle of my Babes in the Wood.

ADVENTURES IN THE INDIAN REBELLION.

IN almost all the published experiences of our suffering countrymen during the eastern mutiny, we behold them a small band of aliens, sprinkled over an immense tract of subjugated country, about whose inhabitants they had little knowledge, and scarcely any care; content, so long as the profession of native obedience was made in bowing of heads and raising of arms, to believe all was well, and only not scouting the warnings of the more prudent, inasmuch as they seemed visionary rather than timid. The life of Europeans in India was, to say truth, for the most part frivolous and thoughtless enough, and as the calamity which befell them was one of the most tremendous in the history of revolts, so perhaps the victims themselves were the least fitted, by previous experience, to bear it. It is almost unnecessary here to say that they nevertheless did bear it—both men and women—with a fortitude which would have become a sect of Stoics. A very few men, however, chiefly civilians, had long looked forward to the time when some such outbreak as the present must needs occur, from causes of much older standing, and of much more real importance, than heterodox cartridges or missionary colonels, but which at the same time it would have been inconvenient and expensive to rectify. One of these sagacious persons was Mr Edwards, judge of Benares, and late magistrate and collector of Budaon in Rohilcund, whose *Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion** we have now before us. Of this gentleman Sir Charles Napier writes in his *Indian Misgovernment*: 'As far as a not more than ordinary acquaintance gives means of judging, he is a man with most able and extended views of policy; and there is no one who more staunchly protects the natives against injustice and insult.'

The sepoys forming the Bareilly garrison had just mutinied, massacred the Europeans, fired the station, broken open the central jail, which contained nearly four thousand of the most desperate characters in India, and were in full march upon Budaon, to join the treasury-guard there, and to burn and plunder the town. Several indigo-planters and others had at once fled to Mr Edwards for protection, who himself was utterly defenceless, and had nothing to congratulate himself upon except the comfortable thought that his wife and child were safe in the hills.

'I was satisfied,' says he, 'that as long as I was alone I could provide for my own safety, having numbers of friends in the district able and anxious to protect and shelter me; but they were unwilling in any way to compromise their own safety by granting an asylum to the others; more especially as some of the party were at feud with the people of the district, in consequence of having purchased estates, sold under harsh circumstances, by decrees of our civil courts.'

'To the large number of these sales during the past twelve or fifteen years, and the operation of our revenue system, which has had the result of destroying the gentry of the country and breaking up the village communities, I attribute solely the disorganisation of this and the neighbouring districts in these provinces.'

'By fraud or chicanery, a vast number of the estates of families of rank and influence have been alienated, either wholly or in part, and have been purchased by new men—chiefly traders or government

officials—without character or influence over their tenantry. These men, in a vast majority of instances, were also absentees, fearing or disliking to reside on their purchases, where they were looked upon as interlopers and unwelcome intruders. The ancient proprietary of these alienated estates were again living as tenantry on the lands once theirs; by no means reconciled to their change of position, but maintaining their hereditary hold as strong as ever over the sympathies and affections of the agricultural body, who were ready and willing to join their feudal superiors in any attempt to recover their lost position and regain possession of their estates. The ancient landed proprietary body of the Budaon district were thus still in existence, but in the position of tenants, not proprietors. None of the men who had succeeded them as landowners were possessed of sufficient influence or power to give me any aid in maintaining the public tranquillity. On the contrary, the very first people who came in to me, imploring aid, were this new proprietary body, to whom I had a right to look for vigorous and efficient efforts in the maintenance of order. On the other hand, those who really could control the vast masses of the rural population were interested in bringing about a state of disturbance and general anarchy.

Mr Edwards determined to put in his lot with the rest of his fellow-countrymen, and with three or four companions and a faithful Afghan servant, Wuzer Singh, fled across the Ganges towards Futteghur. After receiving much doubtful hospitality, checkered with one piece of real kindness from an old pensioner of the government, who refused any recompense for his hospitality in these terms: 'You are in far greater need than I am now, who have a home, whereas you are wanderers in the jungles; but if ever your raj is restored, remember me and the little service I have been able to render you;' after many insults, only not breaking out into actual violence, the fugitives are attacked in earnest; their guide and guard, Mooltan Khan, assures them coolly that he pities them from his heart, but that the people in a certain village wherein they have rested have determined to murder them; the little party mounted at once, and Mr Edwards leads the way on an excellent horse which he has the good-fortune to have under him.

'I was some way in front, and riding along by the wall of the enclosure in which the house was situated, and not far from the gate, when the mob opened fire upon us, with savage shouts and yells. How I escaped I know not, for the bullets were rapping into the wall all about me; but my horse, becoming very restive under the fire, plunged so much that they could neither hit him nor myself. Turning round to see what was going on behind me, I saw Mr Donald senior, without his hat, trying to get out of the crowd, and a number of men rushing in upon Mr Gibson and striking at him with swords and sticks.

'I now noticed Mooltan Khan and our escort galloping off, leaving us to our fate. My only chance was to attempt to rejoin them; so I called out to Mr Donald senior, to follow me, and drawing my revolver, put my horse right at the crowd as hard as I could go. They opened for me right and left, and I passed close to poor Mr Gibson: I shall never forget his look of agony, as he was ineffectually trying to defend himself from the ruffians who were swarming round him. I could render him no aid, and was only enabled to save myself through the activity and strength of my horse. Once or twice, I was on the point of shooting some of the fellows, but refrained; thinking that threatening them with my pistol was more likely to deter them, as when once a barrel was discharged, they might close in upon me, fancying that I could no longer hurt them.'

Mr Edwards and two others arrive safe—if that

word can be used of any man under such circumstances—at Dhurumpore, Hurdeo Bukah's fort, where they find a large body of fugitives from Futteghur. All the party, however, with the exception of Mr and Mrs Probyn, their four little children, and Mr Edwards himself, return to that town, relying upon the fidelity of the 10th native infantry, and are all massacred (save two), either in their passage down the river to Cawnpore, or afterwards at that dreadful place. The mutineers insist that Hurdeo Bukah shall give up his unhappy guests to their tender mercies; but the old Rajpoot chief gives his right hand to Mr Edwards, and pledges his honour for their safety—only at the same time requesting them to leave the fort for a village three miles off, where some connections of his own would receive them.

'We accordingly gathered together our bedding and a few things for the four children, and started: Mrs Probyn carrying one child, I the baby, Wuzer Singh a third as well as my gun, and Probyn's servant the fourth child. Probyn himself carried his three guns and ammunition. How thankful did I feel at that moment that my wife and child were, as I hoped, safe in the hills, and that I had to face alone these alarms and perils.'

Even this miserable refuge is presently denied them; and they are directed to flee into the jungle to a village that would presently become insulated by the rising of two rivers, and to leave the poor children behind them. This last demand they positively refuse to comply with, and at length the whole party are permitted to depart together; the journey, however, was a terrible one, and when they arrived at its termination, Runjpoora (the place of affliction), the scene was indeed calculated to inspire despair.

'As we came up, no one was moving in the village, all being yet asleep. One of the thakoors roused up the chief man, a wild-looking Aheer, who pointed out to us a wretched hovel, which he said was for the Probyns. It was full of cattle, and very filthy; the mud and dirt were over our ankles, and the effluvia stifling.

'My heart sank within me, as I looked round on this desolate, hopeless scene. I laid down the poor baby on a charpoy in a little hut, the door of which was open, and on which a child of one of the herdsmen was fast asleep. Poor Mrs Probyn, for the first time since our troubles commenced, fairly broke down, and wept at the miserable prospect for her children and herself. Probyn was much roused, and remonstrated with the thakoors, saying: "If there is no better place for us than this, you had better kill us at once, for the children cannot live here more than a few hours—they must perish." In the meantime I had looked round, to see if any arrangement could possibly be made for sheltering them, and, observing a little place on the roof of one of the huts, pointed it out to Wuzer Singh; he immediately scrambled up, and having examined it, called out that it was empty, clean, and dry, and a palace compared with the place below. I mounted up with his assistance, and was overjoyed to find a little room, clean and sweet, and with apparently a water-tight roof.'

Here these eight persons (Wuzer Singh being still with them) established themselves, and remained for a long period surrounded by the saving waters. From this place, Mr Edwards is enabled to send two letters, each enclosed in a small quill, so as to be held in the mouth of the messenger, to his wife at Nym Tal, and to a friendly native at Bareilly.

'I had but a small scrap of paper—half the fly-leaf of Brydges on the 119th Psalm, which happily we had with us—on which to write both notes. Pen or ink I had none, and only the stump of a lead-pencil, of which the lead was so nearly exhausted that only a

little atom remained quite loose. I at once commenced my writing; in the middle, the little atom of lead fell out, and I was in despair. At last, after much searching in the dust of the mud-floor, I found it, and contrived to refix it in its place sufficiently to enable me to finish two very brief notes, about one inch square; which was all the man could conceal about his person, or would consent to take, as it was reported that the rebels were in the habit of searching all travellers for letters or papers, and had already killed several who were discovered with English letters on them.

'When the notes were ready, I got a little milk, and steeped them in it, to make the writing indelible, and then put them out to dry in the sun on a wall just outside my room. In an instant a crow pounced on one and carried it off—it was that for my wife. I, of course, thought it was gone for ever, and felt heart-broken with vexation; as I had no more paper, nor any means or hope of getting any, on which to write another note. Wuzeer Singh had, unknown to me, seen the crow, followed it with one of the herdsmen, and after a long chase of about an hour, saw the bird drop it, and recovering it, brought it back to me uninjured.'

The poor little baby was of course the first to sink under the terrible privations to which the party now became subject; to save it was impossible; 'our fear was if he died in Runjipoorah, it would be impossible to get a dry spot in which to bury him—all the country being flooded to a considerable depth, except the sites of the houses.' A little after this, another of the children perished.

On Sunday, August 2d, there arrives an unexpected visitor. 'I was roused this morning before dinner by a noise in the enclosure, and on looking up saw a tall spectral-looking figure standing before me, naked except a piece of cloth wrapped round his waist, much emaciated, and dripping with water. I recognised him as young Mr Jones, who, Hurdeo Bukah had informed us, had been saved from the boat captured by the sepoys.'

He has a story to tell enough to curdle the blood of any listener, but we have no room to repeat it here. On the ensuing day the messenger from Nynee Tal comes back with a welcome answer; he had concealed Mr Edwards's letter to his wife 'in the interior of a bamboo walking-stick, and knowing that this would be most likely seized and examined, he cracked it across half-way up, so that if taken from him and broken, it might give way at that exact part, and the portion in which the letter was concealed remain sound and escape detection.' All this occurred exactly as had been anticipated, and the little note reached its destination. The messenger related that the lady was dressed in black when she received it, but immediately afterwards went away and put on a white dress.

On Sunday, August 30, after passing some three months in hiding, the fugitives, now consisting of six Europeans, determined to embark for Cawnpore—by this time reoccupied by the British—in a boat provided for them by Hurdeo Bukah. During the first twenty miles of their course down the Ram-gunga, they ran little risk, as the chief's influence sufficed so far to protect them; but for thirty miles beyond, and after the junction of that river with the Ganges, their danger was great indeed: they pass by the scene of the massacre of the Futteghur fugitives, still inhabited by the murderers, with beating hearts; they reach a ferry where the stream narrows very dangerously. 'Except the boat at this and other ferries, there was nothing floating on the Ganges. Instead of the fleets which for the last fifty years had been passing up and down without intermission, not

one which had escaped from Futteghur, and of whose fate we were in the utmost ignorance. The unusual sight of a boat rowed rapidly down-stream, with a number of armed men on the roof and deck, attracted immediate attention, and we hardly dared to hope that we could safely pass this ferry. As we approached the place, our guards got their cartridge-boxes handy, and their powder-horns by them, all ready if required.

'We were, as we expected, challenged and asked who we were, and told to stop and pull inshore. The thakoor replied that he was taking his family down to Tirrowah Pulleeah, and chees not stop. A voice called out: "You have Feringhees (English) concealed in that boat; come ashore at once." "Feringhees on board," was the ready answer of the thakoor, Pirthee Pal; "I wish we had, and we should soon dispose of them, and get their plunder." "Stop, and come ashore," was repeated; but by this time, owing to the rapidity of the stream, we had floated past.'

Upon Dhunna Singh, a friend of Hurdeo Bukah, the fugitives depended for their safety during the latter part of this perilous voyage. In a desolate spot opposite this man's territory they wait for hours in a most terrible state of anxiety and suspense, but at last he comes in person and joins their company; his guards give out, in answer to all challenges, that the passengers within are his own family being taken down to a famous bathing-ghat close to Cawnpore. The enemy upon the bank, however, are often unsatisfied with this, and insist upon having a reply from the chief himself, whose peculiarly harsh and powerful voice never fails to convince them of his identity. 'On we went without interruption for some miles, when the stream carrying us close inshore on the right bank, we came, on rounding a point suddenly, on a considerable body of people, some bathing, and some sitting on the bank. On Dhunna Singh replying in the usual manner to their challenge, what was our delight and surprise to hear the party, who were completely deceived about us, earnestly warn Dhunna Singh not to proceed much further down the river, as he would in that case inevitably fall into the hands of the Gora log (Europeans), who were in force in Bithoor, and would kill all in the boat. Dhunna Singh, with his usual presence of mind, affected great alarm at this intelligence, and winking coolly at me as I lay inside the covering, eagerly inquired of those ashore where our troops were posted, and how far we could proceed down the stream with safety. He was told the exact spot; and then, saying he would avoid that point, and cross to the Oude side of the stream, told the rowers to give way. We shot rapidly away, and thus escaped a most imminent danger. So near were we to the party on shore that Probyn and I each caught up one of the children and kept our hands on their mouths, lest they might speak or cry out, which would have betrayed us at once, and we must have been lost.'

In passing Bithoor, they had another narrow escape; but at length Cawnpore itself is seen in the distance. 'Soon after, we came upon a picket of Sikhs posted near the old magazine. This was the most joyful sight our eyes had seen for many a weary day and night. The party, not imagining that by any possibility the boat could contain friends, came down to oppose us, and were capping their muskets to fire, when Wuzeer Singh hailed them in their own dialect, informing them who we were. The native officer in command, and all the men, then came forward to congratulate us on our escape; at which they seemed as heartily rejoiced as if they had been our own countrymen. They told us to drop down the stream until we came to the camp where our troops were entrenched, which we should know by a steamer being

hour reached the landing. After some trouble, owing to the violence of the wind and strength of the current, we succeeded in making our boat fast to another alongside the steamer. Then, indeed, with grateful and overflowing hearts, we stepped on shore, feeling that at last we were saved and among our own countrymen.

Surely never was a more exciting voyage than this, or one with a more delightful termination. We have no doubt that this part of the book will be the most eagerly devoured by the public; but the whole volume, from beginning to end, is interesting in a very high degree.

THE MOUNTBANK.

III. THE TRAVELLERS' REST.

THE door of the Travellers' Rest always stands hospitably open, as is becoming in a roadside house of entertainment. On this particular stormy night, the snow came drifting in furiously; and the wind, whistling along the wide passages of the old-fashioned public-house, disturbed the whist-players, who were enjoying their usual evening rubber in the little bar-parlour. Mrs Dawson, from her *sanctum* (the bar), where she sat in attendance on her customers, observed this, and called out to the servant:

'Bet, my lass, thou mayst shut the front-door; we shall ha' no more visitors to-night for certain; nobody would venture out in such a storm; so get thy supper, and to bed wi' thee—thou hast to rise early to-morrow. If the morning turns out fine, we shall ha' lots o' fair-day folk here by seven o'clock.'

Betty went to obey her mistress's orders, but immediately rushed back, screaming with terror, and crying out: 'A ghost, a ghost!' she took refuge in the kitchen, slamming the door after her, to keep the spiritual intruder at a respectful distance.

'A ghost! why, what does the silly wench mean?' said Mrs Dawson, as she put her knitting down, and came out of the bar to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary conduct. On arriving in the passage, she might have echoed Betty's cry—that is, if she, too, had been given to a belief in ghosts—for there, leaning for support with one hand on each doorpost, stood a figure ghastly to behold!—a man, gasping and struggling for breath; his eyes bloodshot, and glaring wildly around; his hair matted and dishevelled; shoeless; and, in such a bitter night as that, wearing only the thin garments of a street-tumbler, and those saturated with snow. At last, the mountebank had reached the Travellers' Rest, whose friendly lamp had guided him to the door.

'Bless me!' cried the landlady, 'here's a poor chap that looks as if he was dying. He's one of the show-folk, I see. Come in, good man; don't stand there—come to the fire; thou seems perished.'

The mountebank essayed to accept her hospitable invitation; he staggered forward a few steps; uttered, in a hoarse whisper, the word 'water,' when a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell heavily, face downwards.

The house was all astir directly; the rubber came to a sudden close, and the village doctor, who was one of the card-players, hurried out to the sick man's assistance. With the help of the other members of the whist-party, he raised the patient up, and bore him carefully into the bar-parlour, where he

was deposited on the sofa. Joe Ostler, and Betty too, now that her fears of 'the ghost' were dispelled, hastened to offer their services in his behalf.

'Blankets made quite hot, Betty! Warm water and a sponge, Joe! A glass of weak port-wine, Mrs Dawson!'

Such were the doctor's hurried orders; in compliance with which, the persons addressed disappeared instantaneously, and returned anon with the appliances above named. Every one present lending a hand, the hot blankets were quickly spread, and the insensible form of the mountebank enveloped therein; his mouth and eyes were sponged unceasingly for many minutes, but no signs of returning consciousness appeared.

'I'm afraid the poor fellow's gone,' said the sympathising Mrs Dawson.

'No, no,' replied the doctor, 'but he's in imminent danger; he has burst a blood-vessel, from over-exertion, apparently. We'll try the effect of the *negus*;' so saying, he slowly poured a small portion of it down the patient's throat. With much difficulty, the latter contrived to swallow it. It somewhat revived him, for presently he opened his eyes, and gazed inquiringly at the anxious faces assembled round his couch; the doctor took this opportunity to administer a second dose; and having laid the stranger in as easy a posture as he could, began to make his arrangements for the night. Taking the patient's dangerous condition into consideration, he resolved to sit up with him all night. Mrs Dawson and Joe Ostler volunteered to watch too; and it was agreed upon that, at six in the morning, they should be relieved by the other members of the party. Fain would the good-natured trio of card-players have remained all night; but this the doctor would by no means allow; so, with many kind wishes for the invalid's speedy recovery, they took their departure. Betty retired to rest; and Mrs Dawson brought the doctor a stiff tumbler of his favourite beverage (brandy and water, hot); also a glass of strong rum-punch for Joe, 'to help him to watch.' It didn't produce the desired effect though; for Joe, tired out with a hard day's work—he was ostler, boots, gardener, and waiter, too, sometimes—after tossing off the steaming potion, leaned back in his chair, and fell fast asleep. Mrs Dawson employed herself in knitting a stocking, and sipping green tea; the doctor, with his feet on the fender, was soon deeply immersed in newspaper politics; and the mountebank slumbered uneasily. This was the state of affairs in the little bar-parlour until three o'clock, when suddenly the patient started up, seized a chair which stood near him, waved it over his head, and finally balanced it on his forehead by one leg, exclaiming in a hoarse voice: 'Bravo, bravo, Alf! A capital pose that! Ha, ha, ha! We shall soon eclipse Risley and Sons! Bravo! Now, little Midgkins, it's *your* turn! Now for a somersault! Here goes!'

Suiting the action to the word, he was about to precipitate the chair across the room, and through a large looking-glass which hung over the mantelpiece; when the doctor, being on the alert, woke Joe with a hearty kick on the shins, and, by their united efforts, they wrested the chair from him, and forced him to lie down.

'Joe,' said the doctor, 'run across the road; ring the surgery-bell as loud as you can till my young man answers it, and tell him to send me a composing-draught.'

Joe hastened away on his mission, while the doctor and Mrs Dawson held the patient down, and tried with soothing words to calm his agitation, but in

vain. He trembled violently, his eyes flashed fire, and he raved unceasingly about his boys—his darling! about hunger—poverty—snow—the workhouse—death!

Joe reappeared with the draught; this the doctor put into a tumbler, and applied to the patient's burning lips, with, 'Come, drink, my man, drink! a glass will drown care.'

The mountebank shook his head; but, on hearing the landlady in a kindly tone add her entreaties to those of the doctor, he said quietly: 'Well, well, Agnes, if you wish me to take it, I will;' and he held out his hand for the glass, the contents of which he drained at once. Its effects were instantaneous: the poor man laid his head on the pillow, and soon slept tranquilly.

At the appointed hour, the gentlemen who had promised to relieve the watchers assembled at the Travellers' Rest. Mrs Dawson, however, declared that she 'didn't feel fatigued—that it warn't worth while to go to bed, for the fair-day folk would be meeting in an hour or two, and that she would rather stay up.' So said the doctor too, and Joe agreed with them.

'Bring breakfast, then, for the party, at my expense,' cried Hopkins, the exciseman; 'and let it be of the best.'

The landlady bustled about, aroused Betty to assist her, and between them they quickly prepared a capital breakfast, to which all present did ample justice. As the meal drew towards a conclusion, the mountebank slowly arose, and assuming a sitting-posture, surveyed the room and its occupants with unfeigned astonishment.

'Well, my man,' said the worthy doctor, 'you've had a tolerably long nap; now, take this cup of coffee, and, if you can, eat a slice of bread and ham; it will do you no harm.'

The poor man made no answer, for he was completely bewildered, but, mechanically, he took the cup in his hand, staring vacantly around until he chanced to see the portly form of the landlady, who was presiding at the breakfast-table, when, with the speed and force of lightning, yesterday's incidents rushed in a crowd upon his memory. 'This is the Travellers' Rest, then,' said he. 'Don't you remember me, Mrs Dawson? You used to call me Belphegor, because, like him, I was a mountebank, and, like him, had a pretty wife and a family.'

'So it is, I declare,' replied Mrs Dawson; 'it's the father of them two lovely boys as were here last fair.'

At the mention of his boys, the sick man's face became absolutely livid with fear, and his lips quivered as he gasped forth: 'My children—are they safe?'

There was a dead silence, for the dreadful truth flashed upon every one present. The father had been compelled to leave his darlings on the moor, exposed to the fury of that terrible tempest, while he sought aid in their behalf. The doctor was the first to speak; 'We'll hope so, my good friend.'

'Hope? Are they not here? Speak!—quick! quick! quick! You won't answer me. O my boys! Dead!—dead! Wretch, inhuman wretch that I was, to abandon them!'

Again the benevolent doctor was the spokesman; he hastened to assure the unhappy father that immediate search should be made—tried to cheer him by expressing a hope—which he certainly did not feel—that the children would be found safe, and promised that everything possible should be done for them.

'It's my delight, of a shiny night, in the season of the year!' roared rather than sung a rough, good-natured voice, as its owner drove up to the inn-door in a light cart.

'There's Tom Whitlock!' exclaimed the mounte-

blanket round him, rushed out of the room, and opened the street-door.

'Whoy, Jem, lad, be that thee?' cried the Yorkshireman; 'I be reet glad to see thee, mun! But what's up? Thee looks mortal pale and thin; hast been badly?'

'Your cart—it's empty, isn't it?' was the hurried reply.

'Ay, for sure,' said Tom. 'I unloaded t' goods down t' fair ground, and now I'm for putting Topsy into t' stable here.'

The party, having followed the patient to the door, now rapidly explained matters to Tom, who, with the characteristic kindness of his countrymen, immediately placed his vehicle at his friend's disposal, resumed the reins, and would at once have set forth in search of the little ones, but that the doctor insisted on the mountebank's having some refreshment before he started. Eat he could not; so he and Tom were each supplied with a dram to keep out the cold; the exciseman lent his large blue cloak to father; the schoolmaster supplied him with a thick woollen comforter; Joe Ostler produced his Sunday boots and stockings, and a warm sleeved-waistcoat; and Mrs Dawson contributed a pair of trousers and a hat that had belonged to her late husband. The doctor having declared that unless his patient consented to put these things on, he should be detained by main force, the mountebank reluctantly consented to allow Joe to equip him in them, although his impatience during the operation amounted to agony. In a few minutes his hasty toilet was completed; Joe assisted him into the cart; the doctor, furnished with wine and other restoratives, took his seat; and the ostler threw in a bundle of horse-cloths and a spade.

'Now, Topsy, old lass, as quick as thee canst!' shouted Tom; but the depth of snow rendered speed impossible. All the inmates of the Travellers' Rest, except its mistress, followed; not a word was spoken; suspense is generally silent. The travellers had proceeded nearly four miles without finding any traces of those whom they sought, when suddenly the mountebank, who had hitherto been perfectly motionless—if we except a quick, nervous twitching about the corners of his mouth—hastily clutched the doctor's arm, whispering: 'See! see!—there!' The doctor looked in the direction indicated by his patient, but shook his head. The dim gray of the morning presented nothing to his gaze but one unbroken surface of snow; his vision was not sharpened by parental love and fear. The father now attracted Tom's attention to the same spot, and bade him drive that way. 'See! see!' said he—'their grave!'

'A snaw-drift, loikely,' replied Tom. 'Keep up thy heart, mun; we'll soon see what it is. Get along, Topsy! Gee! gee! lass!'

As they neared the place, every one perceived, indeed, a mound of snow, presenting exactly the appearance of a grave; and to complete the resemblance, there stood a headstone.

'On! on!' said the father. 'O Tom, drive on! How slowly we get along!'

At last they stopped; the mountebank pushed aside the hands extended to assist him, leaped wildly out of the cart, and stood for a moment silently contemplating their grave. Joe took the spade, and began removing the tall white heap that looked so like a headstone. In a little while, having shovelled away a quantity of snow, the top of a large drum became visible: at sight of this, the mountebank's face was alternately flushed and pale, pale and flushed. Keen anxiety marked the countenances of the whole party, and all eyes were so intently fixed on Joe's operations, that none had observed a recent addition to their number. It was a woman—young, fair, and of an

shadow, had whispered to her the sad tale of her children's luckless fate; and leaving the two younger ones to the care of a neighbour, she had set out for Eglintorpe, resolved to know the worst. Softly she went up to the mountebank, gazed mournfully upon his altered countenance—for illness and anxiety had done their work—and pressing his hand affectionately, she said: 'Husband!' The effect of that one word was truly magical. The unhappy man, whose eyes were burning with fever, and whose pent-up grief was driving him to the very verge of insanity, was now relieved by a copious flood of tears. 'Gently, gently,' cried he, as Joe began to dig away the snowy mound which, it was now certain, covered his children—'gently! Don't disfigure my pretty darlings.'

Joe threw the spade down, tenderly drew away with his hands the remainder of the snow, and revealed to the expectant parents the lifeless forms of their dear offspring. There they lay, as in a tranquil sleep. Alfie's right arm encircled his little brother's neck; his left hand grasped firmly the collar of the old coat in which they were enveloped, and it was evident that to the last the loving boy had striven to pull the garment tightly round Midgkins to shield him from the cold.

'Dead, dead!' cried poor father, with a groan of anguish: 'I knew it.'

Mother fell on her knees beside her little ones, and covering her face with her hands, wept bitterly. The doctor lost not a moment in parleying, but stooping down, began chafing Alfie's frozen limbs. 'Joe!' said he abruptly, 'the wine! look sharp! There's hope yet.'

What sweet music was in that simple sentence! music that stayed the torrent of mother's tears, and caused father's countenance to beam with hope. Half-a-dozen pair of willing hands were soon employed in using every means suggested by the doctor for the resuscitation of the young sufferers. Happily, their earnest endeavours were crowned with success; for anon, Alfie half-opened his eyes, and on seeing his father bending anxiously over him, he said—somewhat indistinctly as one speaks in a dream: 'Father, have you come to fetch us?'

'Yes, my love—yes,' replied father.

'But where's Midgkins?' murmured Alfie. 'I thought I had my arms round him!'

'Your brother's quite safe,' interrupted the doctor; 'but, no more talking now, wait till you're stronger.'

'Look! he's breathing freely, and moves his hands,' said mother, referring to Midgkins—to whom she and Yorkshire Tom had been directing their care and attention. The doctor now gave orders that the boys should be wrapped up in the horse-clothes, and desiring their parents to get into the vehicle, he placed the little ones in their arms, and whispered to Tom to drive on, as fast as he could, for that much remained to be done before he could pronounce the young invalids out of danger. Moreover, he dreaded the effects of the keen morning air on the frame of the mountebank, shaken as it had been by the excitement of recent events. Arrived at the Travellers' Rest, every means that kindness and experience prompted was put into requisition for the behoof of the distressed family—warm baths, good beds, in short, all that her house afforded. Mrs Dawson freely placed at the doctor's disposal for their advantage, and was rewarded by his declaring, on the following day, that all that his patients now required was plenty of 'kitchen physic,' seconded by good nursing.

These two important adjuncts to the physician's skill were not wanting on the present occasion, for the kind landlady was indefatigable in her superintendence of broths and jellies for the invalids; and as for nursing, why, mother was there. The consequence was, that in a few days the doctor discontinued his visits.

'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,' so said Shakespeare. With the subjects of our tale this 'tide' had now set in, and that which all their professional talent had failed to achieve, accident proved for them—notoriety, the very life of public professors in whatsoever department they may be. The newspapers that week published accounts of the 'unprecedented escape' of the children; men who made a scanty livelihood by bawling through the street recitals of the various casualties that on daily befalling their fellow-creatures, were heard in every town retelling the substance of the foregoing narrative, with sundry additions, alterations, and new observations. The mountebank, as Byron phrases it, 'awoke one morning and found himself famous.' He received a letter from the manager of one of the London minor theatres, with an offer to Mr and the Masters Lethbridge of £5 per week, for their joint salary, to perform in a new drama, founded on fact, and entitled *The Snowstorm*; the engagement to terminate when the run of the drama was over. Said 'we' might continue only three weeks, or—if the piece turned out a great hit—might last as many months, just according to the success of the production. The same, post-haste, a modeller in wax-work, who, with father's consent, took plaster-casts of him and his children's heads. Their well-worn professional dress was eagerly purchased by this gentleman, who was away delighted at having it in his power to add to the attractions of his wax-work exhibition 'the like models of the renowned Professor Lethbridge and his Infant Progeny, dressed in the identical apparel worn by them in the late disastrous snowstorm.' Nor was the mountebank less pleased with the five-pound note which was the result of the modeller's visit. He had scarcely left the inn, when a very showy carriage, driven by a very showy gentleman, stopped at the door, and a stout elderly gentleman alighted. His dress was ultra-fashionable, as he was be-jewelled, be-whiskered, and be-ringed à la merveille. He inquired politely for Monsieur Lethbridge, to whom he introduced himself as the director of a celebrated foreign circus, at present located in London. The interview between the parties was short, but decisive, and terminated in the engagement of Lethbridge and the boys by the Professor at a liberal weekly salary, the engagement to hold good for three years certain. The director bailed back to town to set the printer and the bill-sticker to work instantly; and in a day or two London was placarded with gigantic posters, representing a scene, wherein, arrayed in gorgeous Roman costumes, the mountebank appeared, the extreme point of his foot resting on a diminutive glass globe, the other gracefully extended in the air. On his forehead supported, pyramid-wise, his two boys—dressed in Turkish fies and Greek caps—Midgkins, who from the apex, waving in each hand a small flag, emblematic with the arms of France. To complete the picture, father's hands were industriously employed in twining up and catching at least a dozen oranges, and a many formidable-looking two-edged knives—all of this during a heavy fall of snow; not very smart, but highly effective.

Four years have passed away since the mountebank and his family, with tears of gratitude, bade adieu to their generous Eglintorpe friends. Since then, they have travelled professionally, even as far as Constantinople. Last year, having completed the term of their engagement with *Monsieur le Directeur*, they returned to their native country, greatly improved in appearance, manners, and knowledge. All the family speak French and German fluently, and the boys are considered by the best judges to be first-class acrobats, horse-riders, and rope-dancers; consequently,

their services are greatly sought after. They can now command excellent salaries, and, in short, are looked upon in their profession as holding rank A1.

THE FAUSSETT COLLECTION.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

IN thus resuming our article upon the fine Anglo-Saxon antiquities possessed by Mr Mayer of Liverpool, we must not omit to notice one or two other points in relation to the excavations at Gilton, before we proceed to some description of Mr Faussett's interesting labours at Kingston Down and Bishopsbourne.

His Gilton researches brought to light a set of scales and weights; the former small, and not unlike such as are used by goldsmiths at the present day. Mr Roach Smith considers that they were used for weighing the numerous varieties of foreign coin, both gold and silver, which must necessarily have been current in Britain in the early Anglo-Saxon times. The weights were eighteen in number, of copper, and of different sizes. A few of these had been originally Roman coins, and had been clipped, or ground, to adjust them to variations of weight; others had been expressly made for their intended use. In the same grave with these relics, the usual weapons of war were found; thus suggesting, as Mr Roach Smith well observes, that the occupant had laid by the implements of his early vocation to follow a more peaceful and humanising profession. Another object found in one of the graves consisted of part of a small pail or bucket. Mr Faussett conjectured that it had originally formed portions of a shield; but the discovery of a large number of much more perfect specimens since his time, in various parts of England and on the continent as well, has cleared up the point completely. They are always found in the graves of men. The staves, generally speaking, are formed of ash—the favourite wood of the Anglo-Saxons; and the hoops, handles, and other ornamental portions, are of brass or bronze, and in extremely good taste. A beautiful specimen is given in the plates of Mr Akerman's valuable work, *Remains of Pagan Saxondom*; and both he and Mr Wright consider that they were used for bringing ale or mead into the hall—a conjecture strengthened by a passage in the poem of *Beowulf*, and by another in the Anglo-Saxon translation of the book of Judges. As the reader may perhaps be aware, the Anglo-Saxon culture of the cereals for brewing purposes was very large—so generally was beer drunk, that even the serfs were allowed a daily measure; and where rents and dues were paid in kind, as was of course largely the case in all early historic periods, a portion—as the chartularies still extant shew us—consisted of winter-brewed ale under various names. The honey of both wild and domesticated bees was also carefully gathered for brewing mead.

In no less than eight graves, Mr Faussett found, in a perfect or broken state, specimens of glass urns or vessels. They had been placed at the foot of the corpse or coffin, and were for the major part marked by the spiral thread or line, which is so distinguishing an ornament of Anglo-Saxon glass. For a long time, it was considered in this country that glass-making was an art unknown both to Romans and Saxons; but the disinterment of Pompeii, and the excavation of Roman sites in Britain, have quite set the matter at rest so far as regards the Romans; whilst the opening of so many Saxon graves of recent years has fully proved that the Saxons—probably deriving, in this country at least, much of their knowledge from the Romans—were skilful manipulators, and this with a distinctive style of their own. Led by a

passage in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, who therein relates that Benedict, bishop of Wearmouth, had to procure men from France to glaze the windows of his church and monastery, English historians, till quite a recent date, repeated the worthless fiction, that the manufacture of glass was unknown to the Anglo-Saxons. Even Sharon Turner gives this fable in his own way, forgetting that Bede's disciple, as well as Bede himself, dwelt on a remote north-eastern shore of England, from whence it was much easier to send by ship in search of workmen to France, than to cross miles of trackless morass and dense forests to the cities of Southern Britain. Even centuries after, during the middle ages, the counties of Lincoln and Cambridgeshire were indebted to their sea-board position for the magnificence of the brasses and stained-glass which still distinguish their churches, and which were procured from the Low Countries.

It is probable that some, at least, of the glass vessels found at Gilton and elsewhere by Mr Faussett, were connected with the heathen rites and superstitions which so long survived the introduction of Christianity; but many were certainly drinking-cups, by the rounded or tapering bottom, which fits them for the hand, but unfits them for standing upright. This was a favourite shape for the Anglo-Saxon drinking-cup, as we see by the illuminations in the missals, gospels, and manuscripts which have come down to our time; and that these existed in abundance, we may judge by the number found in all tumular excavations of the Anglo-Saxon period. Towards the close of the last century, as many as thirty were found at one time at Wodensborough in Kent; but so little value was set upon them, that they were used commonly in the kitchen of the farm upon which they were found. Only one of them, therefore, has reached our time. There was another form of drinking-cup, quite peculiar to the Saxon fabricators of glass—that in which they are adorned with two rows of hollow protuberances or claws, for the purpose of handles perhaps. They are more curious than elegant; but the type was spread over a wide area, as examples have been found both in France and Germany, so it is probable that glass-making was carried on, contemporaneously, in the three countries. One great mistake was made by Mr Faussett and other antiquaries of his period: they considered that the iridescent and hazy look which is the peculiar characteristic of so much ancient glass, was due to an artificial coating of what they called, in somewhat alchemist style, *electrum* and *armatura*; whereas this variation of colour proceeded simply from partial decomposition, hastened or retarded by the nature of the soil in which the glass had been deposited. In the case of Saxon glass, this change of colour is more marked than in that of Roman glass, as both it and the Saxon pottery were in all respects decidedly inferior.

Kingston Down, the next scene of Mr Faussett's excavations, forms part of a lovely tract of country called Barham Downs, a ridge of chalky upland lying about five miles south of Canterbury. The tumuli crowned a hill above the little village of Kingston, which, with its pleasant farms and fields, its rivulet or bourn, its lanes, its rich woodlands, and what has been spared from the plough of the tracts of high-lying chalk, is a place, even now, that one would like to choose for a long summer's holiday. Here, in the years 1767–71–72–78, Mr Faussett excavated no less than 308 graves; and the result was, in some few cases, remarkable. From what we may gather, it appears to have been the cemetery of a more rural population than that of Gilton; as compared with the number of graves, fewer warlike weapons were found. Fewer bodies had been encoffined—a circumstance which in itself points to a period either anterior to the introduction of Christianity, or in

the infancy of its promulgation; and the majority of burials seem to have been those of women and young persons—a fact perhaps explained by the withdrawal of the adult male population for the exigencies of war. A good many graves contained little more than bones, with perhaps a rusty knife, a few beads, or other appendages of equally homely character. But, generally speaking, the Saxon cemeteries were used by an affluent people, according to what was then considered as wealth. The question, then, is, what became of the miserably poor—the vast mass of those who were serfs either through the fortunes of war, necessity, crime, or birth? Mr Akerman very justly observes, that even allowing for the obvious destruction of many Anglo-Saxon cemeteries, and of others, the barrows of which, long swept away by spade or plough, may still lie undiscovered beneath arable and pasture lands, there certainly exists no proportion between the places of burial and the known amount of population. The cemeteries received the bodies of those who were in any degree removed from indigence; but we may be certain that for a long period the great mass of the unfree were thrust beneath the sod of the next pasture, or amid the leaves and brushwood of the adjacent forest. With the formation of churchyards in the eighth century, and from the care which the clergy took, for their own sakes, to convince the population of all classes that salvation was to be insured by burial in consecrated ground, a better state of things slowly grew; and however much the propinquity of such receptacles to houses is to be deplored early in the middle ages, and giving rise to pestilent disease, there can be little doubt that the gathering together for ages of the dust of both poor and rich had a civilising and beneficial effect.

Mr Faussett's Kingston excavations had already been productive of some beautiful objects, when, upon the 5th of August 1771, his labours were rewarded by the discovery of the magnificent fibula already spoken of. The grave in which it was found was the 205th of these Kingston excavations, and it was of unusual size and depth. It was that of a female, the wife, probably, of some wealthy thane, whose child seems to have been previously interred therein. The coffin had been of great thickness, and secured at the corners with large clasps and riveted pieces of iron. The skeleton was small, the bones much decayed, and the skull indifferently developed. The fibula was found near the right shoulder. It is formed entirely of gold, is three and a half inches in diameter, and weighs between six and seven ounces. The stones with which it is set are garnet and turquoise—the white substance with which these are varied being apparently mother-of-pearl—and the effect of the garnets is heightened by layers of gold-foil. The reverse of the fibula is also richly decorated; and its safety is provided for by a loop by which it could be sewn to the dress. No mere written description can give an adequate idea of this costly relic of the Anglo-Saxon age; and as there is nothing Roman about it, beyond perhaps the effect of indirect influence, so far as manipulation went, it gives us perfectly new ideas as to the original taste of the Saxons in certain directions, and assures us that their fame as smiths in iron and the more costly metals was well deserved. Mr Roach Smith is decidedly of opinion that this and other fibulæ of a like character, as well as other Anglo-Saxon ornaments, were of home-manufacture, as none of the Frankish or German remains shew a like excellence; and he further adds, that these richly ornamented circular fibulæ seem peculiar to Kent. They are sparingly and exceptionally found beyond the district occupied by the earlier Saxon settlers.

In a previous grave, a fibula of silver set with ivory and garnets, and a pendent ornament of gold enriched

with the like stones, were found; while a subsequent excavation brought to light another beautiful fibula, smaller, but set somewhat in the same manner. The grave we have first referred to in these Kingston excavations, contained, beside its master-piece of Saxon art, a golden amulet for the neck; and amid the fragments of what had once been a box, were two silver fibulæ. There were also the rusty remains of a châtelaïne, an urn of coarse red earth, two brass or bronze pans, a trivet, and a very beautiful urn of green glass. The coffin seems to have been made purposely large to receive many of these things, and altogether it was one of the richest graves opened by Mr Faussett. It is mentioned by his descendants, that the famous fibula was discovered by his son as he superintended the opening of this particular barrow on Kingston Down. On finding it, he carried it with great glee to his father, who was in his carriage hard by, suffering under an attack of his old enemy the gout. Mr Faussett drove off with it, and next day a report was spread that the carriage had been so full of gold that the wheels would scarcely turn! It is added, that in consequence of this, the lord of the manor would permit no further excavations on the downs; but this must be incorrect, as we find Mr Faussett's labours on this site were carried on through two subsequent years. Mr Mayer, like a genuine successor of Bryan Faussett, shews the Kingston fibula with great unctious to his guests, to whom we have reason to say he is the most generous and courteous of hosts. A day or two previous to the delightful evening we had the pleasure of spending amid his treasures of so many kinds, Dr Waagen had travelled purposely from London to Liverpool to see these Anglo-Saxon remains; and many others distinguished by rank, or, what is higher still, by capacity and education, go thither on the same errand. In time, the generalisers of history will go also, to find it one of many garners for the materials of their great work.

Articles of gold were found in no less than six of these Kingston graves; and the evidence which always exists that treasure-seekers have been at work before, proves how great was the amount of the precious metals originally interred, and how intense the superstition which led to such a perversion of common sense. Several causes combined to render the burial of treasure common in early and heathen periods. It was considered a point of honour for an individual to carry as much wealth with him from this world to the next as possible, and it was a recognised duty of the *comites* and household of the chief to sacrifice at his funeral whatever chattels they might have gained in his service. Thus we learn from *Beowulf* that when a chief was buried—

They put into the mound
rings and bright gems,
the gains of noble men:
gold in the dust,
where it doth remain
useless to men,
even as before it was.

When we consider the truly extraordinary number of heathen burial-places which are mentioned in the boundaries of Saxon charters, we cannot doubt that large quantities of the precious metals were committed to the earth. Causes of a more practical nature also wrought their effects: one was the insecurity of the times; another, the want of all kinds of investment for property. The Britons, previous to the Saxons, were great treasure-hoarders; for William of Malmesbury mentions the hoards which were discovered in his day; and the same was a general habit with the continental as well as Irish and Scottish Celts. The charming works of the French antiquaries

savans, and the provincial museums, especially those of the north and north-west departments, give a curious insight into this habit of heathenism; and in so recent a book as Mr Weld's *Vacation in Brittany*—a most delightful little volume—we find that weighty collars, bracelets, and other articles in gold, are still occasionally found in tumular excavations, especially in the wild region covered by the stones of Carnac, and swept by the surges of the Atlantic. In Ireland, accident, as well as research, has brought to light from time to time extraordinary treasures in wrought gold, as the single collection of the late Mr Croker would have shewn; and Scotland, with so much native gold as she originally possessed, fabricated largely for her own races, as well, doubtless, as spared much to distant heathenisms. Of the amount of gold in a rudely wrought state found in this latter country, some idea may be gathered from one of the most readable books we know of in the whole range of antiquarian literature, Wilson's *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, though we decidedly doubt the logic of its subdivisions into material periods.

This similar habit of the Saxons to bury treasure with their dead tended to increase the quantity of gold and silver drawn from general use. At length some conviction of the mischief done to society by this habit led to its reprehension, and also to severe laws against the concealment of treasure-trove. But two powerful circumstances must have modified for a considerable period this growth of common sense: these were the barbarous love of ornament, and the ease with which articles like coins, gems, and rings could be concealed and carried from place to place; and so conquerors, as well as the conquered, were willing to realise their gains in a fashion thus portable. The dignity of each petty king—and for a considerable period each division of Saxon England seems to have had several—was marked by a circlet of gold worn round the head, that of the ealdorman or duke by a like sign; and the free women wore gold, silver, and jewelled pins in the long hair which was the sign of their freedom. After the promulgation of Christianity, the gifts of the laity to the clergy became enormous; and, not confined alone to land and serfs, included jewels, cups, rings, crosses, caskets, and money. Some of the clergy themselves were skilful fabricators of the precious metals, for they were admonished to learn and practise handicrafts; and it is not unlikely, tracing as we do some likeness between the ornamentation of the more beautiful Saxon missals and that of the later fibulae and buckles, that the monks were the fabricators of the richer portion of the jewellery we have record of, though that gathered from the Saxon barrows belongs, with but few exceptions, to the heathen period. One monk was made an abbot on account of his skill in gold-work. The heriots belonging to the king or chiefs comprised not only arms and horses, but gold and silver cups and rings of price. The Saxon wills bequeath a large amount of jewellery. We read of a golden fly beautifully adorned with gems, of gold vermiculated bracelets, golden head-beads and necklaces. The men wore jewelled ornaments even more profusely than the women. Besides armlets and rings, gold and silver were also applied to their sword-hilts, their saddles and banners. The wills also make continual mention of silver cups, gold dishes, and basins. A king in 888 bequeathed his gilt cup, engraved on the outside with vine-dressers, probably, from the design, a relic of the Roman period; and the magnificent presents in gold and silver which the father of King Alfred took with him in his embassy to Rome must have been of enormous value. One Ethelwold, in Edgar's reign, is said to have made a silver table worth £300 in the money of the period.

The question naturally arises, whence did this

enormous amount of the precious metals come? Silver was in a great measure an imported commodity, but gold was the earliest metal known, and was, there can be little doubt, found in this country in great abundance in the early historic ages, though its prolific sources had been worked out by races prior to the advent of the Romans. The hope, however, of obtaining the precious metals was one, among other causes, which led them to the invasion of this country, and they seem to have subsequently worked gold in four localities. 'We have no evidence as to gold-working in the Anglo-Saxon times,' says Mr Calvert, in his clever book, *The Gold Rocks of Britain*; 'still it is probable that it was yet found in small quantities. It could be obtained from the tin streams, and occasionally in nuggets and scales from the rivers of Wales and North Britain.' Analysis shews that the gold found in tumular excavations, is metal obtained from river-washings. The articles are always of very pure gold, and, being softer, could be the more readily worked; for alloys, that might add to the weight or strength of the metal, are the invention of a later day; hence the avidity with which tumular gold has always been sought. The Saxon or Danish barrow was a treasure-house to our medieval kings; and the smelting-pots of far later days have had things consigned to them, whose value, in a historical point of view, was incalculable.

Amongst the greatest rarities of the Kingston excavations, were five large ivory combs: one had been mended, and two were in almost a perfect state, and much like those which are found amongst Roman remains. In one woman's grave were found two ivory spindles; in another, was a Roman *patera* or dish of fine coralline earth. Much of this beautiful pottery seems to have been preserved by the Saxons; and some has descended to our own time. Mr Roach Smith mentions, in his notes, that 'it is not an uncommon incident to find a specimen at the present day here and there in cottages and country-houses in Kent.'

The sherds of bone-urns, or ossuaries, were found in considerable numbers in both the Gilton and Kingston excavations. Many of such fragments were placed one within the other—the upper in the lower—and this with a regularity and care which could not have been the result of accident. They were usually of coarse black earth, varying in size; and their existence shews clearly the interesting fact, that these Saxon cemeteries had been in previous use during the Roman as well as the Romano-British period, and while burning the corpse and garnering its ashes was the ordinary custom. Cremation, or burning, was also a usage of the Teutonic races so long as paganism existed among them; and some curious facts connected with the urns dug up in Norfolk in the reign of Charles II., and which were the subject of Sir Thomas Browne's curious tract *Hydriotaphia*, shew clearly that a body of Saxons were located in that part of Britain as early as the close of the third century. In fact, the Saxons drove, as far as possession went, a wedge into this country, whenever and however they could; and the whole south and south-eastern shore—from what is now Portsmouth to Wells in Norfolk, was, as Mr Kemble shews, more or less colonised by the Saxon race from a very early period. Thus eating their way, as it were, into the heart of a country, whose pastures, forests, and herds were the objects of their longing desire, each tribe, even during the shadows of its pagan state, seems to have used its own peculiar customs, with respect to the dead—as, 'in the cemeteries of Kent and Sussex,' observes Mr Akerman, 'inhumation appears to have been the almost exclusive practice. In Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Northamptonshire, and Gloucestershire, the practice of inhumation and cremation was contemporaneous; whilst in some

districts of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Derbyshire, cremation appears to have been the sole observance.'

None of the wide-mouthed or other urns found by Mr Faussett seem to have been applied to the purposes of cremation, but may have been placed in the graves for other uses, or as relics. The Saxon pottery, distinctly as such, is but a degraded copy of the Roman. 'It wants,' remarks Mr Roach Smith, 'the graceful form of its Roman prototypes; the ornamentation is less tasteful, and its material is very inferior.' Yet it is all marked by the influence of local fashion, for the pottery of Kent differs essentially from that of other counties, and theirs, again, one from each other; so that, in fact, if the Saxons were copyists, they manifested at least the germs of originality. This is a curious fact, and gives a clue to some points of considerable value.

As far as regarded ethnological observations, Mr Faussett did little with his discoveries. He makes some occasional remarks as to the frontal suture in a few of the skulls, as well as to cranial deformity; but he might have elicited much more had the knowledge of his time been favourable thereto; for, considering the very lengthened period which had elapsed since burial, the bones in the Kingston graves, more especially, were in a well-preserved condition. In the hands of one like the illustrious American Morton, the revelations of so many graves as those recorded in the *Inventorium Sepulchrale*, would have served for inductions of the highest value; for, after all, the study of man himself must range higher than man's works, in whatever point of view they be considered.

Excavations upon Sibertswold Down—a high and somewhat solitary district—occupied Mr Faussett at different periods through 1772-8, but the general results are so much like those already described, as to make remark unnecessary. The only objects of novelty were two wooden bowls or drinking-cups of wood, rimmed and strengthened with brass, and one curiously mended. In another grave were some pendent ornaments of great beauty for the neck; and in a third was found a small bronze box, in which were silken strings, wool, and hair, in a state of excellent preservation. About two years previous to Mr Faussett's earliest excavations on this down, some men while ploughing had brought to light various articles of Roman pottery of great beauty; but they had wantonly destroyed them before their master could arrive. This has been only too often the fate of similar treasures.

In the latter year, namely, 1778, Mr Faussett opened some tumuli at a place called Beakesbourne; but the results were not of much account beyond that of the discovery that its site had been used from a Celtic period as a place of interment. His next and final researches were made at Chartham in the same year. The barrows opened proved it to have been a great Saxon burial-place; but at the present date, even these hillocks have disappeared, through the whole down having been brought into cultivation. The discoveries made were not remarkable, though including a Roman stylus or pen, with some remnants of its leather case, and a key of the same period, looking curiously like those of the Chubb locks in present use.

Mr Faussett's explorations at Crundale had, as already mentioned, preceded the others, having taken place in 1757 and 1759. The Earl of Winchelsea, conjointly with the then rector of the parish, had dug there in 1708 and 1713, and brought to light some Roman pottery. An account of this in a local history induced Mr Faussett to turn discoverer. His first diggings were most prolific, his subsequent ones less so. The results consisted chiefly of Roman pottery; though most of it perished during excavation, or fell in pieces almost as soon as found. That which had

been most covered by the chalk was best preserved. What was found included bone-urns, urns of other kinds, pateræ, or flat dishes, bottle-like vessels, and some few things in glass. A portion of the pottery was true Samian; the rest probably of local manufacture. Towards the close of the excavations, remains were brought to light which proved that the later interments had been Saxon.

We have thus faithfully given, so far as mere summary can, some account of the celebrated Faussett Collection, so well known to the *literati* of both this country and the continent. We have necessarily passed over many objects of great interest; but sufficient has been referred to for the reader to perceive that much of Saxon history, Saxon social life, and Saxon usages, is very different in reality from what romances and common-place histories set down. Liverpool will soon possess a museum worthy of this and similar collections; but whether now or in time to come, these Saxon antiquities will not be justly viewed without due remembrance of the enthusiasm and diligence of Bryan Faussett, and the liberality and enlightened patriotism of Joseph Mayer.

THE OLD VILLAGE AND ITS INMATES.

IN spite of railways, electric telegraphs, and all the other annihilators of peace, quietness, and even solitude, there are some quaint rural districts in Old England still—some old villages where everybody does not know, day by day, what all the world is doing; where the villagers are content to dwell from youth to age amid their own people; as primitive as ignorant, as old-fashioned as if the great clock of time had stood still for them since the penultimate peace.

Such is the village of Thyndon. Left between two great lines of railway, five miles from a post-town, with only one 'great house' in its vicinity, and scarcely any country neighbourhood, it is the Thyndon of a century ago, unchanged, and with comparatively little chance of changing.

Of course, being a place in which modern buildings, stones, and mortar are almost unknown, it has a magnificent church, the delight and pride of the village, as well as the admiration of every architecturally disposed visitor. Such aisles, such a chancel, such a screen! You would go far to find any like them. The centre aisle is so wide, that three can walk abreast up it, although the school children sit in double rows on each side, between the pew-does. The monuments are old and singular; the wood-carved pulpit and screen, gems of art; and the vicar is worthy of recalling Milton's delicious lines to memory by the 'dim religious light' which shines in rosy or purple glory through their tinted panes. The belfry, too, is worthy of great admiration, and has a sad story attached to it—too horrible to be given here. Poor Joe Milward! he was as good a husband and father as the village ever boasted, and well beloved besides as a kind neighbour and 'good fellow.' The catastrophe by which he lost his life made people wish that the vacant little cottage which stood close beside the churchyard might have been given to widows instead of to the eldest woman of the village; but the rector could not do as the will of the founder. It must be a more meritorious charity that would come to the aid of the village. Joe Milward; and she was taken care of and provided for, both she and her six little ones, though not that way.

The houses near this glorious church deserve first attention. They are as ancient as the holy itself, and of the most picturesque description. On each side of the entrance stand two small detached cottages, destined—as we have hinted above—the one for the eldest spinster, the other for the eldest bachelor.

of the parish, provided they were of respectable character. A small meadow is attached to each tiny dwelling, which itself looks like a bee-hive, buried amidst green leaves and flowering shrubs. On one side of the church stands the parsonage, a long rambling dwelling with high gable-ends, tall chimneys, and a clock-tower; it also is imbosomed in trees, and covered with ivy. Its quaint old garden opens into the churchyard, and is rich in old-fashioned roses (not standards), lilies of the valley, and all the fair blossoms, now half-forgotten, which perfume, as it were, the poetry of the *Winter's Tale* and *Lycidas*.

Here dwells the good old rector, a widower with one unmarried daughter. The other lives at Merton's End—the 'Home of the Old Ladies' as it is called even now—as a happy and adored wife. But we have something to tell of that fair dame before we quit the time-honoured rectory for her present dwelling, which is also the squire's—a deed so courageous that the village has been two or three degrees prouder of itself ever since it happened.

The squire had fallen in love with the fair Adelaide, and the wedding-day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize-fight which had taken place in the neighbourhood.

That night, Adelaide, who occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had had a long interview with her father, and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since, had packed up her jewels, &c. She was consequently still dressed when the church-clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter wind for many minutes afterwards. Housebreakers were mere myths in primitive Hyndon, and the bride-elect, without a thought of her, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart-complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper: 'You are come,' she said, 'to rob us. Spare your soul before awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise, I beg of you.'

The fellow was astonished and cowed. 'We won't make no noise,' he replied sullenly, 'if you give us everything quietly.'

Adelaide drew back, and let him take her jewels—without a pang, for they were precious love-gifts, marking at the same time that two more masked ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the velvet case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative: 'he isn't going to run a risk, and leave half the tin behind!' She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying: 'I will bring you whatever you wish, if you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you.' The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley, they agreed to the proposal; and then a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl

crossed the passage, and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys, and desk, gave them up to the robbers, who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied, that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out below, but that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate, she followed them down stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid wedding-breakfast had been laid, to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves, and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding-cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed, and joked; and Adelaide, quick of eye and ear, had thus time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together, and glancing at the young lady. For the first time, Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her, as it proved. The leader, approaching her, told her that they did not wish to harm her—that she was 'a jolly wench, reg'lar game,' and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give an alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this she was of course obliged to assent, and then they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family the next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the 'three-fingered Jack' being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his eldest daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition, on the part of the young heroine, to listen for midnight sounds, and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of residence soon effected its cure.

The house to which this strangely preceded marriage led Adelaide, was a fine old mansion, dating its erection from the very days of Elizabeth. A straight drive through two gates, such as is peculiar to the entrance of old French châteaux, leads up to the entrance, on each side of which stand two very old tulip-trees, of unusual size and beauty. There is something very picturesque in the quaint gables, and the bell-tower in the centre between them; and against the side of the house is a wall-dial, the only one of its kind to be seen, perhaps, now in England. Here, on the weather-stained bricks, it has counted the hours of human life for three hundred years.

The last occupants were three aged ladies, whose long residence and venerable appearance gave a new name to Merton's End, which, from their time, has been called by the villagers the Home of the Old Ladies. The eldest of the three was but twenty years

old when she came to live there; she was ninety-five the very day the old wall-dial pointed to her last hour. So long a continuance in so quiet a place might seem to imply a life of unbroken tranquillity, and doubtless the great age to which they attained might have proceeded from the peaceful lapse of time; and yet *they*, too, had a history. There was a tinge of romance about their youth which had coloured their long slow life.

When, in the bloom of early years, they had come to dwell at Merton's End, it had been judged proper—the eldest being only twenty—to place them under the care of a widowed lady, distantly related to their family. Now, it so chanced that this gentlewoman had been educated in Paris, and had there imbibed much of the literary tastes and affectation of philosophy which were the fashion of the day. She delighted in believing herself an English Du Deffand, far superior to the prejudices of her time and country; and read and discussed with great vivacity those gay French writers who, by their wit and sentimentalities, divorced from common sense, were sowing the dragon's teeth of the Reign of Terror. This lady had a nephew—English by birth, but brought up in France—a man about thirty, who held an office in the French court, and was as really learned and witty as his aunt dreamed of being. This gentleman was, soon after their establishment at Merton's End, invited to visit his relative.

One can fancy how gay the old house was in those days—the three fair sisters brightening it with smiles, and glad voices, and merry household ways—and how the neighbouring young squires would ride slowly by, on summer eventides, to catch a glimpse of the young ladies of the manor, as they sat talking beneath the old tulip-trees. It was thought they would soon wed, for they were all well grown and fair, and co-heiresses; and in those days, celibacy was less common than now. There was the old maid of Thyndon itself, and in families, rarely more than one remained unmarried. It was because it was rare, perhaps, that the single state was more marked then than at present; just as people then talked of the beauty of a county or of a ball—probably some damsel who had escaped small-pox—whereas now so many stars twinkle, that selection can scarcely be made, thanks to vaccination and refined education.

But the suitors who already aspired to the favour of the sisters, had small chance of success when the expected guest arrived. Truly, that same Walter Selby was a contrast to the somewhat clownish Nimrod of the vicinity. The man of dogs and horses stood no chance beside the finished French courtier, who preferred ladies' society to the hunt, drank tea with them out of diminutive cups and saucers, understood and appreciated a graceful fashion, and told them fascinating stories of the brilliant world of Paris, with its gaiety, its *bons-mots*, its mesmerism, its mixture of fantastic superstition and bold infidelity: how Marie Antoinette, choosing to wear shoes of a mixed green called *l'uni-vert*, which did not take the fancy of her court, appealed to the judgment of a reverend abbé, supposed to be the very 'mask of fashion'; and how the gallant priest replied by a punning compliment: 'Madame, l'univers [*l'uni-vert*] s'ied bien à vos pieds.' Or he told of the wonderful Count of St Germain, who contrived to persuade the Parisians of his immortality on earth, till he died—he was not dead then—and guest and damsels gravely discussed the possibility of prolonging even to infinitude that life, their own portion of which was destined to drag on till its light and freshness had long perished. What, after such an abbé and such a magician, was the quiet, broad-brimmed young parson of the village, who coloured and stammered at the slightest approach to a compliment; and the country doctor, whose patients died

without at all surprising him. And after this modern Othello, how could they listen to the untravelled youth around them?

The stranger gave a new charm to Merton's End, and, alas! threw an unhappy glamour over its fair inmates individually. Skilled in coquetry, he managed to persuade each that she was the object of his especial preference, the spell which bound him for so long to Merton's End. He had held the hand of one, as if involuntarily, and resigned it with a sigh; another had found him continually beside her in her walks: all three could recall tender glances and soft tones, gentle words, and those indefinable nothings that are the silent language of undeclared affection. Yet no one could be sufficiently certain of his intentions to confide in her sisters, and thus rend the veil of deception. He deceived all three at the same moment—an easy feat, when those betrayed are simple-minded and honest, and the betrayer an experienced swindler of affection.

At length his visit ended, with the promise of a speedy return; and a meaning in each parting clasp of their hands, and farewell in their ear; and for years that return was expected with something of the feeling, as time sped on, of Mariama in the moorland grange. How often did the sisters gaze mournfully across the wide heath from the drawing-room windows, in hope of his coming whom they might see no more! It was this unspoken hope, this secret affection, that caused suitor after suitor to be rejected, till youth glided by, and lovers ceased to woo. The old sun died; the French Revolution had long since shaken Europe—they believed it had somehow occasioned Walter's absence—and the sisters settled down into grave middle-aged ladies.

The eldest, who had been most infected by her tastes, preserved all her life a withered rose Walter Selby had given her, in a painted tiffany-case, and wrote poetry upon disappointed affection; some of which, very yellow, very oddly spelt, and a little lame in the feet, Adelaide has found since she took possession of the old lady's boudoir, or, as she would have called it, 'her closet.'

The others took to lapdogs and parrots; and even the youngest, was the Lady Bountiful of the village. All did good in their several ways, and, however blighted and saddened, were not imbittered by that disappointment. When the tulip-trees, beneath which they had sat in blooming girlhood, were in full beauty than ever, and their own loveliness had become a myth, Walter Selby came to Merton's End once more.

The letter announcing his approaching visit excited quite a sensation in the minds of the quiet ladies. Time flew back, as it were, or at least parted with a quiver of his wings the mist spreading over the past, and the courtier of other days returned so vividly to their mental vision, that it was with a feeling of surprise and unconscious disappointment they beheld a thin, gray-headed old gentleman—an aged parson—instead of the graceful personage they had known of yore. Walter was as bland, as courteous, as well as be-fascinating as ever. The flirt was the flirt still, even in undignified old age; but the days of youthful mischief were gone by. The ladies saw him depart after a brief visit, with friendly feelings, but no hope for his return.

Of the sorrow he had once caused—of the shadow and the solitariness he had brought on their lives, they now retained little perception. They had, by the cheerful habits of content, grown like the wall-flower that only counts the sunny hours; the shadows glided unnumbered by them.

In due time, the beautiful church imbosomed them, and the dial now tells hours of happiness for a young distant kinsman and his bride, the 'Adelaide' of the

rectory; and probably Merton's End will regain its real name once more.

The village is not without a haunted house, of course; but in this case there is a marked singularity in the site of the goblin's freaks: it is the school which is haunted! Nobody knows why, or by whom. Luckily, ghosts shun daylight; and the dame who lives above the school-room has, as she phrases it, 'got used to its ways,' so that many little ones still are taught there, and things go on much as if the ghost were quite an ordinary inhabitant of Thyndon—a harmless eccentricity, doing no injury to any one.

Many an ivy-covered cottage, dotted about in green lanes, or clustering down the single grassy street, forms the remainder of the village; and the inmates of these dwellings are, as we have said, a primitive and old-fashioned people, though they are getting good teaching—which threatens to lay the ghost—at the village-school, and are quietly gliding into the superior knowledge and some of the arts of the present. To those who love that favourite of our youth, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and would fain see something of such as Auburn was in its bright days, we recommend a visit to Thyndon.

MÆCENAS.

O MÆCENAS, thou progeny of Tuscan kings, in thy disconsolate wanderings by the gloomy Styx, thou canst surely hear the piteous wail of a thousand poor writers, who led lives of penury, and died miserably under the debasing system of patronage which thou didst inaugurate with such magnificence! Draw thy little hood tight about thy ears, to shut out the din of these half-starved students and Grub-street hacks! Fold that loose and slovenly robe, which thou didst whilom wear with an ostentatious simplicity, close around thee; and let thy slaves, thy musicians, thy buffoons, and thy beloved poets encircle thee, or perchance these clamorous shades will wreak their vengeance upon thy ghostly person!

Father of literary almsgiving, thou didst little think what a storm thou wert brewing in that lovely tower-crowned villa of thine on the Esquiline Hill, overlooking the smoke and opulence of flourishing Rome, when thou didst begin to pamper men of genius with the flesh of young mules, and wine from the Calenian press! Had you possessed one atom of foresight, you would have perceived the disastrous consequences of your generous hospitality, and would have avoided setting a fashion which would inevitably be burlesqued by your unworthy successors. Had you not crowned the smooth narrow forehead of Horace with roses, Scroggen might have found a more dignified head-dress than a stocking night-cap. Had you not poured out the choicest Cæcuban and Falernian at your banquets, some more kindly fluids than Calvert's butt-beer and Parson's black champagne might have regaled the poets of later times. Had you not loaded Virgil with favours, we should not have heard of great authors being dunned for milk-scores. In a word, had you not elevated the men of letters of the Augustan age, their poor brethren of the last century might have been spared the degradation of petitioning your professed disciples for eleemosynary guineas. Truly, dear knight Mæcenas, you have much to answer for, but you were a right good fellow for all that; and were you still in the land of the living, we know a deserving though obscure literary gentleman who would be proud of your friendship, and who would be content to share even your sober cups of ignoble Sabine wine, and the quiet pleasures of some towerless Islingtonian villa.

Our thoughts have been sent wool-gathering on the Esquiline Hill, by a rare work, entitled *Athene Britannica, or a Critical History of the Oxford and*

Cambridge Writers, which was indited some hundred and forty years ago, by Myles Davies, a Welsh clergyman, who abandoned his Flintshire parsonage, and came to London intent upon making his fortune as a man of letters. Poor Davies! profound scholar, linguist, critic, and politician as he was, he left his simple home as ignorant of the world as one of the sheep of his native mountains. He had to learn wisdom from the harshest of all teachers—experience, and was not long in discovering that this populous London was a very Sahara for a poor scholar who was forced to become the hawk of his own books. These books are now very rare, and are known only to the curious; the British Museum copy now before us, though incomplete, is considered to be a great treasure. The six volumes comprise a history of pamphlets and pamphleteers, a large amount of political and religious lore, and some highly interesting fragments of personal narrative. We value this literary hotch-potch for the vivid picture it gives us of a mendicant author. 'The avarice of booksellers, and the stinginess of hard-hearted patrons,' he writes, 'had driven me into a cursed company of door-keeping herds, to meet the irrational brutality of those uneducated, mischievous animals called footmen, mumpers, apothecaries, attorneys, and such-like beasts of prey.' Samuel Johnson, in after-years, had to complain of the same grievance, so we must not consider Myles Davies's case a solitary one. In vain does the learned Welshman write ode after ode, the Mæcenas of 1716 are poetry-proof: 'These squeeze-farthing and hoard-penny ignoramuses,' as he politely designates them, either refuse to accept his books and odes, or receive them and omit to pay for them, retaining the poor scholar's property *gratis et ingratius*. His account of an interview with his grace of Dutch extraction, upon whose graceship he had written an elaborate ode, is rather too coarse for modern ears. 'As I was jogging homeward,' he observes with pardonable acerbity, 'I found it true that a great many were called *their graces*, not for any grace or favour they had truly deserved with God or man, but for the same reason of contraries that the *Parcae* or *Destinies* were so called, that they spared none, or were not truly the *Parcae*, *quia non parcebant*.' This play upon words reminds us of that pathetic kind of punning which Shakspeare sometimes introduces in his most serious scenes. Davies, though ordinarily a dull writer, grows eloquent under the pressure of his misfortunes. 'I can't choose,' he says, 'but make one observation or two more upon the various rencontres and adventures I met with, all in presenting my books to those I could anyways hear of that were likely to accept of them for their own information or improvement sake; or for the sake of the novelty of the present; or for the sake of helping a poor scholar; or for the sake of vanity and ostentation, which most people are subject to that have a mind to appear great, or more wealthy or learned than others. Accordingly, some persons, as well as other persons, would call and hollo to raise the whole house and *posse* of the domestics to raise a poor crown; at last all that flutter ends in sending Jack or Tom out to change a guinea, and then 'tis reckoned over half-a-dozen times before the fatal crown can be picked out, which must be taken as it is given, with all the parade of almsgiving, and so to be received with all the active and passive ceremonial of mendication and alms-receiving; as if the books, printing, and paper were worth nothing at all, and as if it were the greatest charity for them to touch them or let them be in the house. "For I shall never read them," says one of the five-shilling-piece-chaps. "I have no time to look in them," says another. "'Tis so much money lying dead or quite lost," says a grave dean. "My eyes being so bad," says a bishop, "that I can scarce read at all." "What do you want with

me?" says another. "Sir, I presented you my *Athenæ Britannicæ*, being the last part published." "I don't want books," says he; "take them again; I don't understand what they mean." "The title is very plain," says I, "and they are writ mostly in English." "However," says he, "I'll give you a crown for both, though they'll signify nothing to me." "They stand me, sir, in more than that out of pocket, and 'tis for a bare subsistence I present or sell them; how shall I live?" "I care not a farthing for that," says he; "live or die, 'tis all one to me." "Curse my master!" says Jack; "'twas but last night he was commending your books and your learning up to the skies, and now he would not care if you were starving before his eyes; nay, he often makes game of your clothes, though he thinks you the greatest scholar in England. I could no more do so," continues Jack, "than hang myself. If I had but a shilling in the world, I would carry it five mile to a poor author whose books I esteemed or read." Well done, Jack! The true Mæcenas spirit speaks out from beneath thy plush waistcoat, and puts to shame such miserable pretenders as thy master!

Poor Myles Davies! we know not what became of him. We wish we could hear of him once more at the little parsonage of Trerabbat, but we fear his latter days were too sad to have been recorded.

Literature is in leading-strings no longer; the child has outgrown the go-cart of patronage, and walks alone. Authors have ceased crawling on all-fours, and walk erect before that greatest of all Mæcenas — the public. 'Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?' So wrote brave old Samuel Johnson to his courtly Mæcenas, in that celebrated letter which Carlyle terms 'that far-famed Blast of Doom, that proclaimed into the ear of Lord Chesterfield, and through him to the listening world, that patronage should be no more!'

A LEGEND OF SAINT BEES.

I.

HARD by the Abbey's hallowed walls—
The fame of old Saint Bees—
The mellowed sunshine flick'ring falls
Beneath o'erarching trees,
And glints upon the rose-clad bower
Where Bega sits at noontide hour.

The falcon pluming on her sleeve
Hath not her eyes' dark gleam;
Yet softened now, as tints of eve,
With holy love they beam:
She thinks of him who yesternight
Had knelt him there his faith to plight.

And well that flush of maiden pride
Befts her forward dream;
The noblest chief by Solway's side
Is he, its golden theme!
What foe can scathe, what danger daunt,
Young Edgar, lord of Egnemont?

A league toward the mountain land
The hunter tracks his way
To where yon turrets frowning stand
O'er his ancestral sway:
Beyond the ken o' the warden tower
Is stretched his heritage of power.

No daughter of the castle-halls
From Calder to the Tyne,
But would the race her name recalls
Were blended with his line;
But rank and dowry—all, are vain
To break the spell on Edgar Iain.

The spell of Beauty, in the light
Of youth's empyrean glow,
With tresses like the locks of Night
About a brow of snow!
Meet mansion for the queenly guest—
The soul that reigus in Bega's breast.

And who is she?—The abbess' ward,
A child of Erin's shore;
From life's gay follies self-debarred
And higher fain to soar,
When mortal Love's immortal leaven
Thus touched the heart half-wooded to Heaven!

II.

Is it that Heaven just vengeance takes
To lose a bride so fair,
So soon your dream of joy awakes,
Ye fond-enamoured pair?
Where sunshine lit the rose-clad bower
Now shades of sorrow darkly lower.

War, war's dread tramp, on hill, in dale,
Hath echoed back the call
For Albion's sons, with sword and mail,
To meet by Carlisle wall—
Whereon the royal banners wave
That lead to freedom, or the grave.

Fall many a chieftain's flashing crest
Gleams o'er the long array,
Awaiting there the stern behest
Of Battle's fateful day;
And statelier than his proudest peers
Lord Edgar heads the Cumbrian spears.

Stray news of conflict wildly stir
The lonely maiden's heart;
But soon the tidings come to her
To bid all hope depart:
That from the flying Northmen's track
The chief who led returned not back!

They tell how in the headlong charge
That broke the Danish horse,
'Twas he swept through the serried ranks
O'er steed and rider's corse;
And with threescore true yeomen's words
Had chased till night the stricken horde.

They tell, alas! how that grim night
Closed round a 'wildered band,
Where every blazing beacon-light
Betrayed a foeman's hand;
They tell, how 'mid the watchfires' glare,
Death's grimmer night had gathered there!

Farewell, brave lord of Egnemont!
No more, in field or bower,
Thou'lt wave the sword in battle's front,
Or share Love's charmed hour.
Farewell! and sacred be the shade
Of that lone tomb where thou art laid!

The grave of two unsullied hearts—
The living, and the dead;
For nought, O Bega, longer parts
Thee from the life thou fled!
The bridal veil that decks thee now
Hath fluttered with a vestal's vow!

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WASTE.

A most important inquiry might be instituted, as to the proportion of the industry of mankind which is misapplied, and of its fruits which is wasted. To most people it would be a piece of knowledge of a very startling character. If it could be proved, as the present writer has no doubt it could, that a full third of all that is grown, and all that is manufactured, of all the results of the hard work, and even of the frugality and self-denial, of the British public, is the same as thrown away, and that, under the influence of ignorance, cupidity, and wilfulness, this goes on from day to day, and year to year, without cessation, some good effect ought surely to follow. It is a subject, notwithstanding its importance, remarkably little reflected upon—obviously because the great bulk of men, even of those called educated men, do not know what waste is when they see it.

Without a careful collection of statistics, we cannot of course give conviction as to the amount of waste going on in our country. But something may be done nevertheless. It will be much to impress on the many *what is waste*. Whenever, then, two shops are opened where one might serve; wherever there is a glut of manufactures in a particular direction; wherever anything meets what is called a bad market, and causes loss to the merchant; wherever a joint-stock concern fails to return a fair dividend; wherever a merchant is found losing instead of increasing his capital; wherever a workman *strikes*; wherever a trader fails; wherever damage and destruction of property of any kind takes place—there, there, is waste. Consider how much there is of such things in the world, and how much, moreover, of almost everybody's income goes in things useless or half-useful, unenjoyed or scarcely enjoyed—how much in what is positively hurtful, if not vicious—and you will see what an enormous principle is represented by the word WASTE.

The real wealth of the world is in the fruits of well-applied labour. The material happiness of the world consists in the judicious application and use of the results of labour. The measure in which any community labours diligently and to good purpose, and judiciously applies and uses the results of the labour for support and innocent enjoyment, is the measure of the success of that community in working out the great divine purpose as to the creature man. It may further be said, with equal truth, that wherever labour and its fruits are wasted, there a great contravention of that divine purpose takes place, and thence must proceed, as from all such

contraventions only can proceed, injury, disappointment, and suffering.

We can tell in some large departments of the national economy the amount of waste. The national debt having been incurred for wrong purposes, its annual interest of about twenty-eight millions represents the portion of the annual results of the national industry which goes as waste in consequence of the errors of our predecessors. Reckon up the amount of the sums for which merchants have failed during the year, less the total of the assets presented to the creditors, and you have the sum of the annual waste incurred to the nation through the imprudence, unskilfulness, and unavoidable mishaps of individual traffickers. In the case of a joint-stock company, the degree in which its dividends fall below the average profits of capital, and the loss sustained by the shareholders at its winding-up, if that be necessary, represent the amount that has been wasted. A great bankrupt is simply a great waster. One of the Macdonald species has the honour of reflecting that he has wasted a few hundred thousands in a business which he conducted as a kind of Ishmaelitic war; one of the Waugh type may have the more flattering reflection that he was clever enough to get similar sums of other people's money to waste on his own vanities and sensual indulgences. All, however, was equally waste. The difference between the liabilities and the assets is so much good property wasted, just as much so as if it had been thrown into the sea. Suppose two hundred pounds to be the sum required on an average to bring up a child to manhood, and give him a sound education, it may be a strange consideration to one of the grander class of bankrupts, that he has been the means of destroying and putting out of the world what would have sufficed for the nurture, bodily and mental, of a family of two thousand sons and daughters.

The railway enterprises of our country supply a superb example of waste. Take the princely Great Western as a specimen. It had originally a line of a hundred and eighteen miles, which, being one of the great thoroughfares of the island, could not have failed to remunerate the shareholders. Indeed, it was at one time doing so at the extraordinary rate of ten per cent. But, to keep its ground against competitors, it has been tempted to make branch and side lines to such an extent that its total mileage is now four hundred and sixty-six, or more than triple. These latter lines do not pay, and form so heavy a burden on the main line, as to have, temporarily at least, deprived it of all profit. We see here an outlay of twenty-three millions, and a weekly receipt of

£35,000, yet not a penny of dividend to the shareholders, all receipts being absorbed in working expenses and other charges. If this continues, we must pronounce that twenty-three millions have here been *wasted*, for all the real good accomplished for public ends by this railway company might of course have been secured by an outlay which, from its ample return, would have been completely replaced. The other principal railways of the kingdom are more or less in similar case; and the amount of waste in each instance is to be measured by the degree in which the dividends fall short of a fair profit. The total annual waste to the nation through this cause must be many millions. The continental railways stand in striking contrast, for they are generally remunerative. If we search for the cause of this, we soon find that continental people are, in business matters, slow and pedantic as compared with the English, and their governments only permit a railway to be formed where it is needed. They have few branch-lines, and no competency lines whatever. Rather oddly, our government affects to be very scrupulous about permitting lines which are not strictly required. But it is all a question of money. The English government machinery for the sanctioning of railways can be worked upon by clever pleaders and adroit witnesses to almost any issue. It has only cost the English railway shareholders *seventy additional millions* to obtain parliamentary sanction for the ruinous waste they desired to commit—in itself surely a very magnificent amount of waste. It may be said they half-ruin themselves in buying leave to do so wholly. To all appearance, the impetuous spirit of our countrymen might have been allowed to make what railways it pleased, without any worse result than what has arisen, and the seventy millions might have been spared. But a true remedy for the evil is only to be found in an enlightenment of the public mind as to proper objects for the outlay of capital, and a moral castigation of that spirit amongst us which is perpetually seeking wealth by dexterous anticipations and out-manceuvrings, and reckless damage to others, instead of the fair course of industry. Only look at the policy avowed and acted upon by many of this class of companies. To snatch traffic out of the teeth of some other company, although with small good result to itself compared with the loss to its neighbour, is the highest point of craft in a railway directorate. Is that a kind of work which can ever truly succeed, or deserve to do so? Surely in a professedly Christian land, it were superfluous to ask the question; yet to this policy have the railways of Britain been reduced by the very waste they have committed in the starting.

England has happily overcome one source of waste, and a prodigious one, in her liberation of the industrial energies of the people; but she has another to put under her feet before these energies can be rightly directed or yield truly good results. She must learn to avoid the waste produced by unnecessary competition. It is not to be expected that moral considerations will here avail much; but if it can be shewn that the highest wisdom comes to the same conclusions as a high morality, we may look for some good results. Now, a just political economy can never sanction two doing the work of one, or two outlays being made for a work useful to the public where one outlay is enough. Where the principle of competition passes beyond a fair and reasonable emulation, and goes the length of committing murder, science steps in and tells us that we are abusing a good principle.

To counteract the enormous waste practised in our mercantile system generally, we must look mainly to the supply of a knowledge now wanting in the people. It is literally true that we rarely meet a so-called educated man who knows that money misspent is

money lost, and that the loss of one is the loss of all. The general belief is that money laid out unprofitably, or on vice, is still somewhere—some one, they say, has been benefited by it. Few are aware that, being the representative of so much labour, it becomes, when misspent, so much labour lost—that is, so much money lost. We have such an opinion of our kind as to believe that, if there were true instead of false views on these and kindred points, there would be fewer foolish speculations, fewer foul competitions, and consequently much less waste to afflict and impoverish the earth.

THE KILLING PRINCESS.

WHEN Catherine II. had safely deposited the crown of Poland, with the sixteen northern diadems which the industry and enterprise of her predecessors had collected, in the jewel-chamber of the Winter Palace, her imperial majesty found it necessary to inquire after the revenues of certain domains which had always been considered its appendages. In the late uncertainties of the Polish throne, they had been farmed and superintended by so many hands, that the accounts were in more than ordinary confusion. Moreover, Catherine the Great wanted money, and the Princess Prestovia Nicola Grodzoff had offered to purchase a large estate of the crown-lands situated on the Vistula, in order to build there a southern residence for herself and suite in severe winters.

The princess was one of the richest subjects in Russia. She owned forests in Livonia, fishing-towns on the White Sea, and mines in Siberia. Her family were among the oldest of the Russian nobility; the blood of the ancient czars flowed in their veins, and they claimed a left-handed descent from Ivan the Terrible. Her excellence was accustomed to hunt of these honours, though rather in a private way, for Catherine had too much trouble in getting the czars to tolerate such imperial recollections; so the princess contented herself with publicly mentioning, what occasion served, that she was of the real old Muscovite race, unmingled with any Swedish or German cross. Spiteful people, who had not so pure a stock to boast—and there were many such in St Petersburg—said as much might have been guessed from the Tatar features of her excellency, who, notwithstanding, went further in foreign fashions, jollies, and luxuries than any of the court. Her balls, masques, and dinners *à la Française*, rivalled those of the czarina herself. She kept a French milliner in constant occupation in her palace, had three cooks and two hair-dressers duly imported from Paris every year, that period being as long as any of them could be induced to remain in the service of her excellency kept a French secretary for conducting her correspondence, and talked occasionally of the *verres d'adieu* written in imitation of Rousseau.

Princess Grodzoff was a widow of unknown years—for hoops, false hair, rouge, and patches rendered age in those days a matter rather difficult to make out—but it was said that her name-day had been celebrated before a stone was laid on the banks of the Neva, or a Finland peasant perished in its marshes. In short, her excellency was older than the modern capital, yet she bade fair to employ the French milliner and her congeners for many a year to come, and keep a firm hold of her broad possessions. These had come partly by marriage and partly by inheritance; the princess was the heiress of her family, and, as sometimes happens to noble houses, all the rest had impoverished their estates, and got into debt through vain endeavours to emulate her splendour. People said she did wonders for them all; brought out her daughters, found places for their sons, and kept them all on their estates, to guard against extravagance.

while others sought after the motive for such benefactions, her highness not being the woman to part with a rouble easily. Her turn for hard bargain-making was universally acknowledged; even Catherine was well aware of it, for the princess had bought crown-lands before; and the inquiry into the Polish accounts was accordingly instituted.

The czarina was too well acquainted with her faithful subjects to intrust that investigation to their hands. After the fashion of czars past and future, she looked out for a foreigner worthy of such confidential employment, and found one in the person of Count Thienville, a young *attaché* of the French embassy, and strongly recommended by her majesty's agents at Versailles. The powers that preside over the exigencies of princes seemed to have cut out Gaston de Thienville for his work. The son of a farmer-general, whose good-fortune died with Madame de Pompadour, he had an early acquaintance with what might be called the more delicate details of business. Fortune had given him no estate but his wits. Nature had made him cool, keen, and clear-headed, always alive to his own interest, but true as steel where his honour was engaged, and as ardent as the best of his countrymen in either love or war. Gaston was not very brilliant nor very handsome, but determined to be somebody; and finding himself unable to fulfil that resolution in France, he came to try the northern market, like other wares that would not sell at home. There was not a town from Berlin to St Petersburg in which he had not looked out for his fortune in vain; the Russian capital had afforded him nothing but the empty title of *attaché*, which he had assumed after waiting three weeks in the ambassador's anteroom, and the hospitality of a poor state-councillor, to whom he had brought letters of introduction from a relative in the embassy at Paris.

This councillor was an old man nobly born, but very poor. His family had lost their fortune in building a palace to please Peter the Great, and ornament his new city; three inundations of the Neva had successively swept the building away; and at length, when their lands and roubles had been thus submerged, the noble proprietors were obliged to take up their residence in the only corner of the palace which the waters had spared, where they lived with great economy, and quite forgotten by court and czar—timber huts and dirty warehouses multiplying round them, as that quarter of the town went out of fashion and grew low. The councillor considered himself the last of his family; his wife was long dead; and he had but one daughter, Sophia, whose prospects, as frequently rehearsed by her father, were to sell the old house, with all it contained, pay the expenses of his funeral, and retire into the convent of Fasting Sisters, to which the ladies of her house had a hereditary right of admission. The family were distantly related to the Princess Grodizoff; but her good graces had been lost by the councillor thirty years before at a game of cards, and in consequence, Sophia and her father were left to their own resources. The old man had a winter asthma, and was seldom in good-humour. The house was poor and cold; they had no servant but a *mujik* who was never sober when he could get anything to drink. But the councillor welcomed the stranger to his stove and table as heartily as if both had been better furnished; and the stranger was glad to stay—first, because he could not find more comfortable quarters; and, secondly, because Sophia, one of the prettiest and best girls in St Petersburg, kept that remnant of a palace habitable by her presence, doing not only all the household work, but all the good-humour and cheerfulness for the whole establishment.

Gaston had often wished to be rich; but he did so still

more fervently after his admission to the state-councillor's home. Sophia had no fortune; her education had been so neglected, that she could speak nothing but Russ, and she never wore patches. But she put his laced waistcoat in repair, when he could not buy another, to appear at the embassy; always smiled when he came in; and he thought a court-dress would become her. His energy had been great in looking for place and employment all the way from France, now it became tremendous: he laid siege to the hearts of courtiers, and the hands of valets, though his munitions for the latter kind of warfare were growing extremely slender, and fortune rarely favours the importunate. Through some of these channels, however, his name came to the imperial ear, and Catherine fixed upon him as the man wanted to go quietly through her Polish accounts, and make a true report of the same. According to northern custom, he was not trusted so far without a check; her majesty's private secretary, who had been deputed to manage the business, assigned him a humble dependent of his own, named Michal Clozoff, by way of clerk and assistant.

Clozoff had been a merchant in his day, and supplied the court with furs; but his trade went out of fashion after the French architect heated the Hermitage, and nothing thicker than taffeta was allowed to be worn; so Clozoff gave up fur-selling, and, with his five sons, hung about the outskirts of the palace, living by small quiet jobs, and especially at the service of the private secretary, from whom they got more promises than pay. If the ex-merchant had been placed as a spy in that low dingy office behind the admiralty, where the two worked night and day at the Polish account-books—for the czarina was in haste—he had nothing to report, but that Gaston spared neither pen nor calculation to make out the subtractions from her majesty's new revenues, which at length were found so considerable, that it was expected there would be two or three villages in Siberia peopled by the delinquents. The estate on the Vistula was, however, most clear of such encumbrances, the discovery of which fact brought the private secretary to assure Gaston of her majesty's satisfaction, to pay him five hundred roubles for his work, and to receive fifty back as his own perquisite for allowing him to be employed. Perhaps it was the probability of imperial favour shining on the stranger, that induced his excellency to become condescending and chatty; discuss the opera, which had just been opened; and tell the news of the day, that the Princess Grodizoff intended to purchase the Polish estate without delay, and had signified her intention of taking a poor relative whom nobody knew, named Sophia Petrova, under her protection. In pursuing patronage, Gaston had acquired considerable command of countenance, and the secretary's news made it all requisite. The poor relation whom nobody knew was the very girl who had repaired his lace waistcoat, and smiled when he came; and a vision rose before his fancy, of Sophia declared heiress of all the princess's possessions, and himself invested with the most noble order of St Nicolas. It was suddenly cut short by an exclamation from Clozoff, who had been industriously writing in the further corner of the office, as became an assistant-clerk, and was expected neither to talk nor hear; but he groaned out 'Poor Sophia' so audibly, that Gaston started, and the secretary looked round. The observation must have escaped the honest Russian unawares; he cowered under the secretary's eye like a man detected in the act of a flagrant crime.

'Do you know the girl?' inquired his excellency with evident curiosity.

'Yes, my lord; her father is a state-councillor; but very poor. They live in the Moscow quarter, in the

same street with me, behind St Olga's Church, your excellency. She was the only person who would enter our house when we had the fever, of which my poor wife died three winters ago.'

'A good girl,' said the secretary. 'No doubt Providence means to reward her by the princess's kindness. It is a noble prospect for her. You know the princess has provided for most of her female relatives; in fact, I believe Sophia Petrova is the last of them; doubtless she will be provided for also.'

'No doubt, your excellency,' said Clozoff, but the looks of both speakers somehow reversed their words. With the secretary, it was cold-blooded sarcasm; with Clozoff, it was a Russian's resignation to the things and powers that be; and after a few more observations on the brilliant prospects of the state-councillor's daughter, wound up with congratulations to Gaston, whose face he had been attentively studying, his excellency took his leave.

The news he brought was true, however. Gaston found the old house in a general commotion of gladness and grandeur; the princess had astonished the whole street by coming there in her calash; a bag of roubles had been left for Sophia's outfit; the young girl's friends had assembled to advise her what she should buy; the mujik had got very drunk on the occasion; and the state-councillor was so elated that he decidedly refused the considerable present which Gaston offered in return for his entertainment. 'No,' said the old man; 'you have not got much to spare yet, and my daughter is going to be provided for, taken to court, and made an heiress, perhaps. The saints guard my Sophia! I would not part with her, after what has happened to so many girls of our family; but there is nothing before the poor child but the convent of the Fasting Sisters, and that is a poor look-out for one's only daughter.' His last words tallied so strangely with Clozoff's groan, and the secretary's cynical look, that Gaston felt there was some Russian meaning in them; but no endeavour could bring the state-councillor to plainer speaking; on the contrary, he at once altered his tone, enlarged on the excellences of the princess, her liberality to her relations, and the certainty Sophia had of getting handsomely portioned and well married, if she only pleased her highness. The buying went on. Friends and relations who had not visited the house for years, crowded in to rejoice with father and daughter. There was good cheer, and even feasting in the old house; the mujik said it never had been so much worth while to serve there before. Sophia was sorry to leave her father, and glad to be made a lady; besides, it was her belief she would see Gaston sometimes at court; but the Frenchman's heart misgave him: there was a dark background to her promotion, which he could not make out. Pumping Clozoff was of no avail; the ex-merchant had got his cue, and would talk of nothing but the great good-luck of Sophia Petrova, and how well she deserved it. Gaston had begun to know something of the country he was in; there was but one way of coming to a knowledge of the mystery, and being interested as well as curious, that way he determined to take, though it cost his entire exchequer. All the money he could command by this time amounted to four hundred roubles. Armed with this sum, he sought a common tea-shop, which Clozoff was accustomed to frequent when he had nothing better to do, because it was kept by his own son-in-law, and had very little custom. The old man could fortunately speak French, and was very proud of that accomplishment, as none of his neighbours in the Moscow quarter understood it. It gave Gaston an opportunity of dealing with him privately, where he found him alone in the back-room of the tea-shop, sitting as close as he could to the stove.

'Clozoff, you are a prudent man, and I want you

to tell me something,' said Gaston, producing the silver, when their salutations were fairly over. 'Here are four hundred roubles, which shall be yours on the spot, if you will tell me plainly why you said "Poor Sophia" in the office three days ago, and what is the story about the Princess Grodzoff and the ladies of her family.'

Clozoff was a Russian, and going to be paid for his tale; he therefore made no prologue, but that he was a poor man, and would be ruined if it ever came to the princess's knowledge that he had told any report about her highness; on which Gaston assured him of his absolute safety, and chinked the four hundred roubles.

'Well,' said Clozoff, 'since you must be told, it is known to all St Petersburg that for the last twenty years the princess has taken nieces, grand-nieces, and cousins of every degree, one after another, to bring out and provide for. She dressed them in the height of the fashion; she took them to all places of entertainment; she gave them everything that money could buy, or girls could wish for, but none of them ever lived a year after entering the palace. Seven-and-twenty girls of the Grodzoff line lie in the vaults of our Lady of Kazan. I must say she gave them handsome funerals; and her highness's family have scarcely a daughter left, though it was once the wonder where husbands would be found for them all. Count Vezkin, her nephew, has not one girl out of five. Alexia Paulova, her cousin's widow, sits alone in the house where she had three daughters to marry; and they say her old aunt at Smolenski has lost her wits long ago with thinking of seven girls who went to the Grodzoff palace, one after another, to be made heiresses, and followed in the same order to the vaults of our Lady of Kazan.'

'Did so many deaths attract no attention? Was there no inquiry?' said Gaston.

'O yes, there was every inquiry that could be made about a house of such high rank,' said Clozoff. 'Some of them died of strange diseases, which no physician knew. Some of them met with still stranger accidents. There was one, I remember, who fell down stairs in the dark; another went to the German spas, and the water disagreed with her. In short, they went by all manner of ways; and I have heard say that the old aunt's youngest daughter, who died very suddenly, had a blue mark round her neck. The princess has taken no girl since, and that is three years ago. People thought she would not try it again, there was such a whisper. Her highness lamented sorely over the delicate constitution of her family, and all her friends sympathised with her; but now she is going to have another heiress. That is all I can tell you; and I would not say as much for a thousand roubles, only to yourself; it is putting my life in jeopardy'—and Clozoff clutched the bag of silver with many additional groans over the risk he was running, and an intimation that his son-in-law knew there was money going, and would expect his share of it. Had Gaston been possessed of a larger bag, he could have distributed its contents in ferreting out further details of her highness's domestic history. As it was, he determined that Sophia should not go to the palace without him. Her father was restored to favour; and the worthy state-councillor looked rather astonished next day when his prominent guest, fresh from a court employment, presented himself with a very long face—a penitent declaration that he had lost all his money at the gaming-table, and an earnest request that he would get him the humblest post in the princess's service. There was liberal bestowment of sound rebuke and sage admonition. The councillor smoked two full pipes in delivery, though he admitted there was some apology for Gaston, considering that he was neither a Russian

nor brought up in the Greek Church. As to a post in the princess's household, there was none vacant just then, but that of second-valet, which could not be thought of for a man of his quality; but Gaston was welcome to stay in his house till something turned up: he would be lonely now without Sophia, and wanted somebody to help in the reformation of the mujik, which he intended to begin without delay. Gaston made all suitable acknowledgments for his hospitable offer, hinted his own unfitness to assist in the revision of the mujik's morals, and added in a penitential tone, that he considered the post of second-valet quite sufficient for his deserts; but as there were probabilities of preferment to come, he requested the councillor to see that mademoiselle, his daughter, did not recognise him in the Grodizoff palace. The old man was much edified by the present humility and future prospects of his young friend. The second-valet's place was speedily obtained. Sophia was duly warned to know nothing of the new servant; and under the name of Jacques le Noir, Gaston entered on his humble duties.

The office of second-valet was not a sinecure in the household of her excellency. Like most of the great ladies of that age, half the duties of her toilet, and all her confidential errands, were done by the gentlemen of the chamber, which courtly term included the above-mentioned Jacques and his commander, an Italian, named Paulo, who had been first-valet ever since the princess became a widow. Paulo did nothing but eat spiced macaroni and prepare it for himself in a private kitchen, which he had constructed behind his suit of apartments. He also kept the keys of her highness's shoe-room, and all the other rooms in which the treasures of her wardrobe were laid up, and a very strict eye over the second-valet, who was expected never to go out but when sent on an errand—then to make no delay in returning; to attend the bells of the princess, her three ladies-in-waiting, her two hair-dressers, her secretary, and, chief of all, Paulo, who liberally scolded him when there was an opportunity. Of these rites and duties the *soi-disant* Jacques had a full allowance. The eight bells rang him up at all hours. The ringers sent him to every corner of St Petersburg in all weathers, and no city in Europe enjoys such a variety of the undoubtedly bad. He ate with the serfs, he slept above the horses. The housekeeper had to get presents for not finding fault with him; the laundress tore his shirts; Paulo called him names in Italian, French, and Russ; and the entire household laughed at him for having white hands and expecting washed dishes. It was not a congenial life for a young man fond of elegance, and anxious to be somebody; but Gaston kept his post for almost six months, with a self-devotion and endurance of a Jesuit missionary; yet not the smallest thread of the Grodizoff secret could he unravel. If Paulo had any good graces to be gained, they were beyond the reach of his Gallic subordinate. All the French servants were new, and could tell nothing. The secretary, though gracious to a countryman, had been long in Russia, and spoke little except in praise of his employer. All the maids were Russians from the princess's estates, and all Gaston's efforts failed to make an impression on any of their hearts. The errands they sent him were of the most commonplace and overt description; indeed, there was nothing strange about the palace but that inexplicable tale. Like other great Russian houses of the period, its chief apartments were all magnificence, its inferior ones given up to dirt and squalor. There was a constant succession of festivities, and no lack of card-tables, at which he got an occasional few of the princess, conspicuous by the magnitude of her hoop, her diamonds, and her immovable face of ice. Sometimes, too, he caught sight of Sophia,

richly dressed, attended by waiting-women and pages, keeping well in mind the charge against recognition, yet now and then looking as if she had not forgotten him, too.

It was marvellous that the poor girl's head was not turned by her sudden transition from the old house with all the work to do, the mujik to keep in order, and the state-councillor in good temper; but Sophia kept her balance, and seemed to make her footing sure. At the end of the first month, the princess was boasting of the accomplishments her young protégée had acquired from the half-score of masters and mistresses retained for that purpose. Before a second had expired, all her highness's circle voted Sophia brilliant; and with a Frenchman's perception of such matters, the second-valet at length discovered that Feodor Baselovich, one of the Orloff family, was about to offer his hand and fortune, lands and peasants, at the shrine of her charms.

That was a discovery for which he had not bargained; but common report soon assured him of its reality. The wealth and rank of young Baselovich would have made him a welcome suitor to the best families of St Petersburg. Like most of his line, he was tall and handsome. The princess openly favoured his suit, the state-councillor concurred in the background he was expected to occupy, and everybody agreed that the bride-elect must be well inclined if she were in her senses. Gaston had observed her looking absent and thoughtful, as if balancing something in her mind. Was it for this he had become a second-valet, answered Russian bells, and abstained from kicking Paulo? The thought was sufficient to send a less sensitive subject upon the road to self-destruction. Gaston was nearing the borders of that romantic land one evening late in the St Petersburg winter, when the princess had given her last ball before Lent. From a corner in the picture-gallery, where he stood as if in waiting, he could see through the open doors of the ball-room Sophia dancing the *minuet de la cœur* with the young scion of the Orloff line. The lady was gay with frills of Flanders lace and pendants of pearl; the gentleman was grand in his uniform as a colonel of hussars. A consciousness of their approaching alliance seemed to pervade the company; the princess smiled graciously on the pair: it was afterwards remembered that her highness said she hoped Providence would permit her to send one bride from the Grodizoff palace; and Gaston, like other disappointed men, was making severe reflections on the fickleness, vanity, and mercenary mind of the sex, when Paulo's bell recalled him to his humble duties. He was received at the foot of the back-stairs with the usual volley of names. A carrier from the south had just arrived, bringing, among sundry packages of less value, two small cases of polished ebony, which Gaston was commanded to place on the toilets of their owners—one was addressed to the princess, and the other to Mademoiselle Petrova. Both were labelled '*Peau d'or*,' and Gaston's Versailles education made him acquainted at least with the repute of that article. In it the rank and fashion of those days put faith as a specific against all their dreaded ills, the loss of spirits, the decay of charms, and a thousand other evils quite as serious. Its composition was kept a profound secret by the manufacturing chemists. It was believed to be made only in Paris somewhere about the Sorbonne, and if not extracted from the precious metal, it cost nearly its weight in gold; to the vulgar eye, however, there was nothing remarkable about it but a clear tasteless fluid, thicker than common water, which, according to the invariable direction on the label, was to be drunk up the moment it was opened.

It was a long way up to the dressing-rooms of the princess and her protégée: they were situated in the

eastern wing of the palace, and at the opposite ends of a long corridor. As Gaston went up with the cases and his lantern into the darkness and silence of the upper floors, which the sounds of the festival scarcely reached, strange thoughts came over him. Why were the cases so distinctly addressed, and forwarded from Paris? Was he carrying to Sophia's toilet a passport to the vaults of our Lady of Kazan? Perhaps she meant to marry young Baselovich? Well, she had made him no promise, and he would disappoint the princess. Paulo's bell rang till the whole palace could hear it. He shouted on his lagging vassal, and cursed him in his three languages, for the carrier's bringings were all to be put away; but in her highness's own magnificent dressing-room, inlaid with mirrors, and hung with rose-coloured damask, the cards of address were removed, skilfully transferred so as to leave no trace of tampering, and the exchanged cases deposited on each lady's toilet.

The ball was not over till five in the morning. Her highness and the whole household retired soon after. There were yet some hours till the breaking of the Russian day, but it was long till Gaston slept; his attic above the horses had never seemed so full of moaning wind and creaking rafters; and when he did sleep at last, it was to dream that he was following Sophia's funeral arm-in-arm with Clozoff, who rehearsed to him the whole history of the seven-and-twenty girls as they went. Suddenly, his slumbers were broken by a sound of loud and mingled cries. It was broad day, but the whole palace seemed to be turning upside down; there were hurrying feet and wild lamentations, for her Siberian maid, the oldest and most favoured, who always drew the princess's curtains, had found her highness seated at her toilet, as the maids had left her duly dressed for the night in her satin pinner and lace lappets, but stone-dead, and nothing to account for the fact—only an empty phial, labelled '*l'eau d'or*,' lay on the carpet at her feet.

There was a great gathering of her highness's family, and a strict investigation commenced, but not proceeded with; for the same day a stranger presented himself at the gate of the Hermitage, craving an audience of her majesty's private secretary, by whom he was conducted through one of the secret corridors to the imperial closet. He was seen to leave the palace within an hour; immediately after the Grodizoff family received certain intimations, according to which it was publicly announced that the princess had died from a stroke of apoplexy; that Sophia Petrova was heiress of her Finland estates; that the rest of the property should pass to the male heirs; but whoever the young lady married, must take the name and arms of Grodizoff. After her highness had been laid with becoming pomp beside her twenty-seven protégées, the fashionables of St Petersburg mourned over the shutting-up of her palace for some time; but it was opened again, though with reduced splendour; for Sophia, the heiress, married a French nobleman, who appeared at court as the Marquis de Thienville, sent on a secret embassy from Versailles. The princess's papers and all the water of gold which could be found were carried off at an early stage of the business by a messenger from the Hermitage. Among the former were the title-deeds of the newly purchased estate on the Vistula, which once more reverted to the crown; and also a prediction, written in the old Slavonic language of Russia, by one who called himself Vladimir of Kioff, setting forth that her highness would never die except by a girl of her family, who should inherit her wealth. All inquiries failed to discover either the prophet or the chemist with whom her highness had dealt; nor did time or chance throw any further light on the doings of that singular and most

unscrupulous lady, who is still remembered in the traditional gossip of St Petersburg by the equivocal title of 'The Killing Princess.'

THE NEW GOLD-DIGGINGS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

STRANGELY enough, it was reserved for the middle of the nineteenth century, the period fruitful in wonders of art, to be the great era of gold-discovery—the diggings of California, Australia, and British Columbia having all come into notice within the space of a very few years. So strange, indeed, is the fact, that one is puzzled to say what people were about that they never made these notable discoveries before. The circumstance, we think, shews that, after all, our knowledge of the earth's surface is still exceedingly imperfect. For anything we can tell, there may yet be many other places abounding in unheard-of mineral wealth, which is destined to alter the tone of commercial transactions, and to work extraordinary changes in matters of social concern.

As regards the last of the gold discoveries, England can claim little credit for penetration or promptitude. The discovery was at first treated with due official reserve. Douglas, governor of Vancouver's Island, writes on the 16th of April 1856 to Labouchere, as head of the Colonial department, that gold was found within 'British territory on the Upper Columbia, and that he is, moreover, of opinion that valuable gold-deposits will be found in many other parts of that country.' The dry reply which ensued is followed by a correspondence which gradually increases in interest; but only by means of parliamentary reports and public rumours does the great discovery become finally known in the summer of 1858, when suddenly the whole world is in a blaze on the subject, and from all parts—California, in particular—there is a rush to the almost unknown territory, which has hitherto been held as little else than hunting-ground for savages, and certain fur-trading companies.

In looking at any recently constructed map of this part of the western hemisphere, we see, yet fall adequately to realise in imagination, the vastness of the stretch of territory belonging to the British crown, amounting as it does to one-half of the continent of North America. The more western and northerly portion of this extensive country, receiving its name from an inland sea in its centre—Hudson Bay, into which might be dropped, without accommodating it, the island of Great Britain—has, as is well known, been held chiefly by the Hudson Bay Company, an English joint-stock concern of long standing, that has its head-quarters in London, and with which, about forty years ago, a similar undertaking, called the North-west Company, was successfully incorporated. Clerks, factors, voyageurs, and other functionaries established at trading-posts, or roaming over thousands of miles of this great wilderness, and acquainted with the principal means of communicating with the Pacific, might be supposed in their searches to have long ere now seen the gleam of golden nuggets; yet, as if fate had settled it otherwise, such was not the case; or at all events, if they knew that there was gold, the fact was not generally communicated, and it became known only by casual circumstances. Governor Douglas's first communication

to the Colonial Office, in August 1856, appears to have been the result of a report obtained from Mr Angus McDonald, a clerk in charge of Fort Colville, one of the Company's trading-posts in the Upper Columbia District. Already, according to McDonald, persons had begun to dig and look for gold-dust, and were earning daily as much as from L.2 to L.8 each man. Finding its way, in the course of trade, to Victoria, the capital of Vancouver's Island, the gold excited some commotion; and persons began to migrate, for the purpose of mining, from adjacent parts of the United States, although the Indians, who had an interest in the soil, were not very favourably disposed towards the intruders. The spots alleged to be most prolific of gold lay from one to two hundred miles inland from the narrow channel called the Gulf of Georgia, which separates Vancouver's Island from the mainland. Into this channel, at Fort Langley, about the 49th degree of north latitude, falls the Fraser River, an important navigable river, which receives a number of feeders; the chief of these being the Thompson River, which joins it on its left bank about the 50th degree. On these rivers, gold was said to exist at various places in sufficient abundance to arouse the keenest spirit of adventure, and we can therefore fancy the excitement which prevailed soon after the reality of the discoveries was put beyond doubt. According to the Franciscan correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, the first skilled miner who worked on Fraser River was a Scotchman named Adams. He happened to be travelling in this part of the Hudson's Bay territory early last year, on his way to see some relatives, and he stopped at one of the trading-posts, where he met an old acquaintance named Maclean, who told him that the Indians living on Fraser River had been bringing gold-dust to the post to trade with, saying they had dug it on the river-bank. This statement was listened to by Adams with greedy ears, and his resolution was soon taken to examine into the matter for himself. He had been a miner in California, and knew how to go to work. He accordingly provided himself with a pick, shovel, and large tin-pan, and went to the dwelling of a family of Indians who had been in the habit of bringing gold and gold-dust to the post. He found the squaws engaged in washing for gold with baskets, and from appearances, was satisfied that he was in rich diggings. He returned to the post, made a rocker, purchased some provisions, went back to the diggings, hired a couple of Indians to help him, and worked industriously for three months, in which time he realised upwards of a thousand dollars. Becoming tired of living away from white society, he went down to Puget Sound—an inlet diverging into Washington territory from the Gulf of Georgia—and there told his story to some American sailors, who returned with him to the diggings on Fraser River, and by them the search for gold was prosecuted with considerable success. In this way, reports concerning the diggings spread abroad; the inhabitants of Victoria, and finally of San Francisco, caught up the marvellous intelligence, and in the early part of the present year, a run to the new diggings had commenced.

The arrival at Victoria of steamers from San Francisco, bringing a host of American adventurers on their way to the new Dorado, appears to have somewhat alarmed Governor Douglas. Under date April 27, 1858, he wrote on the subject to the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, by whom the communication was handed to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton,

the new head of the Colonial Office. 'I have,' said he, 'to communicate for the information of the governor and committee that the steam-vessel *Commodore* arrived in this port on the 25th instant, direct from San Francisco, with 450 passengers, chiefly gold-miners, who have come here with the intention of working the gold-mines of the interior. About 400 of those men were landed on the same day, and, with the exception of a few who left yesterday for Fraser River, are now engaged in purchasing canoes, and making arrangements for continuing their journey by Fraser River into the Couteau country. They all appear to be well provided with mining-tools, and there seems to be no want of capital and intelligence among them. About sixty of the number are British subjects, with about an equal number of Americans, and the rest are Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians. Though our little town was crowded to excess with this sudden influx of people, and there was a temporary scarcity of food and dearth of house-accommodation, the police force small, and many temptations to excess in the way of drink, yet they were remarkably quiet and orderly, and there has not been a single committal for rioting or drunkenness since their arrival here. The merchants and general dealers of Victoria are rejoicing in the increase of wealth and business produced by the arrival of so large a body of people in the colony, and are strongly in favour of making this place a stopping-point between San Francisco and the gold-mines, which, so far as respects the prosperity of the colony, is evidently an object of the utmost importance, as, both in going and returning, the miners would make purchases, and spend a great deal of money; the value of property would be vastly enhanced, while the sale of public land and the colonisation of the country would be greatly promoted. The interests of the empire, if I may use the term, may not, however, be improved to the same extent by the accession of a foreign population, whose sympathies are decidedly anti-British. From that point of view the question assumes an alarming aspect, and leads us to doubt the policy of permitting foreigners to enter the British territory, *ad libitum*, without taking the oath of allegiance, and otherwise giving security to the government of the country. In the meantime, the people who have gone into the interior will meet with innumerable difficulties of route in their progress towards the mines, both from the nature of the country and the dangerous state of the rivers. The principal diggings on Fraser and Thompson Rivers are also at present, and will continue, flooded for many months to come; there is, moreover, a great scarcity of food in the gold-districts; so that those united causes will, in all probability, compel many of the ill-provided adventurers to beat a retreat, and for the time to relinquish the enterprise. The licence-system has not been yet carried into effect, and it will be difficult to bring it into a general operation. It has since occurred to me that by levying an import-duty on goods, the gold-districts might be taxed to any desirable extent, without clamour or exciting discontent among the people; an object which might be effected at a moderate expense, by means of a customs-station on Fraser River, and another at the point where the road from the Columbia strikes the ford of the O'Kanagan River, those being the only two commercial avenues of the Couteau country. I shall soon address her Majesty's government on the subjects referred to in this communication, and it is also my intention to represent how seriously the peace of the country may be endangered by the presence of so many people wandering over the interior in a vagrant state, especially in the event of the diggings proving unremunerative, and the miners being, as an inevitable consequence, reduced to poverty, and destitute of the common necessities of life. We have this moment

been informed of the arrival of the Pacific mail-steamship *Columbia*, at Port Townsend, with eighty passengers from San Francisco, who are also bound for the Conteau gold-district, and we observe by the latest San Francisco papers that several other vessels are advertised for the same destination.*

About the same time, in a letter to the secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company, Governor Douglas says: 'The tidings from the gold-district are of the most flattering description, but are not supported by a large return of gold-dust. Mr Simpson reports that gold is found in more or less abundance on every part of Fraser River, from Fort Yale to the Forks; but I presume those diggings cannot be very productive, or there would have been a larger return of gold. Chief-trader Yale reports that parties are proceeding up Fraser River towards the gold-diggings almost every day.' Subsequent communications in the *Blue-book* whence we make these extracts shew that the flocking of Americans to the new diggings continued to excite serious apprehensions; but in these fears the home authorities did not participate; nor would the people of the United Kingdom sanction any plan to exclude foreigners from settling among, and working the mines within a British territory. Accordingly, on the 1st of July, the colonial secretary, now roused to the importance of the discoveries, wrote to Mr Douglas, stating that her Majesty's government, while determined on preserving the rights both of government and commerce which belong to this country, and while having it in contemplation to furnish such a force as will preserve law and order, declare it to be 'no part of their policy to exclude Americans and other foreigners from the gold-fields. On the contrary, the governor is distinctly instructed to oppose no obstacle whatever to their resort thither for the purpose of digging in those fields, so long as they submit themselves, in common with the subjects of her Majesty, to the recognition of her authority, and conform to such rules of police as it may be thought proper to establish.' Douglas is further instructed to exercise caution and delicacy in dealing with those manifold cases of international relationship and feeling which are certain to arise. By these concessions, the liberal policy of the Americans in freely admitting British subjects to a participation in the mineral wealth of California is gracefully reciprocated, and, along with other explanations on the subject, have been received in a becoming manner by the citizens of the United States.

It being necessary, in the strange position of affairs which had evolved, to adopt measures for governing the country of the new diggings as a free crown-colony, the subject, as newspaper readers know, was lately brought before parliament; the result being that a distinct colony was formed with a constitution to last for five years. And here we may be allowed to express surprise at the paucity of invention which from first to last has been demonstrated in giving a name to this portion of British America. At first, when the matter came before parliament, the appellation of *New Caledonia* was fixed upon—a name not only bad in itself, as every name embracing the word *new* is acknowledged to be, but bad as being a repetition of the title given to an island in the Pacific which was lately settled by the French. Dropping *New Caledonia*, the Colonial Office at length fixed on *British Columbia*, which is about as clumsy as its predecessor, and will no doubt have afterwards to be abandoned for something shorter and more pointed. *British Columbia*, as it seems we must call it, is legally defined to comprise 'all such territories within the dominion of her Majesty as are bounded to the south by the frontier of the United States of America, to the east by the watershed between the streams which flow into the Pacific Ocean and those which flow into the Atlantic and

Icy Oceans, to the north by the 50th parallel of north latitude, and to the west by the Pacific Ocean, and shall include Queen Charlotte's Island and all other islands adjacent, excepting Vancouver's Island"—the last being a settlement of the Hudson's Bay Company, according to a special grant which expires a year or two hence. The frontier of the United States being on the 49th parallel of north latitude, the new colony of *British Columbia* lies within ten degrees from north to south, and so far may be described as a block of 200,000 square miles stretching westward from the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific.*

In making regular settlements in Vancouver's Island, the Hudson's Bay Company engaged to dispose of crown-lands to immigrants; and thus Victoria has latterly increased in size and population. Extending gradually as a resort for traders, it experienced an extraordinary accession of inhabitants, and had its environs came rapidly into demand as soon as the tide of gold-seekers fairly set in. The accounts of its sales of town-lots remind us of similar affairs in San Francisco and Melbourne. The land-offices here from early morning, and such was the amount of business done that there were not means for making out titles fast enough.

The following letter from Victoria, dated Jan 21, appears in the *San Francisco Bulletin*. 'There are two beautiful harbours here; the lesser one is that the city of Victoria has been commenced, and there also to the north-west of Esquimalt Bay, where the iron ships in the world may safely enter and lie. This harbour, however, will admit ships drawing seven feet of water at low tide; and such boats as the Pacific, Commodore, or *Columbia*, may come readily to the town. Victoria has been the best and busiest trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company for a number of years, and a careful examination of the geography of the country at once shews their wisdom and foresight. The site of the town is beautiful, rising gently from the banks of the harbour, extending back and spreading out into a plateau, forming a beautiful site for a city. Already buildings have been commenced to accommodate the rush of people. Stores go up as fast as the material can be furnished.

'The people here had not anticipated so sudden an influx of population, and consequently no provision in the way of lumber for buildings, or provisions for the people had been prepared, so that things are now scarce and very high. The supply of provisions was so small—people were coming from many parts around the Sound, daily increasing the number—and several small vessels were despatched to Bellingham Bay, and forthwith cargoes of their surplus supplies were brought in; and with them, within the two weeks past, some eighteen traders and merchants changed their places from that point, bought here, and commenced the sale of their goods here. Arrangements are already perfected to send the steamers *Surprise* and *San-bird* up Fraser River to Fort Hope. Three trips have already been made. The time occupied is three days, up and back. The drive—which interested scribblers for paper-towns have represented as a wild mountain-terror—is harmless, and its navigation not only practicable, but perfectly

* The governor appointed to this new and beautiful colony, we believe, Colonel H. C. Moody, R. E., at present commanding the Royal Engineers in Scotland, in which capacity he has conducted the structural alterations on Edinburgh Castle. Both as regards accomplishments and general experience, one could better fill this important post. Colonel Moody was formerly lieutenant-governor of the Falkland Islands, when, with a party of his corps prepared for colonization, he was with a party of his corps prepared for colonization, from 1841 and 1843. According to the newspapers, the governor will shortly proceed to assume the duties of the new government, embarking at Southampton, and proceeding to the colony via Chagres and Panama.

easy and safe. As to the extent and richness of the mines of Fraser River, abundant evidence is on every side here to prove the truth of the extravagant stories before related. I have talked freely with a number of my friends who have worked on the river-banks, and have exhibited to me hundreds of ounces of the dust collected there before the waters commenced to rise.

Another writer in the same paper says of Victoria: 'This place improves on me on acquaintance. There is plenty of fish in the bay; both large and small are caught from the bridge. There is a great variety of pleasant walks in the neighbourhood. We went about six miles to the sound shore. It is a curious beach, and consists of millions of tons of pebbles, from the size of an egg down to peas and beans. They are used a great deal in town for the streets, and in gardens for walks, and wherever there is much travel. 'In two minutes' walk from the fort, you are in the fields, and the grounds are covered with ripe strawberries and blackberries. The wild rose-bushes are in full bloom. There is an abundance of young oaks, aspen, and other shrubs, on up to the big old oak and lofty pine. The ground is not a dead-level, but just even enough to make it pretty, and the brush and trees are so thick that it is pleasant walking among them. The temperature is just right for walking; and the prevailing wind from Mount Olympus and the Coast Range makes the otherwise too great warmth delightfully bracing.'

A third correspondent describes the place as 'growing like wild-fire;' and in the account given by a fourth, we have a graphic detail of the process of buying town-lots. 'The great event since I wrote you last, in this place, was the sale of town-lots, under the direction of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the 21st. The sale created a great deal of interest, and, long before the hour of opening the Land-office, its doors were besieged by an anxious crowd of people, eager to invest their money in lots they knew not where situated, or when they would receive deeds to them. The Company owned some 6400 acres of land, upon which the town of Victoria is located, and had sold, from time to time, the most eligibly located lots, of 60 feet front by 120 deep, at first for 25 dollars, then 50 dollars, then 75 dollars each, until all the land lying within seven or eight blocks of the water had been disposed of. The rapid and wonderful rise in the value of this property was so great, and the demand such, that the Company determined to throw some 1200 additional lots in the market, and raise the price to 100 dollars per lot. The land was hurriedly surveyed, and written notices posted on the door of the office, stating that the lots would be sold at the above rates, the purchaser to receive a receipt for the amount of money paid, and when the map should be completed, to be entitled to a choice of the same according to the number of his receipt—the receipts to be numbered as issued. This receipt is very brief, and merely expresses that a certain sum has been received on account of town-lots. It will be some ten days before purchasers get their title-deeds, which are very brief and simple in form, discarding *in toto* all the usual local phrases and terms. It is estimated that about 25,000 dollars were paid into the Land-office during the day. No person was allowed to purchase exceeding six lots. Notwithstanding this large amount of real estate thus suddenly flung upon the market, prices remain firm, with a strong upward tendency. Building-lots five and six blocks back from the water-front are selling at from 1000 to 2000 dollars each, according to location.'

A demand for land, not very dissimilar, prevailed in connection with some other places in Vancouver's Island; the universal expectation, of course, being that much of the gold to be discovered would find

its way thither, and not a little of it be spent with a recklessness according to the ordinary improvident habits of gold-diggers.

WHEN I WAS A SCHOOL-BOY.

WELL do I remember those delicious half-holidays at school, when we started off in groups to spend the afternoon among the hills, or by the river-side. With arms twined round one another's necks, in school-boy fashion—my group consisting of three sworn chums besides myself, and our exact destination kept as an important secret from the other groups—would we start off, and plod onwards towards a certain moor-burn far up among the green hills. On our way thither, if a small bird chanced to be *churling* its happy song in the hedgerows, how instantly were our deliberations stopped, and our curiosity raised to discover the nest: the nest found, how eager to hear the report—eggs or young. We were all naturalists in our own special ways: one had a *penchant* for beetles; another for moths; a third was ever on the *qui vive* for birds' eggs; while a fourth, perhaps, kept a heterogeneous collection of caterpillars, to see what they would turn to. Caterpillar-collecting, I may as well observe, was considered capital fun; so was pupa or chrysalis hunting; and I remember, when one of the latter was found, it used to be conveyed to a certain defined portion of ground, the property of its captor, and there buried, and zealously guarded till the time came for its wondrous transformation into the perfect insect. The boy whose chrysalises changed into the greatest variety of insects, was considered exceedingly fortunate, and held a greater rank in our estimation than before.

As 'we four' wandered along towards our destination—the hill-burn—the objects that crossed our path were always carefully noted and commented upon. Birds were the chief objects of our solicitude, and many a weary search we made for their nests. Sometimes the skylark would rise mounting before us, with her glorious flood of song; but she, and her song too, passed comparatively unheeded by us, being of secondary importance to the tuft of grass from whence the bird rose, with the possibility of a nest therein. Poor larks! many an egg was stolen from them to grace our collections, and yet the skyward messengers seemed to be as plentiful as ever in the following spring.

At the foot of the hills was a small sheet of water termed the Pot Loch, the margin and depths of which supplied us with many interesting subjects for our collections. We always visited it on our way to the moor-burn, to set lines for pike against our return and to institute a diligent search amongst the adjacent weeds and grass for anything we could find. During those investigations, we always separated, each having his own beat. An exclamation of mingled delight and surprise would cause us to rush to the spot, to be rewarded perhaps with nothing more than a quantity of frog-spawn, or a colony of tadpoles, or, as we called them, *paddle tadles*. Then an eager cry from the foot of the loch, with shouts of 'Quick! quick!' would bring us panting to the side of the discoverer, our steps thither accelerated from the fear of being too late, and our fears too often realised; for just as the spot was gained, we would receive the annoying assurance that if we had arrived a moment sooner, we would have seen *such* a monster of an eel—said monster having just wriggled out of sight into the water-weeds. These little accidents only increased our zeal, and were more than made up for by the many curiosities discovered and appropriated. Water-lilies were severed from their sub-aquatic stems; their broad leaves supplied with masts of reeds, and with paper attached, set adrift on the loch.

The much-prized but rare bull-rush would sometimes fall to our lot. Gold-coloured beetles were rich treasures, and as such were eagerly sought for; but I confidently affirm, that my delight at finding a beetle more variegated in colour than any before met, could hardly be equalled, certainly not surpassed, by any other pleasure that could have been offered to me.

Then there were water-hens, coots and baldkites; but these were seldom spied, as they usually remained *perdu* in the weeds; we *knew* they were there, however, from a peculiar single note they occasionally uttered. The heron, from our long acquaintance with him, became a great friend. I do not remember having ever seen two of these birds at once on the margin of the loch, so the solitary individual invariably encountered became *the* heron. He was, like all his brethren, a very patient, untiring fisher; nor was he very shy either, for, when roused from his meditative position by any of us, he would flap slowly over to the opposite side, and *vice versa*. If, however, he was much disturbed, he flew sulkily away to the neighbouring hill-side, there to await our departure; and when we *had* left the water-side to continue our journey to the hill-burn, we often, upon looking back, just caught sight of him dropping quietly down again to his favourite position on the loch. Besides the heron, there was the hawk. This bird we almost always saw hovering over a deserted slate-quarry on 'the hills,' we believed to be the same individual from week to week—to have, in fact, an individuality similar to that of the heron; and the exclamation of: 'Eh! there's the hawk!' was constantly uttered when he was seen for the first time that day. This hawk frequented, for the most part, the deserted quarry; but we were always at a loss to know what he lived upon, as we never saw him bear away anything in his talons or beak, though he stooped frequently; but he must have lived upon *something*, as he was as thoroughly wedded to the hills as the heron was to the loch. The quarry was a favourite resort of ours on our way to the hill-burn. In it we found soft pieces of slate which formed excellent slate-pencils, besides capital missiles to send skipping along the water.

Those breezy hills were truly our delight. Many a chase we had after the peewees that feigned broken wings to decoy us from their nests—an old trick *now*, but then endowed with delightful, teasing novelty. Once, and once only, was a young peewee discovered. Three of us had bounded away after the parent lapping, and were too eager in our impetuous chase to hear the fourth boy, who had remained behind, calling to us at the top of his lungs to return, as he had found the young one within a very few yards of where he was lying. At last we three gave up the pursuit in despair; and upon returning to our starting-point, were greeted with hurrahs, and could scarcely believe our senses when we were told to 'search, and we should find a wee peesweep close by.' We did find it too, easily enough; examined the little hairy ball, and left it in its heather-nest. *Whaups* (curlews) were plentiful, too, and elicited many a wondering exclamation by their peculiar dreamy cries. These we each learned to imitate, an accomplishment intended by us to beguile the birds into coming within our reach; but our imitation was incomplete, or possibly so *like* the cry, that the birds never thought of responding, and the result was, that we never got very near them. The plantation on the hillside was at once mysterious and awful to our imaginations. Somehow or other, we always deemed it trespass to set foot within its enclosure, and that if 'the man' came, we should be consigned to prison; and yet we could not resist the temptation of wandering through it in search of *cushie doos*. These cushies or wood-pigeons were rather

numerous, and built on the larch-trees. But unless the nests were near the ground, we never meddled with them, as the idea of 'the man' catching any of us in the wood, and still worse, *speeling*, was intolerable, and had the salutary effect of restraining our longings to climb. Now, we could have enjoyed rambling through this plantation, and would most probably have devoted a good deal of time to it; for the roots of the fir and larch trees were capital for beetles and pupas, and the cushie doos presented splendid shots for stones; but a wholesome dread of 'the man' perpetually curbed our inclinations, and kept us, for the most part, without its dreaded precincts. And how needless were our fears, as we afterwards discovered that 'the man' was a mere *myth*!

Arrived at the hill-burn, the first thing we did was to bathe in a large pool. Our dip was usually of short duration, however, as the dread of eel-bites generally hastened our exit from the cooling element. After running about *in cuerpo* to dry ourselves, we donned our attire, and then commenced the grand business of the day—*gumping for trout*. I am an angler now, of some experience and tolerable skill; I have all the appliances of rods and reels, fine tackle and nicely dressed flies, and I do not think several dozens of good-sized trout a very great haul on a good day with the water in trim; but what are my later experiences of fishing to those dearly cherished *gumping* memories! The novelty of handling a five-pounder has worn off considerably; and though it is yet, and always must be, a very jolly thing to hook and play a fine trout, yet the flush of triumph which attended these very juvenile successes can never be restored to my heart or my cheek. The burn where we *gumped*—that is, caught fish by the hand—was pretty deep in some places, and was skirted by *foggy* (mossy) banks. Under these banks we groped carefully, and wore the trout into a corner or hole preparatory to grasping it. Sometimes when wearing the trout in this manner, the hand and fish would be in contact the whole time, without any disturbance or attempt to escape by the latter; and this remarkable peculiarity we always ascribed to a sort of magnetic influence, exercised by the hand upon the charmed victim. The process was termed 'tickling their tails.'

Great indeed was our joy, upon a certain occasion, when one of us landed a trout, one pound in weight, upon the bank. How we gazed and admired, and fondled and gently handled the sparkling prize, fearful of shedding a single scale from his matchless form; how exultingly we beheld him lie panting on the turf, little dreaming of his agony; how, almost fearfully, we gazed around to see if any one else had witnessed the deed, and finally, how carefully we rolled him in a pocket-handkerchief and bore him home. A feat like that was food for a month to us, and served in a measure as a date: thus, to recall some event or other, we reverted to the time the big trout was gumped.

The return from, was a weary job compared with the journey to, the hills. We were always tired long before we reached the school-house, and were glad to get to bed; but next week, the events of last Saturday were recounted, and plans for the following one discussed and matured. The *anticipation* of these half-holidays was, I am convinced, more delightful than the pleasure itself, great as that pleasure was. How we each thrilled with eager joy when any one proposed something peculiarly novel to be done the following holiday. How we chummed together in our dormitory, in school-hours, and in the playground, and strove to be amongst the number of 'those who wished to go to the hills' on Saturday. This privilege being only extended by the master to those who deserved it by good conduct, was one we loved

always tried hard to merit; and on several occasions, how great was our grief when the list came back from the master's room with one of us on the *cancelled* side. This entailed the remainder of the quartett staying in the playground to keep company with the unfortunate spoiler of the day's fun, for it would have been considered a disgraceful meanness to have left him alone.

Those cherished scenes were revisited by me years after I had left school; but the Pot Loch looked smaller and less imposing, the hills lower, and the quarry had dwindled down to half its original size; the school-house remained unaltered, and the playground and solitary fir-tree we used to climb, were the same; but how changed to my mind's eye was everything. Alas! it occurred to me that the school-boy alone sees things as they truly are, while the perceptions of the man are clouded and distorted by the ceaseless train of new objects. On the faces of the boys I saw, upon revisiting my old school, were evidences of fresh feeling which I recognised as akin to mine when I was in a similar position. It was the flush of anticipation—the greatest happiness of life. Musing in this manner, I took my way towards the Pot Loch to see what it was like. There it was in precisely the same place, smaller to my sophisticated fancy, but still there; and a thousand olden pleasures rushed upon my heart, and blinded my eyes, as I actually scared away the *heron*.

OXFORD ASSOCIATE-IN-ARTS EXAMINATION.

OXFORD, the ancient and magnificent home of the Tory and High Churchman, the gorgeous city of palaces on the banks of the classic Isis, presented an unusual appearance in the week between June 21 and June 28. The 'men,' that is, the collegians, the flower of the English nobility and gentry, the pale scholar just released from his books and his examiners, and the stylish freshman, half intoxicated with the full tide of pleasurable excitements that throng the 'summer-term,' the antique old-world heads of houses, the active keen-looking college-tutors, and the stately proctors, with their velvet-sleeved gowns, set off on Sundays and holidays by the quaint old cloth-of-gold hoods—all these had gone down the week before; and, as the sun shone upon the gray towers on the morning of June 21, it beheld them all alive with denizens of another type. The age of Chaucer's boy-scholars seemed to have returned. The ghosts of some of the 30,000 *alumni*, who were walking the streets in 1358—five hundred years ago—seemed once again to have started into being—not now in frieze hoods and tippets, but in jackets of good broad-cloth, and morning-coats of alpaca. Go where one would, the cheerful and expectant faces of these boys and youths turned up on every side. Addison's Walk was alive with them; so were the venerable avenues that skirt the far-famed Christ Church Meadows, the quiet gardens of Worcester and St John's Colleges, and the hermit-like Lime-walk of Trinity. By and by, the streets were emptied, and the gardens deserted. But if you had gone into the great quadrangle of the schools, and peeped into a window here and there, you would have seen these youthful aspirants at work in good earnest, seated at long rows of tables, and writing away as hard as any Ireland or Craven scholar ever wrote before them. They had assembled in the Convocation House, where Charles I. held his parliament, and where Tract 90 was condemned; and they were now dispersed, some in the Divinity-school, where one General Cromwell stabled his horses, and some in the Writing-school, where Peel, Whately, Arnold, and Gladstone won the first pledges of their

future renown. A measure of university extension had been carried out, on a noble scale, and with an almost startling rapidity, and these were the first palpable indications of the measure. Here were these 'Chaucer-scholars,' not now, as in those bygone times, come up to Oxford to live an uncomfortable and questionable life in lodgings, and abandoning respectable and remunerative callings, merely for the sake of attending a few professors' lectures. We have made at least this advance on the 'good old' days; namely, that, by the help of books, newspapers, and the public lectures which are becoming everywhere abundant, our youth may enjoy almost as much intellectual pleasure and instruction in their own homes, as our forefathers managed painfully to extract from the universities. But they were come for a wiser and a better purpose—a purpose admirably suited to the requirements of this present age; they were come that the knowledge and attainments in general, which the aforesaid march of book and newspaper instruction has enabled them to acquire, might be tested by the old-established discipline, the wise and steady estimate, the experienced handling, and the unimpeached honour of an Oxford examination. The authority and *prestige* of the ancient university had been directed to the task, not of checking or of discouraging, but of sympathising with and aiding the laudable efforts of self-taught students, and the varied machinery of commercial and grammar schools.

On the 18th of June 1857, the university of Oxford passed a statute, establishing two examinations for 'those who are not members of the university:' one for youths under eighteen and above fifteen, another for boys under fifteen. The convocation created a delegacy (or commission) with legislative and executive powers for the special purposes defined by the statute. These powers have a duration of three years only, and convocation will then have again to take the subject into consideration. In the meantime, it has devolved on the delegacy to frame a scheme of examination, to appoint examiners, to fix the scale of fees, and to arrange all other details. The Rev. J. E. Sewell, of New College, Oxford, has been appointed secretary, and no less than ten local centres of examination were established this year in communication with Oxford through that gentleman as the medium. These provincial 'centres' are each managed by a proper committee, which undertakes to conduct the local details, and to provide for all expenses incident to a local examination. The localities, together with their respective contingents of senior and junior candidates, are specified in the following table:

Name of Place.	Seniors.	Juniors.
Oxford,	56	77
London,	114	237
Bath,	14	60
Bedford,	12	23
Birmingham,	36	58
Cheltenham,	38	36
Exeter,	29	55
Leeds,	35	73
Liverpool,	38	60
Manchester,	26	99
Southampton,	25	22

The total number of persons to be examined at Oxford and the ten provincial centres was 1223—800 being juniors, and 423 being seniors. The examination was open to all persons of whatever social rank or religious denomination, age and non-matriculation being the only limits. Candidates must all satisfy the examiners that they have mastered the elements of a plain English education, after which a very wide latitude is allowed in the selection of subjects of study. The junior candidates, when successful, obtain a certificate; the seniors, who pass

the higher examination, receive the title of Associate-in-arts, the symbol of which is the letters A.A. Any person who can obtain, or who has obtained, a sight of the examination lists which appeared in the *Times* of the 5th of August, will at once discern the method of classification. Candidates, both senior and junior, may obtain 'honours' in addition to their certificate or A.A. degree, by attaining a place in the first or second of the three classes. The first class is, of course, the place of distinguished success; it is arranged in order of merit, while the second, or 'inferior honour' class, and the third, or 'pass' class, are arranged alphabetically. The chief difference between the classification of the seniors and that of the juniors is, that the bulk of matter in which the former have to be examined is arranged under six sections—A, B, C, D, E, F, and a first and second class is appointed for each section; the junior candidates having been arranged in two general 'honour' classes, without reference to sections. The same principle of arrangement is, however, adopted in both cases; the first class being always in order of merit, the second alphabetically arranged. Seniors and juniors alike, who have done well enough to obtain the certificate or the degree, but not well enough to merit any special distinction, are placed, without reference to sections, in the large alphabetical third or 'pass' class. It will give some notion of the care and strictness which have marked this examination, if we state the numbers of those who have obtained first classes in the six sections of the senior examination. In the A section (English literature), there were only fourteen 'firsts'; in the B section (languages), there were 25; in the C section (mathematics), 10; in the D section (physics), only 6; in the E section (drawing and architecture), only 3; and in the F section (music), 1. This, it must be borne in mind, was a selection out of no less than 423 senior candidates. We stated above that all candidates were obliged to satisfy the examiners in the elements of a plain English education. The meaning of this phrase, in the Oxford sense, will be best understood by learning that both boys and youths have to write from dictation, to analyse and parse English sentences, to write a short English composition, and to take in arithmetic, geography, and the outlines of English history. The younger candidates have also to read aloud a passage before the examiners, a part of the examination which has elicited the most favourable remarks in the case of the Liverpool boys. In the case of the juniors, a book is set to be 'got up' in the part of the examination which has to do with languages. These books are very well chosen, being such as Schiller's *Revolt of the Netherlands*, in German, and part of *Cæsar de Bello Gallico*, in Latin. The seniors are examined in the languages at large, irrespective of any special book.

We now proceed to give some specimens of the questions set in the English literature and language sections. From these the general quality of the examination is best learned; and we will append a few details relating to the other sections. The 'English Literature' comprised the four following subjects: English History, from the battle of Bosworth Field to the Restoration, and the outlines of the History of Literature during the same period; Shakespeare's *King Lear*, and Bacon's *Essays*; the outlines of Political Economy and English Law; and Physical, Commercial, and Political Geography. In this section, a candidate was open to questions like the under-mentioned: 'What was the secret of the success of Elizabeth in governing, and of the failure of Charles I.?' 'State the reasons which make the accession of Henry VII. an important epoch in English history.' 'Describe with all the detail which you can, one of

these three events—the death-bed of Elizabeth, the execution of Charles I., the death of Oliver Cromwell.' 'Which of the historical romances of Sir Walter Scott refer to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; in what cases has he brought out strongly any historical characters or incidents of the period, and in what has he deviated from historical truth?' 'Compare the characters of Lear and Cordelia with any corresponding characters in ancient tragedy.' 'Shew how the introduction of the Fool is necessary for the development of the character of Lear and of the moral effect of the play.' 'Compare and contrast, in connection with their history, the physical geography of (a) the three southern peninsulas of Europe, and (b) the counties of Kent, Cornwall, Somerset, and Cumberland.' 'Mention the phenomena peculiar to the river Nile.' 'Give any instances which you remember of ordinary words used by Lord Bacon in a sense now unusual.' 'In what essay does Lord Bacon treat of colonisation? Name any particular in which his views on the subject have been confirmed by recent experience?' 'What is meant by the "real" price of commodities, as distinguished from their "nominal" price? Which is of most importance in the ordinary transactions of life?'

Few judges of sound and liberal views would refuse to these questions the merit of judicious selection, and of the most equitable fairness. The subjects for a short English essay are, in our opinion, equally well chosen. The candidate might do one of four things: he might write a short account of the life and character of Lord Nelson; or he might sketch the plot of any one of Sir Walter Scott's poems or novels; or he might give an account of any one of the manufactures carried on in Great Britain; or lastly, he might suppose that a friend had written to ask for some account of the school or schools in which he had been brought up, and he might write a letter in reply.

Turning now to the section of languages, we find a Greek paper comprising pieces for translation into English from the *Iliad* (Book III.), from the *Mæis* of Euripides, Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, Herodotus, and the *Olynthiac Orations* of Demosthenes. There were ten or a dozen critical questions on points of grammar and construction, and a very short passage of English, with Greek words supplied, to be turned into Greek. In Latin, the passages for translation into English were selected from the *Bucolics* of Virgil, from the *Æneid* (Book II.), from the *Odes* of Horace and the *Heroides* of Ovid, from Cicero's *Catiline Orations* and *Treatise on Friendship*, from Sallust's *Catilinarian War*, and from the twenty-first Book of Livy. In a more advanced paper, pieces were also set for translation into Greek and Latin verse. The French candidates were invited to compete in writing a letter in that language, describing a visit into the country. Here is a specimen of a piece set for translation into French:

MY DEAR CHARLES—It is near Christmas-time, and it comes sadly round to me as reminding me of your excellent grandmother, who was taken from us last year at this time. Do you, my dear Charles, pay attention to the wishes of your parents while they are with you, that you may have no self-reproach when you think of them at a future period. We will remember your health in a glass of claret just about six o'clock at night; so that you will know exactly (allowing for variation of time) what we are doing at the same moment.—I am, my dear boy, always your affectionate father,

WALTER SCOTT.

Passages were likewise set for translation into English from Nisard's *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, and from La Fontaine; and one for translation into French from Smith, *Of the Social Passions*.

With regard to the remaining sections, there were added to the papers on pure mathematics, some very well constructed ones on practical mechanics (including mechanism), on hydrostatics, on surveying, and on navigation. In order to obtain a 'pass' in mathematics, a senior candidate was required to take in four Books of Euclid, and algebra to the end of quadratic equations; the first two Books of Euclid, algebra to simple equations, and arithmetic, being demanded of juniors. Questions were set on the facts and principles of chemical science; and a practical examination was given in the elements of analysis. A knowledge of vegetable physiology in general, and on the functions of vertebrata in animal physiology, was also proposed for examination. Drawing was in all cases estimated at a very high value; and the drawing section included, besides drawing from the flat, models, &c., design in pen-and-ink and in colour, and the history and principles of the art of design. Candidates in music, if juniors, took in the grammar; if seniors, the history and principles of composition as well.

We cannot conclude without one word on the practical utility of the movement whose chief features we have now sketched. The adoption of this system will be beneficial in two ways: it supplies an agency primarily for testing; and, secondarily, for increasing and guiding the preliminary knowledge of persons destined for professional life. Great numbers of master-manufacturers, of railway directors, bankers, and others, have written to the university, stating their readiness to accept the A.A. degree as a guarantee for proficiency in non-professional instruction. Schools will be tested which have hitherto altogether escaped notice; and parents and guardians will have a safe guide in the selection of places of education. It only remains for the country cordially to second the efforts of the university, and a great revolution will be effected in our middle-class system of education.

A FESTIVAL IN THE ISLAND OF SARDINIA.

THE Sards call themselves a highly religious people; and, indeed, if the number of saint-days, religious festivals, and religious processions be any criterion, they certainly may with justice be considered the most saintly race in the whole universe; for besides the well-known goodly array of saintly personages reverently worshipped in common with their Italian and Sicilian neighbours, they have a private supply of their own, on the recurrence of whose festas, mass must be duly attended, and all labour, however necessary, as duly neglected, under pain of mortal sin. To these too-frequent festas may be attributed the extreme love of dress which I had occasion to mention in a former paper—to these their indolence, and also, perhaps, to these the poetry which doubtless forms a component part of the true nature of every Sard.

Besides the general routine of fête-days, there are local festivals of a character so peculiar, so wild, and uniting in so strange a manner hospitality with good-humour, and pastoral simplicity with ferocity, that I would invite the reader to accompany me to one of them.

The place to which I would conduct him—in imagination, at least—is called Arsequena, and is situated quite in the north of the island; the time, a Saturday evening before the third Sunday in May.

On a beautiful hill covered with trees, and overlooking a broad expanse of richly wooded plain, there stands a small rustic chapel dedicated to Santa Maria di Arsequena. The soft, breezy *imbattu* or sea-

wind, gently stirs the leaves of the acacia, myrtle, and cork trees, wafting a pleasant freshness through the heated atmosphere. The plain beneath is teeming with life, for around and on all sides there pours into it a tide of living, moving, festive humanity: not only so, but it is full of pictures—pictures altogether unique, original, and soul-stirring. O for the pencil of a Turner to depict some of these bright moving groups! At first, the effect of the setting sun fitfully glancing on the brilliant scarlet, green, and gold which predominates in the costumes of the women, is too dazzling. It is impossible to distinguish any one object from the undulating, buzzing, glittering mass; but by and by a group stands out in bold relief. Look now at yonder militia-man, with his long rifle in hand, mounted on that fiery, snorting, Arab-looking steed. How well he rides! There is positive grace in the manner in which he manages the creature. One can see, too, that he has given him a sly prick with his spur, to make him curvet and caracole just in order to draw attention, for the animal is very handsome, with its delicate, well-shaped limbs and large eyes; and he, like a true Sard, loves his horse. Now, see his own dress: there is the never-failing short, full, black cloth kind of kilt, with the equally never-failing white cotton *mutande* or drawers puffing round the knees, and secured by an embroidered and silver-buckled garter to the top of the well-fitting gaiter. These are indispensable to every Sard male costume. But there is a variety in this militia-man's attire, which may perhaps deserve a moment's consideration. The bright scarlet tight-fitting vest is cut square at the neck, so as to shew to advantage the snowy folds of the finely worked shirt. How well it sets off his well-formed figure and bronzed complexion! And then that brilliant array of silver buttons pendent on each side, and decorating each sleeve as high as the elbow—how they jingle with every slight movement of the body! The very sound seems to give a piquancy to the whole picturesque effect, especially as the eye rests on the hilt of that wonderful stiletto, sheathed within the broad, grandly embroidered, and silver-buckled leathern girdle.

Next, we have a few family groups from Tempio. They are mostly on horseback, the women sitting, pillion-fashion, behind the men. And how terribly ferocious-looking are those same Tempiese, with their long black hair and wild beards! No wonder the pirates from Barbary, who so often and so grievously in time of yore infested these shores, imbibed the habit of distinguishing Christians—meaning by that, civilised people—from Sards. However, the women, so comfortably seated behind, seem by no means to be of this opinion. How joyous they are, and how well do the brilliant colours of their exquisitely picturesque costume contrast with the large black eyes, glossy braided hair, and fine white teeth, which seem to be so general among them. It is wonderful, too, how and where they could have collected that jewellery. Those exquisite chains, ear-rings, and filigree studs are positively costly; and then some of their hands are laden with rings besides. They are all of gold, too. Perhaps the workmanship may be coarse; but they are set with real stones found in their island. But we must not stay to examine them much longer. The plain is filling fast: here are priests on horseback brandishing umbrellas, mostly pink; monks, even, are not wanting; and I declare, besides you and me, dear reader, there is another Anglo-Saxon. You may know him by his fair skin, ruddy cheek, and blue-gray eyes. Yes, even here, I suppose—though here they seldom penetrate—the scene would scarcely be complete without some son of Britain.

This one, however, has but little more than his

bright British blood to boast of: he has but a dim recollection of his fatherland, rendered even more obscure by an ideal fog and small rain which in his mind constantly envelops it. He has long led a half-wild life in this half-wild country; he has established his head-quarters in a brig, moored sometimes near one part of the shore, sometimes near another; and here he is to-day on his brown horse, and with his long rifle, both of which he loves as dear friends. He is a strange being, having no particular country, no particular language, and no particular religion; his outward man, too, is singular: the short light-brown curly hair, and gold-coloured glossy waving beard, to which no razor has ever been applied, are very classical, or rather they remind one of a head by Carlo Dolce. But enough of our Anglo-Sardo.

Just watch that group of black-bearded shepherds, how earnestly they talk, how eager are their gestures; their dress, all coarse, dark, and singularly wild as it is, is still handsome in its kind. The linen shirts and *mutande* are passing white, and there has been evident care in the arrangement of their rustic toilet. They are *capo-pastori*, or owners of large flocks. To-day, that group, numbering between thirty and forty, are called *soprastanti*, or masters of the ceremonies during the festival. Each one of those wealthy shepherds must furnish forth a sheep or a goat, twelve pounds of cheese, thirty pounds of bread, a supply of oil, candles, fuel, cooking-apparatus, and four or five hundred bottles of wine; to which he will invite gratuitously all who choose to partake thereof. See, they are already strewing the ground thickly with branches of myrtle, rushes, the *scilla maritima*, acacia, heath, &c., that is to form a table for this picnic *en gros*. Napkins are being neatly spread here and there for the élite. If you, dear reader, were to go, you would be thus honoured of a surety; the strict laws of hospitality are sacred here for the stranger—note this, for it is one of the many traits which mark their eastern origin. And where, you ask, are the dishes? Where is the feast, the preparations for which are on so large a scale? We will pass by that clump of trees.

Do you see the ground is there strewn with hides, hoofs, and feathers; there is the impromptu slaughter-house; and a little further on you may see a truly primitive *cuisine*. A small bird has been placed within a very small sucking-pig, the sucking-pig within a lamb, and the lamb, in its turn, within a wild boar or sheep. This curious mass has been placed in a large hole in the ground, surrounded with red-hot charcoal embers, covered well over, and thus gently allowed to cook. There are many other dishes much in the same fashion, and cooked in the same manner. There are quantities of macaroni, quantities of fruits, and of sweets made of almonds and honey, and now the feast has begun. No need of dishes—the myrtle leaves are more delicate than any dish; no need of forks, for they grow beside you on the myrtles. Then for knives—why, those formidable stilettos, or hunting-knives, to be found within each embroidered leathern belt, answers the purpose very well. No need of music either, for that wild-looking trio have never ceased playing the most monotonous of airs on the ancient *launedda*; while guitars and ceteras are piping and squeaking in all directions. The horses, too, are neighing, and, like all Sardinian horses, are trying to get up little kicking-matches; and as there is scarcely a bush within half a mile on each side without one tied thereto, why, this adds to the concourse of sweet sounds. Reader, imagine, if you can, this motley multitude, these motley sounds. Vain would it be to describe the endless slight varieties of costume, as each calling and each village has some distinctive peculiarity. Now this Celtic feast is ended; the *soprastanti* have

well acquitted themselves of the duties of hospitality; it is they who have provided for all, arranged for all, and waited personally upon all. Mirth is at its highest; the excellent wine of the country has made the bounding Sardinian blood bound a little faster; the laughter and the song are a trifle louder, that is all. The black-eyed, half-clothed little ones are rolling over the heath-covered ground, gathering lapfuls of lovely wild-flowers; dogs are crouching beside them; the clear dark-blue sky is suddenly studded with its myriad bright lamps; and oh, how beautiful it is, that Sardinian sky! The *ballo tondo* is now in full activity; and how can I describe this ancient, singular, and truly purely national dance? Dance did I call it?—nay, the word suits it not; aerial graceful movements on the light fantastic toe have nought in common with the national tramp of the ancient *Icnusa*.

Picture to yourself, imaginative reader, a dense multitude, hand in hand, forming a measureless chain, coiling and uncoiling, in one solemn monotonous tread, to a solemn monotonous cadence, belled forth from the stentorian lungs of a group of solemn choristers fixed in the centre; just imagine this undulating mass of brilliant colouring winding and unwinding, one incessant buzz, and glitter, and whirr, one steady tramp for hours together, to a perfect diapason of unearthly sounds, and I think you will have realised the *ballo tondo*.

Apart from these are smaller parties. See, there is a circle gathered round a poet, who is steadily and volubly declaiming in his extempore verse. You and I do not much admire so harsh and guttural a voice—but it must have many charms for his audience, for their attention has been riveted upon him for the last three hours.

Here is a knot of gay young shepherds from Chiaramonte dancing the *salto Sardo*, and others, again, stepping through the lively *polcicordina*. Ah, there is the young Anglo-Sardo trying to teach a pretty young Tempiese girl to waltz. Ah, sir, you have good taste—she is very lovely, and she seems pleased too—she considers it an honour evidently: an English gentleman is, after all, quite a *rara avis* here; he is no doubt considered a *Milord Inglese*.

But evening has deepened into night; the beautiful sky is purple now; still the *ballo tondo* whirs along; it is, however, considerably diminished in density. The poet, too, is still pouring forth his unvarnished ditty—pity he has by nature so harsh a voice, for the language is the most beautiful of patois, made up of Spanish and Arabic, with a dash of Italian.

Night advances. The women and children are curled up in snug little heaps, and are fast asleep beneath the trees; they have taken good care to cover up their pretty heads, for they have a secret horror of night-damp. How beautiful are the fire-flies and glow-worms! Do you hear the note of the night-gale? Listen; perhaps you may, in this far-off island, she will remind you of your northern home. In, there are very many of those sweet songsters in yonder cluster of bright-leaved trees. And now, look a little further: do you see those dark forms stretched in every variety of recumbent positions? Study them well—they are bandits. See, one is always awake to give the alarm in case of need. But there are no Piedmontese soldiers about—no need, perhaps, of such watchfulness. Strange, you think, that they should venture hither from their strongholds. Some have come to do honour to the festa of Santa Maria; and, barring the one deed of vengeance which branded them as bandits, are kind and gentle beings, ready to extend their hospitality to all who put faith in them. Others are of a far different mould; and he of the grizzly beard is the most ruthless of assassins: his name is Andrea Puzzu; but even he,

whose very name spreads terror, would not invade the laws of hospitality.

It is Sunday morning now; the chapel bell is ringing; the whole multitude throng towards it, to see the sacred banner of Témpio brought hither in procession. See, there is a horseman waving it aloft—he is one of a family privileged to bear it—see how eagerly its rich folds are caught and kissed by the devoted multitude. Prayers are on every lip; the little children, too, how earnestly are they lisping out their *aves*. There is nothing in life so beautiful as the prayer of infancy—nothing so heart-stirring as to see the hardened hoary sinner striving to recall the prayer his mother taught him when he was yet a child. To the prayers, again, succeed the poems, the dances, and the songs of the preceding day; dinner at noon, and supper at sunset, conclude the day. Night still finds them there. But on the Monday, the vast crowd, if so inclined, move on a few hundred yards to another chapel, dedicated to San Pietro di Baldolinu, where the ceremonies and the feasting continue during the day.

I have told of the hospitality, of the good-humour, of the rusticity of this Sardinian festival; truth obliges me to add that seldom, very seldom, does this beautiful annual fête take place without the sacrifice of one or more lives; for while the Sard would on no account injure a hair of the head of his guest, he will not hesitate to take deliberate aim at the heart of the man whom he suspects of flirting with his wife or trifling with his sweetheart. It is enough to see him clasp the *palm* of her hand within his to make that man his deadly enemy; and the fiery Sard forgets every consideration in his burning thirst for revenge.

THE RAILWAY NURSE.

SOME people, figuratively speaking, always fall upon their feet—others fall exactly where they are most likely to hurt themselves; and I regret to say that I am among the latter, and I always do hurt myself. I will merely take my travelling-luck as an instance. There are friends of mine who have for their *vis-à-vis* in railway-carriages females of fascinating appearance and charming manners, with whom they carry on a delightful conversation. I have never any such good-fortune. Agriculturists of heavy demeanour and person, widows who will not be comforted, gentlemen hand-cuffed to policemen, and other companions more or less unpleasant, are always next me, and opposite me, and around me. That the public may know that I do not complain without cause, I will relate what befel me the very last time I journeyed by rail.

I cannot say that I rejoice in, for that is not true—but at anyrate I possess the name of Mutton. A long line of Muttons have handed down to me the name, and nothing else; I have therefore to do something for bread and vegetables, and that something I do in a government office for a hundred pounds sterling per annum. Unfortunately, my feelings and my income do not keep pace, and, in an unguarded and extravagant moment, I offered my hand and heart to a very charming maiden, and was accepted. Marriage at the time was out of the question; we were to wait until something turned up, and waiting we have been ever since. My Clara Amelia resides in a town on the Great Northern Railway, about fifty miles from London; and thither I repair for a fortnight once a year, and enjoy fourteen days of uninterrupted happiness; but on the principle, I suppose, that before one can reach the Elysian fields, he must pass over Styx, it has hardly ever been my lot to have had even a tolerably pleasant journey; the last, however, was dreadful. I have a very bad habit of being late; consequently, when I arrived at King's Cross one

morning in June, I found the express just about to start. I dashed into the first second-class carriage I came to, and sat down. Opposite to me, and the only other occupant of the carriage, was a respectable-looking woman with a baby in her arms. I had hardly sat down when the woman, seeing a female friend on the platform, cried out: 'My word, if it isn't our Sarah!' and putting the baby on to my lap, leaped out of the carriage: a moment afterwards the whistle sounded, and we were off.

I should mention that I am an only child, and that I had scarcely ever looked at a baby before, much less handled one. What was I to do? It was impossible to get rid of it except by throwing it out of the window. That would hardly have been legal, although the circumstances were very cogent; but in the meantime I felt that I was doing something nearly as bad, by taking it every moment further away from its friends. The train being express, did not stop till I had ample opportunity to consider my position; but that was not at all an advantage. At first, my sensations were all horror; but after a time curiosity began to mingle with the sensation, and the first thing that struck me was, that the legs of the child must be of an astounding length, for as it sat in my lap, its gown trailed on the floor. I found afterwards, however, when it was seized with spasms, that this was a deception, as it kicked very high up indeed. It did not indulge in any conversation, but contented itself with alluding, in a very offensive manner, to my unfortunate name by constantly exclaiming, clearly and audibly: 'Baa!' to which it added a word still more disagreeable to my feelings—'Papa!'

But all this was light and pleasant, compared with what took place afterwards. I don't know which was worse—its spasms or its continued indisposition. I fancy the ignorant little creature supposed by the motion of the carriage that it was on shipboard, fancied itself sea-sick, and behaved accordingly. The consequence was that a lovely waistcoat I had specially provided to dazzle my Clara Amelia withal, was rendered horrible; a new hat I had incautiously put on the seat beside me, fared the same way inside and out; and as for my new and expensive pair of kid-gloves, I was obliged to throw them out of the window before twenty minutes were over. The only thing about me for which it seemed to have any affection was my watch, a silver hunter, and until then a good goer—this, when there was nothing of more importance going on, it put entire into its mouth, and sucked so effectually, that the wheels stopped soon after from rust, and have not kept time from that moment.

But, as Shakspeare says, 'time and the hour run through the roughest day,' and we got at last to the first stopping station, where I was to meet the object of my affections, dragged, dirty, gloveless as I was, with an awful hat in my hand, dishevelled hair, and a very young infant in my arms, who, when not occupied in making me horrid, kept mocking me with its 'Baa!' and calling me 'Papa' in the plainest English. Such were the circumstances under which I presented myself before my Amelia's expectant eyes. Need I say that she fainted? that her hitherto unexceptionable parent shook his fist in my face, and called me villain—and that her big brother, dancing before me like a bear, defied me to mortal combat on the spot? All this had such an effect on my nerves, that I was on the point of leaping down and placing myself and the baby on the rails before an arriving train, when I saw, to my joyful surprise, the mother of the deserted child coming towards me, from our own train! She seized her wretched offspring, smothered it with kisses; and then, explaining to me hastily that on taking leave of her friend, she had

got into the wrong carriage, from which, of course, it was impossible to change, as the train that moment started, she hurried off her prize without ceremony, saying to the baby: 'And did it come in a coachee-poachee with a nasty, dirty gentleman—did it then?'

Explanations were entered into between my Amelia's family and myself, which ended so satisfactorily, that her brother offered to place his wardrobe at my disposal; her father unclosed his clenched fist to clasp my hand; and my Amelia herself awoke from her swoon, and took my arm affectionately, though of course at considerable distance, and only with the tips of her fingers.

THE TRAVELLER'S VISION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

It was midway in the desert; night her dusky wing had spread,
And my Arab guides were sleeping, sharing each his courser's bed;
Far and near where streams of moonlight lay on Nile's time-honoured plain,
Silvery white, amid the sand-heaps, gleamed the bones of camels slain.

I lay wakeful—where my saddle made a pillow hard and cool—
With the dried fruits of the palm-tree I had heaped its pouches full—
I had spread my loosened caftan over knee and over breast,
Naked sword and gun beside me: thus had laid me down to rest.

All was still—save when the embers of our sunken watch-fire stirred;
Save when, hurrying to her homestead, screamed some wild belated bird;
Save when, slumbering, stamped the charger, bound beside his Arab lord;
Save when, dreaming of the battle, grasped the rider's hand his sword!

Heaven!—the trembling earth upheaveth! Shadowy forms are dimly seen!
And the wild beasts fly before them far across the moonlight sheen!
Snort our steeds in deadly terror, and the startled dragoman
Drops his ensign, murmuring wildly: "'Tis the Spirit-caravan!'

See, they come! before the camels ghastly leaders point the way;
Borne aloft, unveiled women their voluptuous charms display;
And beside them lovely maidens bearing pitchers—like Rebecca—
And behind them horsemen guarding—all are hurrying on to Mecca!

More and more! their ranks are endless! who may count them? more again!

Woe is me!—for living camels are the bones upon the plain!

And the brown sands, whirling wildly, in a dusky mass uprise,
Changing into camel-drivers—men of bronze with flaming eyes.

Ay, this is the night and hour, when all wanderers of the land
Whom the whirlwind once o'ertaking, 'whelmed beneath its waves of sand;
Whose storm-driven dust hath fanned us—crumbling bones around us lay—
Rise and move in wan procession, by their Prophet's grave to pray!

More and more! the last in order have not passed across the plain,
Ere the first with loosened bridle fast are flying back again.
From the verdant inland mountain, even to Bab-el-mandeb's sands,
They have sped ere yet my charger, wildly rearing, breaks his bands!

Courage! hold the plunging horses; each man to his courser's head!
Tremble not, as timid sheep-flocks tremble at the lion's tread.
Fear not though yon waving mantles fan you as they hasten on;
Call on Allah! and the pageant ere you look again is gone!

Patience, till the morning breezes wave again yon turbans' plume;
Morning air and rosy dawning are their heralds to the tomb.
Once again to dust shall daylight doom these wanderers of the night;
See, it dawns!—a joyous welcome neigh our horses to the light!

I

LIFE-BOAT STATISTICS.

It appears that, from some valuable returns made to the Royal National Life-boat Institution, by the officers of the Coast-guard Service and by some agents to Lloyd's, there are sixty-four additional life-boats considered to be required on the coasts of the British Isles. The average cost of a complete life-boat establishment, such as that provided by the National Life-boat Society, is £300. This amount includes the cost of life-boat, life-belts, and gear, transporting carriage, and a substantial house for their reception. It will thus be seen that a considerable sum will be required from the public to make the life-boat system practically complete on our coast. The institution has already seventy life-boats in connection with it. To maintain these boats in a state of thorough efficiency, requires a large permanent annual outlay. Last year, the life-boats of the Society and those of local bodies rescued 399 persons from shipwrecks on our coasts; and during the last three years, 1023 persons were, by the same invaluable means, saved from a watery grave. On the other hand, it is melancholy to add, that, during the same short period, 1500 poor creatures perished on our coasts from these disasters. It is believed that a considerable proportion—probably one-half—of this large number, might have been preserved to their families and their country if additional life-boats were on the coast.

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THE MAN OF MEN:

ACCORDING TO OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS.

CERTAIN classical works resemble ghosts—which everybody hears of, and nobody sees. How few even among their professed worshippers really know enough of the two grand idols of English literature, to stand an examination in Milton or Shakspeare—not requiring verbal quotations, but merely a general acquaintance with the argument of the poems, the characters and plots of the plays. Also, in spite of the grandiloquent nonsense talked about the father of English verse, who but a true poet ever appreciates Chaucer? And did any reader, even a poet, fairly get through Spenser's *Faerie Queene*? Is it the blame of the public or the publishers that a late much-advertised edition of the British classics stopped at its second or third volume? Has the world grown stupider than of yore, or is it only suffering from the reaction of obstinacy, after several centuries' imposition of celebrated authors, whose works 'no gentleman's library should ever be without'—and seldom is; for they are usually found—on the shelves.

How few, for instance, of the novel-readers of the present generation have the slightest knowledge, other than by name, of the hero of our great grandmothers—the 'man of men,' as his author frequently entitles him. Who of them could answer affirmatively the simple question: 'Did you ever read *Sir Charles Grandison*?'

Some may plead sarcastically: 'No—but I tried.' Cruel condemnation! Poor Mr Richardson, may it never reach thee in thy already-forgotten grave—and may it prove a warning to all voluminous writers depending on future as well as present celebrity! And you, ye venerable ancestresses, whose tastes were simple, and whose books were few, who used to adore the portly old bookseller, even as the romantic maidens of to-day adore Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray—haunt not in rustling brocades and ghostly heel-taps your degenerate descendants, because they own to have tried to read *Sir Charles Grandison*.

Yet the undertaking requires courage. First, to drag from dustiest, topmost shelves, or meekly request at the oldest of circulating libraries, a work—not exactly the 'last new novel,' nor very likely to be out.' Then, having carried it home, for which purpose may be recommended a porter's knot or a small carpet-bag—resolutely to open vol. 1, with its yellow, rimy, torn and mended pages—its brown antique type and eccentric spelling—its fly-leaves and margins adorned here and there with out-of-date calligraphy—comments on the text, or scrawled dates

and names, the owner of which may be presumed long since to scrawl no more. Something melancholy is there, even in the queeriness of this old-world book, resuscitated for the criticism of a new generation.

Let us take the title-page:

THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON,
In a Series of Letters.

By Mr SAMUEL RICHARDSON,
Author of *Pamela* and *Clarissa*.

In Seven Volumes.
The Eighth Edition.

Printed for T. Longman, J. Johnson, G. G. and J. Robertson, R. Baldwin, J. Nicholls, S. Bladon, W. Richardson, W. Lane, W. Lowades, G. and T. Wilkie, P. McQueen, C. D. Pinquenit, Cadell and Davies, and S. Bagster.'

A long list of names, of which we know absolutely nothing, except the certainty that every one of them might be found in some churchyard. Opposite—a frontispiece, representing a charming young lady in hoop, long waist, and turreted hair, stepping out of a coach, over one prostrate gentleman, into the arms of another, who is magnificent in wig, queue and sword: in coat long-vested, long-tailed, breeches, stockings, and shoe-buckles. Behind, two other figures on horseback appear discoursing amiably together, with great composure, considering the circumstances, and pointing admiringly to the aforesaid standing gentleman. Need we doubt his identity? He is—he must be—Sir Charles Grandison.

His name at least is familiar still. It has become proverbial. Its very sound conveys images of courtesy, elegance, loyalty, chivalry, the chivalry of the days when 'during the troubles in Scotland this summer,' Prince Charlie's friends died kissing the white rose at their button-holes; the loyalty with which King George and Queen Caroline, going in state to hear 'the oratorios of young Mr Handel,' were regarded as beings of a superior order, in whom the divine right of kings was unquestioned and unquestionable.

To this age, and none other, does he belong—this faultless hero, exact in all religious, moral, and social duties, blameless of life and conversation, incapable alike of breaking the smallest rule of etiquette and the Ten Commandments; rich, handsome, well born, well bred, fitted by all combinations of nature and circumstance to be the master of Grandison Hall. But we are forestalling—a thing not to be endured in this century-after-date criticism upon a work of which few readers may even know the general outline of the story.

It is of the simplest kind. Harriet Byron—a lovely young Northamptonshire lady, long orphaned, but blest with a circle of adoring relatives—a grandmother Shirley, an aunt, uncle, and cousins Selby, and a godfather Deane—goes up to London, in order to avoid three lovers, and is shortly haunted by about six more. All are refused, and not unkindly, though a little saucy vanity peeps out in this provincial Helen, everybody's darling, who sets all hearts aflame. But the boldest and wickedest of the lovers, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, carries her off, in order to compel her into matrimony. She is timely rescued by an unknown young gentleman, who conveys her home to his sisters, and wins her eternal gratitude. Of course, this gratitude very speedily becomes love, for the gentleman is Sir Charles Grandison.

All is now over with our saucy little Harriet. The gradual change from girlish conceit to humility—from mischievousness to meekness—from an excellent good opinion of herself to an absorbing admiration of somebody else, is charmingly done. One wonders how honest old Samuel got his accurate knowledge of girl-kind, though not of woman-kind. 'The frankest of women,' which she certainly is, finds her love apparently unreturned; and after various mysteries, and much 'brother-and-sisterly' nonsense, which indeed all the characters are very prone to, Sir Charles delicately informs her of a certain Italian lady, Clementina, who, hopelessly loving him, has gone mad for his sake, and whom he feels himself bound to marry. He tells the whole story to the girl whom he really loves, but dares not sue—poor Harriet Byron—asks her advice upon it; which she gives, good generous soul! now raised by sorrow far above all her little follies—namely, that he should go at once and marry the Italian lady.

This situation, and a few parting scenes between the unacknowledged, honour-silenced lovers, whom all their mutual friends are longing to see united, is the finest portion of the book. Sir Charles, generous, tender, and full of knightly honour, is modesty itself towards both women, and indeed all the fair ones who bestow on him their regard—he pathetically observes, poor fellow! 'that he has suffered so much from good women;' while the fond, hapless Harriet has just pride enough to hide her affection from its object, and nobility enough to follow his lead in the cruel struggle between duty and love. Few authors have conceived a finer 'position,' or maintained it more successfully.

But afterwards, interest wanes, and the story drags in a manner intolerable to modern readers, who like to gallop through three volumes of exciting fiction at the rate of a volume per hour. Conversation after conversation between Sir Charles and the noble Italian family, who are thankful for even a heretic son-in-law in order to save their Clementina—between him and Clementina, who, loving only 'his Mind,' with a capital M, refuses her beloved for conscience' sake; his pleadings—her pleadings—everybody's pleadings; scene upon scene of 'exaltation,' generosity, and woe, terminate in an agreement that the Chevalier Grandison shall become her 'fourth brother' (again our author's favourite adopted relationship), and return to England a free man. Upon which, nothing loath, though somewhat distracted by this 'double love'—he, after amiably declining a third too-devoted lady, Olivia, offers himself to Harriet Byron—or, rather, to her grandmother—and, after a whole volume of punctilio and hesitation, finally marries her.

Finally, said we?—good Mr Richardson knows not the meaning of the word. After the marriage, we have a volume and a quarter more. Lady Clementina, in an accession of insanity, flies to England, is met and protected by her 'fourth brother,' comforted by his wife, and restored to her friends, with a good hope that she will neither die nor become a nun,

but the wife of a faithful Italian lover. Emily Jervois—Sir Charles's ward and another of his involuntary lady-killings—also survives to marry some one else; his sisters, Lady L. and Lady G., take a brief opportunity between the numerous weddings, to present him with a nephew and niece; and other minor characters, bad and good, have their affairs settled. At last, the book ends quite abruptly: just as you have grown to like its lengthiness, and expect it to go on, winding and unwinding interminable histories—like life, lo, it ceases! Sir Charles and Lady Grandison—their aristocratic kin—their worthy Northamptonshire relatives—their friends and acquaintance, good and bad—all vanish into air. You close volume seven—omitting probably the 117 pages of 'Index, Historical and Characteristical'—and feel that you have performed a moral duty—you have read *Sir Charles Grandison*.

Now, one asks, in what lies the charm of this book, to have become one of the remarkable facts of literature?—for such it is, and all the ridicule of Young England will never put it down. Style is not its chief merit, for it rarely rises above the epistolary conversational, as practised in the time of our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, who certainly wrote, and may be supposed to have talked, after that pattern. Nor story—the plot is slender as a thread, and transparent as daylight—from the very first volume an acute novel-reading child of twelve would guess the dénouement.

The secret is that, with all its extravagance, or what seem so to us, the book has vitality. It is a picture, Pre-Raphaelite in its minuteness, of English life as existing a century ago. We feel throughout, that down to the merest accessories, the people therein are living people: that, in spite of their 'Sir,' 'Madam,' 'Best of men,' 'Loveliest of women'—their hoops, wigs, swords, and ruffles, they are true flesh and blood; more so than scores of the adorable women and impossible men, who yearly figure through the twenty 'best novels of the season.'

Rarely in any fiction does one meet with such a number of characters, all strongly individual, and varied as nature herself. From the mere sketches, such as droll Uncle Selby, to the secondary personages, as the inimitable Charlotte Grandison, up to the all-perfect pair—she, beloved of all men, and he, admired of all women—round whom everybody else is perpetually circumvolving in attitudes of adoration—they are all human beings. Odd as they appear in some things, one feels that one's revered ancestors of a hundred years back might—nay, must—have been very like them.

And for the long-windedness of the history, is not life itself long-winded? Do we not take up threads of interest, follow them awhile, drop them or lose them, find them again, and again they vanish? Also for novelists and dramatists! few real histories furnish a complete plot—satisfactory in all its parts, with a death or marriage to wind up with. Life is perpetually twisting and twining, weaving and unweaving, until at last it breaks off suddenly, or we from it, and is puzzled over no more. The author of *Sir Charles Grandison* may have had neither invention nor imagination, but he certainly had the faculty of beholding life as it is, and painting it as he saw it.

And what an eye for character? Witness Charlotte Grandison, afterward Lady G., with her loveliness, her wickedness, her irresistible drollery—all but, yet never quite heartless; her half-compelled marriage with the honest devoted Lord G.; her tormenting of him, and her struggles for matrimonial victory—at last conscientiousness conquers, and 'my fat,' 'my poor creature,' becomes heartily loved as 'my odd creature,' 'my good man,' and the papa of 'my little marmozet.' With all her haughtiness, Lady

G. is the most bewitching and lovable personage in the book—worth a dozen Harriet Byrons. Clementina, the next most prominent sketch, with her romantic love, her beautiful bigotry, and ecstasy of pious self-renunciation, is, though slightly sentimental, very touching. Some bits of her madness almost remind one of Ophelia. There is an ideal loftiness and purity about her, which reconciles one to Sir Charles's rather ridiculous position as—somebody suggests—the 'ass between two bundles of hay.' You feel that his veneration for

His spirit's mate, compassionate and wise—

'the noblest of women,' as he continually calls her, is quite natural, and will never interfere with the love he bears to the 'happiest of women'—his wife Harriet.

Harriet Byron, regarded as a woman, is—her sex will say—a failure. Trying to soften her angelic perfection by giving her a few foibles and 'femalities'—as Uncle Selby would call them—the author sometimes makes her very much like a pretty amiable—fool. She is always trying to act 'greatly,' and never managing it—except in a passive sense; and though this subdued part may be necessary in point of art—query, did our author ever think of art?—one feels as if a little more were necessary, even to constitute her as moon to the hero's sun. One instinctively pictures her at forty—fair and fat—Lady Grandison of Grandison Hall—chaperoning the Misses and indulging the Masters Grandison—a little foolish sometimes, as people always admired and petted are prone to be; a little commonplace and conventional, yet always sweet and good—the mirror of matronhood—convinced of one important fact, that the man of men—the 'entire and perfect chrysolite'—is Sir Charles Grandison.

Besides its infinite variety of character, another charm of this old book is the curious and evidently exact picture it gives of the manners and customs, principles and sentiments, of a time old enough to be now nearly forgotten, yet too modern to have become traditional or historical. We see, as before noticed, the accurate presentment of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers—in their daily life. They must have been at once a great deal more simple and more formal than we.

For instance, the 'punctilios' of courtship and matrimony strike us moderns as particularly droll. Love-making—no, let us keep to the proper word—*courtship*—for anything so undignified as love seems never to be thought of—is apparently the one business of young men and young women. The latter, from their earliest youth, are educated with one end—to be married. Old maids are quite remarkable facts. Every young gentlewoman is openly attended by her suitors—her 'fellows'—as Charlotte Grandison irreverently calls them—who, according to their natures, sue her, die for her, threaten her, squabble over her, and altogether keep up the sort of behaviour for which we should now call in Policeman X. or Detective Field.

For all these vagaries, *mariages de convenance* seem by no means so discreditable as we now-a-days are disposed to assert, however we may act. Fortunes and settlements are openly discussed by the most devoted couples. 'Treaties'—not merely from a gentleman for a lady, but *vice versa*—are frequently set on foot by the friends of the parties. Thus, poor Sir Charles has to decline proposals for his hand from several enamoured ladies and their relatives. Even the modest Miss Harriet, when her sweet saucy stoniness towards mankind is conquered, and herself 'entangled in a hopeless passion,' does not scruple to avow it to about fifteen people, nor to take counsel from all her own relatives and those of the still silent gentleman,

as to her chances of his heart. Of her own—so as he does not know it—she seems not the least ashamed; for, as she naively observes, 'Is not the man Sir Charles Grandison?'

This odd mixture of freedom and formality pervades all things. Young ladies, married after a fortnight's wooing, snub their unfortunate husbands for daring to beg or steal a kiss in presence of the waiting-woman. Young gentlemen, a day or two before marriage, while actually venturing in the retirement of the 'cedar parlour' upon the above terrible enormity, still address the lady as 'Madam,' 'Dearest Madam,' 'My beloved Miss Byron.' Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, never call one another by anything but their titles—as 'Sir Charles,' 'Lady L.,' 'My Lord G.'; and never, even in moments of the deepest emotion, forget to bow over one another's hands.

All this curious incongruity affects us with an amused wonderment. We pause to consider whether we have grown wiser or more foolish than our progenitors; and also what our 'dear distant descendants' will think of our manners and customs, modes of action and tone of feeling—as portrayed in these present-day novels which shall survive the century. And here, judging them by the only secure test of permanent fame—accurate, unexaggerated nature—the same in all ages, though modified by the outward impress of the time—we cannot but suspect that their number will be few; that many very clever and amusing popularities of to-day, will slip into utter oblivion to-morrow, or be preserved as mere caricaturists, and laughed at quite as much as we now laugh at Sir Charles Grandison.

The book itself may move our risibility, but the hero himself never. With all the flourish of trumpets that heralds him—the perpetual chorus of praise that is dinned into our ears about him—the raptures that all his friends go into concerning everything he is and does and says, and the slightly 'priggish' (oh, could he have heard the word!) way in which he himself is perpetually uttering grand moral sentiments, and perfectly conscious of every good action he performs—still, we are compelled to own that Sir Charles Grandison justifies the universal adoration—that he really is the man of men.

Thoroughly noble, just, and generous; pure, through the temptations of a licentious time; asserting true honour against all the shams of it then current; polite without insincerity; pious without either intolerance or cant; severe in virtue, yet pitiful to the most vicious; faithful to his friends, and forgiving to his enemies, till his last foe is conquered by the force of kindness; loved by all women, admired by all men, yet never losing a sweet humility, which, coming out as it does at times to his nearest ties—his revered Dr Bartlett and his beloved Harriet—must, we feel assured, be always his before his God. The marvel is how the little fat bookseller whom nobody ever accuses of genius, could have conceived such an ideal of a true Christian gentleman.

Hear what he says himself on the subject—worthy Samuel—whom a late serial tale has pictured in his habit as he lived, strutting through Tunbridge streets with a bevy of admiring womankind following the creator of Sir Charles Grandison.

'The editor of the foregoing collection has the more readily undertaken to publish it' [amiable pretence] 'because he thinks human nature has often of late been shewn in a light too degrading; and he hopes, from this series of letters, it will be seen that characters may be good without being unnatural. . . . Notwithstanding, it has been observed by some, that, in general, Sir Charles Grandison approaches too near to the faultless character which critics censure as being above nature. Yet it ought

to be observed, too, that he performs no one action which it is not in the power of any man in his situation to perform; and that he checks and restrains himself in no one instance in which it is not the duty of a prudent and good man to restrain himself.'

Excellent and truthfully argued, dear old Samuel. No one can read thy musty old tomes without the conviction that thy stout body must have enclosed a greater, purer, more Christian soul than the be-wigged lords and high-heeled ladies who sailed down Tunbridge streets, the clever wits and satirical or sentimental poets that enlivened London—nay, even the admired Dr Johnson himself, ever dreamed of.

It is curious to trace how simple amid an age of formalities—how liberal in the most ultra days of bigoted religionism—is this old man's ideal of goodness, as presented in his hero: how he makes him pardon the cruellest injuries, treat kindly the lowest of the low, hold out repentance and atonement to the vilest of the vile; in all things pursuing a direct course; being, as he says, 'a law unto himself,' amenable only to his Maker, and afraid of nothing, except to sin against his Maker. In his actions as in his character as son, brother, friend, husband—fulfilling, instinctively as it were, the one law of true love and true loveliness, 'esteeming others better than himself'—he is exceptional among all fictitious heroes, ancient or modern, with which we are acquainted.

Curious, too, to see how far in advance of his age, in some things, is this Sir Charles Grandison, or rather Mr Samuel Richardson, who, in the 'concluding note,' goes on to say, with reference to a special point in the book and in the character of the hero:

'It has been objected by some persons, that a man less able by strength or skill to repel an affront than Sir Charles appears to have been, could not, with such honour, have extricated himself out of difficulties on refusing a challenge. And this is true, meaning by *honour* the favourable opinion of the European world from the time of its being overrun by Gothic barbarism, down to the present. But as that notion of honour is evidently an absurd and mischievous one, and yet multitudes are at a loss to get over it, the rejection and confutation of it by a person whom, it was visible, the consideration of his own safety did not influence, must surely be of no small weight. And when it is once allowed that there are cases when these polite *invitations to murder*' [bravo, Samuel!] 'may, consistently with honour, be disregarded, a little attention will easily find others; vulgar notions will insensibly wear out, and more ground be gained by degrees than could have been attempted with hope of success at once; till at length all may come to stand on the firm footing of reason and religion. In the meantime, they who are less qualified to carry off right behaviour with honour in the eye of common judges, will, however, be esteemed for it by every serious and prudent person, and perhaps inwardly, by many who are mean enough to join outwardly in blaming them.'

A bold doctrine to set forth, even in the year 1796—the date of this seventh edition. The first edition must have somewhat astonished the 'gentlemen' of the period.

Great indeed must have been the influence of this book in its day—a day when all new books, and especially novels, were comparatively rare. It appeared originally in serial volumes; and Sir John Herschel has somewhere related that when the penultimate volume, containing the marriage of Sir Charles and his Harriet, reached a certain enthusiastic English village, the inhabitants immediately set all the bells a-ringing! In any case, it is easy to imagine its universal notoriety; how the 'fine gentlemen' read it over their chocolate, and the ladies over

the dressing of their hair; how even young gentlewomen of tender age were allowed to sit poring over it in old-fashioned gardens or upon prim high-backed chairs; for it was notable then, as now, as being one of the few fictions of the time which contain nothing objectionable. There is hardly a word in it that we, more sensitive if not more really modest than our great-grandmothers, would scruple to read aloud to our sons and daughters.

The former—bless the lads!—if at all given to 'fast' ways and satirical young Englandism, might probably make a great mock at this dignified, decorous, bowing and hand-kissing, reverently behaved and pure-minded young gentleman of a past century; who is not ashamed to honour his parents—even a bad father—to love his sisters, and to respect all women; who, a few days before marriage, can say to his wife—alas! you poor lads, how few of you will be able to say it to *your* wives; and yet the sentence ought to be written in golden letters upon every one of your consciences, for it is the utmost glory of manhood:

'Give me leave to boast—it is my boast—that I can look back on my past life, and bless God that I never, from childhood to manhood, *wilfully* gave pain to either the motherly or sisterly heart, nor from manhood to the present hour, to any other woman.'

But whatever the boys might feel, we are certain our girls would be, every one of them, in love with Sir Charles Grandison.

Heaven help us! are good men become so rare, that the mere presentment of such in a book is to be scoffed at by many, and regarded by almost all as unnatural and impossible? a merely good man, not one whit better, as the author himself suggests, than all good men ought to be? We believe not. We believe that neither in this, nor in the past generation, are honour and virtue left without a witness, without many witnesses. Men, not altogether perfect; the ideal must always be a step beyond the real, or it is no ensample at all; but honest men and true, who, taking up such a tale as this, need neither blush nor deride as they read; for people very often take refuge in derision when an inward stinging tells them they ought to blush.

And since on the *mothers* of a generation depends much of its future glory, it lies in the power of the mothers of ours to cultivate in their boys all that Sir Charles Grandison's dying mother so proudly praises:

'His duty to his father and to me; his love of his sisters; the generosity of his temper; his love of truth; his modesty, courage, benevolence, steadiness of mind, docility, and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral assurance of making a GOOD MAN.'

Observe, not a great man, a clever and brilliant man, a prosperous or fortunate man—simply, a good man. If mothers took this more to heart, haply there would not now-a-days be so many sons who wring and break the hearts of their mothers.

But whether or no there be living good men, a novel with a good man in it is in itself a great reality; for a truth drawn from internal evidence is often stronger than a mere fact. As a reverent orthodox Christian was once heard to say, Christianity would be none the less true, in its essence, if the whole of the New Testament history were an inspired fable.

So whether or not he is, or ever can be, a living possibility, we feel that, as an example of moral beauty, this character of Richardson's is, according to the well-known phrase, 'not for an age, but for all time'; that, in spite of its lengthiness, absurdities, extravagances, some belonging to its period, and some the author's own idiosyncrasy—this history is valuable and veritable. Hundreds of our young men and maidens who stupify their brains, fire their all too tindery

imaginations, and confuse their still unsettled notions of right and wrong, over a heterogeneous mass of modern novels, would be none the worse, but all the better, for hunting out this old-fashioned tale, and carefully studying the character of that almost forgotten ideal of our great-grandmothers—Sir Charles Grandison.

THE NEW GOLD-DIGGINGS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

As yet but imperfectly explored, the colony of British Columbia can be described only in its more important features. Consisting of a stretch of land from 250 to 300 miles broad, sloping in a westerly direction, it possesses a number of rivers having their sources in the Rocky Mountains; the chief of these streams being the Fraser River, which is navigable for probably 200 miles of its course. Exposed to the placid and balmy Pacific, into which all its rivers fall, the country has a greater mildness of climate than could be expected from its northern latitude. Although picturesque and varied in aspect, and resembling in many places the Highlands of Scotland, it is said to have much good land, particularly on the Fraser and Thompson rivers. A country abounding in hills is necessarily rainy, and accordingly heavy rains prevail at certain seasons, by which means the rivers are greatly swollen, but only to the temporary inconvenience of those who attempt to gather gold from the shoals of debris which have been washed from the mountains.

The periodical occurrence of rains, and the corresponding abundance of water in British Columbia, form a striking contrast with the droughts and desiccating heats of Australia, as well as with the general dryness and equability of temperature of California. In consequence of this comparative moistness, we expect to hear that both pasturing and agriculture will flourish in the new colony. The woods are said to be productive and beautiful; the rivers and shores teem with fish—salmon in particular—and as for mineral wealth, the variety and amount are beyond calculation. Coal, lime, copper, and gold exist in profusion; the gold, so far as yet known, being mainly in the shape of dust or small particles mixed with the sandy deposits in the rivers, and apparently washed from beds of quartz and other rocky strata in the higher regions of the country. At the junction of the Thompson with the Fraser River, these mineral deposits are more conspicuous, though in all probability their richness will increase on being explored towards the sources of the respective streams; and at length, the centre of gold product may be reached among the altitudes of the Rocky Mountains. Already, as has been said, the Hudson's Bay Company, in prosecution of their fur-trade, have established posts or forts in their widely extended territory; the forts being little else than log-cabins surrounded with strong palisades, defensible with small-arms against the attacks of savages. The chief forts of this kind, in going up Fraser River, are Fort Langley, sixty miles from the open sea, and eighty to ninety miles from Victoria; next, eighty miles higher up, Fort Hope; and fourteen or fifteen miles further still, Fort Yale; about a hundred and ten miles beyond which is the mouth of the Thompson River. In Fraser River there are several rapids, troublesome to the navigator; but some of them may be ascended with care, and all are capable of being ultimately so far improved as to present no serious obstacle to traffic. No site has as yet been condescended upon for the future capital. Hitherto, Fort Langley has been selected for the collection of custom-house duties on goods

entering the country. It is proper to add that, following out the principles of free-trade now prevalent in the British dominions, these duties are by no means onerous. All that is wanted is a revenue sufficient to maintain public order and make such improvements as to roads, quays, and other matters as are absolutely necessary for the convenience of the settlers.

According to the latest accounts, fully thirty thousand intending miners had already flocked to Vancouver's Island and the mainland; the greater number being from San Francisco, between which port and Victoria a regular passenger-traffic had sprung up. Numerous American steamers had not only been put on the line, but had begun plying between Victoria and the ports on the Fraser River. Parties of adventurers had, also, as we learn, endeavoured to open up trails by land from Washington territory, towards the Thompson River, in the expectation of reaching rich gold-fields, to which river-craft could not effect a passage; but the enormous labour required to perform these land-journeys, not to speak of the difficulty of carrying provisions, and the stealthy attacks of Indians, must preclude their being generally adopted; and the main river with its larger branches, partially impeded as those are by rapids, will in all probability continue to be the channels of traffic to and fro.

By a writer in the *Alta California*, a diary is given of a trip by steam from Vancouver's Island to the upper parts of the Fraser River, which, in the existing dearth of information, possesses some interest. The river is navigable by a ship-of-the-line for fifty miles from its mouth.

At Fort Langley, twenty miles lower down, the scenery becomes very picturesque.

'Now we were running around, and through, and among mountains and hills of all sizes, and of the most rugged character. Timber, timber, timber, nothing but timber, and hills, and trees, and snow, and water, with occasionally an Indian hut.' One snow-capped mountain, apparently 10,000 feet high, was so steep that it made the head dizzy to look up towards its crest. A cascade thundering down the precipice from a height of 4000 feet, and the numerous rapids of the river, now formed the adventures of his voyage; and among the persons who gave picturesque variety to the banks were Mr Dallas and his newly married wife, a daughter of Governor Douglas, camping in their tents.

The remainder of the voyage was made in a canoe, till at length they found here and there miners at work, and log-houses built or building.

The newspapers of California are crowded with letters from correspondents—some, like the above, giving tolerably favourable accounts of the new diggings; others presenting the gloomy reports of disappointed adventurers, and advising people not to emigrate in quest of mines of wealth so very doubtful. In particular, the rising of the Fraser is spoken of as extremely disastrous; nor can there be any doubt that during the melting of the mountain-snows, as well as during the severities of winter, working on the sandbars of the rivers must be greatly checked, if not in some places altogether stopped—a circumstance calculated, as is alleged, to deter persons from quitting California. A correspondent of the *San Joaquin Republican*, of June 28, undertakes to combat adverse notions of this kind, and gives what will be thought a somewhat quizzical account of how a man may earn 150 dollars a day by only sitting still and doing nothing. 'I regret,' says this smart writer, 'to see by your paper of yesterday that you are not disposed to encourage emigration to Fraser River as much as it deserves. I do not know whether or not sinister motives are at the bottom of your course in this

matter, but let me tell you that I am well posted on the subject. By late letters, on which I implicitly rely, I am assured that a man can make 150 dollars a day there, *and do nothing*. There is not only gold in the sand in abundance there, but the river-water holds it in solution in vast quantities; and the way money is made without work is this: the miner makes him a pair of sheepskin stockings, woolly side out, and saturates them in quicksilver overnight. The next day, seating himself on a rock, in an eddy favourable to precipitation, he puts on his stockings so saturated, and holds his feet in the water all day. At night, all he has to do is carefully to rinse his stockings, and 150 dollars in gold-dust is the result. Much judgment, it is true, is required in selecting an eddy for operation, and a good deal of skill is requisite in performing the saturation properly; and great critical nicety is necessary in the manner in which you hold the feet—perfect, immovable stiffness is one condition—in order to complete success.

Assuming that by fresh accounts the most sanguine hopes respecting the new gold-diggings are confirmed, it is important to know which will form the best route to British Columbia. At present, the most available route from England is by steam to the West Indies and Chagres; thence across the isthmus by railway to Panama; after which the transit is by steamers to San Francisco and Victoria. In his speech on the subject in parliament, Sir E. B. Lytton observed—'Honourable gentlemen who look at the map may imagine this new colony at an immeasurable distance from England, but the government had already received overtures from no less eminent a person than Mr Cunard for a line of postal steam-vessels for letters, goods, and passengers, by which it is calculated that a passenger starting from Liverpool may reach the colony in about thirty-five days by way of New York and Panama.'

Besides this line of route, we anticipate that an effort will be made to open a communication by land through Canada, for which certain depressions in the northern part of the Rocky Mountains offer facilities. Already the inhabitants of the north-western states of the Union, as well as the Canadians, are alive to the practicability of a route in this direction; for which an abundance of game, wood, and water, with a singular mildness of climate, are said to be among the facilities offered. The time on the road, however, is not calculated at less than seventy days from the north-western states. 'It would not be at all surprising,' says the *New York Tribune*, 'should the Fraser River gold-tract, which Governor Stevens states extends into our possessions as far down as Southern Oregon, be found the richest on the continent. The discoveries and yield thus far warrant such a belief. Then there must of necessity be some more direct communication with the Pacific than we now have with California; and, as an enthusiastic railway projector once said of another route, "The finger of the Almighty has indicated the route" by way of St Paul, the valleys of the Red and Saskatchewan Rivers, over the great depression of the Rocky Mountains, in about the fifty-second degree of north latitude, as the most feasible, and in all respects desirable, to the auriferous regions of the Pacific.'

Whether the gold discoveries be great or small, they cannot fail to make British Columbia the resort of a large body of emigrants, who will lay the foundation of a flourishing English settlement on the shores of the Pacific. Nor can we doubt that Vancouver's Island, with its fine natural harbours—that of Esquimaux near Victoria, in particular—its rich coal-mines and fisheries, to say nothing of its agricultural and pastoral capabilities, will soon form one of the most important dependencies of Great Britain. On the commercial advantages to England, both as

respects fresh imports of gold and the export of manufactured articles, it is unnecessary to expatiate.

As information evolves, we propose to keep our readers acquainted with what seems trustworthy and advantageous to be known respecting this new and interesting field of enterprise.

MY FAST FRIEND.

PERHAPS I am naturally rather sore on the subject of legacies. Several old ladies who were supposed to regard my boyhood with favouring eyes have departed, and made no sign to any document in my favour. An old gentleman to whose patronage I was a martyr for several years, left his will unsanctographed, and though without authentic intelligence on the subject, I firmly believe of course that *had* he put his name to the parchment—Well, well; I only allude to these facts in so far as they may account for my thinking that it is, as a general rule, a great misfortune to a young man to be left a little money. Mind, I say a *young* man. I am no longer one; so let not my present remarks stand in the way of any intentions which may possibly exist to increase the waning balance at my banker's.

As a proof that my anti-legacy opinions are not ill founded, listen to this. When I entered a medical school in London, of which, by the by, I was the brightest ornament for several years, J—— was a student there. We became acquainted, and were soon on intimate terms. He was very good-looking, attended lectures regularly, was clever with his hands, a favourite with his teachers, and, in short, was looked upon as the most promising youth about the place. Although we were both hard workers, we began to take an occasional evening stroll through the town, which, as the reader may be aware, is particularly fascinating after nightfall. Sometimes we perambulated the Haymarket; at others, we would cross the bridge, and patronise the theatres over the water; or buying masks, the black of which was anything but a fast colour, and came off copiously on our hands and noses, we would spend an hour or two in Vauxhall, trying to realise the idea, that we were having great fun; and then would walk home with aching feet and empty pockets, but happy in the thought that we had been 'seeing life.' Now, whoever invented that phrase, so far as London-life goes, has a great deal to answer for; all the infidel and otherwise immoral publications that ever were issued, never wrought the same amount of ruin among young men as that absurd lying phrase, 'seeing life.' My dearly beloved brethren, what sort of life was it we used to pay so largely for the privilege of seeing? Was it not a sham from beginning to end? Was it not merely vice endeavouring for an hour or two to appear in a state of reckless mirth and jollity?

But J—— and I didn't believe that, not we. Was it not, we imagined, a great privilege to get into a fast set now and then, and appear to be a couple of young swells of enormous wealth and liberality; to be allowed to pay double for supper in Bazaar's cellar, underneath Piccadilly; to stroll into the Haymarket supper-rooms, go up stairs, and wait an interminable length of time for lobster salad which never came; to indulge in that style of repartee termed chaff; to bury our noses and our cares in that nectar of our young Olympians, half-and-half! Of course it was; and for all my moralising, I look with tender pity upon all you young block-heads, who, thinking as I did once, are following in the footsteps of your idiotic elders.

But you'll have your eyes pulled open by Time's long skinny fingers some day, as mine have been. In the meantime, I warn you that 'seeing life' of that description doesn't make you one bit more wide awake, or subtle in the ways of the world, but

destroys your health, empties your pockets, and, what is of far greater consequence than either, blunts that keen perception between right and wrong which ought to be to you a coat of triple steel in the battle of life.

Financial deficiencies cut my career about the town very short; moreover, not being built after the Adonis model, and not being ready with my tongue, the life of a fast man was not one in which I was likely to shine. So, relapsing into a quiet plodding student, I spent my days in the anatomical rooms, and my nights in the hospital for the chance of cases of accident coming in; and at last, as all working-men do about a medical school, became a somebody in it. In the meanwhile, I became less intimate with J—, who seldom now appeared at lecture; and it soon came out that his aunt had died and left him money. 'Oh,' thought I, 'that accounts for the snob cutting me in the Quadrant the other day, as I walked along with a parcel of books under my arm.'

I was a poor man, and of course looked with suspicion and disgust on J—, now that he was well off. Confound him! no one ever died for my benefit, except in an anatomical point of view. I felt ill used, and was never happy except when alone with my grievance.

Time passed on, and I quite lost sight of J—. The autumn vacation came and went, and then the 1st of October, with its introductory lectures and meetings with old friends; then a couple of months' earnest vigorous work, and then Christmas.

Eh! the thought of Christmas in London almost brings tears to my eyes even now, while my wife sits by me elaborating some coat-of-many-colours for the small Joseph on the rug. There was hard and continued frost that year; and one day, skating on the long water in Kensington Gardens, I bumped up against J—. We fraternised again; but he was not, by any means, the same happy, well-to-do-looking fellow he once was, though there was far more pretension in his manner. He spoke in the peculiar drawl affected by the British swell, was smoking a cigar, and had a capital pair of skates on; but still there was a something about him I didn't like—a seedy look about his cuffs and collar, an up-all-night and home-with-the-milk appearance I had presented too often myself to mistake in others; his right lower eyelid, too, was somewhat variegated—green and yellow with red streaks. In short, said I to myself as I shot along one of the swept paths on the ice: 'J—, my boy, there's something wrong with you; I don't feel as if I envied you so much as I used; I'd sooner be the old slow-coach I am, after all.' And coming to the bank near the small bridge, I took off my skates and walked away up Westbourne Terrace, thinking about J— and all our old larks we had had together.

Next day saw me on the ice again. One of the skate-strappers came up and said: 'That gent I seed you talking to last evening, sir, has bin and took my best pair o' skates with him; and though it may be a mistake, it's hard lines on a poor cove like me, and it'll thaw shocking before morning.' And so it did. So I went back to the old work, the dear old work, for such I hold anatomy to be. It was the custom in the schools, in my day, to dissect till one o'clock, and then go round the hospital. At each bed the surgeon or physician used to stop, and if its inmate happened to be a new one, the dresser or clinical clerk read out the case for the benefit of the students standing round. One day, about two years from the time I met J— on the ice, I went into one of the surgical wards and found the students congregated round a bed, so as to prevent my seeing the patient; but I heard the dresser read: 'John Brown, *et. 24*; has at present no occupation, but was formerly a medical

student; has no particular place of residence, and has spent the last few nights in the streets; is in the habit of spirit-drinking, and is unable to provide himself with proper food; admitted for erysipelas, following a cut on the hand received in a public-house row.'

The surgeon made one or two remarks upon the case, and moved away to the next bed, followed by his disciples. I drew nearer to the patient, and saw, to my horror and surprise, in the thin wasted face, the pinched nose, the staring, restless eyes, enough remaining to convince me that this miserable outcast from the London streets was no other than my old light-hearted companion J—.

I almost involuntarily called him by name; a flush of rage and pain passed over his face as he said in a husky whisper: 'Don't speak so loud.' He need not have distressed himself; no one there knew him except myself. He was so changed in appearance, that the surgeon could scarcely have been expected to recognise him, while the class was composed of students who had entered the school after his brief career had closed. He was in so excited a condition that I left him; but having the entrée of the wards, I returned after the visit, and sitting down on the locker by his bed, inquired how he had passed the last two years. He was very fretful and nervous, but seemed to have pleasure in talking of himself, and I gathered the following particulars. At the time he gave up coming to college, and became a man about town, he had not come into his aunt's legacy, which was about £2000; but he was induced to forestall it by a friend, a fellow he met at a wine-party, with whom he was walking one unlucky day. They looked at some things in the Burlington Arcade, and J— said: 'Now, I'd buy that if I'd the money.'

'Not got the money,' says his companion; 'a man with your prospects hard-up. Didn't you tell me you were down in some old lady's will for a lot of money?'

'Well, but I don't come into it for a year.'

'Oh, you innocent, don't you know you can raise the money now, if you feel inclined? I'll put you up to a thing or two, J—, my boy.'

So the result of this conversation was, that J— went with this disinterested friend to a loan-society, where J— had to insure his life, at an extra premium too, because the cautious medical referee detected something suspicious in his thorax, which might carry him off before the year expired. Then J— was admitted to a wonderfully mysterious room, in which three gentlemen sat at a green table (one of the three being the disinterested friend who suggested the proceeding), and he was asked to take a seat opposite them, which he did with that humility and respect due to great capitalists. Some financial rite having been performed, he found he had borrowed on the security of the life-assurance policy and his aunt's money in prospect, £1000, which meant £900, for, of course, there are a few trifling preliminary expenses attending all such matters; so he, who had entered the office almost a suppliant, so subdued was he by the dignity of the establishment, and the sublime suavity of the secretary, came out feeling himself a man of means; he took a cab to the nearest bank, accompanied by this disinterested friend, who introduced him, and got him cheque and cash books, and instructed him in the little technicalities to be observed by a gentleman with a balance at his banker's. Under the auspices of this invaluable adviser, J— became a man about town, which means one who leads a gas-light life in the streets, and frequents places where steady-going people would prefer not being seen. He also indulged in expensive presents to young ladies of the *corps de ballet*, and betted freely with the disinterested friend,

who always won. The L900 soon melted away, and he could not pay the insurance premium nor the interest on the loan; and having forfeited his aunt's legacy by these omissions, he became very miserable. Hard living and anxiety had by this time begun to tell severely upon a constitution never very robust. Unable at last to provide himself with proper food, he took to spirit-drinking, and at last subsisted almost entirely upon gin. He had neither funds nor inclination to return to college and resume his professional studies; while at the same time the usual refuge, an assistantship in the country, was shut to a man of his dissipated habits. For the few months previous to his admission into — Hospital, he had hung about the spirit-stores, where he occasionally met some old acquaintance who would give him a shilling or a dram. One night, while he was drinking at the bar of the — public-house in Oxford Street, the disinterested party came in, and affected not to recognise J—, who straightway made some insulting remark, and was turned out by the waiters. In the scuffle, his hand was cut by some glass, and the erysipelas he was suffering from was the result. 'But, old boy,' said he, as he finished his story, 'it will soon be all right, you know, and I intend turning over a new leaf: people don't die of the erysipelas *often*, do they?'

I made him no answer, for this malady was at the time epidemic, and slaughtering great numbers of such patients as himself. I knew his chance of recovery was a very slender one. It was therefore with considerable anxiety that I entered the ward next morning, and heard with little surprise that he was considerably worse; the erysipelas had spread over his neck and chest, and he was delirious. The other patients expressed annoyance at being disturbed by the abominable blasphemies he uttered, and we had to remove him into a private room. There I sat by him, administering strong stimulants till he died. Not one sufficiently lucid interval occurred in his hours of apparently great mental and bodily suffering, to give me another opportunity of conversing with him, and ascertaining his wishes upon any worldly matters.

That afternoon, as I was passing out of the hospital, there was a decent-looking girl of eighteen, with an infant in her arms, asking the porter if 'there was a patient called J— in the house.' 'No, ma'am—none of that name.' 'That was the real name,' I whispered to him, 'of the erysipelas case in — ward.' Her sharp ears heard my remark, and inferred the truth from it; and I found that even poor J—'s death was not un mourned, and that he had one, at least, to follow his pauper funeral.

'THE LANCASHIRE REBELS.'

AFTER the conclusion of the long war with Napoleon the Great, which released the strained attention of the nation from the all-absorbing interest of a fierce struggle for life or death, our fathers appear to have found time hang somewhat heavily upon them. Politicians of high rank felt that the game of politics was waxing dull; politicians in lower position turned their eyes to home cares and interests, and gave to them the keen attention which had been fostered by nearly twenty years of foreign war. The village patriots, who had been wont to assemble on Saturday nights at the alehouse to talk over the news from Russia, or the last dispatches from the Peninsula, were obliged to seek a new text for their conversation; and most naturally found it in the severe sufferings which at that time afflicted large numbers of the working-classes. Bad harvests and heavy taxes made food dear; the sudden reduction of the army, and the diminution or disbandment of the still larger army of labourers maintained in the works

necessary for the carrying on of a long and arduous struggle in distant lands, had for the nonce made labour cheap. The labourers were ill off, and were naturally discontented. Being but ill educated, and knowing at best nothing at all of political economy, they were apt to mistake the chief causes of their suffering, and to look upon their rulers, who were many of them personally unpopular on other grounds, as the cause of the evils which pressed so heavily upon them. Accordingly, at this time, a strong spirit of hostility to the government of the day had taken possession of a large portion of the orders debarred by the existing electoral arrangements from taking any direct part in political affairs; and we hear of Hampden Clubs, and similar societies, in every small town throughout the country, and especially in the manufacturing districts of England. The artisans of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire were, as usual, among the foremost in the political movement. It is not our intention to enter into any account of the questions disputed between them and the government, or to give any opinion upon the merits or demerits of the numerous schemes of reform which were every day started and discussed. Those who are curious in such matters may find ample information on the facts of the case in the published history of those times; and, by studying the memoirs and writings of the leading statesmen and agitators of the day, may acquire a pretty accurate notion of the feelings with which each party regarded the character and conduct of the other. The intention of this paper is merely to describe one of the incidents of that contest, of which an interesting narrative has been left us by one of the principal actors, and in which the lordly statesmen who saw in these popular agitations terrible conspiracies against the throne and the constitution were brought into direct personal communication with some of the dreaded conspirators.

One cold morning in March 1817, the streets of Manchester witnessed a singular scene. A large number of men, women, and children were assembled in St Peter's Fields, just outside what was then the town which claimed to be regarded as the metropolis of the cotton manufacture. They were all persons in the lower rank of life, and their attire and countenances spoke of distress, of hard labour, of low wages, of poor food, and grievous anxiety. Most of the men carried rugs or blankets strapped on their backs, containing some little parcel of clothes or necessaries, as if they had come from, or were about to start upon, a long and, to foot-travellers, a wearisome journey. Scarcely had the meeting collected, however, when an enemy appeared on the scene. The magistrates of the district had sent the police and the military to disperse it. Thus the orderly march which had begun to form was dispersed. Large numbers fled in irretrievable confusion; not a few were carried off to prison; and only a part of the assemblage contrived to meet again, and form in some sort of marching array on the London Road. Here the men began to take leave of wives and sweethearts, and the father to embrace the children from whom he was to be long apart, then to return after having aided to achieve great things for himself and his fellows, and obtained good government and ample food for all. These men were going to march, with their blankets on their backs, to London. They hoped to be joined on the road by thousands of their fellow-workmen from all parts of the country, and finally to enter the metropolis in grand procession, and demand with imposing force from the prince-regent their grand panacea for all social evils—reform of parliament. The march began; and about three hundred reached the bridge near Stockport, which was occupied by the yeomanry who had aided in the

dispersion of the meeting at Manchester. Here the Blanketeers wavered; some endeavoured to make their way across the bridge; some plunged into the waters, and got safe to the other side, with drenched clothes and blanket; while the swords of the troops gave a terrible seriousness to a scene. Two or three lives were lost, but the onward march of the procession continued. More than two hundred slept at Macclesfield, most of them in the open air. The next morning, about a hundred resumed their route. But no one joined them; the people of the towns they passed looked shy upon them. Their numbers dwindled; one after another fell off, and slunk away home; the party diminished to forty, to twenty, to six; and by nightfall it was no more. So ended the introductory scene of the drama of 'the Lancashire Rebels.'

A few days afterwards, the authorities, aroused by this demonstration, began to take active steps against those who were suspected to have been ringleaders. Several were arrested; about two hundred and fifty were lodged for a time in the prisons of Manchester and Chester, and about half a score of the most active were despatched to London, to be personally examined before the assembled Privy Council. Accordingly, the next scene is laid in the Home Office, the actors therein being among the highest and the lowliest in the land. On the one hand were noblemen of the loftiest rank and the proudest political station. At their head sat one who had been the colleague and the rival of William Pitt, and once the favourite of George III.; a man vain and self-opinionated to excess. Though weak in intellectual gifts, and so inadequate to the high position he had once held, that Pitt, then nominally in opposition, but not disposed to deal unkindly by him, had exacted from his sarcastic young friend Canning a promise 'not to laugh at his majesty's government,' and especially at his majesty's prime-minister. Respectable by character, his one fatal fault had then made him a public jest; gentle and kindly by temperament, his inordinate self-esteem had involved him in ceaseless squabbles with his friends, and well-nigh proved too much for even the magnanimity of Pitt to tolerate. He had no natural vice of disposition; most foreign to his spirit were the vices of tyranny and cruelty; but his weakness and vanity had led him to delight and take pride in the functions of a political police-officer. He had made it his business to detect conspiracies, and his pleasure to expose and to thwart them. Not being gifted by nature with strong sense or sound judgment, this habit had made him at once suspicious and credulous, whenever any sign of popular discontent appeared, which his own ingenuity, or the malice of a hired informer, could attribute to seditious and treasonable plans for the overthrow of his majesty's government, or the destruction of his unpopular ministers. He was 'a tall, square, and bony figure, apparently upwards of fifty years of age, and with thin and rather gray hair; his forehead was broad and prominent, and from their cavernous orbits looked mild and intelligent eyes.'

Such was the then dreaded Lord Sidmouth—a man whose weaknesses had made him more generally detested by the people, who knew him only by his deeds, than vices far more serious might have done; and such is the sketch drawn of him by one of that class which he most feared and persecuted, and one who never could have spoken of him with temper or courtesy, but for the personal interview which gave him an opportunity of knowing the man as well as the minister. Many of his colleagues sat at the same table; and among them one whose unpopularity surpassed his own, and the intelligence of whose terrible end, some years afterwards, was received with shouts or murmurs of savage exultation by thousands to

whom his name was the symbol of a detested system. Lord Castlereagh is described as 'a good-looking person in a plum-coloured suit;' and his presence seems by no means to have realised the expectations formed by men who had been accustomed to greet his name, in public meetings or in social gatherings, with hooting and execration. If the ministers were not at all such, in appearance or demeanour, as those who now stood before them had expected, certainly they must, on their part, have been not a little surprised by the aspect and the conduct of the captives who had been brought into their presence, from a distance which then required several days' journey, to be interrogated as dangerous conspirators 'against the peace of our lord the king, his crown and dignity.' Weavers, artisans, and men of like condition, including among them one village tooth-drawer, whom they dignified with the title of doctor—such were the persons accused of an attempt to subvert the throne, and destroy the constitution. Nor was their personal demeanour by any means discordant with their real condition. They looked what they were—mere working-men, some of whom possessed a little more intelligence, a little more knowledge, and perhaps a little more of the faculty of speech than is, or then was, common in their rank of life. One incident that occurred appears sufficiently ludicrous, when we recollect that the subject of it was a man supposed to be a ringleader in a treasonable conspiracy of magnitude so alarming as to require such serious precautions. The *soi-disant* doctor was asked his name, and as a doubt arose about the spelling, he was requested to solve it. He accordingly gave the spelling *viâd vocé*—'Haitch, hay, hah, hel, hay, why.' The assembled Privy Council did not understand broad Lancashire; so the doctor's pronunciation did not much enlighten them, and he was asked to write his name. Feeling, however, that his writing was likely to perplex the gentlemen almost as much as his dialect, he handed to Lord Sidmouth a prescription-label bearing his name, which, having been filled up beforehand by a mischievous friend or patient, not a little amused the cabinet. It ran thus: 'Joseph Healey, Surgeon, Middleton. *Plase take 200 spoon-fuls of this mixture each 2 hours.*' Such were the accidents that diversified an examination of men arrested on the capital charge of high treason forty years ago.

One of these men, a Middleton weaver, and the secretary of the 'Hampden Club' in that place, made good use of the occasion. He spoke up, unabashed by the presence of the great men before whom he stood, and unexcited by the importance with which their apprehensions had temporarily invested him and his associates. He told the Privy Council, with genuine Lancashire sense and spirit, exactly what he thought and felt. He made no secret, and no boast, of what he had done, while he disclaimed the popularity and protested against the penalties likely to wait on what he was accused of doing, but had not done. No equal in society, no rival in parliament, could have told Lord Sidmouth and his colleagues with more plainness what he thought of their conduct towards him and his fellows. With perfect respect of manner, and with perfect frankness of speech, he denounced ministerial errors and parliamentary corruption before these statesmen and borough proprietors. They had seldom heard the truth so plainly spoken before, and certainly had not expected to hear it in language so temperate, and yet so decided, from a working-man examined before them on a capital charge. To their credit be it spoken, they were favourably impressed by the manliness and open bearing of the prisoner. After a short and not painful detention, they released him with courteous words and treatment, and sent him back to his fellow-towns-

men a wiser man, in appreciation at least of the motives and intentions of the governing class, if not a less earnest radical. If they did not profit as they might by the lesson they received, as to the real views of the village reformers of the northern counties, it was principally because they trusted rather to the worst possible class of information—that of their hired spies. These men, villains by profession, had of course an interest in making the most of seditious words and popular excitement. For their own purposes, they fostered the treason which they were then paid to betray. The ministers did not intend this, of course; but it was so obviously probable, and indeed inevitable, that they ought to have foreseen it. It was the repeated detection of such villainy on the part of informers that at last compelled the government to abandon the practice of employing men to attend the meetings of the agitators and their adherents, in order to reveal their plans to the authorities. But for many years this system, utterly unpardonable in the rulers of a civilised country, kept the government constantly misinformed as to the views and aspirations of large classes of its subjects, and exaggerated the mutual ignorance which the immense distance of rank and condition naturally engendered. The very men who were on this occasion released by the council were afterwards, in many instances, inveigled to destruction by the artifices of paid agents of the Home Office. Such isolated encounters as that just described could not enlighten those who took such effectual means to be kept in the dark.

KUNCHUN-CHURLOO.

I was not seriously ill, but I wanted change of air, which, even when it is not of a superior quality to that which we daily imbibe, proves frequently beneficial to the hipped and dyspeptic invalid—just as the diet, to be perfectly wholesome, requires occasional variation. I had been two years at Poonah, one of the healthiest, cheerfulest, most desirable stations in the three presidencies; but a close routine of arduous office-work, a surplussage of the red-tape slavery that somehow adheres to every system of government originated and carried out by British heads, it matters not in what country or clime, had undermined the natural strength of my constitution, which required a little repair. I love India—I loved it then, even when authorities and powers were more open to censure than they are now, for happily, not only is the schoolmaster abroad, but with him is to be found the active spirit of conscientiousness, whose rule is progress, and whose law is justice.

I wanted solitude—a little breathing-time from irksome duties, and scarcely less tiresome gaieties. I was sick of merciless field-days, monotonous balls, incessant mess-dinners, and amateur theatricals, where our Lady Macbeths and Lydia Langshes were appropriated by burly captains of the grenadiers, six feet high, and unfledged ensigns, who had not yet mastered the goose-step, nor doffed the unpisied name of griffin. I spoke the principal native languages with sufficient fluency to need no *moonshes* or interpreter; and needed no other companions in my rambles than two faithful servants, and a sepoy, whose earnest desire to accompany me, backed by my consent, had readily obtained him a month's furlough. He was an excellent *shikar* or sportsman, and a brave honest fellow, whose good qualities I had cognizance of. Determined to avoid the beaten track of mere picnic and shooting excursionists, I chose a range of country which, though then peaceably quiet, had, in the war of the Pindarrees, acquired rather an ill fame. I remembered, indeed, that some six years back, an officer and his wife, while journeying through a portion of it, had been attacked by *looties* or marauders, and

that though Major Matheson escaped with his life, the body of his wife, who had been cruelly murdered, was found in the jungle some days after, while of their infant daughter no traces were ever discovered.

But these days were over, and report gave out no sounds of warning or alarm. My plan was to ride or walk quietly in the morning until I came upon some pretty hamlet or sequestered spot that hit my fancy, and there to await till my one-poled tent and servants came up to halt for the day—for two or three, if I chose. All places were new to me, and each was almost sure to please by reason of that very novelty. Sometimes there were abundance of plants to collect, for I piqued myself on my botany; very often there was prolific game, unattended by risk in the pursuit; and everywhere there was an old pagoda or a ruined *killa* (fortress) to sketch; perhaps the cell of some ancient anchorite beside a picturesque *bowry* or deep draw-well, over which trailed many a variegated lian, or drooped a banian-tree, laden with its bright-red figs, the favourite food of many a bird.

From those ascetic mendicants who spread their praying-carpets by the wayside, it is not difficult to win many a wild tradition by welcome courtesy, and still more welcome coin. I have seldom failed to enter into amicable alliance with the religious pilgrim, whether of Mussulman or Hindoo creed; but there is a way of doing things, and surely it is easy for all who reverence their own God, to spare animadversions on the beliefs of others; quite as sincere, perhaps, though not so enlightened.

In a very happy frame of mind I thus passed a fortnight, wandering here and there, to and fro, until at last I came to Jejurry, a place of which I had heard, and which, although only twenty-eight miles from Poonah, was in those days perfectly unknown to more than half the European community there. Yet Jejurry is not without its claims to the attention of the scene-seeker. It is a Marhatta town in the province of Bejapoor, and not void of permanent importance as a rendezvous for many a follower of Brahma. The celebrity of its *devul*, or pagoda, renders it a favourite resort for the Hindoo religious. So far back as the year 1792, we learn from the statistics of Bejapoor, that the priestesses, as they are called, or dancing-girls attached to the temple, amounted to 250. In 1828, when I visited it, there might probably be fifty less; but the Brahmins and beggars that haunted the purlieus of the *devul* were innumerable. Dedicated to one of the endless incarnations of Siva, assumed by him to slay a rebellious and cruel giant, the pagoda has a magnificent appearance as it breaks upon the traveller's sight, newly released from leafy jungles. Situated on a steep ascent, whence a varied and striking landscape salutes the eye, it is visible at a great distance on three sides, where the country is free from woods, and though not covered with gilding, or made resplendent by glittering bells, like the Buddhist temples of Agra, its gray ragged walls, vast proportions, and solid abutments, here and there profusely festooned with lianas, are well worthy of a minute inspection and description. On the huge *raishahen* idol, which is the esoteric magnet of the place, it is asserted that at no very remote period, L.6000 were annually expended; and when the retinue of priests, acolytes, elephants, horses, &c., which is entertained is considered, the fact becomes less a matter of doubt than of astonishment. Certain it is, that this idol is daily bathed in rose-water, and sprinkled with the same water of the Ganges, conveyed from a distance of upwards of a thousand miles.

Richly decorated with gems, perfumed with the most expensive *attars*, and surrounded with almost hourly and ever-fresh offerings of fruit and flowers, the idol is one of the still-existing evidences of the

reign of superstitious fanaticism on the earth. The support of the establishment is derived from houses, gardens, and fields given by devotees; nor can it be ignored that the priestesses, the dancing-girls of the temple, are a source of revenue rather than of expense.

I had passed several days here pleasantly enough, when I was asked one morning by a very courteous and intelligent *gosain*, whose acquaintance I had made on my arrival, whether I had visited Kunchun-Churloo. I replied in the negative, asking what object worthy of observation the place, if a place, contained.

'Maharaj,' said he, 'it is a place, and one that deserves a visit. The name, as you may know, means the Tank of the Dancing-girl; and the legend which is attached to it renders it a favourite resort to the devout; while to sportsmen, like yourself, there is such abundant variety of game in the jungles and jheels (marshes) near it, that it deserves your investigation.'

'And the legend, father—is it so brief as to admit of your relating it in a short time?'

'By your favour, *sahib*!' and the *gosain*, adjusting those robes, dyed with red ochre, which denote the strict worshipper of Siva, related the tradition I here abbreviate:

'Many years ago, when this temple was yet young, the jungle which stretches for four miles towards the west was infested by serpents of such deadly venom and ferocity, as is now only to be found in the naja or cobra *da capello*—a sacred emblem, and a worshipped symbol of the Deity. But, unlike this holy reptile, the snakes in the neighbourhood were diabolical spirits, the accursed offspring of the giant Manimal, destroyed by mighty Siva. Now, unhappily, when Siva, or Mahadeo, slew the monstrous oppressor, he neglected to scorch up the blood which flowed from the wounds of Manimal, from every drop of which sprang a vicious reptile. The loathsome twin-headed serpent, spotted with leprosy; the whip-snake, with gray and white bands, whose tail is spiked with poisonous thorns; the green-snake, that darts from the trees on the passer-by; the variegated carpet-snake, whose bite slays ere the bitten has had time to shriek; the black snake, whose fangs emit a sickening odour that fascinates the bird on the bough; and many others, with scorpions and centipedes, were engendered by the blood of the giant festering in the sun's heat. And when Siva, grieved at his omission, and withheld by the Highest from any future incarnation, witnessed the misery that followed, and the desolation of the country, he was permitted to prophesy, that the serpent-brood should only be extinct when a priestess of the pagoda, young, beautiful, brave, and chaste, resisting the temptations of the world, should resign herself a sacrifice to death by daring to lead the swarm of reptiles to the lake of the Jins, on the margin of the forest. Well, Maharaj, after many years, a fair young damsel joined the troop of dancing-girls, expressing her determination to offer her life at the tank of the Jins. Two years were passed in holy purification ere the Brahmans consented to the sacrifice, when, perceiving how every temptation that was made to withdraw her from the life of purity and worship she had adopted, was resisted, they agreed. I will not delay my account by describing the grandeur of the procession and the orders of the cavalcade that were prepared to do her honour. Obeying, no doubt, the voice of Brahma within her, she refused to mount the sacred elephant that was in readiness, and commanding the Brahmans, the proud Byrages, the Suniasses, and other votaries of our creed, to let her precede them, she stepped forth alone into the jungle, no other weapon in her hand than the *vina* or lute, to which she was accus-

tomed to chant her songs in the service of the gods. O Maharaj! as she entered the forest, followed slowly by the mute and wondering crowd, every leaf seemed to rustle with life, every tree became alive with livid and horrible reptiles; the air was fetid with their breath, and the only sound was sibilation. But, lo! at the first chord of her *vina*, at the first gush of music that issued from her throat, the wind became fragrant as the utterance of a multitude of roses, and the menacing hisses sank into silence, only broken by her glorious voice. Then, too, the terrible creatures, ranging themselves obediently out of the track, without erecting a crest, or vibrating a forked tongue, followed her gravely as she proceeded; nor did she falter a step, or pause in her song, till she reached the lake. There, waving her hand in farewell to the crowd, she again began to sing, and, stepping into the water, was followed by the noxious swarm of serpents. When she had attained the depth of her waist, she took off her tiara, and, throwing it into the waves, exclaimed: "Siva, the Destroyer, come now and complete the death of the giant and his progeny!" Whereat the whole brood of snakes sank dead into the depths of the pool. When the water had now gained her neck, she cast forward her *vina*, exclaiming: "Vishnu, the Preserver, let nothing that is poisonous henceforward be found in this lake!" And then, with a sound of music strangled in her pure throat by the permitted death, she disappeared beneath the waters. In that spot, where she was last seen, a rocky altar has arisen, whose foot is swathed by the rich foliage and scented cups of the sacred lotus; and thither come the devout, the sick, and the sorrowful, to invoke the assistance of the gentle divinity which presides over what is now called Kunchun-Churloo, the Dancing-girl's Tank.'

'*Sahib*,' cried my Marhatta sepoy, Jung Rao, 'let me instantly order the *sawan geemas* (bag and baggage) to proceed to this wonderful place.'

'All in good time,' said I, smiling at an eagerness which, whether proceeding from his avowed admiration of the *gosain*, or from the delight he anticipated in a new field for his sporting capabilities, was sufficiently apparent. Thanking the *gosain* for his legend, and quietly depositing an unrejected monetary proof of my obligations in the skirts of his robes, I received his assurance that he intended to follow me to the tank, where he could point out to me the various beauties of the scene.

It was, in truth, a very lovely spot; and as I ordered my little tent to be pitched on a gentle knoll, ascending from the verdant rim of the tank, and saw that the silvan beauties of the landscape nowhere deteriorated into thick or sombre jungle, whilst little patches of cultivation—millet, chick-peas, and other grain—testified that agriculture was not altogether wanting; and whilst some scattered buffaloes and sheep were feeding in the rich meadows, or the former splashed like sea-horses in the tank, I could not but think how happily and innocently a few lives might pass here under a kind and paternal dynasty, and blest by education and peace. There was a small hamlet close by; and the result of our first day's sport was a banquet of game so ample that all who chose had a share in it.

Next morning, when as yet the skies gave forth no rosy courier of daylight, I wandered forth alone, directing my steps to the east, that I might witness the effects of sunrise on the upland glades which ascended towards a distant mountain. There was a broad path; and as I slowly advanced, the cry of the quail amidst the grass, the coo of the wood-dove among the bushes, and the whirr of an owl or bat, retreating instinctively from the coming light, announced that already dawn was at hand. And yet no signs of it, to my wonder, appeared; and presently

as I looked at my watch, and perceived that, instead of coming from the east, which I faced, a dim and unaccustomed light was thrown from behind me, my ears were saluted by the welcome 'Ram, ram!' of the gosain, and there, in advance of me he stood, his arms erect and extended, his form dilated, and altogether presenting a very statuesque appearance.

'Glory be to the sun and to its Maker!' cried he; 'the west is to Him even as the east!' and turning round as he pointed to the west, I beheld a sight that in very truth astounded me. I witnessed a rare phenomenon, of which I had not then even so much as heard, although I now know that it has been observed by some of our recent travellers. The sight was very fine; for there, in the west, appeared the bright and symmetrical beams of the rising sun, reflected with marvellous beauty from the opposite quarter, where all was dark. There was yet something I cannot describe, but which gave the whole an unnatural aspect, in the clearly defined rays, which rose gradually to the zenith, illuminating the horizon with a sparkling sort of rose-white. For perhaps five minutes, not more, this show in the firmament lasted; and then, lo! all vanished, and the east redeemed its appanage of sun and light.

This optical phenomenon, which, many years afterwards, was observed by Hooker among the mountains of Tibet, has been described by him with a graphic pen; and to the credit of my friend the gosain, it may be stated that he ascribed no superstitious attributes to it, but hailed it merely as a phenomenal evidence of Deity.

As we pursued our walk, which occupied several hours, for we made the circuit of the tank, avoiding, as only the gosain could have taught me to do, some very undesirable quagmires, we came upon a party of Brinzaries—those gipsies of the east—those useful nomads who, in every war, have been found of incalculable service to the English, by bringing grain and forage to their camps. They were driving a few heavily laden bullocks to a clump of trees beside the tank, both cattle and men appearing wearied and worn, for they generally travel by night. As they turned at our approach to make obeisance to the gosain, who was evidently known to them, I was struck by the remarkable beauty of a little girl, who, mounted between two sacks of corn, and chatting merrily with a robust elderly woman, seemed to me to be utterly out of place in this scene and society. The child was sunburnt, as well might be; but for all that, her skin was exquisitely fair, her profuse ringlets of an auburn brown, and her eyes of that dark gray which is so much more expressive than either black or blue. The dark handsome Egyptian countenance of the woman was in such complete contrast, that I could not help exclaiming, as they began to unpack their cattle, and the girl actively set about helping the woman: 'O gosain, that child is a European!'

'Maharaj,' answered he, 'it is a truth; and wonderful is the history which belongs to it. It may be that the time has come for discovery; and, with permission, I will speak a few words to my ancient friends here, and gain their consent to unfold the matter to you.'

I sat down at some distance, while the gosain parleyed earnestly with the Brinzaries. Presently—and I knew that all was adjusted amicably—the elderly woman kissed the child, and putting something into a plantain-leaf, pointed towards me. Neither shyly nor awkwardly, but with a sweet and gentle grace, the tiny creature approached me, and making a salam, presented her offering—a handful of delicious dates. She accepted without reluctance the caresses I lavished on her bright and well-cared-for ringlets, and prattled away in a *patois*, part Hindoo-

stane, part Dukkhani, to which my responses were very vague and concise. She soon, however, ran away from the stranger, when the gosain approached me, and commenced his narrative. 'It is some six or seven seasons since Narrainah and Mahla, the Brinzari man and woman who conduct this party, were pursuing the same route they have just come; they were laden with grain, and the Pindarree were having but recently ceased, were travelling cautiously, for the country was then overrun with marauders in the jungle of Kargholi, about ten miles hence, they were alarmed by shrieks and cries, and the clang of arms. It was dark night; but the flash of torches at no great distance warned them that travellers were being assaulted by plunderers; and in great alarm they withdrew into a thicket for concealment. After some time the clamour ceased, and presently they beheld a troop of men pass by, one of whom led a horse, caparisoned in the European fashion. When they had disappeared, the Brinzaries carefully regained the road, and before long, *ufos!* (alas!) they came upon an overturned palanquin, deserted by its bearers, and lying beside it the yet warm corpse of a European lady, covered with cruel wounds. A faint cry revealed to them a little infant, neatly smothered beneath the body; and in dread that the robbers might return, the men of the party were going to leave the child there, but Mahla had lost a babe shortly before, and full of compassion, refused to move from the spot until Narrainah was fain to consent to her adoption of the poor foundling. They escaped from the jungles, carrying the little girl with them; and not many weeks after, I saw them, and advised them to go to Poonah, and make the circumstances known to the government authorities there. But they stuffed their ears with the cotton of denial. Narrainah was afraid of bringing trouble on themselves by making the affair public. It might even happen that the murder and robbery would be laid to their charge; and the woman was loath to give up the infant, whom she had named *Motee* (the Pearl), after her own child. They in consequence carefully avoided Poonah, and every place where English troops were stationed; but they are at length convinced that it is their duty to follow my advice, and are willing to resign Motee, provided any relation claiming her is discovered.'

'My good friend,' said I, 'the child doubtless belongs to Major Matheson, an officer who, passing through that very jungle, with his wife and daughter, was attacked by robbers, and barely escaped with his life. His wife's remains were found a week ago, but his horse had been carried off, and with it, they supposed, the child. It was through the palanquin-bearers, and a native woman-servant, the whole was made known. They had fled into the woods, from which they did not emerge until a whole day had passed. I have never seen Major Matheson; but he is alive, and will assuredly be rejoiced to hear that his daughter lives. The good Brinzaries may contribute upon their finding a generous benefactor in one who owes to them the life of his child.'

'Maharaj,' cried the gosain, 'there was a *kitab* (book) found in the palanquin, and it was the only thing the accursed thieves and murderers left behind.'

'Can I see it?' asked I.

It was a handsome, old, much-read copy of *Shah's* spear; and in the fly-leaf was written: 'Gosain Matheson, from her Husband.' It was enough. As I read the name, the worthy gosain held up his hands in admiration. He told me the Brinzaries were quite willing to journey to Poonah, if needful; or to remain at Jejurry until such time as I could communicate with Major Matheson. But whilst I was reflecting on the course to be pursued, that which was

call fate was anticipating my movements, and about to render useless my interference in the matter. There are incidents in some lives which follow up each other with such celerity, when least expected, that it is only the utterly thoughtless who can treat them with indifference and disregard. That Providence which foresees all, knows best when the hidden things that perplex us are to be set clearly before us, without doubt and without difficulty.

It was evening, and I was once more with the Brinzaries, the gossain, and my little friend Motee, when Jung Rao, running at the top of his speed, announced the arrival, at my tent, of a sahib from Poonah.

'Indeed,' said I, 'who can it be?'

'His salam to you, sir; and he begs you will come and see him. He has sprained his ankle by a fall from his horse; and his *syce* (groom) and baggage have not yet come up.'

The Brinzaries are celebrated for their expertness in setting to right all sprains, salving all wounds, and knowledge of all drugs; and I had but to mention the accident to receive the proffered aid of Mahla. She hastened to bring from her hoards wherewithal to compound a lotion, or poultice, or both, for the injured limb, and was almost as soon beside the sufferer as myself.

I knew him at once—I knew him well. It was Cosmo Gordon, a young ensign in a native infantry regiment. He was not only a very handsome youth, but was quite the gem of our *corps dramatique*; and, if truth must be told, had played Emily Worthington to my Lucretia Mactab not a month before.

The sprain was not a very severe one, and Mahla's care and treatment soon gave him relief. It was to amuse him, as he lay on my couch, whilst his own tent was being pitched, that I told him the strange story of the Brinzaries, and shewed him the book, whose hapless owner had been so cruelly murdered.

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed he, reading the name—'Grace Matheson! Do you not know, Innes, that she was my aunt?'

Indeed, I did not know. But I will tell the reader what I know. Matheson, now general, was rendered truly happy by the discovery of his daughter, nor had the worthy Brinzaries reason to repent having protected the infancy of one who, in their declining years, became their tender protectress. Motee, otherwise Grace Matheson, is now a happy wife and mother. Her husband, some years her senior, no longer personifies young ladies on any stage; but if the reader visits Subatcheekehuburabad, in Mysore, he will find in Colonel Cosmo Gordon a kind host and an honest man, beloved by all who know him.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE TELEGRAPH V. TIME.

THE Transatlantic telegraph has at length been laid, and its two extremities are fixed, the one on the shore of Valentia, in Ireland, and the other on that of St John's, in the island of Newfoundland. The metallic thread by means of which mankind will henceforth be able to converse from one border of the ocean to the other, communicates without interruption from the old to the new continent; and in spite of the provisional character of the arrangement of the electric machines, a day does not pass without several dispatches being sent from Europe to America, and from America to Europe, across the mass of Atlantic waters.

The public has already been informed, that on the night of the 9th and 10th of August, a telegram was received at Valentia from Newfoundland at a quarter past eleven o'clock. This hour, which is almost

in the middle of the night, seems more suitable for repose and sleep than for vigilance and labour. The Americans, nevertheless, had forwarded the dispatch at an hour when the approach of night had not as yet put an end to general business. The explanation is, that Valentia is situated about ten degrees and a quarter west longitude from London, and St John's, Newfoundland, about fifty-two degrees and a half west longitude from the same city, which gives a difference of forty-two degrees and a quarter between the two points on the coasts of Europe and America. If we calculate as regards time this difference of longitude, we shall find that at St John's, Newfoundland, the clock is about two hours and forty-five minutes behind the clock in Ireland; so that a dispatch which is received at this latter station at a quarter past eleven at night, had been transmitted from Newfoundland when it was only twenty-five minutes past eight in the evening. Let us also observe, that Valentia and St John's being the two nearest points of the old and new continents, the difference of two hours and fifty minutes is the least that can exist between any of the cities of Europe and America.

If our globe were entirely encompassed by a metallic thread such as that already laid down between Europe and America, an electric current could make the tour of it in less than a second; and we can therefore fairly say that communications between the most distant points of the earth would be instantaneous. Such a velocity as this makes the motion of the sun, which it leaves far behind, seem slow; for the sun, in its apparent motion, passes over only about 1050 miles (fifteen degrees) in an hour.

The hour can never be the same in two places at once, however near they may be, when situated under different meridians. Here is an example, which we will take from London itself. It is well known what is the distance of the Crystal Palace from the Observatory at Greenwich, and also that this distance is further in latitude than in longitude. Indeed, the meridian of the Crystal Palace is only distant from the meridian of the Observatory by some few hundred yards. However, notwithstanding the extreme proximity of the two meridians, the hour at the Crystal Palace, situated to the west, differs sensibly from that of the Observatory, situated to the east. We may reckon at ten or twelve seconds the difference of time between these two meridians; so that when it is mid-day at the Crystal Palace, it is twelve o'clock and some seconds more at Greenwich. To take a more extended illustration: Paris is situated 2° 20' of longitude east of Greenwich, almost the longitude of Havre; its hour is therefore nine minutes twenty-two seconds in advance of that of Greenwich.

If, then, we find such a variation in the time at places situated at so slight a distance from one another, we shall require, now that the telegraph places us in instantaneous relation with the furthest towns of the new world, to regulate with each of them the hours of our communications, so that we need not disturb more than is inevitable the ordinary habits of life. A merchant at New York or at New Orleans, who still enjoys daylight in his own country when we have here with us the night somewhat advanced, is not necessitated to oblige his correspondent in London or Paris to pass his whole night at the door of a telegraph-office to await a dispatch which has been announced to him, and to which an answer is to be given 'per bearer.'

New York, situated about 74° 40' west longitude from Greenwich, has its clocks set at somewhat less than five hours behind those of London; so that when it is ten o'clock in the morning with us, the hour when our business commences, it is in the great American

capital only five o'clock—that is to say, an hour when the greater portion of the population is buried in sleep. When the inhabitants of New York think of getting up, it is past twelve o'clock in London; while we are dining in the metropolis of England, they are breakfasting in that of America; and while the people are dining there, we are thinking of going to bed here. Let us take again, by way of an interesting example, New Orleans, which is further removed westward by about fifteen degrees of longitude—that is to say, reckoning by time, six hours, or a quarter of a day later than we are in London. Hence, then, a dispatch forwarded by telegraph from this latter town on the 15th August, at three o'clock in the morning, would arrive at New Orleans on the 14th August, at nine o'clock at night! We may likewise send from Europe news dated one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock in the morning, on the first day of the month, or the first day of the year; and this news will arrive in America on the last evening of the month, or the last of the preceding year. If we should wish our communications from Europe to arrive at New Orleans for the hour in which business is transacted in hot climates, we must ply the telegraph about noon. A dispatch forwarded at ten o'clock in the evening, will arrive on the banks of the Mississippi at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the instant when men return to their affairs after the great heat of the day. It is already fully seen by the people of America that they will receive each morning, about eleven o'clock, as they enter their places of business, the heads of the great commercial results of the different capitals of Europe for that day; they will read, by a kind of anticipation, the day's European news before their own day commences!

The Americans, with their enterprising genius, it is reasonable to suppose, will not remain satisfied until they have placed the Atlantic in direct communication with the Pacific, New York with San Francisco in California. This last town, situated 128° of longitude west of London, is eight hours ten minutes later than we are; so that the greater portion of its night coincides with our day, and reciprocally our night coincides with the greater part of their day. In winter, when the day has hardly commenced in England, at eight o'clock in the morning, it is scarcely half-past eleven at night in California. At San Francisco, the world is about to turn into bed at the moment when, in London, the first streaks of light begin to lace the eastern horizon. The hour, therefore, the most convenient in Europe for interchanging telegraphic communications with California would be from four to eight o'clock in the evening, a time which would coincide with the morning of this distant country.

The region of the globe where the difference of time is about twelve hours as regards Western Europe—that is to say, which has midnight when we have mid-day, and *vice versa*, is the longitudinal part of the Pacific Ocean studded with islands, and comprised between Behring's Straits on the north and New Zealand on the south. It is a region distant from us 180° of longitude, and which we are accustomed to designate under the name of antipodes. As yet, the question of extending the telegraph to these islands has not been mooted; and therefore it is unnecessary to pursue these curious calculations further at the present moment. But what we have said of the great western continent will apply equally to the vast continent of Asia; and if we establish direct telegraphic communications with India, China, and Japan, as there is no doubt we shall, the same calculations will have to be made with a view to regulate nicely the time for despatching these swift and sun-outstripping messages.

Mr Sydney Waterlow has supplied the Society of Arts with some interesting information concerning

the mode by which his firm communicates with its three different places of business. The line of wires commences at London Wall, proceeds to Birchinn Lane, a distance of 1500 feet without support, and thence, by eleven stages, goes on to Parliament Street. He seems to have had no difficulty in obtaining permission of the various house-proprietors to fix his poles on their roofs; the total cost—exclusive of the instruments—he states to be not more than £50 a mile, and calculates that the whole of the police and fire-engine stations in the metropolis might be brought into mutual communication for £5000. The estimate for a subterranean telegraph was forty times as great as the actual cost of the over-house plan. The whole report is very satisfactory, and it seems quite probable that the roofs of the city of London, viewed from St Paul's, may soon present, with their telegraphic wires, the appearance of a gigantic game of cat's-cradle.

The coast-survey, of which we have from time to time reported progress, is so well advanced that a few more seasons will see it complete. The charts in which the results are laid down are interesting, for they contain not only all the shores, isles, islets, and rocks, but also the sea-bottom all round, out to a depth of a hundred fathoms. Concerning this, Sir Roderick Murchison says: 'The study of the configuration of that line is instructive: it shews that the group, although apparently broken up into three large and countless small islands, is physically connected on the south-east, through Belgium and Holland, with the continent of Europe; while it is separated from Norway and Sweden by a gulf or fiord some hundred fathoms in depth. Probably, it may not be generally known that some of the deep wells in London and Sheerness draw their fresh water from a stratum which lies fully 800 feet below the level of the bottom of any portion of the North Sea that intervenes between this island and the coasts of Belgium, Holland, or Denmark. The physical geographer will therefore find, if he examines them, that nautical charts teach something more than the mere depth sufficient for the wants of navigation.' In the portion of the survey here referred to, 23,000 casts of the lead were made—averaging 35 casts to the square mile in deep water, and 625 casts to the square mile when within a depth of ten fathoms. The cost to the country, including the soundings, is about £50 per mile of coast-line—a sum which, for such a work, may be considered as moderate.

Sir Roderick brings forward another piece of evidence bearing on the question of a Suez canal. Certain engineers and speculators argue that the Nile no longer brings down alluvium, because the delta does not sensibly increase, and therefore there could be no risk of the canal-mouth silting up. But Captain Spratt's Report on the subject shews that, although the delta has advanced to such a point that the stroke of the sea, arising from the prevalent winds, is sufficient to keep it in check, the detritus is still brought down and carried away to the eastward, and forms dunes and sand-hills, which at Kas Burun, rise to a height of 270 feet above the level of the sea. We notice this fact, because the question has inspired in some quarters national jealousy, and all evidence is valuable which helps to place it in its true light.

The African mails bring advices from Dr Baikie and the Niger expedition. They were getting on satisfactorily, though slowly. The same may be said of the explorers in Congo; and Dr Livingstone, who dated June 26, writes that the *Pearl* had safely passed the bar, and got up the Zambesi—that the launch, the *Ma Robert*, had been disembarked and put together, and that with his party, who were all in health, he was about to start for Tete. 'We all look forward

with interest,' he says, 'to meeting with my Makalolo, though several have died during their stay by small-pox.' The doctor's expedition has our heartiest sympathies; but we cannot ignore the difficulties that await him in the shallowness of the river, and the torment of mosquitoes. Already, when the last accounts came away, the party had lost time and temper from these two hindrances.—Letters have come, too, from M'Clintock, the gallant leader of Lady Franklin's searching expedition. He sailed in the spring of 1857 in high spirits; but the frost-king was adverse, and blocked Melville Bay so with ice, that the vessel could not get through, was caught in the pack, and drifted down into Baffin's Bay—thus losing the first year. However, he was making a fresh start, and we may hope that ere now he has reached the region where his explorations commence. Many hearts turn towards him, praying earnestly for his safety in his endeavour to solve the painful mystery which has so long hidden our countrymen and their two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

A result interesting to astronomers has been derived from the United States Naval Astronomical Expedition, which was at work in South America from 1849 to 1852. One of their principal objects was to determine anew the parallax of the sun, not by transits, but, in astronomical language, by observations of Venus near her inferior conjunction. The reduction and discussion of the mass of observations has been a long and laborious task, but it is now accomplished by Dr B. A. Gould of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and he finds the sun's distance to be 96,160,000 miles.

In a paper read before the Royal Dublin Society, some important particulars are given concerning the iron ores of Connaught; and we learn with satisfaction that the working of these deposits is advancing more and more among the industrial resources of Ireland. One thing remains to be done, and then, we are told, Irish iron will be equal to Swedish; it is, to use peat for the smelting. An impression has long prevailed that this is impracticable; but peat is consumed at the ironworks, and in blast-furnaces too, in Bohemia, Saxony, Bavaria, and Russia, and always with marked improvement in the quality of the iron. Even to throw a small quantity of peat into a smelting fire of coke makes the iron better. What is required is to dry and compress the peat; and Mr Buchan thinks that the best way would be to dig out the peat from the bed, beat it up like mortar, and mould it into hard solid bricks. 'Were this fuel used,' he says, to conclude his paper, 'in the manufacture of iron in Ireland, little anxiety need be felt as regards the quantities of extant coal; iron would be supplied of a quality equal to that of Sweden; the great desiderata as to non-splintering ordnance, and the iron plates of vessels of war, would be supplied, and rivers of wealth would be distributed over the land and among the people.'

And Ireland is advancing in another way, by the immigration of agriculturists from England and Scotland; most from the latter country. It appears from a table lately published, that the number of Scotch farmers who are now settled there, cultivating their lands, is 660; and of English, 96. And the influence of this new blood is felt not only by the work it does on its own farms, but by its example to neighbours. The Irish cultivator—if cultivator he was—sees that turnips do actually grow larger than adishes; so large, indeed, that some of the roots exhibited in Dublin excite universal surprise and admiration, and though at first he exclaims: 'Ah! you can do it, but I can't'—he at length tries, and finds that the same deep ploughing, the same diligent uprooting of weeds, the same methods of drainage, and the same cleanly working system, will prosper as

well under Irish hands as under English or Scotch—and once he has made this discovery, he is safe—and he soon sends his produce to market—along roads, by the way, on which there is no toll-bar from one end of the island to the other—and ceases to be one of misfortune's hangers-on. There is something eminently suggestive in the fact, that in January 1857, the number of persons on the books for public relief throughout the whole of Ireland, was not more than 56,094. Here in England, in June of the present year, the number was 838,472—larger than it would have been, in consequence of the commercial panic.

At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Millot-Brulé exhibited a black powder, obtained from a purely natural substance, which, should it come into general use, will gladden the hearts of gardeners. If you have a plant or shrub that you wish to preserve from noxious creeping things, you draw round it a circle of this black powder, and not a snail, or slug, or worm, or maggot will attack it, for no sooner do they touch the black powder than they are thrown into convulsions, which speedily kill them off. A whole bed or plot may be sprinkled with it, and with the like results, and without injury to the garden. On the contrary, the powder is a good fertiliser. It is said to be a specific against the grape-disease, and that if blown lightly into an infected bunch, the *oidium* or fungus is seen to curl up and perish—killed as surely as the snails.

The composition of the powder is no secret; it is nothing but a species of lignite—sulphur-coal, as the Germans call it—ground fine. Large beds of it exist in many parts of the continent. Ardennes abounds with it; and it was with lumps dug from that region that M. Millot-Brulé made his experiments. It is found in extensive deposits at Oppelsdorf, near Zittau in Saxony, where for some years past it has been turned to account for the preservation of timber. The sulphur-coal, to give it the local name, is reduced to powder, and made into a bath with water. The wood to be treated is plunged into this bath, and left there for a time without any mechanical pressure, until it has undergone a change which partakes of the nature of mineralisation. Mere contact with the lignite appears to suffice; and we are told that beams which have been used in the workings for thirty years are sounder and more likely to last now, than when first put up. In Saxony, the railway sleepers are prepared with this substance, and with manifest advantage. Would it not do well for ship-timbers, docks, and water-side constructions generally?

STREET NOMENCLATURE.

In a small town, the plan of distinguishing streets by names, just as we distinguish ships and other inanimate objects, is not otherwise objectionable than in its being almost sure to give rise to the absurd and fantastical. If names are to be given, it would be intolerable tyranny to deprive the builders, or the local authorities, of the right of selection; and this right being exercised with reference to personal feelings, local circumstances, or contemporaneous occurrences, produces, in the course of time, an astonishing jumble of contradictions. North Street, losing the landmark from which it originally diverged, becomes in reality one of the southernmost streets in the town; High Street, being overtopped by other lines, sinks into quite a low street; political names, intended to confer distinction on the locality, fall into odium and contempt; the distinguished gentleman who honours a square with his patronymic, absconds from justice; and the popularity of Queen Victoria gives rise to so many Victoria Streets, Terraces, and

Places, that the panting stranger, in looking for an address, toils after it in vain.

What help for all this? Surely people may call their houses, their streets, their estates, their ships, their children, by any name they please. Old names may be, and often are, inseparably connected with local history—perhaps national; new names may be, and often are, consecrated by the most sacred feelings of our nature. We may smile at the simplicity which has called that slow and heavy vessel, with gunwale hardly above the level of the sea, whose murky sails proclaim her to be a coaster, the *Lovely Nancy*; but we shall cease to smile if we fancy the skipper in his pea-jacket standing alone on the blackened deck, and looking through the rising night-wind to the far and filmy land beyond, while he hums hoarsely a snatch of the old sea-song:

The troubled main, the wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
Lashed to the helm, should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love!

But sentimentally interesting, and even historically important, as may be the association of names, the time at length comes when they are in conflict with considerations of a more prosaic character. The town grows into a city, and the mass of street-names presents a serious difficulty in the way of commercial and social intercourse; the city grows into a mighty aggregate of towns and cities—in the case of London—with a population numbered in millions, and the myriad names, by clogging the postal arrangements, are like impediments thickly scattered in the highways, interfering with the freedom of intercourse and retarding *pro tanto* the progress of civilisation. Then must come the tug of war. The romantic, the literary, the fashionable, range themselves on the side of names, with their distinctions and associations; while the men of business, the political economists, the matter-of-fact of all denominations, would sweep them away without remorse as with a besom.

Government has already taken up the question, and though with its usual slowness and timidity, has even put forth its hand upon existing arrangements. The names of districts, and those that were used as landmarks for obscurer streets, are, so far as the postal delivery is concerned, pretty nearly abolished, and their place supplied with Roman initials. The metropolis is divided into districts, indicated by E, east, W, west, and so on; and in this brief and simple way the general locality of the street required is set down. A London district, however, is as large as a considerable town elsewhere, and the confusion of street-names, therefore, is only abated. With the view of carrying out the reform to its full extent, a little brochure has now appeared, the title of which we append as containing in itself what is usually given in a table of contents.* The following is the author's plan: 'I propose to divide London into districts (say twenty), each district to be distinguished by a single letter—A, B, C, &c.; to number all the streets, squares, lanes, &c., in each district, from 1 upwards, to the end; such streets, &c., to be called, for postal purposes, A. 1, A. 2, A. 3—B. 1, B. 2, B. 3, &c. To paint the letter and number of each street or place conspicuously, as near as possible to the line of sight, at all the corners thereof. To have the letter and number of each street or place printed in the Post-office and

other directories, in the column appropriated to the present district letters and in their places; and then give notice that, for all postal purposes, such letter and number may be used instead of the name of such street or place; and that all additions that are now required—the names of more prominent adjacent streets, or of the district, or both—may, when such letter and number are used, be thenceforth dispensed with.' According to the present plan, a letter directed 'Mr George Hardy, 4 Denbigh Road, Westbourne Grove West, Bayswater, London, W., would, according to the proposed plan, stand as follows: Mr George Hardy, B. 76, No. 4, London.' Here B is the district, 76 the street, and 4 the house; and 'as those characters would be applied to no other street or district in London, errors arising from similarity of name would be entirely prevented.'

This, it will be observed, is little more than the American system of giving numbers instead of names to the streets; but simple as the plan is, it appears to us to be unnecessarily complex. The metropolis is already divided into postal districts, and in the best way imaginable—that is, by making the distinguishing initials indicate of themselves the quarter. A person looking for a street described, for instance, as being in the E. (east) district, will have no difficulty in determining the quarter of the city he must betake himself to. This being the case, and the thing being already in operation, why divide anew into alphabetical districts? Dovetail into the existing arrangements the plan of numbering instead of naming the streets, and you have all that is required. One thing, at all events, is certain: the present repetition of the same name in streets is most objectionable. If we are to have a James Street, let us have but one, and so on with all other designations. By what means, however, short of an act of parliament, are we to enforce this much-needed reform; and where are the men who could, in the face, probably, of much public clamour, carry a measure of the kind? Meanwhile, we can give only a slight ventilation to the subject, and hope that things will mend somewhere short of the twentieth century.

WHEREFORE WEEP?

WEEP not for Death!

'Tis but a fever stilled,

A pain suppressed, a fear at rest,

A solemn hope fulfilled.

The moonshine on the slumb'ring deep
Is scarcely calmer—wherefore weep?

Weep ye for Change!

For earth's pure dew exhaling,

For joy's first tear, for hope's first fear,

For love's first little failing.

Morn's lightest shadow on the seas

Tells us of midnight—weep for these!

WEEP not for Death!

The fount of tears is sealed.

Who knows how bright the inward light

To those shut eyes revealed?

Who knows what fearless love may fill

The heart that seems so cold and still?

Weep ye for Life!

For smiles that end in sighing,

For love whose quest hath never rest,

For the heart's hourly dying.

Weep not when silence locks the breath:

Life is the bitterness of Death.

* *Street Nomenclature: a New and Simple Plan for Presenting the Inconvenience Resulting from the Number of Streets and Places of the same Name in London; to save more than Half the Labour of Directing, and greatly facilitate the Sorting of Letters; which does not, necessarily, require the slightest Alteration in the Present Mode of performing the Duties appertaining to any Department of the Post-office; and which may be carried into Effect at a very small Expense.* London: Effingham Wilson. 1853.

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'SENDING-IN DAY.'

It was finished at last. I could do nothing more for it. Good or bad, there it was—*done*. I became fully alive to the important fact only by gradations of consciousness. I stood before my picture—my first serious essay, my first bid for a footing on Fame's ladder. I felt hot and giddy somehow—beset by tremendous impulses to run in again and add further touches—to blend—tone down in places—fetch out high lights. I was only stayed by an overpowering suspicion that I might do more harm than good; that it would be better to leave off and stand by what I had done, than to peril my chances of success by nervous hap-hazard work at last. I stood in a rapt attitude—petrified; a disordered sheaf of brushes, like a classical representation of Jove's thunderbolts, grasped in my left hand, and my right clutching at my shirt-front, or grasping my forelock, or flung up wildly above me. I am not sure where it was.

Was it really a good thing? Let me put away my art-instruments, and sit down calmly and consider the matter. The frame looked well, certainly. It was a grand complication of bright and dull gold. The picture? Let us come to that. Does the nimbus eclipse the saint? But my eyes have seen nothing else for so long. Day and night has that canvas been before them; they are perfectly drunk with it; they are not capable of taking care of themselves, or of forming a correct opinion on the subject. At one moment, they decide that one of the finest works that art has ever given birth to, now decks my easel; at the next moment, they—well, they don't give nearly so flattering a verdict.

But then I know too much of the secret history of the work. I have been behind the scenes. The public will only see Desdemona. I see something more, or something less—I see Miss Larkins the model. Though I did all man could to pale her, and to quench her, and to sentimentalise her, still she seems to me to be shining through Desdemona in rather a dreadful manner. It is like the copper appearing on every edge of an old plated spoon. I know whose are those curving lips, fruity in colour and aspect, which can disclose such pretty pearly teeth, and permit the escape of such deformed grammar. I know whose are the green-gray sparkles of those eyes (altered in the picture to a violet hue, to suit buyer's prejudices). I know well the green and orange tawny of the floating locks. I know the Larkins complexion, which is perhaps even clearer than the Larkins character. I know the set of the Larkins neck on the Larkins shoulders; and the

Larkins pose and action altogether. They are all in the picture—all but the Larkins hand; for the Larkins bites her nails. And Brabantio. Mayhap the public will regard him as a fine specimen of the venerable Venetian senator. I know that he is not so. I know him to be old Begbie the model, whose Roman-nosed, hungry-looking, lean, yellow face is anybody's property at any time, at the rate of one shilling per hour. And Othello, waving his dusky hands as he relates 'the story of his life from year to year,' and captivates the gentle lady listening—I know the origin of that glowing brown face. I can only see in it my swarthy friend, Arna Chella Saubanputty, the Madras coolie, whose whilom occupation it was to sweep the crossing and sell hymns round the corner. He was the best match I could get, but he was not very much like a Moor. How hard, how hard I toiled to paint out of his face his unfurnished, inane, ignoble expression! How strenuously I endeavoured to kindle in him some sense of grandeur! It was like lighting a fire with green wood. I could only arrive at a fizz, a splutter, or a dull smoke; not a generous blaze. I even, on one occasion, went so far as to make him drunk, in the hope that he might emit in that state some sparks of savage sensibility—some aboriginal emotion, however evanescent. It was all in vain. I could have forgiven him if he had gone mad; but he stopped short at idiocy. A whining imbecility broke out in him; tears came into his eyes; a feeble laugh, like the neighing of a consumptive filly, quavered on his lips. His complexion clouded, and became opaque; and, ultimately, he collapsed altogether in a hopelessly degraded state. I know, too, the thorough sham of the *mise en scène*. I know that some humiliation lurks behind each incident of the picture. I can detect readily—too readily—that a remnant of an old muslin curtain has sat for Othello's turban; that a dish-cover assisted at the painting of the armour in the background; that the leg of a veteran mahogany fourposter aided in the delineation of that elaborate wood-carving; that a red table-cloth abetted the painting of Brabantio's robes; that the Moor's yataghan has often before presented itself to the public gaze in a transpontine hippo-drama. All these facts glare out and strike at me from the picture each an individual and staggering blow. The result is heating, depressing, disagreeable.

Nevertheless, Mrs O'Dwyer, my housekeeper, has pronounced the thing 'fust-rate.' She ought to know something about it; she has had some experience in art. Have not artists been sojourning in her house for these last thirty years? ever since she was left a

'lone, lorn widow,' as she says. 'Lisbeth, the house-maid, she too has seen it, and approves cordially; declaring, moreover, Desdemona to be the 'very himage' of her deceased niece of precocious attainments, whose name was Betsy Jane, and whose earthly career measles put an end to prematurely at the age of ten. She decides, too, that Othello is 'bootiful.' Can it be that she has a furtive tenderness for Saubanputty, and that love is warping her criticism?

'Can you lend a fellow some turps?'

It was a deep, ophicleide kind of voice. I recognised it at once: no one in this world but Tom Maule possesses such an organ.

'Come in.'

'How are you? Hollo! finished!'

He was looking at the picture.

'Othello's tale to Desdemona. Bravo, young 'un!'

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.'

(He pealed out the quotation in a very bass, tempestuous way, like the sound of distant thunder.)

'It's not bad; it isn't! You've had Larkins for Desdemona.'

I winced.

'You've improved her nose, I think. Begbie, of course, for Brabantio—I recognise the old fool; and the nigger—that fellow must be making a hatful of money.'

'Sit down. Can you suggest anything? There's but a few hours more, and then it must go—good or bad!'

'Exactly;

No reckoning made, but sent to its account
With all its imperfections on its head.

O horrible —

All right! don't be nervous—I don't mean the picture.'

He had certainly a fine blank-verse voice.

He sat down at the picture with a demoniac scowl upon his face; it was an expression he always wore when he wished to be or to seem critical; his style of proceeding altogether was of a rather marked character. He inhabited the second floor; I was on the first. By profession, he was an artist; by taste, I should say he was an acrobat. He was upwards of six feet high, and rather broader than he should have been in proportion. He delighted in feats of strength, and was for ever tumbling about in a violent manner in his rooms above me: I lived in a perpetual fear lest he should some day come crashing through the ceiling. He could bend a poker on his arm; he could throw I don't know how many pounds' weight; it was almost certain death to play at single-stick or to spar with him; he hit so hard; he could turn somersaults and 'do the splits.' It was a fancy of his to imitate the violent deaths in vogue on the stages of minor theatres, consisting in sudden falls backward on the floor. I think his tastes altogether were exaggerated and theatrical. When he painted, he completely acted a part even in dressing for it: he assumed flowing Titianesque velvets, with a Rubens hat, and wore always a Michael Angelo beard, glowing orange in colour. I cannot help thinking that he was rather a sham; but he was so grand withal, that the sham was merged and lost in the grandeur.

There was a knock at the door.

'Come in.'

'Hollo! here's Buzzard.'

'How are you, Buzzard?'

He was a little, ascetic-looking man, with a semi-bald head, dim eyes, a feeble moustache, and a yellow complexion. He was colourless and wan—some said from study; some, from smoke.

'How are you two fellows? Cold for April, isn't it?'

'Art keeps me warm,' said Maule; 'art and sparring.'

'I'm going a round—seeing the pictures for the Academy. I've just come from Bayswater.'

'Good?'

'Awful—that is, not much.'

'What's Chrome got?'

'Achilles and Hector. Such a thing! Driven by a baby, coloured by a madman.'

'What an infamous criticism! Chrome, if not the greatest'—

'And Dibbler?'

'The Death of the Knight Templar. His statue's in an awful mess. He's had a dead horse there for a fortnight. Gamey—no end. The fume's affecting his brain: he's mad to paint a battle-field—talks of nothing but carnage and carrion.'

'He's a nice man.'

'The best thing I've seen is Byle's.'

'Oh, of course you praise him,' growled Maule; 'he's one of your set.'

'What's the subject?'

'Delicious! a child playing at cat's-cradle with his blind grandfather, who is a pauper lunatic. Colour and drawing marvellous—all poetry. The painting of the old man's highlows is full of the highest feeling. Have you seen the new model?'

'What's her name?'

'Flip.'

'Oh, I know her. One of the scraggy sort you fellows are always painting,' says Maule. 'Give me flesh and blood—bone and muscle.' And he went into a fighting attitude.

'May we smoke?'

'By all means. Here's the Birdseye. You'll have some beer?'

'Bitter,' from Buzzard.

'Stout,' from Maule.

These arrangements were made satisfactorily.

'Is this your picture for the Academy?' and Buzzard stood before my easel.

'I shall go,' cries Maule: 'Buzzard's going to break out into art-criticism; I know it by the bilious sparkle in his eye.'

Maule did not stir notwithstanding; in fact, he only wanted to kindle Buzzard.

'Of course,' said Buzzard, not regarding Tom in the least, and in a withered, huaky voice—'of course, if men will paint in this way, I can't help it.'

'You don't like it?' I said timidly.

'That's a mild way of putting it. I'm not a man to talk'—

('Oh!' from Tom.)

'I don't talk my views on art; I paint them. I get abuse, but I shall paint that down. You've seen my works? You can judge, then, whether I am the man to like such a picture as this.'

I was rather crushed. Maule came to the room. He stamped on the floor, and every article in the room trembled.

'Buzzard, you talk boosh; you paint it too. I don't know whether I would rather not hear you or not see your works. Talk about your painting! I know what your picture is this year, and'—

'I can't send the large one,' said Buzzard; 'could not get it done.'

'I hope you never may. It's got no name—a quotation from Keats, which doesn't apply. represents a gleaner woman in a scarlet dress, standing in a pea-green field, with an orange sky at the back. She's awfully ugly. Her hair is red worsted spun on in skeins; her face is all freckled, as though she'd been peppered. He has painted each individual freckle.'

'It's not true.'

'Her feet are two feet long each. I'm not joking. He counted her eyelashes before he painted them: she has twenty-nine on the right, and twenty-six only on the left eye, because it's rather in perspective. She has blue stockings, and her ankles—O my! There's no concession to popular notions about prettiness there. On her nose is perched a blue-bottle, splendidly painted, I will say that. I never saw such a good blue-bottle out of a butcher's shop. It is said he went to Newgate market expressly to paint it.'

'You're talking nonsense, Maule!'

'No, I ain't. Do you know what it all means? You'd never guess: it's got some precious deep metaphysical intention about it—deuced subtle, and that sort of thing; I can't give it you all. It's something about the human soul stagnating in the golden fields of life, roused from the stupor of normal existence, which is sleep, by an accidental sting from a fly, which represents the slight suffering which rouses the human understanding to consciousness of its own worthlessness. It's rather beyond me, but it's something like that.'

'You are too absurd to be contradicted.'

'All right. It's a great country. Fancy artists being insane enough to paint such things. Fancy an Academy presuming to hang such things! O how lucky there is not a public idiotic enough to buy such things!'

'But my picture?' I said.

'I'll tell you,' remarked Buzzard patronisingly, 'the best bit of painting in the whole thing: it's Desdemona's brooch. With a little more care in the drawing, and a little more brilliancy of colour, that would have been a triumph of art. The rest is fatal—hopeless.'

'Nonsense,' struck in Maule; 'the brooch is a bluish—carried too far. If I were you, I'd scumble a little umber and Indian red over it. In fact, you have damaged your work all over by attempting to imitate nature too closely.'

'Faugh! you've failed because you have not stuck close enough to nature.'

'I have sought,' I said, rather timidly, 'to unite the merits apparent to me in two very different manners of painting. I have endeavoured to combine the freedom, the movement, the generalisation of effect, which appertain to the heroic, the ideal style of art, with the delicacy of finish and colour, the appreciation of detail, which characterise the real or natural school of art.'

'Preposterous!' they both cried.

'The sooner that couple are divorced the better; they can't agree. There's a fearful incompatibility of temper between them.'

'To yoke the truths of the real with the falsehoods of the ideal, is to tie a living man to a dead and abrupt body.' And Buzzard looked severely grand.

'You're going to the bad, I'm afraid, young man,' said Maule. 'It will do you good to come up and see my picture. It's a grand thing, though I say it. It's "Samson pulling down the temple and destroying the Philistines." It's fine! It's 24 feet by 16. Some of the figures are larger than life, and all nude. I've used pounds upon pounds of colour. Samson measures a yard and a quarter across the chest. I am not afraid to say that believe it to be the finest study of the muscular side, since Michael Angelo Buonarroti. (He took his Rubens hat, bowed his orange beard, and pronounced the name in so markedly an Italian manner, to be singularly imposing.) You must see my Samson: it will be a wonderful tonic to you. You're weak, and faltering, and irresolute: it will set you up like sea-breezes and saraparilla. It's stunning. I

was rather sold when I found I had to make him blind. In my first sketch, I'd got the fire of his eyes in wonderfully: his glance almost burned you up as you looked. I wanted to stick to it, and make him see, as a fair artistic licence; but they wouldn't let me; so I scumbled over his eyes.'

'I can fancy the thing,' remarked Buzzard; 'that's near enough for me. A chaotic mass of struggling limbs; a butcher's shop with odd joints in all directions; stray legs staggering about without any particular owners, like the crest on a Manx halfpenny; the whole bathed in sloppy brown—blotched with swarthy red and muddy blue; all sorts of colours puddled up together like the refuse of a dyer's yard.'

'You think, then,' I said, with the view of bringing them back to the original subject, 'with reference to my picture'—

'That the least departure from nature is an error,' cried Buzzard.

'That the closer you keep to nature the further you are from art,' roared Maule.

'In art, nature is the be-all and the end-all!'

'In art, nature is a means, and not an end!'

'Paint out all but Desdemona's brooch, and begin anew.'

'Scumble over such deluded attempts at finish. Give Othello more muscle, more of the nude; more fire to Desdemona; more action to Brabantio. Take up a big brush and splash away with your burned sienna like a man.'

'There's no such thing as brown in nature.'

'Art should be all brown. Cleanliness may be next to godliness in some things, but not in art. There's nothing like dirt!'

'But dirt isn't brown.'

'What then? Inky purple?'

'Maule, you talk bosh!'

'Buzzard, I despise you!'

'Away with you, high-art impostor!' cried Buzzard fiercely; 'away to your pickled salmon-flesh, your treacle shadows! Away to your burlesque biceps and caravan monstrosities! Away, art-acrobat, to your regions of impossible pose and muscles gone mad!'

'Avant, realist sham!' thundered Maule savagely. 'Stippler of putrid flesh-tints—etcher of livid falsities—limner of calfless men and hipless women—adorer of shock heads and hideousness—I despise, I denounce you!'

Maule and Buzzard had quarrelled desperately; I endeavoured to pacify them; I was abused by both. I too, then, quarrelled with both. . . .

And all this was about my picture, which in due time went to the Royal Academy, and in due time came back.

On the back of it there was a large cross in chalk—the reader can guess what that meant. There were two thousand one hundred and forty-nine pictures in London at that time, each also decorated with the grand cross of the Royal Academy, and the two thousand one hundred and forty-nine owners of the pictures were growling fearfully—not to say swearing. The air was filled with their complaints. No wonder that innocent people up in town for the May meetings thought the thunder had commenced unusually early.

On the steps of the Academy I met Maule—he looked fierce and heated.

'Samson is rejected!'

He was aiding four men to struggle down with his picture to a van. The weather was rather gusty, and the colossal work was difficult to manage, and stood a chance of being carried away by the wind down Pall Mall. It was comfortably stowed at last. We walked away.

A small pale man, with a weak moustache, was

gazing intently at one of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, as though he were going to paint it—it was Buzzard.

'I sent but a little thing, exquisitely finished—four inches by six—and they say they haven't room!'

A common sorrow made us kinsmen; we were reconciled. We swore—two oaths—eternal friendship to each other, and eternal enmity against the Academy. I wonder whether we shall keep either of our vows!

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.

THE name of Mezzofanti has long been familiar to British ears. Almost all published records of travel in Italy—and these are legion—have contained more or less detailed accounts of him and his acquirements; and few tourists, even of the unambitious class, content merely to talk over their recollections, but have returned with some tale to tell of this far-famed and easily accessible Italian lion. These written and spoken reminiscences have, however, widely differed. That Mezzofanti was a distinguished linguist, all have indeed agreed; but even in this particular, there has been exaggeration on one hand, and depreciation on the other. Still more discrepant have been the estimates as to the general intellectual development of the man. By many he has been described as little other than a superior sort of parrot—pronounced wholly wanting in the philosophical element, and in that power of combination so essential to philological excellence; styled a 'framer of keys to palace-gates he had no power to enter;' 'a man who, marvellous in knowing fifty languages, was still more marvellous in never saying in one of them anything worthy to be remembered.'

By others, he has been accredited with stores of profound and varied information, spoken of as not only an extraordinary linguist, but an extraordinary philologist, as gifted with an 'eminently analytical mind, which rapidly penetrated the genius of different languages, and made them his own.' The professed object of Dr Russell's book, now before us, is to collect and balance such conflicting reminiscences, and thus 'to lay the foundation of a much more exact judgment regarding Cardinal Mezzofanti than has hitherto been attainable.' To do this, the author has, he tells us, sought information from 'persons of every class, country, and creed—from friends, from indifferent, and even from hostile quarters;' and making due allowance for the enthusiasm with which every biographer inevitably regards his subject, there is, to our thinking, in the book itself strong internal evidence of 'diligent and impartial inquiry.'

Joseph Caspar Mezzofanti was born at Bologna, in the September of 1774. His parents were in humble circumstances; his father, a carpenter, intelligent and skilful in his craft, upright and honourable in character and conduct; his mother, somewhat superior in point of education to her husband, and uniting much natural talent to a sweet disposition and deeply religious heart. Of their numerous family, two only survived childhood: a daughter, Teresa by name, who married a hair-dresser; and the future linguist, who was ten years younger than this his only sister.

His worthy parents, sensible of their own lack of learning, were determined to bestow it on their only son. At the age of three, he was sent to a dame's school; but here he astonished his mistress, and soon exhausted the good woman's stock of elementary instruction. His next move was to a more advanced school, kept by an Abate Cicotti; but here too he so rapidly ran through the curriculum, that the worthy priest advised his parents, young as the boy then was, to send him at once to some institution where

he might devote himself unrestrainedly to higher and more congenial studies.

The difficulties made by the father were at length smoothed away, and the boy was entered at a school at Bologna managed by the clergy, and among them several Jesuits. The Jesuits, with their rapid insight into the potentialities of the young minds committed to their care, soon took note of their promising scholar, and treated him with distinction and confidence. Little is known of the exact course of his school-days, but we read of marvellous feats of memory—a folio page of a Greek treatise read once and repeated without a blunder—of uniform success in all classes, general popularity, and friendships formed which lasted throughout life. He early manifested a desire to take holy orders, but this was contrary to his father's wishes, who, like all fathers of distinguished men, had views of his own for his son, diametrically opposed to that son's inborn vocation. However, his mother came to the rescue, and he became a scholar in the Archiepiscopal Seminary of Bologna, when only a boy of twelve. At the age of fifteen, he took his degree in philosophy; but his health sank beneath study so continued and intense, and he was unable to enter upon his theological course till four years later. Having completed it as well as that of canon-law, he attended a celebrated priest's lectures on Roman law, and established a reputation in the class for such proficiency in each of his many studies as would have rewarded undivided attention to it.

It is pleasant to read of his studies being shared by Clotilda Tambroni—herself a professor in the university of Bologna, and a linguist of no mean eminence—and to know that the warm friendship thus formed endured throughout life. But Mezzofanti's Greek studies did not engross him. It was during this time that he learned Arabic and Coptic. French and German he had already learned. The latter was taught him by a Swede of the name of Thulien, who, having rendered himself obnoxious to the revolutionary party in Bologna, was exiled about this time. His absence was the means of first calling out that extraordinary, that almost intuitive quickness in mastering a new language, with which Mezzofanti in after-years was wont to amaze even those who knew him best. Being sent for to act as interpreter to a youth newly arrived from Sweden, and consigned to the care of an uncle in Bologna, he found that the language the stranger spoke was as unintelligible to him as to the perplexed circle of relatives. What was to be done? Difficulties were incentives to the zealous linguist. He asked for the books the boy had brought with him, took them home, discovered the affinities between Swedish and German, mastered the peculiarities that distinguish the former from other Teutonic tongues, and, in a few days, was able not only to act as interpreter, but to converse with ease and rapidity.

At the age of twenty-three, Mezzofanti was admitted into full orders, and appointed professor of Arabic in the university of Bologna; a high distinction indeed for one so young. But his tenure of the flattering post was a very brief one. The revolutionary party in Bologna having, early in 1796, invited the French to take possession of their city, the advancing army willingly complied. Before the year was over, Bologna was merged in the Cisalpine Republic, the name given to Bonaparte's conquests in Northern Italy. The new rulers next proceeded to demand of all public officials an oath of fidelity to the republican government, and this oath was enforced with especial strictness in the case of ecclesiastics. Nevertheless, to this honour he it spoken, such was the respect of the authorities for the talents of the young abbe, that they were willing to make an exception in his favour, and to dispense with the oath he had refused to take, provided he would consent to exchange overt and

of courtesy with the republican governor. On this point, however, Mezzofanti was alike inexorable; and accordingly, in 1798, he lost his professorship, as did also his friend Clotilda, and the celebrated experimentalist Ludovico Galvani.

This was no small sacrifice to loyalty on Mezzofanti's part. At that time, his parents were both in feeble health, his father unable to ply his trade as heretofore, his mother's sight rapidly failing. His sister had become the mother of a large family, whom she found it difficult to maintain—still more to educate. Mezzofanti had liberally assisted them all out of his professorial income, which only amounted to L.26, but which was his chief means of support, the two small benefices conferred upon him as a title to ordination, not exceeding L.8. Another L.8 had been settled upon him by a clerical friend, and this yearly L.16 was all he had to look to. Nothing daunted, however, he proceeded at this juncture to take his sister and her family into his house; and to meet the necessary increase of expenditure, he, like many a brave-hearted man, in all times, bent his genius to the lowly and laborious task of teaching. We are glad to know that this self-sacrifice had its compensations. It brought him into friendly relations with several distinguished families, opened to him libraries rich in foreign books, and afforded him frequent opportunities of meeting and conversing with foreigners. Indeed, thanks to its political reverses, Bologna was at that time a first-rate school for a linguist. French or Austrian troops alternately occupied it during four years, and amongst the latter were found representatives of most of the leading European languages, Teutonic, Slavonic, Czealink, Magyar, Romain, &c., all of which were spoken by Mezzofanti with rare perfection; for his religious zeal and his active benevolence had combined to strengthen the natural bias of his mind, and to give him a lofty motive for its indulgence. The military hospitals were filled with Hungarians, Slavonians, Germans, and Bohemians, wounded or invalided; and to use Mezzofanti's own words: 'It pained him to the heart, that from want of means of communicating with them, he should be unable to confess those among them who were Catholic.' Accordingly, he was wont to apply himself energetically to the study of a patient's language till he knew enough to make himself understood; then, by frequenting the sick wards, he soon acquired a considerable vocabulary; and thus he came to know not merely the generic languages of the nations to which the several invalids belonged, but even the peculiar dialects of their various provinces.

Then, again, Bologna was a capital school for a linguist, because, being on the high road to Rome, almost all travellers to the capital stopped there a while. The hotel-keepers, knowing Mezzofanti's passion for a new tongue, were in the habit of apprising him of all new arrivals; and with his sociable cheerful temperament, and perfect freedom from our secular *mauvaise honte*, and dread of committing ourselves, it was to him the easiest and simplest thing in the world to 'call on these strangers, interrogate them, make notes of their communications, and take reasons from them in pronunciation.' At this time, he tells us, 'I made it a rule to learn every new word, and to apply myself to every strange dictionary that came within my reach. I was constantly filling my head with new words. I must confess that it cost me but little trouble; for, in addition to an excellent memory, God had blessed me with an incredible flexibility of the organs of speech.' Early in 1803, the abbé's financial position was a little improved by his appointment of assistant-librarian to the *Istituto* of Bologna; and before the close of the year he was chosen professor of oriental languages.

He was now about thirty years of age, and there is some reason to believe that he was already master of twenty-four languages.

What with constant study, his arduous duties of librarian, family distress, and loss of sleep, Mezzofanti's health now began to give way. At this very time he received a most flattering invitation from the Emperor Napoleon to transfer his residence to Paris, where scientific or literary eminence was then sure of distinction and reward. But his love for his native city and its university, and his attachment to his sister's family, so dependent upon his care, combined with a genuine modesty which made him feel that the 'shade suited him best,' led him to decline the invitation and all its brilliant possibilities. The good man preferred to dwell among his own people, labouring at the wearisome compilation of the library catalogue, tending the sick-bed of his blind mother, composing odes, sonnets, nay, on one occasion, a little comedy for his nephews and nieces, of whom he was the familiar friend and playmate, as well as the earnest and respected instructor. But one of the most painfully felt reverses in the even tenor of Mezzofanti's way was now at hand. In 1808, the oriental professorship, in which he took such delight, was suppressed. This gave him, however, more time to study, and he now first turned his attention to Sanscrit and other Indian languages, with whose vast importance Sir William Jones and others had familiarised the English, but to which Frederic Schlegel had only just called the attention of the learned in continental Europe.

In 1814, a bright change came over the fortunes of our loyal churchman. Pius VII., having been at last set free to return to his capital, reached Bologna early in the month of April, and pressingly invited Mezzofanti to accompany him to Rome, and undertake the secretaryship of the Propaganda, which is well known to be the first step in the direction of a cardinalate. But again the modest student declined to exchange his quiet life for a more brilliant position; and the pontiff could bestow on him no other mark of favour than his re-establishment as oriental professor.

Hitherto, we have drawn our information respecting Mezzofanti from Italian sources only; but now that the peace of 1814 had turned the annual tide of tourists in the old southward direction, he began to be one of the chief objects of attraction at Bologna, and we hear of distinguished men from all quarters visiting him to test his extraordinary gift of tongues. Amongst these was Lord Byron, who disliking, as he said, literary men, and especially foreigners, excepted Mezzofanti, and owned he should like to see him again, calling him, in his lively way, 'a master of languages, a Briareus of parts of speech, a walking polyglot and *omnium gatherum*, who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter—a marvel indeed—unassuming also. I tried him,' Lord Byron goes on to say, 'in all the tongues in which I knew a single oath or adjuration to the gods against post-boys, savages, Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, muletters, camel-drivers, vetturini, post-masters, &c., and, egad! he astonished me—even to my English.' When Mezzofanti was forty-five, he had the grief of losing his friend, the celebrated Clotilda Tambroni, who, like himself, had been reinstated in her Greek professorship upon the occasion of the pope's return to his country. She was herself an excellent linguist; and Lady Morgan tells us that it was a pleasure to hear how, without any of the 'comparative respect which means the absolute scorn,' her friend and coadjutor did ample justice to the profound—too often the clever woman's only portion—learning which had raised her to an equality of collegiate rank with himself.

It has been said that 'happy are the nations whose

annals are dull; happy, too, was Mezzofanti, we cannot doubt, during the next twelve years of his life—happy in constant occupation, in the culture and exercise of his special gift, and the loving esteem of family and friends, we pass on to his first visit to Rome in 1880, where he was received by Gregory XVI. with the utmost kindness, and at his final audience personally and pressingly invited to settle in Rome, and accept the secretaryship of the Propaganda. It was not, however, till after what the pope himself called 'a long siege' that Mezzofanti consented, gracefully acknowledging his obligations to the pontiff, and declaring that though people said he could speak a great many languages, in no one of them, nor in them all, could he find words to express how deeply he felt this mark of his holiness's regard.

And now we do indeed for once behold 'the right man in the right place.' At the great Urban College, whither students are gathered from every quarter of the world, we have the tutor able to speak to the representatives of forty-one distinct nationalities in his own language. Mezzofanti at the Propaganda! His first visit there must have afforded a curious scene. Making his way unattended to one of the corridors, the first room into which he chanced to enter was that of a Turkish student, now archbishop at Constantinople. The abbé at once began a Turkish conversation; next came a young Greek, and Turkish was changed for Romaic. On the approach of an Irish O'Connor, Romaic gave place to English. Soon the students, attracted by the novel sounds, came pouring in, each to be greeted in his own tongue!

But there was one language unrepresented at the Propaganda, and for that one—namely, Chinese—the insatiable linguist had long and ardently craved. However, there was at Naples a Chinese college, designed for the education, as catechists, of natives of China, Cochin-China, Pegu, Tonquin, and the Indian peninsula. To Naples, accordingly, Mezzofanti went, and threw himself with his accustomed ardour into the study of this most difficult and complicated language. But he paid the penalty of immoderate application, for fever quickly ensued, and his life was for some time in danger. The effect of his illness was completely to suspend his memory for the time. He forgot all languages except his own native Italian. No sooner had health and strength returned, than he devoted himself anew to his life-long pursuit, and having before his attack succeeded in mastering the rudimental principles of the Chinese language, he now availed himself of the assistance of some Chinese students opportunely transferred from Naples to the Propaganda; and accordingly we find that Chinese was one of the thirty languages of which his knowledge has been thoroughly tested and freely admitted by competent judges. He owned, however, that he had acquired it with unwonted difficulty. His method, as he once told Cardinal Wiseman, being to learn through the ear, and not the eye, and Chinese, unlike all other tongues, having an *eye-language distinct from the ear-language*, of which he was obliged to make a separate and special study.

In 1888, Mezzofanti was called to the purple, which of course brought him into still closer relations with the pontiff, to whom he was so sincerely attached. But his favourite studies went on undisturbed. Though now in his grand climacteric, he did not think it too late to set about acquiring several languages with which he had before had little or no acquaintance. Of these, one was Amarinna, an Abyssinian dialect, and the other the proverbially 'impossible' Basque—Basque, with its eleven-mooded and numberless-tensed verb, and its utter absence of affinity with any European language whatsoever.

The death of Pope Gregory XVI., in 1846, was a

great trial to his attached friend, though Pius IX. regarded him with friendship and favour equal to that shewn by his predecessor. Mezzofanti had never taken any part in politics under the former pontificate, nor did he do so now. The fulfilment of his public duties as cardinal, the confessional whenever a foreigner needed his services, and, above all, his pupils in the Propaganda, formed the business of his self-denying and laborious life. During the whole period of his cardinalate, he had been accustomed to help the students in composing their national odes for the Polyglot Academy, held during the week of the Epiphany. These odes were written in no fewer than fifty tongues, and the cardinal would overlook and correct them all. Often during the recitations of the oriental poems especially, the speaker would turn exclusively to him as to the only competent judge of his performance. Amidst political storms, and in spite of his rapidly failing strength, when his favourite festival came round in 1849, he had still a regret to spare for the absence of the accustomed Polyglot Academy of the Propaganda. But his own end was now rapidly drawing near. An alarming attack of pleurisy was followed by gastric fever; he grew weaker and weaker, though conscious to the last; and on the 17th of March, after two months of patient and prayerful suffering, and with words of happy hope on his lips, he calmly expired.

Having given this sketch of a life which, with its privations and its single-minded devotion to a favourite pursuit, reminds us of that of a scholar of the middle ages, we proceed to inquire what Mezzofanti's linguistic attainments really were. We have seen that in 1805, when little more than thirty years old, he was commonly reported to be master of twenty-four languages at least. Twelve years later, Mr Stewart Rose speaks of him as 'reading twenty languages, and conversing in eighteen.' Three years later, again, Baron von Zach computes the languages spoken by him to be thirty-two; and Lady Morgan quotes public report as raising the number to forty. In 1836 he himself told Count Mazzinghi, the well-known composer, that he knew forty-five; and three years later he was in the habit of saying that he knew 'fifty, and Bolognese.' Ten years after this, Mezzofanti told Palen Bruciani, the rector of the Propaganda, that he knew seventy-eight languages and dialects; and his nephew, Dr Gaspare Minarelli, has, since the cardinal's death, compiled, after much careful examination of his uncle's books and papers, a list which swells the number to one hundred and fourteen.

But now comes the question, what is meant by 'knowing' a language? 'Doctors differ.' One calculates that, to give complete expression to human thought, a vocabulary of 10,000 words is requisite. Another asserts that 4000 words are enough for the study of the great classics in any tongue. The standard which Dr Russell adopts, however, appears a very fair and practical one; and when he states any language that Mezzofanti knew it well, he means that he could read it fluently, write it correctly, and speak it idiomatically. Bearing this in mind, we proceed to give the table he has drawn up:

1. Languages frequently tested, and spoken with rare excellence—thirty.
2. Stated to have been spoken fluently, but less accurately tested—nine.
3. Spoken rarely and less perfectly—eleven.
4. Spoken imperfectly—eight.
5. Studied, but not known to have been spoken—fourteen.
6. Dialects spoken or understood—seven of French, six of Italian, two of English, three of Basque, two of Arabic, four of German, three of Spanish, two of Chinese, and one of Hebrew—thirty-two in all.

When we remember that many of these dialects offer all the difficulties of a separate language, we must own that their sum-total is astounding indeed.

The cardinal himself told M. Libri that he found the learning of languages 'less difficult than is generally thought, that there is but a limited number of points to which it is necessary to attend, and that when once master of these, the remainder follows with great facility'—adding, that when ten or twelve languages essentially different from each other have been thoroughly learned, an indefinite number may be added with little difficulty. But to Dr Tholuck and others he also mentioned, that his 'own way of learning new languages was no other than that of our school-boys,' by writing out paradigms and words, and learning them by heart. Dictionaries, vocabularies, and catechisms were his favourite delectation and incessant study, and his memory had an iron grasp, from which nothing once seen or heard ever seems to have escaped.

During the long nights which he devoted to study, he could hardly ever, even when a cardinal, be induced to have recourse to a fire. Singularly abstemious in eating and drinking, limited means were yet compatible with a charity so prodigal as to gain for him the sobriquet of *Monsignor Linoiscire*. Affectionate and sincere, the friendships he once formed endured throughout life. Not less remarkable was his humility, 'his habitual consciousness of what he was not, rather than his self-complacent recollection of what he was.' 'What am I,' he would playfully say, 'but an ill-bound dictionary.' Certain superficial observers seem to have associated vanity with his childlike readiness to gratify curiosity by the display of his extraordinary gifts; but this seems to have arisen from his singular self-unconsciousness, as well as from that enjoyment which God has linked with the exercise and improvement of his gifts in every healthy mind. Mezzofanti's buoyant spirits and kindly nature delighted to expand under all circumstances; but the charge of vanity is best refuted by the fact vouched for by his biographer, and worthily closing a notice of his blameless life, that 'never in the most distinguished circle did he give himself to linguistic exercises with half the spirit which he evinced among his humble friends, the obscure and almost nameless students of the Propaganda.'

THE COCK-AND-BULL CLUB.

I HAVE never seen a ghost, and I don't want to see one. If anything of that nature, under a mistaken notion of benefiting me by warning me of a danger, or pointing out a treasure-hole, or putting me up to a good thing on a future sporting event, should present itself, I should be frightened to death; there would, if I know myself, be another ghost in the room in about half a minute. As for devil-may-care dogs who visit necropolis alone and at midnight, or who are prepared to sit up in their solitary beds and pronounce their own names solemnly three times, with the intention of raising their familiar spirits—I don't believe such creatures exist. What man dares do—with reason and respectability—I dare; 'who dares do more,' I have good authority for stating, 'is none.' When a certain spectral light steals into my bedchamber upon a sudden, I am accustomed to make me a sort of Crimean tent of the blankets, whereupon I emerge only at long intervals to breathe; I have lost more pounds of flesh in this manner, through moonbeams, than any African traveller surrenders to the sun. Well do I remember that particular terror in my boyhood, which resulted in my remaining at five feet seven, instead of six feet one and a half—the altitude attained by each of my brothers; that shock

from which my constitution took two entire years to recover itself, during which—at youth's most growing time—I did not approach the stars by a single inch. I was about nine years of age when the frightful incident occurred, and what is called—by very old persons who have forgotten what school was—a happy school-boy; that term, however, was, just then, applicable to me enough, since I had got away from my place of durance and instruction for a few days of Easter vacation. I was staying at the house of a cousin, who lived in the outskirts of a large provincial town, of which—as I kept in mind with unutterable awe—he was then the Mayor. Cousin Richard was short and stout to a degree that I should be now inclined to term 'podgy;' but being invested with this supreme and mysterious dignity, he seemed to me to possess a presence more imposing than that of any other being upon the earth's surface. When he said: 'You must sleep in the red room, Harry, since you are so fond of getting up early, and then you won't disturb the house in the morning, in putting on your boots,' I submitted without remonstrance. That I *did* like getting up early—so that I might enjoy as much of the present immunity from my scholastic privileges as possible—that I *did* commonly make a tremendous noise in pulling on my boots, was true enough; but that I should be put in the red room, the state-apartment dedicated to exalted guests, away from the rest of the house, and—almost to a certainty—haunted, seemed a mode of prevention worthy of the worst days of the inquisition. Had my father proposed such a proceeding, had my schoolmaster, had, indeed, any authority with whom I could grapple, and of whose powers I could calculate the extent, I would have protested manfully; but the edict of the Mayor appeared to settle the matter beyond dispute, and I knocked under at once with an Asiatic servility.

I need not say how the rest of that afternoon was embittered by the thought of the night that was to follow; those who are acquainted with such terrors, can easily enough imagine them; those who are not, can never be made to understand them by mere description. Enough to say that about nine o'clock P.M., I found myself in the big bed in the red room, in a cold bath of perspiration, and with my eyes tightly closed, endeavouring to go to sleep before the adults of the house should have retired. As long as the noise of tongues and feet continued, however much in the distance, my mind would, I knew, be comparatively tranquil, and subject to the influence of the dreamy god; but if once the sense of solitude should creep over me, slumber would become impossible, and I should fall a victim to the dreadful powers of darkness for the rest of the night.

I did go to sleep, in accordance with these profound calculations; but unhappily, and contrary to them, I woke about three hours afterwards. It was midnight. I did not require the weird accents of the cuckoo-clock upon the stairs to tell me that. I possessed as acute a perception of that ghostly time as aldermen of their dinner-hour, or station-masters of the period when the night-express is wont to flash for a moment between the trembling walls. The moon was shining through the shutterless windows, and throwing all kinds of suspicious shadows about the old red room. Red room! Why red? The marrow in my youthful bones caught such a chill at the bare idea, that I did not care to repeat the question. Two oaken cupboards, which, in my haste to get into the regions of oblivion, I had forgotten to examine, began to harass me with anxieties about their contents. I slipped cautiously out of bed. Good Heavens, was somebody holding on to my night-gown, or—? No; it was a long one, and I had trodden upon it with my own foot—that was all. I approached the door, and, without taking the liberty of opening them, turned their keys,

which happened fortunately to be outside of them. Flattered with this ingenious device of my own, I had retired to my couch, and was once more courting slumber, when a tormenting thought seized hold of me, and roused me up again. *I had forgotten to look under the bed.* I lay awake, endeavouring to reason with myself upon so absurd an anxiety, but nothing came of it, except a singing of the ears and increased suspicion. I thought I heard respirations from under the mattress; I heard groans; I began to feel the mattress move under me. 'No, dash it all!' cried I, as I sprang to my feet and lifted the valance, 'I am not going to be frightened to death in this manner, by nothing.' By nothing! Oh, was it nothing, though, that met my affrighted gaze under that bed!

I was beneath the blankets in about a quarter of a second afterwards, in a state of terror that absolutely for a little time deprived me of sensation. My imagination, fertile as it had always been in conjectures of a horrible nature, had never, indeed, come up to the reality of what I had just seen; a robber, a ghost, the arch-enemy of man and boy himself, any or all of these I had been, in a measure, prepared to find in the red room, but a Coffin—an enormous Coffin—large for the shoulders, and tapering somewhat delicately towards the feet; to find an article of that description under my bed was a shock unexpected indeed. There it was, however, sure enough, with a double row of handsome gilt nails all the way round, handsome initials over the spot where the face would come, and a little inscription, doubtless setting forth in a handsome manner the virtues of the deceased party. The five hours which intervened between that discovery and daylight I passed in picturing to myself the features of the murdered—I had not a doubt of him or her having been murdered—and in estimating the chances of the return of the murderer to the red room. No sick man ever longed for the morning as I longed, and with the first faint streaks of dawn, I was standing, in my scanty drapery, by the side of my cousin's pillow. 'Richard, Richard,' cried I, 'there's murder in the house, and they've put the coffin under my bed in the red room.'

'Pooh, pooh, you little fool,' replied he; 'go back again; I'm the Mayor this year, and it's only the big box which the mice is kept in.'

Notwithstanding this constitutional weakness of mine, which has not much abated with years, the supernatural has still a wondrous charm for me, and I snatch a fearful joy from tales of ghosts and spectres. My happiest evenings—with the most miserable nights to follow—are spent, weekly, at a Society for the Investigation of Spiritual Phenomena, or, as some of the unbelieving have disrespectfully termed it, the Cock-and-Bull Club. We assemble every Friday, at seven o'clock. If the police were suddenly to break in upon our speculations, as we sit, thirteen in number, looking at one another, around a table with lighted candles, they would, I believe, proceed to collar and shake us, with a view of discovering who had swallowed the dice. No written accounts of apparitions are admitted, no published records of any such may be referred to, and it is essential that the narrators be in some sort personally acquainted with the matter of which they speak; it is not indispensable that the individual should have seen a ghost himself—although more than one of our society have been highly favoured in that way—so that the *narratio obliqua*, so popular with the historians of a dead language, is the general form amongst us, too, of our communications from without the world.

I rarely speak much myself, but listen—as may be imagined—with the most voracious attention. The three members of our society who interest me most are Heywood, Wilkinson, and Arnold. The nature of their relations is commonly as different as

their respective characters, and for that reason—rather than because of any peculiar wonder belonging to them—I will repeat, in brief, the three with which they favoured us last night.

Heywood, who is the son of a dean, possesses, with the exception of the emoluments, all the popular attributes of that dignitary: he is stout, and rosy about the gills; takes several glasses of port during the little supper which concludes our spiritual investigations; and, by some means or other, it always happens that he obtains possession of the only arm-chair in the room. There is a matter-of-fact-ness, and absence of any care for effect about what he has to say, which I love to listen to—while it makes my blood run cold—on account of its obvious truth.

I. 'My father,' said he last night, 'was, as most of you are aware, before he was made a dean, the vicar of Tredlington. The vicarage-house was a small one; and to it and to residences of the like humble kind I had been exclusively accustomed up to the age of fourteen years. I knew nothing of panelled oak chambers, secret staircases, passages in the thickness of a wall, and all the machinery of romantic discomfort, except through books. Tredlington—where I had the dream which I am about to relate—was not in the least degree allied to Udolpho; and yet the dream I dreamed there was just such a one as dear old Mrs Radcliffe might have had herself after a port-supper. I dreamed that some half-an-hour before dinner, and immediately after the bell had rung for dressing, my cousin—a lad of the same age, who was then stopping with me—had mischievously lured me up alone in the drawing-room, and there left me. Anxious not to displease my father by being late, and not daring to leap out of either of the windows—which were on the first floor—I strove, in my dream, to find some other mode of egress. There were several large pictures hanging up on the walls—quite strange to me, but which, as is usual in such cases, produced no astonishment—and pushing these aside, one after another, I found behind the last on the east wall a flight of little stairs, which led, to my great joy, up into my own bedroom.'

I told this dream to the whole breakfast-party the next morning, when this and that solution of it was given; but although the impression still remained, doubtless, in my mind, no circumstance arose for several years to cause me to refer to it. I was a young man of about one-and-twenty, and at college, when my father's elevation to the deanery of Donnington took place. This same cousin of mine was my fellow-student, and accompanied me, at the vacation, on my first visit to the fine old cloistered place which I was proud to be able to call my future home. A little banter upon this pardonable vanity of mine, assisted by the high spirits of youth, brought on between us what is popularly termed "a scrimmage," and my father happening to be out just at the particular time of our arrival, although it was nearly the dinner-hour, my cousin playfully pushed me by the shoulders into the new drawing-room, and locked the door behind me. At that instant the dinner-bell rang in the next, I recognised completely the room of my dream—which in reality, of course, I had never before set eyes on—and walked to the last great picture which hung on the eastern wall, for a means of egress, as naturally as I should have walked to the door. Behind the picture was a secret stair leading into the chamber which had been set apart for my reception, and I very much astonished the servant who brought up my trunks by appearing therein through a sliding panel. Neither he nor my father, nor any one else in the house, had the least idea that such a mode of communication existed. They had never dreamed of such a thing, they said, in all their lives. Why I did so myself, I have not the least idea; I have witnessed,

however, enough and to spare, to prove the facts. As for the secret staircase, if any of this company will do me the honour to come down to Donnington, they shall lock me into the drawing-room, even after the first dinner-bell has rung, as often as ever they please.'

Arnold is the youngest and latest-joined of the society, but notwithstanding—or perhaps I should say, by reason of—that circumstance, he is the most enthusiastic of us all. He told us, after Heywood had finished, the following story in a quiet undertone, such as the brook sings in 'to the sleeping woods, all night, in the leafy month of June,' and with eyes that looked through and through us while he spoke, as upon some strange uncanny sight beyond.

II. 'My father was left a widower in his first year of marriage, his wife having died in childbirth with us twins—myself and my brother George, whom some of you have mistaken at times, you know, for me. My poor mother herself had been also one of twins. For a few months after her death, her two sisters stayed in my father's house to comfort him and look after us children. I was, however, soon put out to nurse, and George only remained at home.' He slept in the same room with his two aunts. I had been from home about a week or so, when Aunt Susan, on awaking about midnight, found her sister out of bed, and walking about the room. She knew Maria suffered from "a raging tooth," so merely informed her where the laudanum was, and went to sleep again. Next night, as the two sisters were undressing, Susan said: "Be sure to put the bottle so that you will know where to find it, and not run the risk of catching your death of cold, as you did last night."

"I had not the toothache last night, and never left my bed at all," replied Maria.

"Then you must have done it in your sleep, for I saw you up as plainly as I ever saw you in my life." So, with mutual recrimination and denial, they retired to rest.

'Again Susan was awakened, and again she saw her sister pacing about the room.

"Maria, come to rest," said she; "the fire is out, and the cold will only increase the pain."

'Her sister turned a pale face towards her, with an indescribably sorrowful and touching expression, but said nothing. Susan, thinking her to be seriously ill, was about to leave the bed, when, to her extreme astonishment, she perceived Maria fast asleep beside her.

'It was my dead mother, then—the very image of her living twin-sister—whom she had looked upon those two nights. Susan fainted with excess of fear, and did not waken her bedfellow till after dawn, when nothing unusual was to be observed. She told, however, all she had seen; and Maria, who was much the bolder of the two, promised to keep vigil next night, upon condition that my father was not to be informed of the matter, which she knew would distress him greatly. She attributed the thing herself to fancy and a disordered system. That night, then, they both watched; and when they had been in bed some time, they heard the front-door of the cottage open—my mother had been accustomed in her lifetime to carry, for convenience, a latch-key—and a well-known gentle footstep pass up the stairs and go into my father's room. Presently their own chamber-door opened, and dressed in a white garment betwixt bed-gown and dressing-gown, their dead sister glided in. She gave them an appealing, almost reproachful look, and then turned to the little cradle where her baby-boy was sleeping, and stooped down as if to kiss it. Once again she seemed to beseech them dumbly, and left the room with a slow noiseless tread. It was some minutes before they dared to speak. Maria longed to address the spirit, but her tongue clove to the roof of her

mouth. In the morning they asked my father whether he had seen any strange sight or no.

"I saw nothing unusual," he replied; but when they told him all, he confessed, not without some effort: "And I, too, for these last ten days have seen her every midnight. I hear the key in the front-door; her tread upon the landing as of old; but her face, as she stands by my bed-foot, seems worn and piteous, and I know she has some grief she may not tell. I have spoken to her many times, but she does not answer me. I know not what to do."

'After some more conversation, a sudden thought flashed upon my father's mind; and, saddling his horse himself, he rode off at full speed to the town about ten miles off, where I had been intrusted to a respectable nurse. In that short interval which I had passed away from home, he found me shockingly altered; half-starved, and ill, and bruised. Another nurse was instantly obtained, who, however, remained at my own home with me. Never more was seen by mortal eye that messenger from the dead; the boundless love which had burst the barrier of death itself—the affection of a mother for her child—was never tried so terribly again.'

It is our custom to dilate upon and analyse every statement; those only which can stand a good deal of sifting are thought worthy to be enrolled in the records of the society, and unless to concern ourselves in such investigations at all is a proof of gullibility, we cannot certainly be said to be easily satisfied. Wilkinson cross-examined Arnold upon this story of his with his usual rough acuteness, but without at all shaking his evidence; it was impossible for any one who had heard the story to suppose that the narrator himself was otherwise than in earnest. There is a certain mystery and supernatural about Wilkinson himself in our eyes, from the fact of his being a drysalter—the attributes of such a character being utterly unknown to and unimaginable by us—but otherwise he is very far from being an appropriate vehicle for a spiritual narration; it is marred the more by the circumstance of his always having a cigar between his teeth, the end of which wobbles against his tongue, and clips his English. The somewhat flippant manner of his relating the following occurrence will, it is likely, detract from its *vraisemblance*; but that it did really happen as described, I am well assured.

III. 'I have an elder sister who is married to a country gentleman in Sussex. She has been his wife these twenty years, and has had an abundance of children. The first governess of these children was a Miss Beauvais of Dunkirk. She was of a reserved and taciturn disposition, and although performing all her duties admirably, was rather respected by her pupils than beloved. She never looked quite like other people, and had an old-fashioned manner of dressing. In particular, she wore her sleeves very large at the shoulders—pillowed sleeves, as I think, they were then called. I have seen her many times, and remember her perfectly well; but one sight of her would have been quite sufficient for recollection. She was a very remarkable, a most extraordinary-looking person—very, indeed. (And here the drysalter took snuff profusely, as his custom is when more than usually pleonastic.) She had an ancient father who came every Christmas to take her home to Dunkirk for her few weeks' holiday—a wonderful Frenchman, quite silent, and all puckered about the lips like an umbrella. In my nieces' old drawing-books there are several sober and pretty accurate likenesses of him, which all resemble caricatures. Perhaps when they got away from the English folks, and the *père* and *fills* were alone together, they shed some natural tears; but their behaviour, as it seemed to me, was far from affectionate. I happened to be in Sussex when Monsieur Beauvais last came for his daughter. It

was an especially bitter winter twenty years ago, and that day was its coldest day. The earth was wrapped round in its white shroud very thickly, but no snow was falling. He had brought a little open carriage with him from the neighbouring town, because it ran lighter over the choked roads than a close one would have done. There was, therefore, but little room for Miss Beauvais's luggage.

'She had been accustomed on these journeys to take all her possessions away with her, and she was evidently much distressed on this occasion at having to leave some of them behind. Two large black boxes of hers were left, locked and well corded. "You will be sure to keep them safely, madame," she said to my sister; but she seemed to say it with a sigh of suspicion.

'We watched the two stiff figures drive slowly along the leafless avenue and over the white hill-top beyond. "A strange pair," we remarked, and soon forgot them both, as governesses and governesses' fathers are apt to be forgotten. On the two black boxes was written, in that infinitesimally small handwriting of hers, that it was *défendu* to open them under any pretext. It was evident that the poor lady mistrusted the honour of perfidious Albion.

'We read soon afterwards, in the newspaper—as soon, that is, as the newspaper of that time, and in such snowy days, could reach us—that the Dunkirk sailing-packet, in which we knew they had intended to take passage, was lost with every soul on board. Nevertheless, in hope that something might have deranged their plans, we made every effort to ascertain their fate. Repeated letters to the continent obtained no answer; and, indeed, Miss Beauvais had often affirmed that she had no friend upon earth, except her father. Moreover, the clerk in the packet-office described the two singular persons, who had paid for berths in the doomed ship, with an accuracy that left no room for doubt. Years rolled away—ten, fifteen, twenty years (the drysalter here took at least half an ounce more snuff than he could conveniently carry), and their deaths became a certainty. The few small bills which Miss Beauvais had left behind her, had long been settled by my sister; but there was one somewhat large one which still continued undischarged—a milliner's. The governess's pupils grew up and had governesses for their own children; the servants of the house had departed or died; there was no one about the place beside my sister and her husband who remembered poor Miss Beauvais, or knew whose these black boxes were, that were piled one upon the other, put away in the old lumber-closet up stairs.'

'May I be allowed,' observed the drysalter at this point, 'to deviate from the society's rules so far as to read a portion of my sister's letter relating to this matter, and received but yesterday morning?'

Leave having been granted by universal acclamation, he read as follows:

'We drove to Lufborough last Monday to Miss Davies', the milliner, and while making my purchases, she observed to me: "By the by, madam, can there still be any hope of poor Miss Beauvais being alive, or must I consider those few pounds she owes me to be a bad debt?"

'I was distressed at having put off the matter so long, and paid her at once, observing that I would have the boxes opened which had been left with us these twenty years, to see whether their contents were worth anything. On our way home, I communicated this intention to Frederic, who approved of it. There was no servant in the pony-carriage to overhear us; and I am certain that neither of us mentioned the matter subsequently. We sat down to dinner within half an hour after we had got home. In the middle of it, and during a conversation about the new green-

house, Lucy—the maid who came to me last autumn, if you remember—rushed into the dining-room quite white, and trembling excessively. She could not speak at first for terror; but I sent Frederic and the man-servant out of the room, and contrived to comfort her.

"I have seen such a strange lady, ma'am," she whispered; "she has no business here, I'm sure. I wonder I had strength to get away from the lumber-garret."

"What is she like?" asked I as quietly as I could. "Like nobody I ever saw in my life, ma'am—with hard gray eyes like stones, and in the strangest dress; very large and puffed out above the sleeves. She was sitting on the old black boxes that are piled up in the corner, with the foreign direction upon them."

'I tried to quiet the girl, who began to sob afresh, and to convince her that it was all fancy; and Frederic spoke to her also. She was not, however, to be shaken in the least, and I firmly believe that she has seen Miss Beauvais. Frederic has promised me, upon his honour, that so long as I live those boxes shall never be opened.'

'But I have not promised,' added the drysalter in conclusion; 'and I am going down to-morrow into Sussex to see what can be done.'

For my part, I should like extremely to see what is in these boxes, but not unless the disclosure was made by daylight, and at somebody else's risk.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE ANATOMIST.

A GREAT deal of discussion is now taking place in London and elsewhere as to the best methods of educating young men for the medical profession. Of course doctors differ on this as on most other subjects, but on one point they are all agreed—namely, that all scientific medicine and surgery has anatomy for its basis, and that without a good knowledge of the structure of the body, a man can no more be a safe medical practitioner than a house can be a safe dwelling without a foundation. Now, this anatomical knowledge can be acquired only in one way, and that is by the actual examination of the different parts of the body, and by spending days, months, and years in the dissecting-room, till the student of anatomy not only masters the details, but at last even *thinks* anatomically, and can with little effort apply his practical experience to the treatment of injuries or diseases.

Notwithstanding all this, the prejudice against dissection has been and is so strong, as either to make men content with a mere smattering of anatomy, or drive them into the most terrible and degrading means of obtaining material for investigation. The Druids themselves are cited as adopting this alternative, they having been not only the priests and judges, but also the physicians of a superstitious people—to whom they prescribed a human sacrifice as necessary for the recovery of their health, the priests themselves being the operators. 'Would it not,' says Portal, 'be natural to conclude, that the Druids only laid the favour of their divinities at such a price to obtain opportunities for dissection, which under other circumstances would have rendered them the objects of public execration?'

No doubt Æsculapius did his best to learn anatomy from the bodies of animals, and probably had now and then a quiet post-mortem examination of a human subject, with his two sons, Machaon and Podalirius. The eldest, who was not only a good surgeon, but a famous warrior, crept into the wooden horse with the rest of them, and got his shoulder cut open in a sortie of the Trojans; and Podalirius, who was also at Troy, had the good-luck on his way home to be cast by a storm on the shores of Caria, where there happened to

be just at that moment a fine opening for a medical man: for the king's daughter, Syrna, had just tumbled from the top of the house—palaces in those days being probably not very high. Podalirius having bled her royal highness in both arms, she recovered; fell in love with her doctor; they were married, and as she had the Chersonese for her dowry, Podalirius retired from practice. This is the first mention we have of bleeding, and was probably the result of certain anatomical advantages afforded by the great slaughter of heroes under the walls of Troy. At that time, surgical knowledge was handed down from father to son, and was almost entirely confined to the Asclepiades, who established medical schools in Rhodes, Cos, and Cnidos. Galen says they studied anatomy, the fathers accustoming their children from infancy to dissect animals; but when we consider that they were in the frequent practice of reducing dislocations and fractures, and removing tumours, it is impossible not to believe that they took some more direct road to the necessary knowledge than cutting up sheep and pigs, though undoubtedly they had the advantage of the accumulated experience of the family.

Homer evidently knew the anatomy of man. Look at his description of Ulysses hitting the Cyclops close to where the vena cava perforates the diaphragm, and dividing the ligament of the liver. Alcmeon, a disciple of Pythagoras, was the first dissector even of animals out of the family of the Asclepiades; there are none of his writings extant, though Galen and Aristotle allude to his researches. Democritus, another disciple of Pythagoras, ambitious of advancement in philosophy, having travelled through Chaldaea, Persia, and Egypt, at last came home, and settled down to study practical anatomy. With this view, he frequented the tombs, examined the bones of his fathers, and cut up animals. His cynical manners were probably assumed to insure solitude; and his works, or those attributed to him, shew that he made good use of his time and materials. But he grew weary of life and anatomy when about a hundred years old, and gradually starved himself to death. He postponed the melancholy event for a few days, at the urgent request of his sister, who said that his premature death would prevent her from attending some approaching festivals, and besought him to wait till she had her amusement over decently.

In the first year of the eightieth Olympiad, Hippocrates was born in the island of Cos. He was of the eighteenth generation in direct descent from Æsculapius. He has left proofs of patient study of anatomy. After his day, little was done till about the end of the third century B.C., when Erasistratus, a native of the island of Ceos, shewed himself a bold and vigorous anatomist. He was the first to dissect dead human bodies, and to avow openly that he did so. His predecessors only confessed to studying the dried bones found in the tombs, declaring that they learned the anatomy of the soft parts from animals; but Erasistratus pooh-poohed all this, got Seleucus Nicanor and Antiochus Soter to let him have the bodies of criminals after execution; and occasionally some poor wretch was given to him alive, to be put to a lingering death under his relentless scalpel. Erasistratus made many discoveries; among others, the vessels called lacteals. His works have been lost; but the references to them scattered through the writings of Galen and others, shew what an advance anatomy made from even one man's being allowed fair opportunities of study. About this time, also, Herophilus was at work in Carthage, and seems, under the reign of Ptolemy Soter, to have been allowed the same horrible privileges as Erasistratus in Ceos. He, likewise, made many discoveries, and the names he gave them are still in use. Fallopius, the great

professor in Padua, 1561 A.D., said, that 'contradicting Herophilus in an anatomical statement, seemed to him like contradicting the Gospel.' Notwithstanding the bright examples of the two ancients last named, practical anatomy again fell into disuse, and we find, so late as 108 A.D., the Emperor Adrian getting a very incorrect account of the situation of the heart from Archigenus, who was then practising medicine and surgery in Rome, after having been physician to the king of Syria. The old prejudices were at work again, and Quintus, one of the most expert anatomists of his time, was driven from Rome on the pretext that he killed his patients. Rufus, the Ephesian, too, in the second century of the Christian era—a most careful anatomical writer—is now obliged to tell his pupils that they must endeavour to obtain for dissection that animal which is most like man—adding, no doubt with a sigh for the good old days, that 'of old they demonstrated anatomy upon human bodies.' What would surgery then have done but for the bountiful legacy bequeathed by Erasistratus and Herophilus!

In 181, in the fifteenth year of Adrian's reign, Galen was born in Pergamus, famous for its temple of Æsculapius. Galen wrote a book on anatomy, advising his pupils to dissect apes as the best means to be obtained for improving their knowledge, for he could get no bodies save those of children left exposed by their parents, or of persons found murdered in the fields; and even those he was forced to dissect with all the care and secrecy which was possible. No skeleton even was allowed to be kept, and people had to betake themselves to the tombs for osteological studies, as in the days of Democritus; for after the civil wars in the time of Marius and Sylla, there was a law passed at Rome forbidding any use to be made of dead bodies.

It is clear, from Galen's anatomical descriptions, that he knew the anatomy of man. He probably paid handsomely for the waifs and strays of humanity which were brought secretly to him, and we cannot suppose his purveyors were more scrupulous than in later times.

About the end of the fourth century, we find Nemesius, a bishop in Phœnicia, investigating the structure and functions of the liver. He very nearly hit on the true theory of the circulation of the blood.

In the sixth century, Procopius lived. He was a historian as well as a surgeon, and his writings give one a good idea of how surgery and practical anatomy had degenerated. He mentions that Artabazus, king of Persia, died of a wound of the carotid artery, the bleeding from which could not be stopped; and that the Emperor Trajan, being wounded by a dart above the right eye, the point of the weapon remaining in the wound, he, Procopius, not knowing what course it might take, left it alone. After a residence of *five years* in his imperial majesty's head, it came out of its own accord, and recovery was complete.

The Arabian physicians have been a good deal talked about; but what progress could people make in practical anatomy whose religion forbade their touching a dead body? They merely plagiarised from the Greek authors whose works they had preserved from the general destruction of the Alexandrian library in 640.

Rhases, whose real name was Abubecker Mohammed, was born in 996, at Rag, which was then the largest town in Persia; he had the reputation of being the first physician of his time. Passing one day through the streets of Cordova, and seeing a crowd collected, he inquired the cause—a man had died suddenly. Rhases obtained a bundle of sticks, which he distributed among the bystanders, and keeping one to himself, desired them to follow his example. With great solemnity he beat the dead corpse all over, but

especially on the soles of the feet. In a quarter of an hour the dead man began to move, and the people shouted at the miracle, while Rhases remounted his mule and ambled quietly on his road; henceforth, he was always believed to have the power of restoring the dead to life. Although he was no anatomist himself, he attached great importance to the science, for, when blinded by a cataract, he refused to allow the surgeon to operate on him as that practitioner could not enumerate the different tunics of the eye. The old physician added that he didn't much mind, however, not recovering his vision, as he 'had seen enough of this world to be disgusted with it.' Albucasis, who lived about 1085, insists upon a knowledge of anatomy as necessary for a surgeon, and some anatomical plates are attributed to him. The wars which convulsed Europe in the thirteenth century were prejudicial to all scientific pursuits, and practical anatomy was at a very low ebb. At the end of the century, however, Mundinus was born in Milan, and professed anatomy there in 1315; he was a zealous active man, and infused some vigour into anatomical teaching. It is rather mortifying at this time to find the medical profession represented in Britain by John of Gadesden, who graduated at Oxford in 1320, and devoted his life to flattering great ladies and cheating great fools. He had secret remedies for every disease, and made a large fortune by selling plaster of frogs to the barbers. There was little anatomical knowledge then in England, and people therefore were at the mercy of such charlatans as the author of the *Rosa Anglica*.

Let us skip over a hundred years to 1543, when Andrew Vesalius, rejecting the law, adheres lovingly to his hereditary profession—that of medicine. He devoted himself especially to anatomy, studied in Paris; and, determined to obtain subjects, used to make nocturnal raids on the dead-houses and churchyards. He published, at twenty-eight years of age, a splendid work on human anatomy, and dared to expose the errors of Galen, greatly to the indignation of his contemporaries. In spite of slander and opposition, he established anatomy on solid and lasting foundations, which nothing has since disturbed. The Emperor Charles V. made him his first physician, and he was at the height of professional glory when he met with this mishap—he opened the body of a young Spanish gentleman who had died under his care; the heart, on being exposed, was found still pulsating, and the young man's parents denounced Vesalius to the Inquisition. That terrible tribunal was about to punish him, when Philip II., king of Spain, induced the judges to allow him to expiate his crime by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He proceeded to Jerusalem, from which place he was recalled about 1564 by the senate of Venice, to succeed Fallopius as professor in Padua. But upon his voyage home, Vesalius was shipwrecked on the island of Zante, and, reduced to the last extremes of want and misery, died of hunger in the fiftieth year of his age.

After him come a noble list of practical anatomists; but, if we continued to trace them down to our own day, we should find the same old story repeated over and over again. Men who have the surgical gift strong within them, feel a necessity for anatomical dissection, which they will obtain material for by some means or other—one man probably calling a half-dissected baby an ape; another, hardening his heart till it not only becomes indifferent to public opinion, but to the sufferings of his living subjects; and, at the best of times, a sufficing knowledge of anatomy confined to one or two bold and unscrupulous men-students.

Until a very few years ago, anatomical teachers were at the mercy of the ruffians of whatever

neighbourhood the medical school they lectured at happened to be in—men who provided a precarious supply of subjects for dissection, at a great expense and at their own caprice; who alternated body-snatching with burglary; and when too idle for either of these estimable pursuits, levied a black-mail on their unhappy patrons, cheating the latter cleverly being the glory of a resurrection-man's heart. A lecturer in Edinburgh had one day a subject brought to him in a sack; he had concluded the bargain, and was counting out the money, when the subject sneezed—the resurrectionists rushed away, leaving Mr — to empty the sack of its contents, which had by this time begun to swear vehemently. The subject was the smallest of the gang, who, being very drunk, was thought a suitable piece of property to raise a little money on. It was hoped of course that the quieting effects of the toddy previously imbibed would continue till his friends got out of the way with the cash.

In those days, persons who had buried a near relative, would watch nightly for weeks by the grave—would bury heavy iron cages over the coffin, and take every precaution the mind of man could devise; and yet any one who would give the price asked, could obtain not only bodies, but *the* body they chose to specify. In the great medical schools of London and Edinburgh, the demand far exceeded the supply afforded by the resurrectionists, and a new style of ruffian, without the courage and cleverness of his predecessors, came forward with bodies said to have been obtained from friends of the deceased. In this country, friends selling dead relatives is a thing never heard of; and the astute janitors of the Edinburgh medical schools knew this. It was long, therefore, before Burke and Hare could find a purchaser for their first victim; but the furious competition among the teachers of anatomy at last overcame all scruples. At the same time, Bishop and his friends were drowning miserable outcasts in a well at the back of their house near Drury Lane, and selling them to the highest bidder. Things are somewhat better now, but still the supply is singularly deficient. It depends upon the unclaimed bodies of those dying in charitable institutions, which having, of course, to be buried at the expense of the public, are left for six weeks with the teachers of anatomy for anatomical investigation. At the end of six weeks, they are replaced in the coffins they come in, and are decently buried. All the time they are in the hands of the anatomists, they are carefully preserved, and no true student forgets the honour due to human dust. The sums paid by students for the privilege of examining—they must not carry away a particle—vary in different schools. In Edinburgh it is much less than in London; but it is never more than is barely enough to cover the necessary expenses.

Owing to the scanty supply, students are in numbers driven from the English and Scotch schools to Paris, weary with waiting for 'parts;' and every now and then there appears in the papers a denunciation of some poor enthusiast, who, urged on by the same craving as Galen and Vesalius, helps himself when the opportunity offers.

The anatomical knowledge which surgeons should possess, consists in their knowing the appearance and feeling of the tissues of the body, so that the eye or the finger may go instinctively to the right place, the knife be applied with just the right amount of pressure, and no more, and so important parts be carefully avoided. It is this knowledge alone which enables the surgeon to plan beforehand the steps of some dangerous operation, to go through them with a placid mind and an unflinching hand, and to complete the proceeding, horrible as it must be even when

most perfectly performed, with honour to himself and advantage to his patient.

And if society throws this grave responsibility on one class of its members, it is surely the duty of those who govern society to provide adequate means for supplying this great want in medical education.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

'And this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a coward like him!' So shouted honest Master Joss, the sacristan of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the 'Adam and Eve' inn, and looked after the angry retreating figure of Master Ottkar, the head-mason.

As he spoke, an honest young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the sacristan's words were directed at him. For it was the old, old story. Gabriel and Annie had played together and loved each other before they knew the meaning of the word love; and when, a few months before, they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer besides an honest heart and a pair of industrious hands, while Master Ottkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, sorely against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept away from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, manfully endeavouring to root out his love while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other pertinacious plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished, nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbour hailed him:

'Great news, my boy! glorious news! Our Leopold has been chosen emperor at Frankfort. Long live the House of Austria! He is to make his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the "Adam and Eve," and we will drink his health, and hear all about it.'

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

We have already seen how the unexpected appearance and more unexpected words of Master Joss met him on his entrance. In the height of his indignation, the sacristan did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

'I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to woo and win my daughter to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—ay, and think her well rid of that cowardly mason.'

From time immemorial, it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the emperor made a triumphal entry, for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest tower, and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joss was old, stiff, and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight-rope. It was therefore needful for him to provide a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and

stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

What, then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on broaching the matter that afternoon to Master Ottkar, he was met by a flat and not over-courteous refusal! The old man made a hasty retort; words ran high, and the parting volley, levelled at the retreating mason, we have already reported.

'Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner for you as long as you please from the top of St Stephen's tower.'

'You, Gabriel?' said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was wont to do in former days. 'My poor boy! you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never has had any practice in climbing.'

'Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!' exclaimed the youth, reddening. 'My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why, it was you who made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me, on the word of an honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our emperor, whom may Heaven long preserve! wave gloriously on the old pinnacle.'

'I will, my brave lad; I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours!' said the sacristan, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

'One thing I have to ask you,' said the young man, 'that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She'd never consent; she'd say I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want it to be most firm and collected.'

'No fear of her knowing it, for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt two or three miles in the country.'

'And why did you send her from home, Master Joss?'

'Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because, to tell you the truth, I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted old fool, I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy Arnold, your old friend and school-fellow, Gabriel, has been for years in foreign parts, and we don't know what has become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please. There's my hand on it.'

There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of Vienna than Gabriel the gardener, although he well knew that he was attempting a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to result in his death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done, he resigned himself to dream all night of tumbling from terrific heights, and all day of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile, Ottkar swallowed his chagrin as he best might, and kept aloof from Master Joss; but he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before evening; and at the appointed hour the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and, giving him the banner of the House of Austria, gorgeously embroidered, said: 'Now, my boy, up in God's name! Follow Lawrence; he'll guide you safely to the top of the spire, and afterwards assist you in coming down.'

Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Mere child's play—the young gardener flew them up with a joyous step. Then came two hundred wooden stairs over the clock-tower and belfry; then five steep ladders up the narrow pinnacle. Courage! A few more bold steps—half an hour of peril—then triumph, reward, the priest's blessing, and the joyful 'Yes!' before the altar. Ah, how heavy was the banner to drag upwards—how dark the strait, stony shaft! Hold, there is the trap-door. Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through.

'That's it!' cried Lawrence; 'you'll see the iron steps and the clamps to hold on by outside—only keep your head steady. When 'tis your time to come down, hail us, and we'll throw you a rope-ladder with hooks. Farewell!' As he said these words, Gabriel had passed through the trap-door, and with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, felt himself hanging over a tremendous precipice, while the cold evening breeze ruffled his hair. He had still, burdened as he was with the banner, to steady himself on a part of the spire sculptured in the similitude of a rose, and then, after two or three daring steps still higher, to bestride the very pinnacle, and wave his gay gold flag.

'May God be merciful to me!' sighed the poor lad, as glancing downward on the busy streets, lying so far beneath, the whole extent of his danger flashed upon him. He felt so lonely, so utterly forsaken in that desert of the upper air, and the cruel wind strove with him, and struggled to wrest the heavy banner from his hand. 'Annie, Annie, 'tis for thee!' he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name nerved him to endurance. He wound his left arm firmly round the iron bar which supported the golden star, surmounted by a crescent, that served as a weather-cock, and with the right waved the flag, which flapped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—grew dark above his head, and the lights and bonfires glanced upwards from the great city below. But the cries of rejoicing came faintly on his ear, until one long-continued shout, mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of Leopold.

'Huzza! huzza! long live the emperor!' shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the deepening twilight and the dizzy height rendered him unseen and unheard by the busy crowd below.

The deep voice of the cathedral clock tolled the hour.

'Now my task is ended,' said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and shivering in the chilly breeze. 'Now I have only to get down and give the signal.'

More heedfully and slowly than he had ascended, he began his descent. Only once he looked upward to the golden star and crescent, now beginning to look colourless against the dark sky.

'Ha!' said he, 'doesn't it look now as if that heathenish Turk of a crescent were nodding and wishing me an evil "good-night?" Be quiet, Mohammed!'

A few courageous steps landed him once more amid the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed the only coigne of vantage for his feet to rest on.

He furled his banner tightly together, and shouted: 'Hollo, Lawrence! Albert! here! throw me up the ladder and the hooks.'

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel reiterate the call.

Not a word, not a stir below.

'Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep?' cried the poor fellow aloud;

and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

'What shall I do? What will become of me?'

Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir one hairbreadth to the right or to the left. A painful sensation of tightness came across his chest, and his soul grew bitter within him.

'They have left me here of set purpose,' he muttered through his clenched teeth. 'The torches below will shine on my crushed body.'

Then, after a moment:

'No, no; the sacristan could not find it in his heart; men born of woman could not do it. They will come; they *must* come.'

But when they did not come, and the pitiless darkness thickened around him, so that he could not see his hand, his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

'God!' he cried, 'the emperor will not suffer such barbarity. Noble Leopold, help! One word from you would save me.'

But the cold night-wind, blowing ominously around the tower, seemed to answer:

'Here I alone am emperor, and this is my domain.'

While this was passing, two men stood cowering together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

'Haven't I managed it well?' asked one.

'Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the sacristan'—

'O no, the old man is too busy with his son, who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel until'—

'Until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?'

'By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself, and fetch the gardener down. The trap-door is fast, and no one within call. But I think, Master Ottkar, you and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem.'

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meantime, a dark shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear: 'Renounce thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety.'

'May God preserve me from such sin,' cried the poor lad, shuddering.

'Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you.'

'Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spirit?'

'Or just say that you'll make me a present of your first-born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as if you were floating on down.'

'Avaunt, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!' cried Gabriel manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

'Am I really here?' he asked himself, as he awoke; 'or is it all a frightful dream that I have had while lying in my bed?'

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

'Fool! this is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw thyself down.'

'Must I, then, die?' murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. 'Must I die while

life is so pleasant? O Annie, Annie! pray for me; the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet.'

Then it seemed as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

'Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted.'

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed arm, and, with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome sunburnt youth, his long-lost son Arnold, who had sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said:

'I am longing to see Annie, father. I daresay she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?'

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him.'

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened towards the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

'Where is Gabriel?' cried the sacristan.

'I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door.'

'But who helped him down?'

'Why, you yourself, of course,' replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. 'Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it.'

'Oh, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all,' groaned the old man. 'Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come, for the love of God; look up, look up to the spire.'

Arnold rushed towards the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

'Tis he! It must be he, still living.'

'O God!' cried Master Joss, 'where are my keys? O that we may not be too late.'

The keys were found in the old man's pocket; and all three, rushing through the cathedral-gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap-door, went through it first.

'Call out to him, lad!' exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.

'I hear nothing stirring,' said Albert, 'nor can I see anything from this. I'll climb over the rose.'

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he reappeared at the trap-door.

'There certainly is a figure standing on the rose, but 'tisn't Gabriel—'tis a ghost!'

'A ghost! you dreaming dunderhead,' shouted Arnold. 'Let me up.' And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out: 'Come on, come on, as far as you can. I have him, thank God! But quick; time is precious.'

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length, a half-unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the 'Adam and Eve,' laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment, he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his

deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

'Wipe the hoar-frost off my hair, and that yellow dust off my cheeks!'

In truth, his curled locks were white, his rosy cheeks yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hoar-frost was there to wipe away—that one night of horror had added forty years to his age!

In the course of that day, numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure crowded to the inn and sought to see him, but none were admitted save the three who sat continually by his bedside—his weeping young sister, the brave Arnold, and Master Joss, the most unhappy of all; for his conscience ceased not to say, in a voice that *would* be heard: 'You alone are the cause of all this.' By way of a little self-comfort, the sacristan used to exclaim at intervals: 'If I only had hold of that Lawrence! If I once had that Ottkar by the throat!' But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna.

'Ah!' said Gabriel towards evening, 'tis all over between me and Annie. She would shudder at the sight of an old wrinkled gray-haired fellow like me.'

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while her bright ringlets mingled with his poor gray locks; and Arnold's handsome face grew very sad as he thought—'The poor fellow is right; there are few things that young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles.'

'I have one request to make of you all, dear friends,' said Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch—'do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less, I think; then I'll go into the forest, and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from pain.'

'A fine way, indeed, to save Annie from pain!' cried a well-known voice, while a light figure rushed towards the bed, and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace. 'My own true love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes than now. And pretend that you were dead! A likely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but my poor boy's adventure. And let yourself be eaten by wolves! No, no, Gabriel; you wouldn't treat your poor Annie so cruelly as that!'

A regular hail-storm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow in the general *mêlée* Arnold's lips came into wonderfully close contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel's little sister. Certainly he was heard the next day to whisper into his friend's ear: 'A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy: I think if you take my sister, the least you can do is to give me yours.'

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair to the end of his life remained as white as snow, his cheeks and eyes, ere the wedding-day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couples—the day when Gabriel's sore-tried love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.

THE ANARCHY OF DISTRUST.

THE late financial crisis leaves a dismal condition of affairs—there is universal distrust. Smarting under losses, or fearful of being involved in ruin, nobody will believe anything connected with joint-stock projects; and there is equal distrust in reports from directors of seemingly flourishing undertakings—a natural consequence of detected falsehood. So frequently have contractors and jobbers made erroneous

representations as to the probable cost of and returns from enterprises, that credit in statements of this kind, however plausible, is gone. The *Leviathan* is floating as a useless hulk for want of £220,000. The money would be forthcoming, if people were certain that that sum would be all that is wanted; but having no assurance of the fact, they will not subscribe the necessary funds. And so on with many other things.

Nearly all the railways of Great Britain have been got up on erroneous representations as to cost and probable returns. Engineers, solicitors, and others have to all appearance conspired to deceive the public. A railway is advertised to cost only a certain moderate sum, by which parties are induced to take shares. It turns out, however, that the thing cannot be done under a third or more capital in addition. This fresh capital has to be raised by means of preference shares, on which a high interest is guaranteed; and the end of it is, that so little is left to be divided among the original shareholders and their successors that their money may almost be said to be lost.

Now, great as are the benefits resulting from railways, it is somewhat too bad that the individuals making them are to be victimised, while those who stand aloof at their outset are to be the gainers. We would not go the length of saying that railway projectors have been deliberately dishonest. Their error, to call it so, consisted in taking far too sanguine a view not only of the primary outlay, but of working expenses, cost of plant, and money returns—every outlay understated, all probable returns overstated. Hence, prospective and promised profits of 5 or 6—even 8 or 10 per cent.—have almost universally dwindled down to 2½, 1½; in some notable cases, to nothing—the actual average being about £1, 12s. 6d. per cent. This is no small social evil. Immense sums have been mis-expended, causing much inconvenience, loss, and suffering. But worse than all is the distrust in everybody and everything created by the loose calculations of projectors, as well as the deceptions of directors; and it will be years before confidence is restored. Independently of all available means of redress for losses arising from grossly deceptive representations, it is pretty clear, as a writer in the *Times* has observed, that people have a remedy in their own hands; what that is, he briefly states as follows. 'If it were not for the laxity with which the public suffer themselves to regard the achievements of those who have acquired celebrity through the impoverishment of others, by practices which perhaps more capable but less presuming men would have declined to use, the evil would soon be mitigated. Let them remember that if a projector or contractor pleads that he has underestimated the task he bound himself to fulfil, it is tantamount to an avowal that he must have been either ignorant or unscrupulous. The great test of capacity in all cases, whether in the triumphs of war or science, lies in the power to foresee and provide at the commencement against all possible contingencies. If a man destitute of this power is found to have put himself forward to squander the means intrusted to him, let him take his place for the future as unfit for such responsibility. Supposing, on the contrary, he admits he had an impression his calculations might break down, he must then stand convicted of wilful concealment for personal ends. If the scientific gentlemen who distinguish themselves in the world at the cost of shareholders were certain, whatever wealth they might acquire, of being placed by a healthy public sentiment in one of these two categories, we should hear less of inflated monster undertakings half a century in advance of the rational requirements of the period, but should have the more

solid satisfaction of tasting the steady profits of a constant progress, which would develop everything demanded by the best energies of the time.'

THE SNOW-CHILD.

SHE grew in sadness, not in mirth
As other children grow;
Cold seemed she from her very birth,
Like that frail child of snow
We moulded on our mother-earth
In winters long ago.

White as a shroud, it knew no stain;
We tinged its death-pale cheek
With rose-leaves where the dews had lain;
Those eyes our eyes would seek
Were formed of ivy-berries twain:
We wept it could not speak.

Sound was our sleep that fateful night
We woke; the sun shone high:
Where stood our image of delight
We marked a blank pool lie,
Whence gathering mists enrayed with light
Wreathed upward to the sky.

But she, our child of fleshly mould
Born in life's summer day,
Whose locks outshone the orient gold
Showered from the new-sprung ray,
Whose voice like air-drawn music rolled,
How could she melt away?

We little dreamed—we never knew
What throes her breast were heaving;
Fresh years across her beauty threw
New bloom, our hearts deceiving,
Till fell the night that darker grew:
She passed, and left us grieving.

Our minds grew warped: weak memory traced
To yon old time of sorrow;
And we who once such fancies spurned
A strange remorse would borrow
From that snow-child we made and mourned
That wasted by the morrow.

We stood beside the silent mound
Where all we loved was sleeping;
We almost grieved that 'neath the ground
She could not hear our weeping,
Who, prisoned though in narrow bound,
Lay safe in Heaven's blest keeping.

Was it a dream?—or did our tears
Bedew her grassy pillow;
Or did our tremblings and our fears
Shake from the mournful willow
Such drops as the lashed sea appears
Flung from some broken billow?

A wreathing mist before the sun
Curled from the turf we trod!—
Even as our child of snow had done,
This dear one from the sod
Uprose, her day of freedom won,
In purity to God.

E. L. H.

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A NIGHT AND MORNING ON THE KULM.

THE continent of Europe comes, as is well known, to a mountainous head-ground in Switzerland and the Tyrol, where valleys from twelve hundred to three thousand feet above the level of the sea are flanked by heights of as much as fourteen and fifteen thousand, the bosoms of which are the seat of perpetual snow. Attracted by the wonderful beauty and sublimity of this district, and by the fine climate which it enjoys, thousands of people from the surrounding countries, from England, and from America, pour into it every summer, to while away a few weeks in communion with natural objects, equally enjoyable to them whether they be the worn children of business and of study, or the *blâtes* votaries of fashion. The native people of the country, noted of old for patriotism, and in modern times for their frugal industry, are, doubtless, somewhat at a loss to account for the intrusion of so many strangers into their domains, but have, nevertheless, contrived to address themselves to the case in a business-like way. You therefore find, in all the favourite pretty places on the low grounds—as at Thun, Lucerne, Interlachen, Vevay—fine roomy hotels, furnished with all that a luxurious taste could desire; also in the mountain-passes, and even on the tops of some of the hills, very tolerable *auberges*; while, everywhere that there is anything to be seen, men, horses, steamers, carriages, present themselves in abundance for the service of the visitor. This kind of business, it is understood, lasts about ten weeks each year; and when these are at an end, gay hotels and boarding-houses are closed, waiters shrink into some sort of pupa state not hitherto described by naturalists, horses and guides go to labour, and the country is left to dream under its snowy coverlet of the fresh holiday scenes and money-harvests which will return with the strangers next season.

A visit to Switzerland is a different thing to different people. German *burschen* and other young fellows come, with knapsack on back and *alpenstock* in hand, to walk thirty miles a day over hill and dale by way of enjoying the country. Elderly gentlemen, apt to be recognised in family circles under the appellation of 'the Governor,' come with wife and laughter in comfortable carriages, in which, by the help of guides and extra horses, they make their way through the most difficult passes. Some delight in the mountainous regions, where all is desolation and *randeur*; others are content to tarry in comfortable hotels and pensions in the valleys, where the snowy Alpine peaks, seen at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles, become almost as ideal as if viewed in the

sketches of Brockedon, or read of in Byron's *Manfred*. There is also an intermediate set who, though disclaiming the adventurous, will here and there do a little mountain-work—riding, for example, over the Wengern Alp, which only requires a day, or climbing to see the Glacier des Bois from the Montanvert, or ascending to behold the sun rise from the top of the Righi. To this last class the present writer, in his capacity of a Swiss traveller, belonged.

It was a splendid day in the middle of August. The steamer which left Lucerne at ten o'clock, to carry passengers along the lake, was crowded with the usual miscellaneous assemblage. Our party, composed of myself and a couple of ladies, viewed the mountain scenery as we passed along with the admiration due to its wonderful magnificence, and with an interest over and above, arising from the clearness with which the stratification of the mountains is exposed to the eye of the geologist, here forming an equably dipping section, miles in length, there twisted into as many perplexing convolutions as might be a web of thick cloth under 'lateral pressure.' The Righi rose almost murally between four and five thousand feet on the one side; on the other, towered the peaky Pilatus, once mythical, mysterious, and inaccessible, now about to have a hotel perched on its very summit. I thought of an ascent of the Righi as a piece of very fair and creditable, yet not extravagant adventure for a gentleman of eleven lustres, but treated the subject rather coyly, as hardly knowing how far Minerva might approve; when unexpectedly my idea became transformed into a positive resolution, in consequence of hearing from a gentleman just returned from the adventure, that it really involved no serious difficulties—was every day done by hundreds of both men and women—and just at present was usually rewarded by the most splendid sunrises, owing to the settled state of the weather. I therefore resolved, on our return from the head of the lake, to leave the steamer at Weggis, the place from which most people start on this expedition. One of the ladies determined to accompany me, while the other should return and wait at Lucerne for our descent next day.

Now let me explain that the Righi is part of a great mass of stratified conglomerate (*nagelfluë*) belonging to the tertiary formation, which has been thrown up in this north-western part of Switzerland to a height of several thousand feet, with great spaces cut out between; thus forming a series of mountains with intermediate lakes—first the Rossiberg and the Righi, with the lake of Zug between; then the Righi and Pilatus, with the lake of Lucerne between.

A vast plum-pudding it is, every pebble of which has been derived from the older mountains to the eastward—once, indeed, a deep gravel-deposit in a sea skirting these mountains,* now a series of hills perked up high into the air, creating scenes of sublimity impressive to the human spirit. The inclination of the strata somewhat strangely is towards the older mountains, and, consequently, the cliffs formed by their outcrops are presented in a westerly direction over the plains of Switzerland. There are, however, fully as steep cliffs along the sides of these remarkable mountains; and one of these latter cliffs it is our design to ascend from the little lake-port of Weggis.

The steamer, having landed about thirty people, including ourselves, all is bustle in the village. The street in front of the *Lion d'Or* hotel is crowded with poor-looking steeds in homely furniture, attended by their peasant owners; and the landlord of the said *Golden Lion* is a busy and an anxious man. Young gentlemen, oldish gentlemen, ladies of tender, and ladies of mature years, have all to be accommodated in succession, and sent off under charge of the owners of the cattle, who act as guides for a small addition to the usual fee of ten francs charged for the horse. The two clever practical English ladies in the Wincey petticoats mount adroitly, and set off in full enjoyment of the national nonchalance. The voluminous German lady and stout elderly professor her husband are not so easy to arrange in equestrian positions; but after a good deal of mounting and dismounting, and some strenuous measures for the quelling of rebellious crinoline on the lady's part, they too go off. The newly married couple, who have haunted us through half the inns of Switzerland, start in loving company. The young guardsman with the aristocratic nose and short upper-lip, who occasionally lets fall remarks about his experiences in the Crimea—after fifty jokes about his steed—mounts and departs, followed by a cortège of admiring and aspiring companions. Another gentleman—strange to say, a young one—and two elderly ladies, get *chaises à porteur*, in which to be carried up the hill at their ease by relays of men. Fifty villagers, and a miscellaneous assemblage of the lame, the sick, and the blind, look on, as the work of starting advances. We at length get horses too, and proceed under the care of a peasant and his son. Each adventurer has been careful to take a bundle of paletôts and mantles strapped on behind, for it is understood that the top of the Righi is a very cold place at sunrise.

Our way was at first along a gentle slope composed of orchards and cornfields, then through steeper ground presenting little besides pasture. Every two or three hundred feet of vertical ascent gave us the scenery of the lake and its neighbourhood of mountains in a new and more striking aspect. There was an exhilaration connected with the brightness of the day, the beauty of the country, and the rough horsemanship, such as I had not experienced since a similar ride in Iceland. A thousand feet up or so, we passed a small rude-looking chapel—perhaps not more than twenty feet by ten—bedizened with a few images and coloured religious prints, in which a priest performs mass every morning during summer for the few scattered shepherds then tending their flocks and herds on the mountain. Close beside this, by an affinity to which I was familiarised in my own country, was a little tavern, where tolerable beer was in the course of being served out for the regalement of the wayfarers. Soon after, nearing the naked precipices along which the middle part of the journey has

to be performed, we reached a spot called the Felsenthorn, where three enormous blocks of conglomerate have fallen in such an arrangement as to form a covered-way or passage, through which we proceed; a most picturesque accumulation of rock it is, which nature and the fantastic fancy of the peasants have decorated with a few pines and a cross. Then came the most romantic part of the journey along a narrow ledge tracing the front of the precipice, critical in appearance, yet made quite safe by the labour of the peasantry in building up the road wherever necessary. Here the way is marked at intervals of perhaps a quarter of a mile, by posts exhibiting small coarse pictures of incidents in the last sufferings of Christ, the whole forming the series called the Stations of the Passion, of which examples more elegant may be found in many places throughout the continent. Perhaps this place is thought peculiarly appropriate for such an exhibition, as the peasant, in toiling up the ascent, may be at once reminded of the Saviour's sufferings by his own, and taught by those to bear his own the more patiently. Having at length crossed through the great cliff, we come to the sloping back of the mountain, and experience there for some way a gentler rise; here an unexpected object was presented is what is called the *Kalte Bad*, a handsome establishment for cold-bathing, said to be fully 4600 English feet above the level of the sea. It is a spring of ancient celebrity, and invested with some religious veneration, which has given rise to this goodly house, in which we are told there are fifty-four chambers and ninety beds, and where we found on a terrace groups of well-dressed people enjoying one of the most superb views in the world. There is a legend about three sisters who founded the establishment several centuries ago, and we are told of a chapel dedicated to St Marie aux Neiges; but we have not space or inclination to enter upon these topics.

Coasting now for some way along the front of the mountain, at an elevation of fully three thousand five hundred feet above the low country—seeing the cruciform lake beneath, and Lucerne shrunk into a scarcely discernible group of houses at its extremity—we come at length within sight of the summit. Wild and remote as the scenery is, the road is full of passengers, and we have some most remarkable habitations before us. In Scotland, the summit of a mountain of four thousand feet, as Ben Nevis and Ben Macdhui, is pure desolation—rock-surfaces bleached by storms, and not bearing a blade; here, at fully a thousand feet higher, we have broad pastures and herds of cattle;* here, too, owing to the frequentation of strangers, we find two large hotels. One about five hundred feet below the summit, and half a mile distant from it—called the *Staffelhaus*—is chiefly used as a *pension* or boarding-house. The other, called the *Kulm Hotel*, perched only fifty feet behind the summit, so as to be sheltered by it from the north winds, is a much more remarkable establishment.

Having alighted here, and providently got our names put down in the comptoir for certain beds, we proceeded to solace ourselves with the splendid panorama of the Bernese Alps, which is presented at the top of the hill, and with the varied crowd there assembled. It was interesting for half an hour to identify the various peaks in the range to the northward, eastward, and southward, to trace distant glaciers, and satisfy ourselves that small glittering objects, scarcely discernible in the remote landscape, were lakes of notoriety. The neighbouring height of the Rossiberg, with its upper stratum slidden off into the valley—a frightfully destructive incident of fifty years ago—had a large share of attention. We then

* Sir Roderick I. Murchison considers from 6000 to 8000 feet as a moderate computation of the depth of this gravel-deposit, now composing the Righi range.—*Quar. Jour. of Geol. Society*, v. 229.

* The elevation of the Righi summit above the sea-level is stated as 5700 feet.

took a little time to inspect the Kulm Hotel. It is composed of two huge buildings for the accommodation of guests, and a third which is used as a stable, having, however, some lofts in which, on an exigency, human beings can be put up. The older building is now solely composed of bedrooms. The newer—it is only three years old—contains, besides several ranges of bedrooms, a *salle-à-manger*, thirty paces long, handsomely hung with a gilt paper, and having fifteen elegantly curtained windows. These buildings, it may be remarked, are of extremely solid masonry, and are covered with heavy slabs, the better to resist the storms by which they are assailed in so elevated a region. In the *salle*, at eight o'clock in the evening, I counted a hundred and sixty guests seated at a good solid repast, every atom of which except milk must have been brought on horseback from the country below. I was told, however, next morning, that the total number of guests in the house that night was two hundred and sixty, of whom nearly all had had beds. It was wonderful how well everything was managed in this singular caravanserai, how cleanly the house was, and how moderate were the charges made for our accommodation.

A splendid sunset giving good augury of the nature of the sunrise next morning, there was a general cheerfulness throughout the hotel that night. While any light remained, groups of visitors lounged about the summit of the hill, surveying the sea of mountains which tumbled in nearly all directions around. The place was like a fair, and, to help out the resemblance, there were several stalls of Swiss toys and carvings, which seemed to drive a considerable trade. One of the most prominent articles sold here, as in similar establishments elsewhere, is the alpenstock—a short pole ending in a pike below and in a chamois-horn above—understood to be extremely useful, indeed indispensable, for travelling over glaciers. It is a characteristic Swiss article, and most people seemed to feel that it was necessary to be possessed of one. Even ladies bought and walked about with alpenstocks—held by them on board steamers, kept them by their sides in eating-rooms, probably slept with them, it being apparently impossible to part with the article in any circumstances, after once buying it. I daresay they all felt as if they were using it every moment in some perilous adventure on the ice-fields, and making themselves important, if not famous, by the dangers they were braving.

At dawn next morning—about four o'clock—a horn was blown throughout all the passages of the two houses to arouse the guests for the great sight of the day—the sunrise. A perfectly clear sky, with a blush on the horizon to the eastward, gave me, as I sprung to my window, assurance of an entire success to our adventure. While it was still dark—ten minutes after four or so—I was out and up to the summit of the hill, where not more than four or five individuals preceded me; nevertheless, the toy-dealers were already opening their boxes and exposing their wares, eager to let not a moment's chance of business escape them. It was amusing to see the guests oozing gradually out of the hotel, in their various wrappings, and their not less various expressions of that condition which a waggish friend denominates being the worse of sleep. I did not, however, observe that any had resorted to so extreme a measure as investing themselves in blankets from the beds, albeit that a placard in each bedroom *forbids* it under a fine of five bats. The mild temperature of the morning made indeed any such expedient unnecessary. Amongst the crowd were gay Parisian ladies, solid German *fräus*, a few smart English people, and more Americans. Our voluminous friend, who had had such difficulties in abating her crimoline in the

ascend, was now going about in full sail with her husband. Our guardsman and his young associates were taking a supercilious view of the whole affair. Some groups of burschen paraded along arm-in-arm, singing. There was now a large addition of company from the hotel below, including a group composed of two rusty Swiss priests and a monk in a brown frock and black skull-cap. Perhaps four hundred souls were present in all. It was altogether a strange miscellany of people to have come from so many parts of the earth merely to see the sun rise.

In due time, of course, the sun approached the edge of the peaky horizon from which he was to take his course for the day; and all looked anxiously round amongst the higher summits, to see if any of them were anticipating ours in an experience of his rosy light. I am bound to confess that not one was lighted up before the moment when the first gleam of the solar disk broke upon our view. Then was there a momentary hush among the multitude, as if all were absorbed in the duty of photographing the beautiful and memorable scene upon their minds. Snow-clad masses—a circle of shrouded giants—first presented themselves prominently to our view, while yet the valleys, with their lakes and villages, lay in gray obscurity below. Then the light got down into the hollows, lakes began to gleam, and towns to smoke; and gradually the world of our view became fully lighted up. Never can the mysterious grandeur of the whole scene be forgotten. We were hailed as amongst the most fortunate visitants for the season, and assured that in general there are not ten such successful mornings in a year.

When we had fully drunk in the beauties of the scene, we all turned with instinctive eagerness to coffee in the *salle-à-manger*—then the bill (a most moderate one)—and a walk downhill—for we had resolved to dispense with our horses in the descent. This was the only point in which we could be said to have failed. The walk was over-fatiguing. However, a comfortable breakfast from our active host of the *Lion d'Or* greatly made up for all we suffered on this account, and sent us home to Lucerne in good trim for rejoicing over the accomplishment of our Night and Morning on the Kulm.

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

JOHN MARSHALL OF FENCHURCH STREET.

THIS pharisaical nineteenth century, which seemed never weary of giving thanks and praise to itself for immeasurable superiority in all things over every preceding one, has of late received some startling rebukes from unexpected quarters. Light has leaped out of the huge unsightly fissures that have suddenly yawned in its surface-civilisation, precisely where the glittering crust was presumed to be solidest—most reliable—by which society may photograph its features with, we will hope, a salutary, if self-humbling truthfulness, vainly to be looked for at the hands of its portrait-painters in ordinary. It happens that, from position and other circumstances, I have neither been startled nor surprised by those, to many, utterly confounding revelations. So familiar, indeed, have I long been with many of the dark secrets that palpitate and writhe beneath the flimsy veils—which the merest accident, a breath, may at any moment rend away—of seeming probity, seeming riches, seeming piety, that I am only astonished such discoveries are not very much more frequent than they are. But this morning, hardly ten minutes before I sat down to pen this narrative—and which but for that reminding circumstance might not have been penned—my heart leaped to my mouth as a highly respectable City-name flashed upon me in the police columns of the *Times*:

a second glance reassured me: the gentleman, however, was only before the magistrate to give evidence against a lad he had seen pick a lady's pocket in the Crystal Palace. On Sunday next I propose going some distance to hear a reverend gentleman preach—and most admirably he does preach—who, if a saving miracle is not wrought in his favour, will, I much fear, and before long too, be either the inmate of a madhouse, or have perished by his own hand—with such vengeful fierceness does the unseen vulture tear at his heart!

'Who, then, are you,' the reader naturally asks, 'that pretend to have penetrated to the Purgatorio and Inferno of man's inner life, and read the sad secrets shrouded there? A Romish priest may-hap?' Nay, I am neither priest nor parson; and, by profession, nothing better or worse than a skilled accountant. You may have seen, many years ago, my advertisement proffering aid to the embarrassed, in placing their tangled affairs in order, or, at the worst, setting them forth in such scientific array—wondrous factors are figures when skillfully manipulated—that the initiated only should be able to detect the fallacious arithmetic. I had abundance of occupation; the reputation I had acquired for tact, address, and fidelity, caused my services to be eagerly sought after in other than monetary difficulties; and as those opportunities for close observation were diligently improved by the unconquerable inquisitiveness which has ever been my besetting weakness, or strength, my success in groping my way to dark conscience-crypts, and discerning there, with more or less distinctness, the shadowy skeletons with which, it has been said, most human homes are haunted, will surprise no one. I shall, it is right to premise, take scrupulous care, by fictitious names, by changing the localities, and so forth, to render the identification of the actors in the scenes I am about to sketch impossible—except, of course, by themselves. Let me add, too, that I do not enter upon my self-imposed task in a spirit of smirking self-superiority: such a mood of mind would, in sooth, ill become me, for, albeit that I am honest enough as the world goes, *there is a skeleton in my own house*, which, unsuspected by friends or acquaintance, has dwelt with me since the golden days of youthful prime; and as the shadows of the now swiftly-coming night of life gather around me, gleams with every passing hour into ghostlier distinctness.—*Christie Eleeson!*

Enough, at all events, for the present, of my own secret griefs. To-day, I have only sufficient courage to probe and lay bare those of others. Vaulting, therefore, over my first five-and-twenty years of life, I alight from a northern coach, in London, on a wet gloomy evening in 1827, the year of the great panic caused by a general collapse of the madly dilated paper-wings of commerce. To that catastrophe, my arrival in the metropolis was wholly attributable; the bank wherein I had been many years clerk having, upon the stoppage of the London establishment to which it was affiliated—Sir Peter Pole's—followed suit with an instant alacrity marvellous to the outer world, though not at all so to me, who had some time before managed to make acquaintance with a terrific skeleton, confined, not confined, in a large iron safe, wherein was inscribed, in neatly painted white letters, 'The Earl of —'s Bonds, Shares, &c.; and which we used to lower into the vaults every evening with the cash and book chests. Could we have let down his grim ghastliness to the centre of the earth, he would not, I am quite sure, have been the less constantly visible to the worthy banker; nor his mocking iteration of 'the Earl of —'s bonds and shares,' less distinctly audible to that much-respected individual. I had for some time suspected that those neatly painted white letters lied auda-

ciously, and I one day found an opportunity of verifying that fact. That the banker surmised, or feared, I had possessed myself of his frightful secret, was made plain to me on the day his bank suspended payment, when I was at once dismissed with a handsome douceur, and half-a-dozen most flattering introductions to houses in London; amongst them, to Hamlet's, the eminent gold and silver smiths at the east end of Coventry Street, Haymarket, who, Mr — intimated, was in pressing need of a skilful accountant, and that I should act wisely in presenting myself there without delay. Moreover, every one of the letters, which were given me unsealed, expressed the writer's implicit reliance upon my 'honour and discretion—qualities invaluable in persons intrusted with the confidence of their employers'; *ad misericordiam* phrases, addressed, I well understood, to myself, and which, though not needed for their real purpose, proved of service to me. I left the same evening for London; and the banker, relieved for a time of his worst fears—the Earl of — being abroad, and likely to remain so for a long period—set the requisite machinery to work for effecting an arrangement with his creditors, in which he succeeded; the bank kept its staggering feet till his death, three years afterwards, when it went down with a crash; and great was the fall thereof.

The affairs of the house of Hamlet were already in the hands of official Philistines when I reached London; other firms, to whom I had recommendations, were actually, or proximately, in the same condition; only two of my introductory letters remained to be delivered; and I was standing in the Poultry, wearily watching the crowds of people pressing forward to the bank to exchange their notes for gold—a demand which the Mint, by working night and day, could barely keep pace with—when my eye lit upon a number of Cobbett's *Register* just placed in a stationer's window. I had been long familiar with that wayward writer's currency crotchets, and should not probably have bestowed a second glance on the publication, had it not been that poetry-deceiving William Cobbett had, for the first, and, I believe, last time in his life, headed his *Register* with a poetical quotation. It is from *Macbeth*:

Now be those juggling fiends no more believed,
Who palter with us in a double sense:
Who keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. Accursed be they:
And damned all those that trust them!

Cobbett had so evidently been carried out of himself by delirious exultation over the downfall of so many 'rag-rooks,' that, feeling somewhat anxious to read a brochure inspired by such a state of the Cobbett mind, I entered the shop to purchase it. I had no much change about me, except some loose coppers in my breast coat-pocket; so, first taking out, and placing upon the glass-case on the counter my two undelivered letters, I groped amongst the remaining sundries for the required sum. That accomplished, I received the *Register*, and was about to take up the letters, when a gentleman, who had been scrutinising, impertinently, I thought, the addresses through his gold bank-glasses, said:

'One of your letters, young man—this one—is addressed to a person who died by his own hand about two hours since.'

'God bless me!' I exclaimed. 'And the case, sir?'

'Bankruptcy. Ruin! He is another victim of the senseless panic that is raging around us. But you, I suppose, agree with Mr Cobbett, that bankers and bull-frog traders are noxious vermin, that it is a pleasure to see hunted down.'

'You are much mistaken, sir. Cobbett amuses me

by the heartiness of his humour; but in monetary science, I have long held him to be one of the veriest quacks that ever, by force of sheer impudence, imposed upon the folly of fools.'

'That is a bold opinion from so young a man—and a young countryman, too, it is easy to perceive.'

'May be so; but, as these letters testify, I have been familiar with finance, both in theory and practice, from boyhood.'

'Indeed! May I cast my eye over one?'

'Certainly, sir;' and I handed him both.

Whilst he, with evident interest, peruses them, I will describe what manner of man he at first view seemed to be.

In years about forty-five, I thought, though a certain undefinable age-shadow, that now and then flitted over his fallow features, hinted at longer life than that, if reckoned by emotions and impressions, and not by years. There was nothing remarkable in his dress, except its scrupulous neatness. His frame was strong and unbowed, and his dark hair, though slightly silvered, was unthinned by time. His face was decidedly handsome, and not the less interesting to inquisitive me, on account of the tremulous disquietude of his dark, changeful eyes. How nervous he was! The hasty entrance of a bustling customer caused him such a start that he let fall the letter he was reading! Were those symptoms only of the prevailing epidemic—commercial embarrassment? or were more affrighting *spectra* than the Gazette and Court of Bankruptcy discernible by that keen, apprehensive glance in the dark distance?

These alike vain and unauthorised speculations were presently interrupted by Mr Marshall, as we may call him, who, as he returned me the letters, and looked with keen scrutiny in my face, abruptly said: 'If you have a few minutes to spare, I shall be glad to speak with you.'

I bowed assent, and followed him to a neighbouring tavern, every room of which we found filled with people in a state of extreme excitement, among whom such phrases as 'national bankruptcy,' 'suspension of cash-payments,' plentifully intermingled with curses of 'Peel's bill,' were bandied about on all sides.

'One can hardly hear one's self speak here,' remarked Mr Marshall; 'but,' he added, drawing me towards the end of the passage, 'what I have to say will require a very few words. You are strongly recommended, Mr Henry Johnson, in those letters by Mr —, your former employer—whom by reputation I know something of—not only for rare skill as an accountant, but for tried honour and discretion. Now, I happen to want such a person, and if—'

Mr John Marshall checked himself, again perused with sharp scrutiny my face, then said:

'Have you many acquaintances in London?'

'Not one; neither relative nor acquaintance.'

That reply decided him, and it was quickly settled that I should enter his service the next day at a very liberal salary.

I was at Fenchurch Street punctually at the hour named, and was forthwith installed in Mr Marshall's private counting-house. He had, I found, a flourishing business, and the books, though there were arrears that required some time to get up, were well and methodically kept. He had also established a good discounting account at the Bank of England; which means, that all the acceptances he received, presumed in the regular course of business, were as of course credited to him as cash, *minus* interest at the current rate. An often fatal facility, which I was not long in discovering, had tempted him to discount the paper of a number of persons at a high rate of interest, himself, of course, pocketing the

difference. That, however, was a section of his affairs of which I knew nothing, except as it was set forth in his bill-book; and to judge from that, it was very profitable. All this being so, I came to the conclusion that it could not be to commercial difficulties that the dreadful depression of mind, under which (as at first sight of him I had suspected) Mr Marshall had habitually laboured, was attributable; a depression, which often, when he thought himself unobserved, I have seen suddenly change to wordless frenzy, to gnashing of teeth, wild wringing of the hands, maniacal fighting with the air, as if he were struggling in the gripe of some living, bodily foe!

Whence, then, arose that maddening disquietude? Not from his family. His marriage had been one of affection; and Mrs Marshall was a singularly amiable woman; resembling in cast of features the French empress; though it may be I only fancy so, because the line of pain across her forehead was the same, and as distinctly marked as that which gives such touching expression to the imperial brow of the beautiful Eugénie. They had, moreover, three children—Maria, Ellen, and Frances—bright-eyed, golden-haired elves, the eldest nine, the youngest four years old. In short, it must have been a home of paradise, but for the serpent coiled about the husband's heart; but for the fiend that whispered in the wife's ear vague, torturing hints of the true source of the cankering care that was eating away the life of the father of her children.

Suddenly the dark riddle was, I thought, made clear. Two females called at the warehouse during Mr Marshall's absence: one a fierce-featured woman of between forty and fifty years of age; the other, her daughter, and of a mild, dejected aspect. They would give no name; but the mother said, with a kind of menace in her look and tone, that they would return towards the evening. They did so, just as I was mentioning the circumstance to Mr Marshall. The elder woman pushed boldly into the counting-house, dragging her daughter with her; and a terrible scene ensued. The intruder's insolence was met by a torrent of derisive, rageful abuse. She was to the full as fierce and bitter; and the fiery war of words was at length terminated by both being thrust into the street by Mr Marshall; and as even then the virago's tongue continued to pour forth maledictions, she was finally given in charge to a city constable, and taken off to the lock-up house in Giltspur Street. Mr Marshall himself left the office immediately afterwards for his private residence at Stamford Hill.

The next morning I was called into the private room; and Mr Marshall confided to my 'honour and discretion' a troubled chapter of his early life. He and his father had been with hundreds of others seized by Napoleon Bonaparte at the rupture of the peace of Amiens, and detained in France as prisoners of war on parole. An intimacy ensued between them and an English family of the name of Curtis, who were similarly situated; and in December 1804, John Marshall was wedded, by civil contract only, to Julia Curtis, the bride being in her twenty-sixth, the bridegroom in his twenty-second year. A most unhappy marriage it proved to be; and so early did unappeasable discords arise between the ill-matched pair, that before the birth of a daughter in October 1805, legal steps had been taken by mutual consent to obtain its annulment; and the interval prescribed by the French law having expired, sentence of divorce was duly pronounced. The child, which the father had never seen, was with his ready acquiescence consigned to the absolute guardianship of its mother; and it was further agreed that an income of forty pounds per annum, which Julia Curtis had brought to the marital treasury, should revert to her.

'Directly peace was restored,' continued Mr Marshall, 'I returned to England, engaged in business forthwith; and the following year, 1815, married my present wife. I heard nothing directly of the Curtises, till about three weeks ago, when I received a letter from the woman, Julia Curtis, you saw here yesterday. She had passed over from the Isle of Man, where she has for many years resided, to Yorkshire, to ascertain if anything could be got out of the guardian of her somewhat wealthy brother, Robert Curtis, who has been long hopelessly insane. He is known—Mr Willesden, the said guardian, and an old friend of mine, has informed me—to have made a will in her daughter's favour when he was *compos mentis*; and she fancied it might be possible to obtain an advance of money upon the security of that instrument. Failing in that, and some silly fool having persuaded her that an Englishwoman once a wife is always a wife till divorced by death or act of parliament, she wrote to me, threatening that unless a large sum of money was immediately sent to her, she would take legal proceedings for the enforcement of her rights.'

'Common sense might have taught her that what the French law could do, it might undo, especially as no religious ceremony took place.'

'To be sure. Well, I took no notice of the preposterous letter; and what occurred yesterday you know. And now to finish, I trust for ever, with this hateful topic. Mrs Marshall has urged me to make the woman a present of a hundred pounds. I consent to do so, upon condition that she solemnly promises never again to annoy me; and if you, Mr Johnson, will arrange the matter for me, I shall be obliged.'

I found no difficulty whatever in doing so. The fierce-willed *divorcée* before I reached the prison had seen a solicitor, who convinced her that she had no legal claim upon Mr Marshall; and she gave the required promise not to molest that gentleman again, in exchange for his hundred-pound cheque, with alacrity, adding, of her own grace and favour, that they should sail on the morrow for Douglas, in the Isle of Man, by the *William and Mary*, a passenger and trading vessel, lying in the Thames. The daughter seemed to be just as meek and docile as the mother was fierce and wilful; the poor girl sobbed aloud with emotion, when I hinted to her, unheard by her mother, that the money was really a gift to *her*, from Mr Marshall, who did not forget—and upon my solemn word, I fully believed what I was saying—that she was after all his child. 'Bless him, bless him!' she murmured; 'I have always thought of him with love and reverence.'

It was unfortunate that I, though in all sincerity, had induced the young woman to believe that Mr Marshall thought of her with regretful tenderness, for it excited in her an irrepressible desire to see and speak with him alone before leaving London; and as soon as she could give her mother the slip, she hurried to Fenchurch Street for that purpose. I was not at the warehouse when she called, but I knew from the clerk, who partially witnessed what passed, that the scene was a painful one. Mr Marshall, who could be cold as steel, hard as flint, received her with chilling indifference, and quickly wearying of her prayers and protestations, forcibly ejected her, not with intentional violence, but still with so much force, that the unhappy girl slipped and fell upon the pavement. Mr Marshall raised her; but believing she had sustained no hurt, he re-entered his house, slamming the door after him; and the heart-broken girl limped away, her right ankle having been strained by the fall. On the morrow, it was so much swollen, that her mother, with whom it was urgent to return at once to Douglas, was compelled to leave her behind in lodgings.

I was quite unaware of that circumstance, which

would have much mitigated the shock I felt, on reading about eight days afterwards the following paragraph in the shipping intelligence of the *Times*: 'The *William and Mary*, Captain Hearn, from London, bound for Douglas, Isle of Man, was driven on shore at the island of Anglesea, during the late gale, and almost immediately went to pieces. The crew and passengers all perished.'

I silently placed the paper upon the desk before Mr Marshall with my finger upon the paragraph, and immediately left the counting-house. I saw him again ten minutes afterwards, and God forgive me if I misjudge him, but there *did* seem to be a lustre upon his face as of a subdued vengeful exultation; but I am, I know, prone to rash judgments.

The dark cloud which encompassed Mr Marshall was not, however, lightened by that catastrophe; and it was in another, and by me totally unsuspected direction, that the dread spectre, of which it was the aforecast shadow, presently revealed itself.

The monetary and commercial panic had long since terminated, though its effects were still felt in the fall of houses that, shaken to their foundations by the financial earthquake, slipped from time to time through the make-shift, concealed props, that for a while sustained them, into careless ruin. One of these was a firm whose paper Mr Marshall had been in the habit of privately discounting, and when, upon seeing their name in the list of bankrupts, I turned hastily to the bill-book, I saw, to my dismay, that we had rediscounted acceptances of theirs to over four thousand pounds at the Bank of England! This was a heavy blow, the more so that our account at the bank was not just then, from various causes, in a quite satisfactory state, and a hint had indeed been given us that the amount of our discounts must for the future be considerably restricted. Still the loss, if a total one, which was not likely, would not be ruin, and I was almost as much amazed as shocked at the effect the intelligence from my lips produced upon Mr Marshall. He stared as if thunder-stricken in my face for a few seconds, and then realising the full horror of his position, turned as if to flee, staggered a few steps, and fell with a doleful cry upon the floor.

Fortunately, there was no one present or within hearing but myself, and I soon quietly restored him to consciousness—to consciousness, alas! that the hand of time was at last close upon that hour of which the prophetic tolling had for so many miserable months sounded in his ear!

I strove to calm his agitation by urging that the bank, which would, of course, as a matter of business, prove against the bankrupt's estate to the amount of the acceptances—not one of which was nearly due—would still hold them as against the acceptor till they reached maturity; and that, moreover, an excellent dividend might be rationally hoped for. I spoke to the winds; the wretched man heard as if not hearing me, and at last stopped my mouth, and for a time my breath, by suddenly exclaiming:

'You speak of you know not what! Those bills, those acceptances are—*are forgeries!*'

'Forgeries!'

'Yes, Mr Johnson, forgeries! And—and I'll be poisoned with it no longer; all—all—my private discounts—all the bills, made payable here, and entered in red ink—are forgeries!'

'Almighty powers! All in red ink—*forgoing!* Why, they are over nine thousand pounds!'

'Yes, yes—I know—I *dare* say! I have not dared to add them up for many a day. Miserable man that I am—infatuated fool that I have been! It commenced with three hundred pounds, to save my credit. Accursed credit! Would to God it had not been saved. And now—now, Mr Johnson,' he went on

to say, perceiving that I was utterly confounded, 'will you, can you stand by me? I trust in you. You have a cool head, strong nerves; will you, for my wife, my children's sake, strive to save me?'

I did not, could not immediately answer; but he had touched the right chord. For his children's sake! Yes, I would do much to shield their fair young lives from blight and sorrow so untimely and so terrible. I pledged my word, as soon as I could speak with calmness, that I would do so.

It was settled, during the long and gloomy conference which followed, that everything should be left to me, and that Mr Marshall should keep close under pretence of illness—no pretence, by the way—at Stamford Hill, where I could see him every evening; lest, peradventure, his nervous terrors, now that the frightful peril he had incurred was become imminent, should betray him.

Eight clear days were before me in which to collect, without aid from discounts, £4000; for on the ninth day, the first meeting under the fiat in bankruptcy would take place, and the forged bills be tendered in proof against the estate of the acceptors. I succeeded in raising the money, and not six hours too soon; but there was still time to get possession of the bills without exciting suspicion or remark. I went over to the bank, and with as unconcerned an air as I could assume, placed a list of the acceptances I required before the clerk who had the management of Mr Marshall's account. Although I well remember it was a bitterly cold morning, and I heard people say that the Serpentine was frozen completely over during the night, my shirting, I know, was wringing wet, and my blood at fever-heat.

'Oh, you want those acceptances?' said the clerk, after glancing over the list. 'We intended proving upon them to-morrow. You do not, I hope, propose,' he sharply added, 'to withdraw them by a cheque; because, your account being already a trifle over-drawn, I—'

'No, no,' I interrupted; 'I bring you cash for them.'

'Do you? Why not, then, pay your cash into account, and let the bills run on to maturity?'

'Because, my good sir, we can do better with them than prove under the bankruptcy.'

'Ho, ho! I understand; you have an offer for your debt. But mind what you are about. The estate will cut up very well, I am told.'

I said he might let us alone for that; and after another torturing ten minutes, I held the terrible bills in my hand, checked with difficulty a frantic impulse to run, walked sedately out of the bank, and drove off to Stamford Hill.

So far successful; and although there was still much nervous work to do, there was more time to do it in. I must do myself the justice to say that I persevered valiantly during the next four weeks, now elate with hope, now sunk in despair; and the nights were very much worse than the days; for so surely as I dozed off was either Mr Marshall or I going to be hanged; Mrs Marshall and the girls to be in some other way disastrously dealt with; and once I went through the whole process of being hanged, cut down, coffined, and buried, though still unaccountably alive, and able to read my own epitaph, written in red ink, upon a tombstone.

The main difficulties were at last surmounted; the accused red list was reduced to three items, altogether about fourteen hundred pounds; in fact, the fearful race against time was as good as won, when I was suddenly tripped up and flung on my back, without chance of regaining my feet again, and in this way. Of course, the scraping together, in so short a time, of nine thousand pounds, over and above what was required for the ordinary outgoings, obliged me to

make tempting allowances for prompt payments, and to press customers who thought themselves, and indeed were, entitled to longer credit; operations which could not but damage the character of our establishment; and one consequence was, that Mr Jay, of Leadenhall Street, a creditor for upwards of two thousand pounds, insisted upon being immediately settled with. That, as I told him, was quite out of the question; and we were next threatened with a writ, which I cared very little about, as we could have pleaded to it, and it would have been months before judgment was obtained. Finding I was not to be frightened, Mr Jay went to Stamford Hill; and although, fearful of some such trick, I had warned Mr Marshall that he must see everybody that called, he was weak enough to bid the servant deny him. She did so to Mr Jay, and the next day was bribed to make an affidavit of that fact (she at least did make the affidavit, and I certainly saw no bribe given), which, of course, established a clear act of bankruptcy; and Mr Jay sent me notice that if he was not paid by four o'clock on the following day, a docket would be struck against Mr Marshall, without further notice.

I went to Mr Jay, but he was deaf to remonstrances—though, if he had been treated with the same harshness about two years previously, he would not have been the big man he then was—and I took my way to Stamford Hill to warn my unhappy principal of the fatal turn that, through his own folly, affairs had taken.

The announcement was a renewed dagger-stroke, so to speak; though outwardly, he was less violently agitated than I had seen him; and a suspicion which had before crossed my mind that he had secretly armed himself with some potent means of avoiding public shame, forcibly recurred. Seeing no possible means of withdrawing the three remaining red acceptances from the bank, I urged immediate flight; promising, of course, to do all in my power to soften the blow to his wife, who, I had ascertained, apprehended nothing worse than ordinary bankruptcy. Mr Marshall listened gloomily, with his hands on his knees, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the fire; till suddenly recollecting I had a note for him, I said:

'By the by, sir, I have a note for you—left at the office, Roberts told me, by a Mr Willelsen.'

'Mr Willelsen! Let me see.'

Mr Marshall opened the note, read it, started up, and paced to and fro the room in a state of great excitement for a few moments; then suddenly arresting his steps, he exclaimed, as he shook me by the hand: 'Good-night, Johnson. God bless you. I shall be at the warehouse by nine—perhaps earlier. Good-night, good-night!'

Here was apparently a new and promising turn of the wheel. I had a notion of having heard the name of Willelsen, but when or from whom I could not recollect. A rich friend or relative, I hoped, just turned up in the very nick of time, as they always do in plays. And it proved so! Mr Willelsen called at the warehouse precisely at nine; saw, and had a long conference with Mr Marshall; left, as did Mr Marshall, but not with him; and both returned within ten minutes of each other. Their second interview was a brief one; and very soon after Mr Willelsen left, I was summoned by Mr Marshall. His face was as white, I afterwards remembered, as its natural sallowness permitted, and there shone a light in his eyes as of fever, or intense excitement.

'Take this cheque,' he said, 'and when you have cashed it, arrange with Jay. No doubt he will take half-down; in which case you can settle the other matter. This very afternoon were better, if it can be done quietly.'

The cheque was drawn upon Jones, Lloyd, & Co.,

for L.2700, in favour of John Marshall or bearer, by Richard Willesden. I seized and posted off with it without a word, hardly feeling my feet for uplifting joy, when—wonder upon wonders!—the ghost, as I for half a heart-beat deemed it, of Julia Curtis the younger tapped me on the shoulder and arrested my eager steps. She looked very thin and ill; and I soon understood how it was she had not sailed with her mother in the *William and Mary*, and that she, moreover, had been so unwell, that she had not left her room till the day previously. 'And I should not be here now,' she continued, 'but for a letter which has reached me, in a round-about way, from Douglas, intimating that a Mr Willesden has gone to London to inquire about us, and that he purposes calling for that purpose upon Mr Marshall of Fenchurch Street, who, he has heard, is likely to know where we are. So,' added the young woman, 'I thought I would wait here, taking my chance of seeing you, as I did not dare, you know, to call at the office.'

'Come with me,' I exclaimed, 'to Jones, Lloyd, & Co. It is very likely they may know where Mr Willesden is stopping. If not, I will ask Mr Marshall.'

I was about to ask the clerk who cashed the cheque if he knew where the drawer was to be found, when, chancing to look toward a distant part of the bank, I saw Mr Willesden. He had apparently finished the business that called him there, and accosting him, I said:

'There is a young woman outside who wishes to speak with Mr Willesden.'

'What is the young woman's name?'

'Julia Curtis.'

'What Julia Curtis?'

'Julia Curtis, sir, the younger. Here she is.'

'Miss Curtis!' he exclaimed. 'Can I believe my eyes? Why, I was assured by Mr Marshall hardly ten minutes since, that you were too ill to leave your lodgings at Cheshunt.'

'My lodgings at Cheshunt!' echoed the mystified girl.

'Yes. Upon my word, there is some strange mystery here. Come with me; we will seek Mr Marshall at once.'

During that brief dialogue, a dreadful suspicion was flashing through my brain; and with a look and gesture, supplicatory of silence, to Julia Curtis, I hurried away to Fenchurch Street. The crossings and crowds hindered me; but at length I burst, panting and breathless, into the office. Mr Marshall was still there, and standing with his back to the fire.

'What has happened?' he exclaimed, before I could speak.

'I do not know. Mr Willesden has met with Julia Curtis: they will be here immediately.'

He started as if shot, and grasped the mantel-piece for support.

'Here they are,' I wildly exclaimed, and rushed out into the warehouse to meet and whisper a warning-word to the young woman, who, I felt, would not, for the world's wealth, betray her father knowingly.

I snatched her away, as it were, from Mr Willesden's arm, and in a few brief sentences intimated the purport of my fears and suspicions. She replied by an assuring pressure of her hand. 'He is saved,' I mentally ejaculated; and looking up at the moment, I saw Mr Marshall's white face at the office-window, looking into the warehouse—a ghastly face, and instantly withdrawn.

I hastened forward with Julia Curtis, preceding Mr Willesden, and exclaiming aloud: 'Allright—allright! Mr Marshall, Miss Curtis presents her respects to you.'

Mr Marshall was standing with his hands resting upon a table in front of him, in a rigid, upright

posture, and a mocking expression seemed to glitter in his eyes, and play about his lips. He spoke not—moved not, nor did either of us for a few moments; and then Julia Curtis sprang towards him, screaming 'Father!—dear father!' The unfortunate man feebly strove to remove her clasping arms, murmured something—Ellen, I thought—his wife's name—and fell forward on the table.

Help, swiftly as it came, arrived too late; John Marshall was dead!

I have but a few words to add. Mr Marshall had received the cheque for and on behalf of Julia Curtis, whose name was signed to the receipt which he had given to Mr Willesden. The money was part of what she was entitled to under the will of Robert Curtis, deceased; and Mr Marshall had represented that, at that particular moment, such a sum would be of great service to her. He, of course, believed that Julia Curtis was drowned, and must, I think, have intended to return Mr Willesden the money at some future period. Possibly, however, in the harassed and confused state of his mind, he only knew that such a sum would for the time save him.

His secret was faithfully kept; the three *rd* acceptances were quietly obtained and destroyed, and the business was disposed of much more advantageously than I expected. One word more: the coroner's inquest, guided by the confident dictum of the medical gentleman who attended Mr Marshall for the four or five weeks previous to his decease, that he had died of disease of the heart, did not think a post-mortem examination of the body was required, and returned a verdict of Natural Death. My own conviction does not harmonise with that verdict.

A GLANCE AT AN OLD NEWSPAPER

TURNING over some old documents the other day, we stumbled accidentally on *The Westminster Journal and London Political Miscellany* of Saturday, June 28, 1794. This is not a great while ago; but the difference between that newspaper and those of the present day is quite as great as the difference between the manners of the time of Scott and those he describes in *Waverley* as existing 'sixty years since.'

The gazette in question has an old-world look; the coarse paper is yellow with age; the typography, bad as the worst specimens of 'Vaterland.' In size, one page of the *Times* folded in two, or just one-eighth of that leviathan journal, would be more than its equivalent; while, if we take into consideration the difference between number of columns, type, and breadth of margin, its precise matter would shrink into one-sixteenth of the same.

But there are wider differences than those of form and size. To contrast the two journals, is to contrast a piece of feeble and clumsy mechanism with a living power instinct with the energy and intelligence of a whole people. The 'leaders' of to-day are among the most polished and perfect compositions of the age; their brilliant condensation rendering them fit studies for the literary aspirant, while their moral influence is beyond calculation. Not only does their powerful and untiring voice take up an army's or a nation's cause, battling against oppression, or incompetence almost as fatal, but what lesser woes have been redressed, what secret sores healed, what domestic reforms set on foot, which do not owe more or less the advocacy of the public papers? Nothing of this kind have we here. Paris was sick with masses aggravated in its details by a loathsome ingenuity

torture, but our journal records such facts with the cold precision of a circular. Political intrigue and tergiversation were rife in council and palace, but no statesman hesitated under the scratch of the reporter's pen, and the consciousness that to-morrow's leader would tear off his poor disguise, and shew the nation he would mislead, not what he professed to be, but what he was. Almost next in power to the leading articles have become very lately the sagacious letters of those private correspondents who live in the world outside the press and public life, and who keep a keen eye for the flaws of society and the shortcomings of the executive. It almost oppresses a benevolent mind to think what an enormous amount of gratuitous government and honorary instruction must in former times have gone unrevealed to the grave? Why, every man now-a-days has his 'view' for reforming public evils, whether gigantic or minute; and are we to suppose our grandfathers were denied such inspirations, or that the human mind had not then as now the same impulse towards reforming everything but itself?

But to return to what our gazette is. There is the charm of modest illustration at least about it. Fame blows her prescriptive trumpet in one corner, while a frigate, with all sails set, swells supreme in the other. This frigate has a full significance, we shall see, for the gazette of Saturday, June 28, is brimful of momentous news. The eyes of the whole nation were strained after our fleets, which were then in the outset of that triumphant career which had its climax at Trafalgar. A week before, a *London Gazette* extraordinary had published two dispatches—one from the Duke of York, announcing the defeat of the French army near Charleroi, by the hereditary Prince of Orange, with the loss on the enemy's side of seven thousand men, twenty-two cannon, and a huge amount of baggage; and another still more important, proclaiming the glorious defeat of the French fleet off Brest, by Lord Howe. Public feeling was at its highest pitch just then; all the indignation and antipathy excited in our own days against Russia, was weak in comparison with the then hatred of France. Religion and morality fanned the flame: England was waging a holy war against a country of atheists and assassins. Therefore, when the news of these great victories reached London—announced many hours before the appearance of the *Gazette* extraordinary by the lord-mayor from the steps of the Mansion House, and by smiling managers to their crowded play-houses—London exulted with a fervour to which the sombre triumph of a righteous vengeance added intensity. Very meagre, however, had the details been, and the office of the next week's *Westminster Journal* was crowded at an early hour with purchasers, eager for the supplement of the more sourly contemporary. They must, however, one would think, have been disappointed in their expectations; for our gazette, as regards news of the war, only repeats last week's *London Gazette*, as the first edition of this morning's *Times* repeats the second edition of yesterday. We have Lord Howe's lengthy, and, to ourselves, somewhat vague and indistinct account of his victory; but when we consider how painfully confused would have been our own conceptions of the late campaign, if we had had nothing to inform us at the dispatches of our generals, we are disposed to revoke our judgment, and look more respectfully upon his lordship's recital. It would not be very interesting to repeat here how the *Queen Caroline* answered, or even to give the names of those officers who distinguished themselves with that dauntless

English gallantry so recently proved anew; we will leave the country, therefore, exulting over a victory still proudly remembered, and dismiss the subject with a short extract from Lord Howe's acknowledgement of the vote of thanks accorded him by the House of Lords, which shews to pleasant advantage the generous heart of the gallant admiral:

'The merit I would assume on this occasion consists in my good-fortune, inasmuch as I held the chief command when so many resolute principal and subordinate officers, as well as brave men serving under their orders, were employed at that time in the fleet; and I must add, if there is cause to triumph in the late defeat of the enemy at sea, it is truly the triumph of the British sailors, whose animated and persevering courage has in no instance, I believe, ever been exceeded. I shall therefore have a great increase of happiness in obeying the commands of the House of Lords, by communicating to those several descriptions of persons the sense their lordships have deigned to express of their good-conduct.'

The foreign intelligence is scattered up and down our gazette without system, apparently just as it dropped into the office. From one paragraph, we make a notable observation; namely, that Russia, during the late war, by no means initiated that mendacious system of reports and dispatches in which the fact stated was the converse of the truth. In reference to Lord Howe's victory, Barrère informed the Convention: 'Notwithstanding the great inferiority of the French fleet, it attacked the English, and obliged them to abandon the empire of the sea after a desperate and bloody action, with ten of their ships dismasted, and one, it was supposed, sunk; and had it not been for treachery and cowardice, those ten dismasted ships must have been taken.' Barrère concluded his report by announcing the intention on the part of the Republic to invade England, which said threat lasted as a nursery-bugbear till the year 1815.

We might quote sundry sickening details from the Paris news of the week, but it is not worth while. A month later, and the monstrous rule of Robespierre and his friends had terminated in their bloody deaths, and France began to breathe again under a milder tyranny.

The news of the House of Commons is discussed in a very few lines, for the days of speech-improving reporters as yet were not: but the details are curious. We find Mr Sheridan, on Friday the 20th of June, moving 'that the City of London Militia Bill be adjourned till Monday, in order that the citizens may have time to consider of the sacrifice they are making;' no doubt calculating on the Sunday's leisure for political computations. The motion, however, was opposed, and the bill passed.

Mr Pitt rises to propose 'that the thanks of the House be given to the managers of the trial of Mr Hastings.' Thereupon followed a sharp discussion, during which Mr Sumner spoke against Mr Burke's conduct in the course of the trial; but the House divided, and the ayes carried the motion by 50 to 29. The Speaker, then, in a very excellent speech, delivered in a solemn and dignified manner, treated of the privilege of impeachment by the House of Commons, and the exercise lately made of it; and conveyed to the managers the thanks of the House of Commons. Mr Pitt compliments this speech highly, and moves that the Speaker be requested to order it to be printed, which is agreed to. Mr Burke then rises on behalf of himself and the other managers, and expresses their sense of the honour conferred upon them. The sitting closes with some altercation between Messrs Dundas, Sheridan, and Fox, as to whether the thanks of the House should be given or not to Lord Hood 'for his able and gallant

services in the reduction of Bastia.' Mr Dundas, however, succeeds in carrying the motion, and the House adjourned. To-day's journals would revive the alteration word for word, so that the sun should never be allowed to go down upon political wrath; and one does not know whether we need congratulate ourselves upon our parliamentary intelligence being so much more full and precise than that of our grandfathers.

The formula of the *Court Circular* appears not to have been instituted in the days of our Journal. The following paragraph, which we should welcome as quite exciting amidst the frivolous details of royal drives and infantile airings which are now on record for our daily decoration, is thrown in amidst a heap of plebeian notices:

'Monday, Ascot Heath races commenced, at which their majesties and the princesses were present. Three of the princesses in a coach, attended by Lady Elgin, had an alarm in consequence of the leading horses of the carriage taking fright at the beating of a drum. The postilion so managed the wheel-pair, that the princesses and her ladyship were fortunately enabled to leap from the carriage without injury.'

The paragraph which immediately follows the above records the disastrous voyage of the *Aurora*, Captain Briscoe, from our shores to New York. It occupied a period of fourteen weeks and four days! What say we to that, we who enjoy runs across the Atlantic in ten days? We extract the following specimens of the fashionable life of that period, which will serve amusingly to remind us of the difference between now and then:

'Saturday night, Lord Mulgrave was attacked in his post-chaise by three footpads, in passing over Putney Common. The noble lord would not be robbed, and the ruffians instantly fired into the carriage. One of the lamps was struck off by a shot; a ball went through the back of the chaise close to his lordship's head; Lord Mulgrave fired two pistols, and one of the men dropped, but recovered and made off, and was ultimately followed by his companions. Eight shots in all were fired.'

On the same day we are informed: 'The Lord Chancellor committed Wm. Stackpole, Esq., to the Fleet for having made a matrimonial jaunt to Gretna Green with Miss Blackett, a ward of the Court of Chancery. Mr Williams conducted the bridegroom to his apartments, and the lady took up her abode at the Belle Savage Inn, Ludgate Hill.' An inherent spite against the court in question inclines us to hope that the young couple—for, of course, they were young—came prosperously and speedily together again.

With one more ludicrous incident we shall conclude our quotations for the present: 'Thursday morning, a duel was fought in the Phoenix Park between Mr Whaley and a Mr Burke, of the county of Galway, in which each of them fired a pistol without any effect. The quarrel arose at Daly's, from the former asking the latter, who, he thought, stared at him: "Did he learn such manners in his travels?" The other replied: "He did; yet he had not been at Jerusalem." This brought on abusive language—Mr Whaley evidently appreciating keenly the severity of the satire which seems so insane to our dull wit—which was followed by a blow from Mr Burke, when a challenge ensued. On the ground, both gentlemen behaved with great resolution. They stood at twelve paces distance, and both fired together. Mr Burke fired his pistol in the air, and they were afterwards reconciled to each other.'

Upon the whole, there is some amusement, and even interest, to be found in an old newspaper. It is a landmark of time which enables even the least intelligent to form an idea of the progress the world is making; and, in the present case, we lay down

the *Westminster Journal* with a feeling that, upon the whole, some considerable improvement has been made since sixty years ago.

BABY JUNIOR*

EXACTLY nine weeks ago, come midnight, I first opened my infant eyes for the study of mundane matters. I was thrust into the world in obedience to chance, and in something of a hurry. My first survey of surrounding objects made me a firm believer in a fortuitous concourse of circumstances, if not of atoms. My education in belles-lettres has been rapid—owing its progress, on the one hand, to an intellectual cerebral development, inherited from my progenitors; on the other, to the fact of my paternal relative being a studious man, and very fond of reading *à haute voix*. Frequently, when I have been thought snugly reposing in my rather circumscribed sleeping-apartment, with the curtain drawn before me—for which I am very grateful, as the flies do bother one, and I have not yet had time enough to become fond of entomological pursuits—I have in reality been listening to the sense and pronunciation of what papa was reading for the benefit of a lady I very much respect, and who, by vulgar people, might be written down 'his rib.' I don't like those people. They might have the impudence to term me a costal cartilage, as my skeleton has not yet undergone ossification, and I should deem that a considerable insult, and make a point of screaming whenever they came near enough to be disagreeable.

I have yet to tell you that I am the second arrival so unjustly complained of some time ago for having supplanted my brother—a young gentleman who is now a little more than a year old, and who considers himself what Mrs Malaprop would term 'a progeny of learning.' I beg to assure him that the pleasures he enjoyed when in my position, and which he has since lost, have not been found by me. I am rather surprised and exceedingly indignant at his abominably rude remarks upon the different features of my physique, which, remembering what's due to my sex, even you will admit are not those of a gentleman accustomed to good society, and properly inducted in the *Hints on Etiquette*. I dare say he did not think they would ever be sounded upon my tympanum; but they have. Pa read them to Ma one evening, and I listened, while digesting tops and bottoms as solid aliment, and a draught from the milky-way as fluid—I wish Ma would not eat pickles—and the double end those remarks occasioned me was indignation and dyspepsy. I hope to be able to indulge in colloquial conversation presently; but as it may be some months before I have learned that accomplishment, I think it the better plan to repudiate the ungallant remarks of my ungentlemanly brother, since to allow them to pass without comment would amount to a tacit acknowledgment of their truth, and they are false. Man is said to be an imitative animal, but I never heard that said of a woman. I suppose the most to be a *sui generis* production. I find it particularly difficult to imitate sounds. I've been experimenting for some time, but can't yet control my *chorda vocalis*. I try the gamut, do, re, me, &c.; but, my ears not having learned to govern my voice, I am startled by a grunt, a hiss, a scrape—anything but a note of word; and then, to satisfy myself, I am obliged to scream, just to bring me the consoling conviction that I can scream in different keys, if I can't accent a word or pronounce a letter. Thus, you see, I am obliged to send you a caligram, because I am unable to talk. My brother, with the wisdom of 365 days, and the vanity of his whole life, has stigmatised

* See *The Old Baby*, article in *Journal*, No. 232.

my nose as a *blab*—I wonder where he got the word from; I'm sure it's a nasty provincialism—but if you could see it, you would not, perhaps, call it a Roman, nor a Grecian, nor a *nez retroussé*, nor a parrot, nor a bottle, nor a club, nor an aquiline, nor a pug, nor a poke-your-nose-into-everybody's-business; but I'm sure you would say it was the prettiest little thing for a nose you ever saw. He says my eyes are fixed like a wax-doll's; but it is not because they are not capable of turning to different objects, but because I am teaching my optic nerves to become stereoscopic, so that I may see the surrounding objects as solid bodies. When I first began to look about me, I could not distinguish a chair from a table; but experience has taught me that, to see a solid body, my eyes must point to different angles—in fact, the optic nerves must be taught divergence. My brother will probably hear this read; and I wish him to know that I am considered a much more genteel baby than himself. He tries to run, but fails in the attempt, because he is built in a certain portion of his earthly tabernacle more like a female Hottentot than a British baby; and where his knees ought to be, you can discover nothing but a hollow surrounded by a bulge of fat, as if he had gartered below knee, and all the hydro-carbon aliment had stopped above the cincture. I don't believe he knows where his legs are, for I often see him, in his attempts to stand, place his feet where, if he possessed the least knowledge of mathematics, he would know they could not act as props.

I suspect it's the gravy makes him look like a lump of animated fat. His cheeks!—I never saw such bags of pinguity. If he don't improve, I shall be obliged to decline his acquaintance; I verily believe they'll presently close up his mouth altogether. And then his nose!—oh, if you could but see his nose! It looks to me just like a ginger-beer cork, and his mouth the bottle; and when he opens his *bouche*, you'd think the nose entertained a desperate idea of flying bang-off upwards. I was about forgetting these words of Mirabeau, which may perhaps be of some good to him: 'Un homme excessivement gros, que Dieu ne l'avait créé que pour montrer jusqu'à quel point la peau humaine pouvait s'étendre sans rompre.'

I've seen 'the old baby' eyeing me very suspiciously for some time, but I was not aware of the gross insult he intended to offer me in this *Journal*. I did not think he was anatomising my corporeal architecture only to publish a description so abominable. It was only yesterday that a lady called and found me, as she thought, sleeping; but I was listening, because, as Ma was not in the room, I thought she might say something to her companion that would wound my vanity, but repay me for that infliction by giving me a vigorous idea of what she *really* thought of me; but she said nothing discreditible of me—as *contraire*, she complimented me by repeating these beautiful lines:

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh, can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death?
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

I am sure that lady is a woman of strong mind, cultivated taste, and expansive intellect. I know she always speaks the truth—at least, during the whole extent of my life, which has now reached sixty-three days, I have never found her false, and society obliges us to believe in the honesty of all whom we

have not discovered to be untrue. To be sure, she told my nurse as she was going away, that I appeared to have a very strong knack at sleeping, and did not appear much inclined for conversation. I'll just tell you why I did not. She comes to make a morning-call, as she used to do when 'the old baby' was the pet of the family; and she talks to me as she used to talk to him in such stupid English, that I wonder he liked it; but he is a boy, and boys are *always* pleased if girls will but condescend to converse with them, no matter about what nonsense—the greater the better. I don't like it, and so I was silent when the lady-visitor looked at me, and said: 'Did 'em wong it, pooty 'ittle ting?' just because I happened to make a wry face when a pin, used to prevent a solution of continuity in my *vade-mecum*, had mistaken its office, and was damaging my cuticle. 'Will 'm go walks?'—I hate walking, so I screamed judiciously. 'Will 'm 'ave dood-dood?'—a nasty red compound, probably coloured with sulphuret of mercury, and strong enough to induce pyalism, and I'm sufficiently generous with saliva already—'Has 'm got tooty pegs,' &c., &c., *ad nauseam*. Now, I ask you if I did not do quite right in screaming like a juvenile porker in reply to such wretched English, entertaining as I do, as much respect for Lindley Murray as for tops and bottoms.

I do believe—and I have arrived at the conclusion after great thought and mature consideration—that many children grow short-tongued because they are obliged to listen to such atrocious rubbish. Parents and others should not excuse themselves with the trite remark, that they are reducing their language to the capacity of baby-intellect, because I can understand good English infinitely better than such abominable gibberish. When my impudent brother wrote to you I was a month old, and, as he says, very red, I was in a state of general blush; but isn't it true that when babies are very red during the first weeks of babydom, it's because they have a very thin cuticle, so that the blood is seen through it? And are not those children in after-life the possessors of the fairest skins? I'm sure if my brother were to read Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, he would find it so; and Goldsmith did know something about most matters, although I am sorry to say he never had a baby. My brother also accuses me of wearing his cast-off clothes. I'm sorry to say I do, and I'm often dreadfully indignant about it; it wounds my *amour propre*; and when they will put them on me, I generally indulge in a bilious attack, and injure them to the best of my ability. I think he has escaped a great many sorrows; among other things, he is not exhibited, as I am. Just as I'm about going to sleep, I hear a treble knock, or an authoritative ring, and immediately I have a horrible vision of rough towels, nasty soap, ill-tempered nurse-maids, and all the minor unpleasantries attending a hasty toilet. I'm carried into the drawing-room. If the visitor happen to be a lady, she will probably take me in her arms, and say several little things about my *tout ensemble*, which are rather complimentary. If the visitor be a gentleman, he takes me, too, but so cautiously, and gets rid of me as soon as possible, but not without kissing me, though he looks all the time he is doing it as if I'd asked for a sixteen-penny income-tax, or as if he had a disagreeable vision of cold meat for dinner without the benefit of pickles. I have been giving certain portions of my anatomy, which choose to indulge in involuntary movements, some very strict lessons, and I find them improving, though not so well as I could wish. You see, we've so many things to learn when first introduced to the pomps and vanities of the world, that it requires an extremely intelligent child to be continually studying its relative

position to men and things, or it's sure to commit itself, just as grown-up babies often do when ignorant of the rules of etiquette. I should just like to tell Mrs Slyboots before I finish, that I entertain a very low opinion of *her*. She called the other day, and professed herself overjoyed to see me. She took me in her arms, and began kissing me—I hate being kissed by a woman. Ma went out for a minute, when she took the opportunity of saying: 'You nasty ugly little brat, I wish you were in the bull-rushes, like Moses, for you have torn and ruined my best bonnet-strings!' Ma came in, and she said: 'What a dear child!—how intelligent!' [There she was right.] What lovely eyes! Oh, how I envy you such a darling!' Now, I consider such conduct extremely rude; but it all comes of the vanity of mothers who will make puppet-shows of their children, and expect everybody to look upon them with the same partiality and through the same spectacles—I ought not to have said that, because Ma only puts them on when she is alone—as mothers always do.

In conclusion, let me tell you, that if the Old Baby dares to write to you again after he has heard this, I'll have a bilious attack, and smother him—I will.

BY DĀK.

Now that the last smouldering embers of the sepoy revolt are in a fair way of being finally extinguished, we may indulge in speculations concerning the future destiny of India, with some hope of our anticipations being eventually realised; and what bright visions of social improvement and commercial prosperity rise up before us, if we attempt to picture the amount of progress that will have been attained in our eastern empire by the end of the present century only. According to my own idea, a fancy-sketch of India—in the year 1900—slightly tinted, perhaps, with *couleur de rose* by hope and good wishes, should include, amongst others, the following 'effects': Grand trunk-railways and telegraphic wires connecting all the principal towns, with junctions and branches in every direction; excursion-trains running once a week from Calcutta to Cashmere; a complete system of irrigation throughout the country; jungles reclaimed, deserts cultivated, swamps drained, malaria banished, fever at a discount, and cholera unknown; native prejudices conquered, wholesome laws relating to the tenure of land enacted, and European immigration encouraged; Havanna eclipsed in the article of tobacco; John Chinaman's nose triumphantly dislocated in the matter of tea; long lines of trucks heavily laden with cotton, better and cheaper than the American produce, whirled day and night, by powerful engines, to the various seaports; and magnificent steamers, compared with which the *Great Eastern* is, in size, a cock-boat, in pace a snail, ready to convey it in billions of tons to England, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. These are only a few of the most prominent features in the sketch—I leave the reader to work in the details as it may please himself. If he think I have made rather too much progress in forty years, he can also tone down and throw in dark shades according to his fancy—I prefer looking at the bright side of the picture.

It does not, however, require the assistance of a very fertile imagination to foresee, that in a few years railways will have effected as complete a revolution in India as they have already done in England, and that a palanquin will be as great a curiosity in the one country as a stage-coach is in the other. Impressed with this conviction, and from a benevolent wish to afford future historians correct information concerning the means of locomotion enjoyed by Anglo-Indians of the present benighted period, it is my intention to devote this paper to a detailed account

of the construction, use, advantages, and disadvantages of the receptacle generally adopted throughout Hindostan as a travelling conveyance—namely, a palkee.

But before I enter upon the proposed treatment of a palkee in an anatomical, practical, and social point of view, let me devote a few lines to its pronunciation. Indian words invariably experience such shocking maltreatment at the hands, or rather the tongues, of English readers, that my doing so is by no means unnecessary. The capital of Afghanistan, for instance, instead of being pronounced Cawlee, as if rhyming to bauble, is converted by the free and independent articulation of a Briton into Ca-bool, with its ultimate syllable sonorously corresponding with 'fool.' In the same tyrannical way, Gwalior, which should be delivered *ore rotundo*, and as broadly as possible, *Gworlior*, is violently twisted into a rhyme for dahlia. And those strong and athletic warriors who helped us to capture Delhi the other day, instead of being spoken of as Seekas, are vocally represented as a nation of invalids, by their name having been Anglicised into Sicks. It must be confessed, however, that the natives of India make an infinitely worse hash of Anglo-Saxon than we do of Hindostanee. The expressive syllables of that which we are wont to consider our beautiful language, appear to be totally unmanageable by their Asiatic organs of pronunciation. In the barbarous phraseology of a Bengal khidmutgar, the savoury and stimulating compound known amongst us as mulligatawny is corrupted into mootawnee; the ridiculous contraction of mumlet does service both for marmalade and omelet; and champagne, by some mysterious internal convulsion, is reproduced as simkin. English patronymics are mutilated in even a more horrible manner. The name of Abercrombie is converted by an extraordinary process into Bickram; the nearest articulate approach to Vicars a native is capable of is Baker; and a gentleman rejoicing in the rather euphonious appellation of Brackenbury, is promiscuously addressed as Blacking, bury Sahib, Blackberry Sahib, and sometimes, by a kind of phonetic somersault, as Berry Black Sahib.

In order, therefore, to guard the subject of this article against like ill-treatment, I hereby warn all whom it may concern, that its first syllable is not pronounced as if it were similar in sound to the word made use of in Mr Ainsworth's celebrated song, wherein Blueskin encourages his professional comrades to 'fake away,' but rather as if it resembled the familiar abbreviation of Mary—thus pol-kree. I may also say *en passant*, that 'hawk' would be an appropriate rhyme for the Hindostanee word which stands at the head of this article, and that the phrase 'by dāk' is synonymous with the English term by post. Having thus taken due precaution that the palkee shall not be mutilated in its pronunciation, I can, with a clear conscience, proceed with my dissertation.

In the first place, what is a palkee? A palkee, or palanquin, is a wooden box without any lid, in which the Indian servants of her Majesty are forwarded from one part of her eastern dominions to another, at their own expense. The average dimensions of this human packing-case internally, are about six feet long, three feet broad, and three feet deep. It is usually painted black, and its appearance generally is unpleasantly suggestive of an undertaker's shop. The interior is provided with a tiny mattress and pillows, and is fitted with miniature shelves for the stowage of bread, tea, soda-water, books, cheroots, and other little matters wherewith the package may refresh both its mind and body. Entrance is obtained by means of diminutive sliding-panels at the sides, and it—the box—is carried by the aid of poles that project from each

end, and rest on the bare shoulders of mahogany-coloured individuals called coolies. These brown and bony gentlemen constitute a regularly organised Indian Parcels Delivery Company, who transport its coat-and-trouser packages over hundreds of miles of waste and jungle with as much safety, though not quite as much dispatch, as a similar association rattles its brown papered parcels, in blue carts, through the streets of London. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule; for though coolies to a certain extent recognise the propriety of treating anything committed to their charge 'with care,' rare instances will occur when their living parcels can neither be 'kept dry,' nor with any particular 'side uppermost.' In wading through a river, with the palkee on their heads, any derangement of the equilibrium caused by an unexpected hole will result in a general ducking; and if, in a desolate part of the country, the terrible but generally false alarm of 'Tiger' be raised, down drops the palkee, and away go the coolies, totally indifferent, in their panic, whether its unfortunate tenant be standing on his head or his heels.

The etymology of the word cooly must be so palpable to the meanest capacity, that it is almost unnecessary for me to explain its allusion to the fact of the palkee-bearer's toilet being so peculiarly adapted to the climate in which he lives. His costume may be said to be quite classical in its simplicity, consisting as it does of a single garment; and though European prejudice may object to nature so much unadorned, there can be no doubt that such a style of dress, or rather undress, must be extremely cool and pleasant in sultry weather.

It is a fortunate arrangement for the cooly that a tropical atmosphere does not render necessary a more elaborate or comprehensive wardrobe. He is generally a married man, and to keep a wife and half-a-dozen little coolies on threepence a day, is one of the ordinary conditions of his existence. This feat, which to a beef-eating Englishman appears to be the nearest attainable approach to living on nothing, is not, however, difficult of execution in India. Luckily for himself, the cooly has few wants, and is both a vegetarian and a teetotaler. His clothes, as we have seen, are hardly worth mentioning; his washing, which is also nothing to speak of, is done at home—that is to say, he does it himself at the first pond or well he comes to—his lodging, both by choice and necessity, is invariably on the cold ground; his drink, on the same principle, is pure water; and as for his board, a half-penny judiciously expended in farinaceous food, such as the Revalenta Arabica, provides sufficient to satisfy the most voracious appetite. This is the catalogue of his wants; he has one luxury—tobacco! Hear it, ye writers in the *Lancet*, and mourn over the depravity of human nature, the cooly is a confirmed smoker. Give him the necessaries I have enumerated above, with an occasional pull at a cocoa-nut hubble-bubble, and he is a happy man, and passing rich on something under five pounds a year.

It is impossible to imagine a less dignified proceeding than that of getting into a palkee. The ridiculous evolutions necessary to effect a lodgment in a hammock form a mere trifle in comparison. In the one, you have at all events plenty of sea-room, so to speak, and the free use of all your limbs; in the other, the entrance is so circumscribed that the body can only be got in, as it were, by instalments. Much difference of opinion prevails as to the best mode of proceeding under the circumstances. Let no one, however, venture to make the attempt while the palkee is suspended in mid-air, with the poles resting on the coolies' shoulders; for the pendulous vehicle, at the first intimation of his weight, will revolve swiftly on its axis, and the body of the unwary traveller, obeying the inevitable law of gravitation,

will fall heavily to the earth. Even when the palkee is resting securely on the ground, to obtain possession of the interior requires no small amount of activity, judgment, and, above all, moral courage. If the intending occupant endeavour to effect his purpose by entering in the manner that appears most natural—namely, headforemost, the absurd position of the rest of his person, especially if he be modelled on Dutch lines, need only be hinted at; and if the proceeding be reversed, and an entry attempted in the way a bear gets into his hole, the loss of personal dignity involved in the operation is perfectly frightful to contemplate. The spectacle of a grave judge or distinguished general backing into his palkee, and then, with his legs doubled up, twisting slowly round like those China figures with globular termini, till he is gradually lost to sight through the tight-fitting aperture, is enough to ruin one's respect for civil and military authority for the rest of one's life.

If an entry can only be obtained piecemeal, an exit must be conducted on the same homeopathic principle. First, a boot appears, then a leg; then another boot, followed by another leg; then a hat, presently a head; and so on, till the whole body has been withdrawn in infinitesimal quantities from the recesses of the palkee. I do not know in what manner the reader can form a better idea of both operations, than by attempting to get into his own chiffonier, and, should he succeed in his undertaking, by getting out again.

But I will imagine the traveller safely packed up in his box and ready to start. I choose a hero instead of a heroine, because travelling-dress in India is so completely *en déshabille*, that I could not think of representing a lady under such circumstances. This remark of mine must not by any means be construed into a reflection upon the fair sex in India, who are just as attentive to their toilet, and in every respect, save an interesting paleness, a slight 'defect of the rose,' as Tennyson says, just as charming as their blooming sisters and cousins in England. But an inflated dress and horticultural bonnet that would be appropriate enough, as times go, if their fair owner were merely journeying in a first-class carriage from London to Brighton, on some beautiful day in September, would be evidently out of place if the vehicle were a palkee, the thermometer at a hundred, and she had to travel twelve or fourteen hours every day for a fortnight, *en route* from Meerut to Peshawur. In that case, like a sensible woman, she would no doubt sacrifice appearance to comfort, but at the same time she would not select that particular occasion to have her portrait painted. In deference to this laudable feeling on her part, I choose a less interesting traveller, and shall accompany him a short distance on his journey by dāk.

A June sun is just setting, and every one else but the unfortunate victim in the palkee is turning out for a ride or drive on the course. He, the victim, is extended helplessly on his back, already in a mild fever at the bare anticipation of the misery in store for him. His dress consists of a shirt, open at the neck, and loose Turkish trousers made of the thinnest Delhi silk. Slippers and a Cashmere smoking-cap complete a costume, which, limited though it be, makes him uncomfortably hot, and could, if possible, be conveniently dispensed with. I am supposing that a general order, a medical certificate, or some other equally dire necessity, compels him to travel in the hot season. He may be—to choose the most ordinary contingencies—a member of a court-martial appointed to assemble in some station a couple of hundred miles distant; or supposing the occurrence to have happened before the mutinies, he may have been suddenly ordered to give up a staff appointment,

and join his regiment at the other end of India, because the sepoy of that gallant corps had objected on religious grounds to the cobbler's wax used in the manufacture of their pouches; or, perhaps—than which nothing would be more likely—he may be on his way to the hills, or to England, as the only means of saving his life.

In waiting, dressed *à la cooly*, and ready, in parliamentary phrase, to advance him a stage, are ten calfless bipeds, whose legs are like walking-sticks, and whose bodies are lean and lank, and brown as is the ribbed sea-sand, indeed a good deal browner. Eight of these are bearers, *par excellence*, whose name indicates their employment, and whose duties may be compared to those of our English post-horses. Of the remaining two, one is a *musâlchee*, whose office is to run alongside the palkee with a torch so abominably scented, that *asafetida* becomes an agreeable perfume in comparison; and the other is a *bangy-wallah*, who carries a couple of tin portmanteaus, called *petarrahs*, slung at the ends of a split bamboo, and balanced on his shoulder like a pair of scales. At the word *chello* from the parcel, four of the bearers raise the palkee to their shoulders, and start off with it at a kind of run, grunting all the time like so many pigs, supposing four of those sagacious quadrupeds could be persuaded to utter their nasal ejaculations, one at a time, and at regular intervals. The remainder of the party, chattering like parrots, and making audible and perfectly candid remarks touching the weight and personal appearance of the passenger inside, keep up with the palkee at a fast walk. Every hundred yards or so, the four actually in harness make a slight halt to change shoulders; and at the end of about a quarter of a mile, they are relieved by the other four.

In the meantime, let us look inside the box. The recumbent martyr is smoking a cheroot, and trying to read. It is the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; for the exasperating motion of the palkee causes such an incomprehensible jumble of letters, that he is obliged to throw down his book and devote himself entirely to smoke and meditation. It is well known that every kind of locomotion subjects the traveller to more or less personal inconvenience. He cannot enjoy a trot on the back of a camel, without experiencing a sensation next day as if the camel had been trotting on him. The vibration and other marine evolutions of a steam-boat in rough weather are sometimes followed by unpleasant consequences. The jolting of a hackney-cab with a broken spring, over an unfinished road in a London suburb, is calculated to ruffle the temper even of a bishop. Each of these, I admit, is provoking in a greater or less degree; but there can be no doubt that the maximum of locomotive aggravation is produced by the everlasting jog, jog of an Indian palkee on a melting night in the hot season. Both mind and body get worked up into a state of awful fermentation. The wretched sufferer is shaken not only into a fever, but into a passion; and tepid soda-water or punching a cooly's head is, unfortunately, the only means of relief within his reach.

Sleep, in her Shakespearean character as nature's soft restorer, never enters a palkee. The traveller may perhaps fret himself into a feverish state of unconsciousness; but even that poor imitation of sleep he is not permitted to enjoy long. It is a custom that would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, giving the coolies, at the end of each stage, a small *douceur*, just as it was considered *en règle* in the old coaching-times to present the stout individual who handled the ribbons with an indefinite sum, over and above the fare, which was spoken of in a vague, mysterious way as 'something for himself.' In India, this 'something' is a

fixed quantity—namely, four annas, and is as regular an item in one's travelling-expenses as the amount paid at the post-office when the dak is 'laid.' Consequently, about every two hours, while the operation of 'changing horses' is going on, a group of dark faces, looking perfectly diabolical in the torch-light, make their appearance at the door of the palkee, and the magic word 'bucksheesh' is pronounced. It is of no use pretending to be deaf or asleep; the coolies know better. It is their practice, when within about half a mile of their halting-place, to raise a prolonged and unearthly yell by way of intimating their approach to the team in waiting. A startling howl is borne back in return, which sounds in the still night-air like an echo of the first. Then commences a conversation, screamed at the top of their voices, on topics of mutual interest, which a man must be a very heavy sleeper, indeed, not to be thoroughly roused by. When, therefore, the usual black-mail is demanded, the traveller is sure to be wide awake; and if he be a sensible man, he will hand out his four annas without more ado. Woe be to him if he refuse! The moving accidents by flood and field that would befall that man might fill a volume. He would be casually dropped into every river that was to be crossed; he would be shaken to pieces; he would not be carried faster than a mile an hour, and, after all, I verily believe, would never get to the end of his journey. He would in all probability be found upset into a nullah or dry ditch, attended by a flock of vultures, waiting with the proverbial politeness of those interesting birds, till he was 'quite ready.' The small amount of the impost demanded only increases the aggravation. To be disturbed five or six times during the night, and asked for four annas each time, is only the addition of insult to injury. Let any one imagine what his own indignation would be, if, while comfortably dozing in the corner of a railway-carriage, the guard were to wake him whenever the train stopped at a station, and demand a fourpenny-bit. Would he not, as a matter of course, despatch a letter to the editor of the *Times* by the very next morning's post?

I will not pain the reader by dwelling on the heat, dust, want of sleep, and other fertile sources of misery inseparable from a journey by dak, but will hasten to put an end to the sufferings of the unhappy traveller by bringing him to the temporary refuge for destitute wayfarers benevolently provided by a paternal government. At about eight o'clock—by which time the rays of the morning sun, beating obliquely on the blistered panels of the palkee, have converted it into a kind of portable Dutch oven—the aching eyes of the wretched occupant, toasting inside, are gladdened by the sight of the dak bungalow. Taken abstractedly, a thatched building with no architectural adornments, standing alone on a vast and dusty plain, cannot be considered a cheerful object; but to any one who has endured for fourteen mortal hours the 'short uneasy motion' of a palkee, it is nothing less than an earthly paradise; and the corpulent Mussulman in dirty white garments, who is salaming his welcome in the verandah, appears as a benevolent middle-aged angel in charge. The bungalow, apart from its celestial character, is a canvas-bait, built for the convenience of travellers, and is supported by their involuntary contributions. The postmaster-general is the *ex-officio* proprietor; and he charges a rupee a day for his hospitality, which consists of the use of a small white-washed room furnished with a table, two chairs, and a bedstead. Here the jaded package, after a bath and breakfast, enjoys the luxuries of shade and quiet till sunset; and then I shall leave him for the present dozing under the punkah, and passively engaged in digesting grilled *moorghee*—in other words, a tough fowl which the

stout angel has hunted, caught, killed, plucked, and converted into a spatchcock in the short space of twenty minutes.

It only remains for me to add, that the cost of a journey by dāk may be estimated at the rate of four annas, or sixpence, a mile. This amount is expended entirely in payment of the coolies, and does not include any charge for the palkee, which in most cases is the private property of the occupant. Sixty miles a day is considered good travelling, and a journey thus may occupy a fortnight or three weeks, unless it be continued by day and night, when it is of course proportionately shortened. Such haste, however, often proves the worst speed, as the usual result of spending a few days in a palkee is a severe attack of fever. In the more civilised parts of India, in that part, for instance, which is traversed by the Grand Trunk-road, greater rapidity has been attained by the use of a kind of palanquin placed on wheels, and drawn by a single horse. But this is a modern innovation. The palkee, pure and simple, is the vehicle in general use throughout the country, whether the distance to be travelled be a hundred yards or a thousand miles. At present, there is a railway only in the neighbourhood of the capital of each presidency, but there is no doubt that in a few years an iron net-work will have been extended over India, that coffin-like palkees, lazy coolies, and cheerless dāk bungalows will have been replaced by comfortable carriages, high-pressure locomotives, and bustling stations, and that exiled Anglo-Indians will be able to travel from Bombay to Calcutta by an express train as rapid as the one which now whirls their fortunate brethren at home from London to Edinburgh.

M I A S M A.

There is in our village a small pond or pit enclosed within a market-garden, and in warm weather exhaling a most offensive effluvia, in which the odour of boiled greens is peculiarly and painfully conspicuous. A suspicion of disease is attached to this effluvia, which is occasioned by the decomposition of stumps and leaves of cabbage, and vegetable refuse in general. Ill effects have been experienced by children when the wind wafted it in the direction of certain cottages; and when the wind changed, these effects were produced in another quarter. It is supposed that when very warm weather comes, this open pit may prove a fruitful source of sickness to swell the already high mortality of our village. Still, no one interferes; for what is everybody's business becomes nobody's, and considerable trouble, and perhaps ill feeling, would accrue to whoever first moved in the matter.

With regard to myself, these effluvia are but a source of interest and an object of research. I consider their effect in a purely physiological point of view. I look upon the children who are exposed to their influence much in the same light as the unfortunate cats, rabbits, and birds upon which, in preference to myself, I try various mephitic compounds produced by an artificial process. I often see things very differently from others. I am a chemist, and am seeking out and studying the terrible and hidden agencies of the angel of pestilence and death. Once or twice has he flapped me with his wing, breathed in my face his fetid breath, and bade me sternly to desist. My limbs shook and my blood sickened; each time I was very ill, and became to myself a source of intense interest. I watched narrowly every symptom; I felt the poison coursing in my veins, and I marked its action. I found that the skin became the great purifier of the blood, and that upon its healthy activity depended the discharge of the cause of disease; and I noted that this poison was again

evolved into the air of my room, and required efficient ventilation and the action of a disinfectant for its removal. When I recovered, I grasped my trusty bottle of chlorine solution, and again encountered the Nemesis of putrefactive action.

Un ennemi mort sent toujours bon! observed that amiable monarch, Charles IX. of France. A similar reflection deadens in my case the olfactory susceptibilities, and, like the raven or the rat, I am attracted by any foul or pestiferous exhalation. I like to visit cess-pools and sewers, and to examine drains and foul ditches. People marvel at my pursuit; but there is a grim satisfaction in it that I would not lose. There is ever a fascination in that which is terrible or mysterious; and to humanity, typhus and cholera are like the enigma of the sphinx—to be solved on penalty of death. I am often to be found on the banks of the classic Cloacina, which runs by Vauxhall railway-station; and an open sewer near the Wandsworth Road affords me great satisfaction. Wherever the microscope shews me the *paramécium* and minute *annelides*, I know that I am on the track of my enemy. Wherever my lead-paint is blackened, I know that his most dangerous ally is at hand. This is a gas—the same as that evolved from rotten eggs—deadly in itself, pestilential when combined with organic poisons. It is active in the malaria of India and Ceylon, and the Campagna of Rome; it forms the subtle emanations which follow the course of rivers, and it enters into the exhalations from stagnant pools and certain marshes. Reeking from cess-pools, it blanches the cheek and taints the blood of squalid poverty, and may sometimes be found lurking in the houses of the rich. Near to churchyards, it is often a messenger from the dead to the living, and bears its summons faithfully. Sulphuretted hydrogen is its name: its origin in water is generally a salt containing sulphur, this salt being decomposed by putrefactive action. Chlorine instantly destroys the gas, muriatic acid being formed, and sulphur disengaged.

When, in my wanderings, I have come to places where low fevers and other diseases of the same type were prevalent, I have sometimes felt myself possessed of a strange power of good or of evil. A few handfuls of lime, and miasma for a time was conquered; a little of the same earth with the acid of sulphur, and pestilence, with fourfold malignity, might pursue its mission of disease and death.

There is in our village a ditch containing a small amount of a sulphate, and running very close to the pit I have above alluded to. In this ditch the *paramécia* and other infusorial scavengers are very active; for animal matter is present, which must enter into new combinations, and be ultimately devoured by frogs and fishes. The water in it is alkaline, and therefore adapted to animal existence; whereas that of the pond is acid in its reaction, and contains vegetation only. Now, if we add a small quantity of the water of the ditch to a larger quantity of that of the pond, the animalcules are killed; and their remains putrefying in conjunction with vegetable matter, and in contact with the sulphate, evolve at certain temperatures a dangerous poison, productive of epidemic effects.

A similar poison in a fixed and concentrated form is sometimes produced by the fermentation of mixed animal and vegetable substances in articles of food. We have an instance of this in the fermented sausages, of which the effects are so sudden and dangerous. Fish, too, may readily be made to produce another variety of the same class of poisons. These are distinguished for their peculiar action upon the blood; they appear to operate as a ferment generating a large amount of the same poison in the organic fluids.

The less constant phenomena of involuntary action are well worthy of our admiration from their evidences of special design. We know very little about them. I do not believe in the explanation which has been given of a sneeze, and I have a theory of my own with respect to a shudder. (*Vide* Physiology of a Shudder—soon to appear.) In ancient days, these were referred to the direct action of an evil spirit; we now know that evil spirits have nothing to do with them, but we know little besides. They are generally referred to the effect of cold upon the nerves. But we have all observed that a fit of sneezing occurs as commonly upon entering a warm room, or coming out suddenly into sunshine, as upon exposure to sudden cold. What we may not all have observed is, that we often shudder when the temperature of the body is suddenly raised, as well as in the contrary case of a loss of caloric. In both instances, too, we experience a sensation of cold. In the former case, I assume that a certain amount or equivalent of heat becomes latent in or combined with the blood; in the latter, that combined heat becomes sensible, but is required for an external deficiency.

The powerful repugnance with which nature inspires us towards the dangerous products of organic decay, is an instinct that it were well for us to follow. As in the case of certain deadly gases, a spasmodic contraction of the glottis preserves us from the inadvertent inhalation of powerful and noxious effluvia. Nature furnishes us with a safeguard in this instance, and in others she speaks strongly, when it is necessary that she should do so. She does not commonly present us with arsenic, corrosive sublimate, or oxalic acid; nor has she given to these poisons an offensive and warning effluvia. But she protests against the burial of the dead among the habitations of the living, against the accumulation of every kind of refuse in cess-pools beneath our houses, and against the pollution of our rivers and streams—things very apt to occur in a community of men. I do not think that her warning has been sufficiently heeded among ourselves: at all events, I never look out for my enemy in vain, among the streets of London.

PROGRESS AT THE ANTIPODES.

The rapidity with which Victoria has become peopled is almost unexampled in the history of any nation, ancient or modern. In 1851, its population was 77,345 persons; in the three years which elapsed between the census of this date and that of 1854, the number of inhabitants had trebled. The returns of the Immigration Office, and the official records of births and deaths, since the date of the last census in 1857, enable us to ascertain that the population had increased to 469,637 at the end of last March. In other words, the increase within seven years has been more than sixfold. The character of the distribution of the people is shewn by the fact, that while prior to the year 1855 there were but two corporate towns in the whole country, Melbourne and Geelong, that number has increased to twenty-one. Immigration, as might be expected, does not swell these numbers so hugely as at the first; in 1852 there being about 94,000 immigrants, and in 1857 not 64,000. Emigration, on the contrary, is beginning to make itself felt slightly in the increasing numbers who have by their industry acquired an independence and a sufficiency of means wherewith to return to their native land. In 1851, only 2962 persons returned to the old world; but in the four years ending December 1857, these amounted to 102,974. There are already five railway lines in Victoria, completed or in active progress. The short line from Melbourne to Hobson's Bay, with its branch-line to St Kilda, is a great success, and returns a dividend of 14 per cent. That from Geelong is available for forty miles; that is to say, to within eight miles of Melbourne. The third line in connection with these two is under

the direction of government. Contracts to the extent of more than three millions have been taken for the opening of the line to the northern gold-fields, as far as Castlemaine and Sandhurst, a distance of ninety-four miles. The fifth line, which is another government project, is to connect Geelong and Melbourne with Ballarat, and will extend to upwards of fifty miles. The electric telegraph has pushed its silent way through city and forest and prairie more than seven hundred miles, at a cost, for construction, of about L.100 per mile.

A MIDSUMMER MORNING IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

'Tis early dawn; the twittering swallow sings
Upon the chimney to his brooding hen;
The twilight brightens, and the sun-god's wings
Are flashing red the eastern hills agen.

The town is sleeping; its ten thousand lives
Are silent as the night this summer morn;
Hushed is the battle, where like foemen strive,
For wealth or bread, the hopeful or forlorn.

The sick-room lamps are fading one by one,
Where fever kept its vigil all the night;
O joy! to know the anguished hours are gone,
That rest returns with the returning light.

Forth from the pent-up room, where breath of air
Stirs not, we pass into the silent street,
While the sun's coursers ride on cloudland fair,
Roll up the fog, and drive it at their feet.

The town is sleeping; up the long High Street
No footfall sounds, and the fresh morning breeze
Is smokeless; myriad odours sweet
Come from the meadows, float from out the trees.

And hush! the lark is circling o'er the town,
His gay notes swell in gusts of melody,
A dancing chain, from 'mid-air all adown,
Linking our sense to music of the sky.

Where plum and apple mix the grange within,
Come chirping voices, and the goldfinch's song;
The thrush and black-bird join the joyful din,
And echo all the silent streets along.

Oh, truly nature hath a pleasant voice,
If we but strive to catch her hidden sense;
Though dumb to men, who pall on simple joys,
Who will not listen to her sweet defence.

The clock strikes five—tolls out the loud curfew,
And jackdaws caw response around the spire;
The sunbeams sparkle on the morning-dew,
And the east glows a sea of silver fire.

Into the house again imperious calls
Our daily task; within the narrow room,
To dream of meadows, murmuring water-falls,
And hum of insects where the lime-trees bloom.

Our six days' task will end to-night, the dawn
Will be the Sabbath's—with what grateful joy
We'll join the choir in heralding its dawn,
Safe from the hum of trade and its annoy.

I.

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A DISTINGUISHED DINNER-PARTY.

On the 5th of May 1812, a great gala-dinner was announced at the royal court at Dresden in Saxony. The occasion being an extraordinary one, full-dress was ordered for the whole train of the royal household; indeed, a more numerous and eminent assemblage of distinguished guests had never before been invited to unite in the pompous rooms of that antique crazy chateau, which has accommodated so many a crowned head in bygone centuries.

There was the tall king of Prussia, Frederic-William III., dead now, and buried in his family-vault at Sans Souci, but then a proud and stately gentleman with rigid manners and military airs—though not with military capacities; then the king of Bavaria, a portly lord with black moustaches, a great admirer of the Hero of the age, to whose giant army he had added 40,000 of his humble subjects, none of whom ever saw his native land again; and the king of Würtemberg, a monstrously corpulent sovereign, who never rode on horseback, but who drove in a gig through the ranks of the 15,000 men which he contributed to the army of the modern Alexander. His troops were silent at that time, and did not cry, as usual, 'God save the king!' which is the more to be wondered at, since they saw their lord for the last time on this occasion, every one of them being buried eight months afterwards in the snowy fields of Russia. There was, moreover, the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, an important personage too, although his contingent to the conqueror's army amounted only to 6000 men; just as much as his father, of glorious memory, had sold to the British government fifty years before, at so much per head, to be shot dead in the woods of the new world by the American insurgents. Besides these distinguished guests, there were present a dozen or more of petty grand-dukes, dukes and princes, all members of that famous Rhenish Confederation, and most of them enthusiastic hangers-on of the French emperor. They were, however, set below the salt, which served them right. Well, no; there was one amongst them who ought not to have been set below the salt. He was a stout man with a stout heart, on whose high forehead there was written many a painful and bitter thought. He looked grave, even melancholy. If it had but depended upon him, those 800,000 German soldiers who followed the foreign invader into the barren plains of Russia, would have received a far different destination. It was the Grand-duke of Saxe-Weimar, Ernest-Augustus, the most intimate friend of Goethe.

Grand as these personages were, descending from the oldest dynasties of Europe, and surrounded therefore by the nimbus of hereditary power, they were, however, doomed to act but a subordinate role by the side of those adventurous upstarts who formed the more important part of the guests assembled now in the state-rooms of the royal palace, although they had no pedigrees but their swords, no other hereditary land save that of the battle-field.

There was a tall, well-made man, fantastically attired in a green tunic richly embroidered with gold; his left hand was leaning on the hilt of a Turkish sabre which he had brandished in more than forty battles. He had a look of daring in his dark flashing eyes, well becoming to the man that had gained a crown with his curved sword. His mother could have little thought that her poor ragged boy would one day dine from golden dishes by the side of emperors and kings—himself a king—when she used to sell apples and ginger-bread in the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne. This was Murat, king of Naples, brother-in-law of the Emperor, and commander-in-chief of the French cavalry.

Near him, but a little apart from the rest, there stood a modest-looking young man, who took no part in the conversation. On his breast were seen glittering the grand crosses of all the continental orders; but his features were sad, and his large dark eyes bore a melancholy expression. It was the viceroy of Italy, Eugène Beauharnais, son-in-law of the Emperor.

Who was that robust man with bright eyes and noble features, bald and eagle-nosed like Cæsar, in lively conversation with the king of Naples, to whose splendid attire his own plain dress bore a singular contrast? It was Michael Ney, then Duke of Elchingen, and Marshal of France, three years afterwards shot dead, like the other, not in the battle-field, but as a criminal, pierced by a dozen French balls.

And yon proud and sulky-looking man, with a lion's head, who scarcely deigned to answer the obliging address of some little German prince, but only nodded to his questions with a wandering mind—who was he? The king of Prussia never once looked at his dark and frowning features, so annoyed was he at his presence; nor was this without reason, for the gloomy man was no other than his fearful antagonist in the dreadful battle of Auerstädt, Davoust, Marshal of France, and Prince of Eckmühl.

There were a dozen more of these chivalrous champions of the sword looking with contempt upon the petty dukes and princes around them, the satellites

of their common sun. The tall and erect figure of Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, was prominent amongst them all. The proud warrior was leaning negligently against a marble statue of Achilles, and well were they matched, those two iron-hearted men. Only there was a look of weariness to be observed on the open and martial countenance of the living hero, which made it evident that he did not anticipate much pleasure from the coming campaign; indeed, he was longing for a far different engagement, and thought of his beautiful château in the south of *la belle France*, where he would fain have spent the rest of an eventful life.

By his side, in conversation with Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes, stood a little man with a countenance strikingly full of genius and good-humour. His fine-set lips never opened without uttering a sarcasm, and the more critical the occasion was, the more sparkling became his wit, the source of which seemed to be inexhaustible. His extensive business, whose vast enormity would have crushed any other head, was managed by him amidst a continual shower of sallies that oftentimes elicited roars of laughter from his functionaries, even amidst the very roar of cannons. He was personally attached to the Emperor, whose vast genius, free from all pedantry, quite agreed with his own. The Emperor missed him sorely during that final campaign of 1815, with its fatal day of Waterloo, that was destined to put a stop to all this transient glory. He would most gladly have forgiven the chief of his staff his vacillation and disloyalty, only the little man was too proud to be forgiven. He was pining away the while in a quiet German town; but when he saw that there was no more occupation whatever for his ardent desire for activity, no excitement, no suspense, nobody to laugh at his *bons mots*, he grew tired of the burden of life, and Alexander Berthier, Prince of Neufchâtel and Wagram, Marshal of France, and chief of the general staff of the French army, grounded arms at last by throwing himself out of a window, on a quiet and tedious Sunday morning of the fatal year 1815, in the quiet and tedious town of Bamberg in Germany.

All this brilliant assembly of kings, and dukes, and marshals was waiting upon that pale and dwarfish giant, who boasted of having journeyed all over Europe on horseback amidst the roar of cannons and the rattling of drums. He might have added—and over nearly one million of human bodies, also.

When the doors were thrown open at last, and Napoleon entered, followed by the king of Saxony, the host of these eminent guests, there was not one head that did not bow in low obeisance; not one eye that did not cast an anxious look at this pale face, as profound and as inflexible as fate itself. He nodded but indifferently in acknowledgment to the low reverences rendered to him by his vassals; no flashing up of that fixed eye, no smile of triumph round those firm-set lips: all indifference, or even satiety in that calm and profound countenance. He was already too much accustomed to homage and flattery.

It was the king's birthday. Nine years afterwards, on that same day, his illustrious guest, for whom the world was once not large enough, gave up his ghost in a small rocky island in the Atlantic Ocean; and—strange coincidence of a strange fate—seven years later, on that same 5th of May, Frederic-Augustus, king of Saxony, was called to his last account.

The lord-steward shewed the guests through a long row of state-apartments into the 'white saloon,' where they were received by the master of the ceremonies, who, by means of an infinite number of bows and obeisances, assigned to them their different places at the royal table, according to the strict rules of court-etiquette.

Whoever knows anything about court-fashions in Germany, must be aware that—with the sole exception, perhaps, of the Chinese empire—their practice has nowhere else received so high a development. Indeed, the science of etiquette of which Louis XIV. had laid the solid foundation, has been thriving there ever since, and may be considered now to have attained the highest pitch of perfection. But amongst all the thirty-eight courts of that happy land, there is one that, in this respect, has always gained the precedence over all the rest, that stands unequalled for the strictness, the accuracy, the pedantry with which even the most minute prescriptions of etiquette are unrelentingly observed, and that is declared as the very model of order and regularity in all the various departments of its household. The slightest infringement of the inexorable laws of etiquette is considered there as a crime whereof no absolution can clear the unhappy offender. Charles XII., king of Sweden, had to repent afterwards of his disdain for this same etiquette, when he called one day—a hundred years ago—on Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, attired in a pair of dirty riding-boots, and holding a horsewhip in his hand. He had just beaten the Saxon army in a series of bloody battles; had dictated to the elector the fatal peace of Altranstädt, and was a little pressed for time. Augustus II. would have forgiven him the smaller offence of having crushed 30,000 of his men to atoms, and laid under contribution the whole of his patrimonial dominions; but for his intrusion in a drawing-room with dirty boots and a riding-whip, there was no excuse; and he made haste to conclude his alliance with the Czar Peter of Russia.

When the guests were seated, the numerous officers of the royal household took the different stations, conformable to their rank and the duties attached to it.

The old feudal custom of waiting on the sovereign was of course carried out only by the lords-in-waiting, members of the first families in the land, who therefore had their post of honour immediately behind the chairs of the royal guests; behind them, in the second file, were drawn up the assistant-chamberlains who had to help the lords-in-waiting; these were again waited upon by the pages of honour, who, in their turn, enjoyed the assistance of a whole army of yeomen, heyducs, equerries, groom, porters, waiters, and minor court-servants, each of them having his different department assigned to him. The whole attendance was in full gala-dress; the lords-in-waiting wearing all their numerous ribbons and orders; the pages their state-habits, and red velvet shoes with silver buckles; and the rest of the officers of the royal household the rich parade-uniform prescribed for the occasion. The assistant-master of the ceremonies and the marshal of the ceremonies had nothing to do but to walk up and down and see that all was right.

The dinner was sure to be of the first order; and the big king of Würtemberg had made up his mind to enjoy it hugely. The royal table in Saxony has always had a most excellent repute, and orders had been given by the lord-steward that full honour should be done to the ancient glory of the house of his royal master. The chief-cook, master-cook, clerks of the kitchen, messengers of the kitchen, yeomen of the kitchen, as well as the other gentlemen of the confectionary and pastry, had been in great agitation for some days, and were now, like the cranks and wheels of a large engine, working to the top of their bent. German princes in general are known to have no aversion to good cheer; and those present were well pleased at the idea of having a couple of quiet hours before them wherein to make their choice of the various luxuries gathered from all the corners of the globe.

Poor men! They little thought that they were doomed to suffer a heavy disappointment. But they had in fact been reckoning—not without their host—but without that pale man who was just upon the point to invade the largest empire of the world, and who cared but little about a full-dress dinner.

When the soup had made its appearance, and the plates—passing from hand to hand, after the Asiatic system of caste in full working-order, aided by all the advantages of a superior civilisation—had at last reached the lords-in-waiting, who, with the dignity appropriate to the occasion, placed them respectfully before the monarchs, a waiting-officer of the imperial general staff entered the room, and walking straight up to the Prince of Wagram, the chief of the general staff of that giant army just then on its way of destruction towards the east, whispered a few hasty words into the ear of Marshal Berthier. The little man with the fine-cut features and expressive eyes rose immediately and went out of the room.

The incident, slight as it was, did not escape the notice of the king of Saxony, who looked upon it as being extremely contrary to rule; and his patriarchal countenance at once assumed an expression of ill temper, which he could very ill conceal.

The door was opened again a few minutes afterwards, and the Prince of Wagram re-entered the apartment. His fine and clever face wore its usual expression; but when he moved towards the emperor and laid an open dispatch before him on the table, there was something like mischievous fun twinkling in his bright eyes: he knew his man, and knew therefore what was coming.

What the dispatch contained, nobody ever knew. Something important, of course, at a time when an avalanche of 950,000 men, with more than half a million horses, was rolling towards the east, followed by an immense train that covered all the high roads of Germany.

The emperor laid down his spoon and took up the paper, while the king of Saxony looked very grave.

He had done reading at a glance. On his powerful forehead was gathering a cloud dark and menacing. He threw the dispatch violently upon the table, and in a sharp and piercing voice, accompanied by an impetuous and imperative gesture, cried: 'Le dessert!'

If the great ancestor of the old house of Weddin had risen from the dead, and had walked in amidst that modern assembly, indifferently attired in a bear's skin and armed with a battle-axe, his appearance could scarcely have created a greater perplexity amongst them than that one word uttered by the modern Alexander. With the exception of the Frenchmen, every soul remained for some moments completely thunder-struck. The big king of Würtemberg dropped his spoon, and the king of Saxony looked as if he was expecting the walls and ceilings of his old palace to tumble down with a crash, and bury them all under their ruins, as the natural consequence of such an unprecedented enormity.

The Emperor raised his head and looked around for a moment at those descendants of the oldest dynasties of Europe. All that was lingering within him of the Jacobin—and there was a good deal—became distinctly apparent in the proud flash of his eyes, the scornful curl of his lips. With a haughty toss of the head, and in a savage tone of voice, he repeated once more: 'Le dessert!'

There were no more misgivings now about his imperial majesty's pleasure, and, the master of the ceremonies being unfit for service (he had fainted away), the assistant-master gave at once the necessary orders.

To describe the perfect Babel and pantomimic madness amongst the lords-in-waiting, the assistant-chamberlains, the pages, and the other officers of the

royal household above—fully equalled by the Babel and pantomimic madness amongst the master-cooks, clerks, messengers, yeomen, and the other gentlemen of the kitchen below—would be too high a task for any pen or pencil.

They put bread and cheese and some fruits upon the table, and when the Emperor had partaken of these modest refreshments, the king of Saxony rose, and the illustrious guests retired from dinner.

THE NATURE AND CONSEQUENCES OF BRITISH STORMS.

FIRST PAPER.

It is fortunate for the holders of most of our public offices that the bulk of the people have no direct personal interest in attending to their proceedings. Everybody's business is nobody's business, and so they escape observation and blame. This is not the case, however, with the poor old clerk of the weather-office, who seldom exercises his official functions without interfering more or less unpleasantly with the health, comfort, or daily avocations of a people highly sensitive of 'skiey influences,' and much given to grumbling at every shift of the seemingly inconstant wind; which chops about to every point of the compass just when it is wanted to be steady, and seldom blows continuously from one quarter except when it comes from the baneful east.

This unreasonable habit of grumbling at the fluctuations of the weather, and of charging our climate with fickleness and irregularity, merely because we are ignorant of the great laws that regulate its changes, seems to have come down to us as a portion of the practical wisdom of our ancestors, who, however wise in other respects, were certainly not weather-wise, but otherwise. The storms that harassed our forefathers were the artillery of witches. The weird-sisters in *Macbeth* are engaged in raising the wind; and a certain 'winsome wench,' whose inauguration into the ancient mystery of witchcraft in Alloway's auld haunted kirk has been celebrated in undying verse, was distinguished in after-life as a malignant disturber of the elements; having been

Lang after kenne'd on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonny boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country side in fear.

It would be difficult for poets to exaggerate on this subject; for the belief that storms were brewed and directed by witches pervaded all classes from peasant to king. In the year 1589, during the usually unsettled month of September, a storm, or rather a series of storms, swept over Scotland and the northern seas. Most storms are headstrong and rebellious, but this was also disloyal and ungallant in an eminent degree, for it drove back repeatedly the noble Danish fleet which bore to our shores the Princess Anna of Denmark, the affianced bride of the Scottish king, and the future queen of Great Britain. Both wind and sea strove to prevent the course of true love from running smooth. The baffled Danish admiral was at last compelled to run back for shelter to Upsalo on the Norwegian coast; and the youthful king soon followed 'to Norway owre the faem,' determined to win his wife in spite of the opposing elements. Whilst the tempest was raging in Scotland, the Lady Melville, first lady of the bedchamber to the king's expected consort, was drowned as she was crossing Leith ferry. From Sir James Melville's memoirs, we learn that in Denmark this ungracious storm 'was allegit to have been raisit by the witches of Denmark, by the confession of sundrie of them

when they were burnt for that cause. What movit them was a cuff, or blow, quilk the admiral of Denmark gave to aone of the bailies of Copenhagen, whose wife being a notable witch, consulted her cummers, and raisit the said storm to be revengit upon the said admiral.'

In Scotland, too, the storm had its legal victims. The Earl of Bothwell was formally accused of having instigated certain witches to raise the storm in order to destroy the young queen. Bothwell escaped out of prison, and fled to France; but his alleged accomplices—Annie Simpson, 'the wise wife of Keith,' and some other reputed witches—were 'first werriet, and then burnt.'

Witches have long ceased to exist, yet the nature of storms continued to be as great a mystery as ever, until Mr Redfield of New York, and Sir W. Reid, the late governor of Malta, first turned their attention to the subject about twenty years ago. The practical results of their labours are now highly appreciated by all well-educated seamen; but, to the mere landsman, the study of a book on the laws of storms is almost as difficult as that of a work on any branch of mathematical physics. Storms, in their normal condition, are only met with at sea. Hence it happens that an investigation into the nature of storms gives rise to the collocation of extracts from the log-books of a great number of ships, so that a considerable knowledge of nautical manœuvres and terms is required in order to comprehend the excellent treatises of Reid, Piddington, and others. The kernel of knowledge, in this instance, is enclosed in an unusually hard shell of nautical technicalities, which seems hitherto to have defied the teeth of most of our popular meteorologists; but it is a shell that will well repay a vigorous effort in the cracking, for it contains the germs of great advances in what is now styled, by a stretch of courtesy only, the science of meteorology.

A general idea of the nature of British storms may be easily acquired by considering the method by which that nature was first determined. Suppose we have before us the log-books of a group of ships that have all been involved in the same storm in the North Atlantic Ocean. Mark on a chart or map the position of each ship on a certain day, say the 13th October, and through each ship so marked draw an arrow to indicate the direction of the wind—if any—at that particular place on that day. Then it will be found that all the ships lying within a certain circle, of about one hundred miles diameter, experienced a dead calm. The logs of the ships lying immediately around this central region of calm will record winds of hurricane violence; while the arrows will shew that these winds were all blowing in one continuous circular stream, so as to form an immense aerial whirlwind, which in the northern hemisphere is found invariably to turn in the direction opposite to that in which the hands of a watch move. In the southern hemisphere the whirlwind that constitutes every storm turns in the contrary direction with equal persistency.

The vessels still more remote from the centre will have winds of diminished force, but all blowing in directions that form subordinate parts of one great whirlwind. A great law of storms is already apparent; storms are huge whirlwinds, always revolving in the same order in the same hemisphere, and in contrary orders in the two opposite hemispheres formed by the equator. To avoid the confusion attending the indiscriminate use of the terms storm, tempest, gale, hurricane, &c., and to mark distinctly the characteristic property of storms, Mr Piddington has happily designated the whole phenomenon by the term cyclone. It is evident that within the area of the same cyclone the wind blows from every point of the compass, so that while one log-book registers, on the 18th October, a north-east gale, another may indicate a hurricane

from south-west; a third, a gale from south-east; while a fourth may describe how the ship became quite unmanageable for want of wind, and rolled her masts out in a heavy cross sea; each vessel being differently affected by both wind and sea, according to her position with respect to the centre of the cyclone.

The several directions of the wind in each locality having demonstrated that the storm was a great whirlwind, let us next ascertain the height of the mercurial column in the barometer at each ship on the day in question. Around the circumference or outer margin of the cyclone the mercury will be found to stand high, to be lower at positions nearer to the centre, and lowest of all within the central area. Hence Mr Redfield justly inferred that a cyclone is a revolving eddy in the lower and denser strata of the atmosphere, in which the air is thrown out from the centre by the same centrifugal action which throws off water from a revolving mop.

By comparing the entries in the log-books of another group of ships, lying considerably to the north-eastward of the former, it will be found that the cyclone has travelled bodily to the north-eastward, on the 14th, 15th, and succeeding days of October; and we are thus made acquainted with another important property of storms—namely, that of their progressive motion.

In this manner it has been repeatedly demonstrated that the cyclones of the North Atlantic Ocean appear first among the West Indian Islands; then sweep along the sea-board of the United States; pass over Newfoundland, and thence come wheeling across the Atlantic to Europe. A violent paroxysm of bad weather along the whole of the western coasts of Europe marks the termination of this oceanic polka; for since a cyclone generally expands in area as it progresses, its diameter often stretches across one or two thousand miles by the time that it reaches Europe.

Passing on to the north-eastward, a cyclone is gradually broken up among the valleys and mountain-chains of the continent, and ultimately degenerates into several small independent and confused storms, in which the cyclonic character can no longer be recognised. Hence the erroneous views of those who have studied storms only on land.

In order to form a clear and definite idea of the behaviour of a cyclone, as it approaches to, passes over, and departs from, the British Islands, take on a map the centre of a circle a little to the west of England, so that its circumference may graze the west coast of Ireland, and also extend further south than the Bay of Biscay. This will represent one of our great winter cyclones, such as have been investigated by Sir W. Reid, Mr Milne Home, Professor Lloyd of Dublin, and others. A line through the centre from west-south-west to east-north-east will represent the track along which the cyclone travels, and a diameter at right angles to this line will separate the front from the rear of the cyclone, the front lying to the eastward. While the front is passing over any place, the mercury falls until the dividing diameter arrives there, and rises again during the passage of the rear. It is obvious, from the direction in which the wind turns, that the storm will begin everywhere in Europe with a southerly wind and a falling barometer, and end with a northerly wind and a rising barometer. At all places lying on the south side of the central path, the wind will veer from south, through west, to north; while at places on the north side of the centre's path, it will veer from south, through east, to north. At all places in the path of the centre, the wind will blow with increasing violence from south-south-east, until after a short interval of calm, when the centre passes over, it will shift abruptly to the

opposite point, north-north-west. At all such places, also, the depression of the mercury will be greatest.

Such are the well-defined marks by which the passage of a cyclone over the British Islands may be distinctly recognised, either during its occurrence, or by a subsequent comparison of the meteorological observations taken at different points during its transit.

The several observatories along the western coasts of Europe form an extended cyclonic coast-guard, employed night and day in collecting materials for this purpose. The writer of these remarks has carefully examined and compared the daily readings of the barometer and thermometer, and the records of the direction and force of the wind, made during the last ten years at several principal stations extending from Bordeaux to the Orkney Islands. The result of this examination is a complete confirmation of what was only a necessary deduction from the previous labours of Redfield and Reid—namely, that every considerable atmospheric perturbation in Portugal, France, Great Britain, Norway, &c., is due to the presence of an Atlantic cyclone.

The winds, then, those so-called 'chartered liberties,' are subjected to definite and unvarying laws, of which the hitherto inexplicable motions of the atmosphere are only immediate and necessary consequences. The nature of these laws has been already briefly indicated, and we shall next proceed to apply them to explain some of the most remarkable characteristics of our peculiar climate.

JOHN SINGER'S STORY.

JOHN SINGER's name was a household word with us in the days of frocks and socks, when we were under the dominion of the nursery-maid—to go to John's farm, and feast on curds and cream, being one of the grand delights of those unclouded days. John tilled a small holding in Wiltshire, and might have tilled it to the day of his death, as his father did, had he had, like his father, but one child: his offspring, however, numbered seven before he had been wedded ten years; and as the land remained the same while the family increased exceedingly fast, he had to cast about for a better provision for them. The failure of some experiments which, under this pressure, he was driven to make upon new and stubborn soil, deprived him of a good part of his capital, and disheartened him from any renewed attempt in that direction. He now began to think of emigrating. His wife, a busy, right-minded, active woman, made no objection to the step—if poverty was to come upon them, she said, she would rather face it abroad than at home. Just then the newspapers were teeming with prosperous accounts concerning settlers in the far west of North America, where land, it was said, was to be had for a nominal price and the trouble of clearing. The Singers made up their minds to go; and that point being decided, John lost no time in disposing of his lease, his farming-stock, produce, and implements, and in putting money in his pocket. There was quite a commotion in the district when the news got wind, and, as usual, a diversity of opinions on the subject. Some said it was the best thing that Singer could do, seeing that he had such a large family; while others said it was flying in the face of Providence to throw up the farm on which the father had got a living for fifty years. The Singers paid small attention to these various verdicts, but busied themselves in settling their affairs; and in the course of a month or six weeks from the time of forming their resolution, were ready for their departure.

Desirous of engaging an immediate passage for his numerous family, John set off to B—, and began a search for vessels about to sail. There were several

in the harbour which would clear out within a month's time; but the charge for passage across the Atlantic was much higher than it is now, and John, who had ample reasons for the practice of economy, was anxious to make the voyage as little costly as possible. Not much short of a hundred pounds was demanded by some of the captains for the accommodation he wanted—a sum he could not afford: and he was thinking of coming away and trying some other port, when he fell in with an agent who offered to introduce him to the captain of the *Camden*, who, he said, would take him and his family on his own terms. John followed the man to the basin, and boarded the *Camden*. She was but a small vessel, and was singularly dirty and disorderly; but the captain assured him she was sound and seaworthy, and would be in neat and tidy trim before she got into blue water. The terms the captain offered were temptingly advantageous, and he further proffered for the use of Singer and his family a strip of cabin in the middle of the vessel, in which they would be separated from all intercourse with the steerage passengers. This latter consideration decided the bargain. John paid half the stipulated sum as earnest; and as the vessel would positively sail on that day week, he lost no time in concluding his preparations, and getting his family on the spot, ready to embark when the moment of departure should arrive.

What follows is a matter of such momentous interest that we shall decline narrating it in the third person, and allow John Singer to tell the story himself, as we shudderingly heard it from his own mouth.

'It was the 25th of July,' said John, 'when, with my wife, seven children, and my wife's niece, I went on board the *Camden* in B— harbour. We had never been to sea before, and we knew well enough that sea-sickness awaited us, and that we should most likely be all ill together for a day or two. I had made what preparation I could for this bad time, by providing some simple medicines, a small stock of spirits, and the means of procuring hot water at two minutes' notice. Sure enough, the sickness came, and a miserable time it was. The wife and children were all laid up in their berths before we were out of the Channel, and were unable to help themselves. I was sick too, and could have followed their example: but in that case we should have been all helpless together; so I forced a resolution, and waited on the rest as well as I could through it all.

'The youngest of the children got over it first; my wife suffered most, and we had been five days at sea before she was sufficiently recovered to be able to come on deck. When at last she got into the fresh sea-air, it revived her at once—her appetite and strength returned, and her old cheerful spirits and activity as well. She set to work to put things in a comfortable trim, and made our little cabin quite a parlour.

'We had reason to be thankful that we were separated in all respects from the steerage passengers. They numbered about fifty to sixty in all, and were not only of the poor and miserable, but of the dirty and degraded class. Nearly all were Irish, and about a third of them were women, who—I will say that for them, poor souls!—were much better than the men, and did a good deal to restrain the violence of their conduct and language. I don't think the whole steerage could have mustered five shillings among them, and the greater part had nothing but rags for clothing. They subsisted entirely on the rations dealt out to them, and about these, and a small stock of tobacco which seemed to be common property, they were quarrelling day and night. Soon after sundown the captain sent them all below, and shut down the grated covering of the hatchway; but I noticed that he took continual care to ventilate their

quarters, for he was afraid, as he told me, lest some virulent disease should break out among such a dirty set, and we without a doctor on board.

Our crew consisted of eight men besides the mate and three boys; there were no cabin passengers, nor was there accommodation for any—the *Camden* carrying a good deal of merchandise, principally of rough Birmingham goods, such as are in use and demand among settlers and colonists. I was no sailor, as I said before, and ill qualified to judge of sea matters; yet I could not help thinking we made but slow progress, compared with other vessels. We were in the track of ships bound to New York, and I had noticed that one or two which hove in sight in our rear had overtaken and passed us in the course of a day. When I mentioned this to the mate, he said those vessels were liners, built for sailing, and not for trade, like the *Camden*—we were doing well enough.

From the position of our cabin, I could hear, as I lay in my berth at night, not only every movement of the crew on the deck, but also, when the weather was not rough—and it was mostly fine—every word that was said. To this circumstance I owe it that I am now a living man, and that I and mine are not lying fathoms deep in the devouring sea. One night, as I lay awake listening to the lap, lap of the water against the side, the voices of the captain and mate conversing in an undertone drew my attention. Some words that passed between them aroused my fears; I sprang out of bed, and stealing to the door, overheard enough of the parley to make my blood run cold. I gathered that the vessel was leaking at all points through the strain of the cargo—that in spite of pumping to the utmost, the water gained upon them, and that it was the mate's opinion she would founder, do what they might, within twenty-four hours. The crew, of course, were not ignorant of their condition, and they would mutiny and seize the boats and abandon the ship unless relieved by some vessel in the course of the following day. The captain was plainly at his wit's end, and knew not how to act. To make the passengers aware of their position would be certain destruction to all on board, as nothing else could be expected but a desperate fight for life, in which the boats, hardly capable of containing two dozen people, would to a certainty be all swamped. A groan from the captain was the last sound I heard, as they turned away from the spot, still conversing together.

You may suppose the trouble of my mind at this fearful discovery. I thank goodness it was not allowed to unsettle my wife, and so prevent me from doing what was best to be done. I thought it right not to oppress my wife and family with this bitter knowledge, so long as it could be avoided; and as I lay awake and listened to their breathing, I prayed to Heaven for guidance, and turned over in my mind everything that it was possible to do. I came at last to the only conclusion which seemed to promise us a chance of life; and what that was will appear before long. I could not sleep, and yet towards morning I fell into a doze, from which I was roused by a frightful dream of a wild storm, and all my little ones swallowed up in the vortex of the sea, and none to save them.

Next day I went on deck, and endeavoured to behave as though ignorant of everything: it was a hard task, for I was never used to deceit. I watched narrowly everything that took place, and knowing what I did, saw but too plainly confirmation of what I had heard in the anxious, dogged looks of the crew. I heard the noise of the pumps going continually, though I could not see them. About nine o'clock it came on to rain, and rained the whole of the day so hard, that few of the emigrants came on deck, and those only for a short time. The rain was accom-

panied by a thick mist, which bounded our view to a mile's circuit at most. I had noticed that a signal fluttered on the mast, which I had no doubt was a distress-signal; but what chance was there of its being seen in the thick rain-mist? There was a brass gun on deck, and about noon the captain gave orders to have it scaled and cleared up by one of the boys. It was fired several times, and the report brought up a lot of the idle fellows, who clamoured for more discharges, which the captain, as if to gratify them, allowed. I knew well enough that these also were signals of distress; but they were not heard, and the day passed away, and nothing hove in sight.

About half an hour before sunset the mist blew off, the clouds dispersed, and the whole sea-view was again clear to the horizon on all sides. I watched the faces of the crew as they looked anxiously round; the mate himself ran to the mast-head with a telescope, and remained there till the sun had sunk, and only a long streak of yellow light shone in that direction. The fine evening had brought all the passengers on deck, and they were inclined to dance and be merry. All my little ones, too, ran out into the sunshine, and gambled playfully among the cordage. It made my heart break to look at them. My wife was about calling them in to put them to bed; then it was that I beckoned her into the cabin, and shut the door. I took both her hands in mine, and looking her sorrowfully and solemnly in the face, said:

"Betsey, my loving wife, can you, for the dear children's sake, banish all a woman's fears and weaknesses, and be firm to act as I shall bid you?"

"It was not so much the words as the tone of my voice which made her shrink back, and, in a manner gasp for breath; but she recovered herself with a great effort.

"John," she replied, "I knew it; I have known all day there was something dreadful on your mind. Let me share it; I have a right to share it; with God's help, I can and will bear it—indeed, indeed, you shall not have to reproach me with weakness."

"It is well," I said; "remember what you have promised, and that the lives of all you love may depend upon your keeping your word." I then told her the dreadful tidings, and how the knowledge had come into my possession. She heard the whole with more fortitude than I had expected; but she turned stone-colour at my words, and from the calmness with which she spoke afterwards, you might have thought her heart had turned into a stone.

"What are we to do, John? I will obey you in all things. Is there any hope of life? My children—my children!"

"Remember!" I said, "not a word of grief or complaint, lest you destroy what little hope there is. Trust in Providence, and do what I tell you." I then gave her directions—first, to put the children to bed without undressing them; then, with the help of her niece, to pack up some small parcels of preserved meats and sweet biscuits, and to have outer clothing ready for the children at a moment's notice. I gave her as much to do as I could think of, to keep her mind from running on the horrors of our situation, which, as the crisis drew near, were hardly supportable to myself.

I then went on deck, sent the girl in with the children, and walked up and down with my eyes wide open. I observed that the long-boat, which, the day before, had contained all sorts of rubbish, had been cleared out, and that some barrels and boxes had been stowed under the thwarts, while two pair of new oars had been brought up from below. The two smaller boats remained swinging in their places, one over the side, the other at the stern.

It must have been about an hour after sunset when the captain began complaining of the filthy state of

the decks, and declaring that he would have them swilled at once, ordered all the passengers to their berths. There was some demur among the rough Irish fellows at this mandate, but he quieted them by the promise of a kettle of rum-punch, which he ordered the cook to prepare and serve out to them. They were now all obedience; were soon in possession of the grog, and we heard them singing lustily in chorus while it lasted. Meanwhile, the pumps worked harder than ever, and some show of swilling the decks was made; but I sat like a cat on the watch, with my gun loaded in my hand, a knife in my girdle, and ready to act at the decisive moment. It was a moon-light night, and I could see plainly all that took place around the long-boat. From time to time, things were brought and put into it; among the rest, the ship's compass and chronometers.

'Before midnight, the noise in the steerage had died away, and the whole of the emigrants were probably buried in sleep. The mate came on tiptoe down to our cabin-door, and listened to ascertain if any of us were awake. The breathing of the children deceived him, and he returned to the deck, where he immediately signalled the lowering of the boats. The whole crew were but too ready to assist at this service; three of them sprang into the boat at the side, which touched the water the next minute; and then the long-boat was hauled towards the slings, and was in the act of being suspended, when I felt the moment was come, and, rushing out, presented myself to the astonished crew.

'They paused in their work, and glancing silently at one another, began to gather round me.

"What is the matter, Singer?" said the captain. "You seem alarmed; has anything disturbed you?"

"I had taken my station against the bulwarks, under the slings, before I replied.

"I am not a man to be alarmed without reason," I said. "You know whether I speak truth when I tell you there is reason enough now."

"You are dreaming," he returned; "but I have no time to parley with you; be so good as to return to your cabin."

"That's of no use, captain," I replied; "pray, understand at once that I know everything. I don't intend to go to the bottom with my wife and children, so long as a chance remains. You don't lower that boat unless you take my family on board." As I spoke, I tapped twice on the side-rail, and Betsy came out on deck with the girl and seven children, as I had bidden her. "Refuse my demand," I went on, "and we raise the passengers, and let them know the truth. Who will escape then, you can tell better than I."

'Again the men looked at each other, and though several of them made as if they would speak, each checked himself, and for a minute not a word was uttered. At last an old seaman stepped forward. "It's no use talkin' and disputin' now," he said. "Mr Singer's right; and it can't be expected for him to do no otherwise. We must have the family with us, and leave the provisions behind, and trust to being picked up; that's what it is, cap'n, accordin' to my pinion."

"There is nothing else to be done," was the captain's answer. "Be quick, boys; put in the children, and lower away."

'Two or three barrels, as many bags, and a large hamper, were hastily removed from the boat. My wife and children were put into it as it hung over the side; two seamen followed, and it was lowered into the water, the sea being fortunately calm. The boat at the stern was not lowered at all; it was in fact but a mere cockle-shell, and would have been of little use. The captain distributed the remainder of the crew between the two boats, so that the long-boat carried fifteen in all, and the other seven. Myself and the captain were the last who left the vessel. Notwith-

standing the terrible anxiety of the moment, I could not help pitying that miserable man, as he lingered and lingered on board, and seemed to be inventing one excuse after another for delaying the final abandonment of his ship. The mate in the long-boat called to him several times, but he seemed as though he did not hear, and continued pottering about among the rejected articles with which the deck was strewn, as if in search of something, though he knew not what. More than once he sat down on a coil of rope, and buried his face in his hands, until I began to doubt whether he would quit the vessel at all, and had not made up his mind to remain and share the miserable fate of the castaways. But he, like myself, had a wife and children dependent upon him; the thought of them no doubt tugged at his heart-strings, and urged him to self-preservation. The last thing he did was to go and withdraw the bolt which fastened down the grating over the steerage; and then, signing to me to slip down the side, he said in a whisper: "They are awake; I heard them talking. The Lord have mercy upon them! They will never see the day."

'We were no sooner in the boat than the men pushed off and moved rapidly away, as if determined to get out of sight and hearing of the miserable beings left all unconscious of the fate that was fast approaching them. We made but little way, however, because our boat was too heavily loaded. The captain gave orders to have certain things thrown overboard, and some indispensable provisions transferred to the other boat, which was less crowded. These things delayed us for some time within a stone's throw of the *Camden*, from which I could not withdraw my eyes for a moment. The moon shone so brightly that every rope of the doomed vessel was visible, and all the familiar objects on the deck which had been our home. Nearly all the sails were set, and shewed ghostly-white beneath the moon; but the vessel being without guidance, they flapped idly this way and that, like the wings of a wounded bird. Slowly the head of the vessel turned round, and, as she drifted before the wind, advanced towards the boats. Just then I saw a figure in a white night-dress running frantically about the deck—now peering over the side, now, with hands clasped above its head, gazing up at the sky, but uttering not a word. Then it disappeared, and within a minute, from the hollow hull of the vessel came a tumult of voices—of savage execrations mingled with despairing cries and shrieks, as the forlorn and wretched creatures swarmed out upon the deck. They crowded to the little boat at the stern, fought savagely for the possession of it, and swamped it in the vain attempt to get it afloat—the most forward and furious of them perishing before the eyes of the rest. And now that all were aware of the death that awaited them, the cries and the curses, and the long dismal howls and shrieks all mingling together, were most heart-rending and horrible to hear, and will ring in my ears to my dying day. They soon caught sight of our boats, as the men, panic-stricken by the awful sounds, paused upon their oars, and gazed as if fascinated by the fearful tragedy. As the sinking ship lurched heavily nearer and nearer, we merely pulled a few strokes sufficient to maintain a safe distance, and then paused and gazed again. The poor doomed wretches, stretching their clasped hands towards us, prayed piteously for the help we could not afford them; and anon goaded to madness by our silence, for we answered them not a word, called down curses from Heaven upon our heads. It was a dreadful and sickening thing to be obliged to fly from the distress which we would all have willingly risked our lives to alleviate. But, alas! there was no help for it; and all we could do was to add in silence our bitter lamentations to their

own. For more than two hours we sat the agonising spectators of this horrible tragedy. It must have been nearly three hours past midnight when the *Camden* went down, and the last drowning cry of the wretched passengers rang in our ears. I prayed to Heaven earnestly that night that no human eye might ever again behold such a spectacle; and I hope the Great Ruler of the universe will hear my prayer.

'The dead, cold silence that followed struck more terror to my heart than all the agonising cries that had gone before. Then I heard the strong men sobbing like women; but at these sounds, the captain, who had hid his face from the dreadful spectacle of the wreck, roused himself, and in a calm severe voice ordered the men to pull away, himself taking charge of the rudder. I had been in a sort of maze all this time, incapable of doing anything but stare fixedly on the poor sinking ship; but when the boat began to move, I was recalled to my proper senses, and then the thought of my family, and the peril we were in, almost bewildered me again. I turned to my poor wife; she was in a dead swoon, and as I afterwards found, had fainted the moment I had joined her in the boat, and had beheld nothing of the fearful sight which had unnerved us all. She lay in the arms of her niece, who was almost as helpless as herself. The two eldest girls were moaning with apprehension and terror; but I was glad to see that the younger children were fast asleep, and that the girl had covered them up close in the bottom of the boat. We were all huddled together with the captain at the stern, and as the sea was quite calm, were fortunately warm and dry. I put a little brandy to Betsy's lips, and chafed her hands and feet, and it was not long before she revived and looked round. The captain was very kind to us, and so were the men, and bore me no malice for the part I had taken; on the contrary, they endeavoured to encourage us by saying that we should be sure to be picked up, at the furthest, in a day or two, and that, unless we had rough weather, all would be well.

'The day was now beginning to dawn, and there was soon light enough to reveal the horizon on the eastern side. Two sails were visible, they said, though I could not see them; but they were too far off to catch sight of any signals we could make, and none were attempted. All that day we rowed on in an easterly course, looking anxiously for some relieving vessel. Whether the captain felt the confidence he expressed with regard to our being picked up, I do not know; but in the afternoon he caused an account to be taken of whatever provisions were on board the boats; had them fairly distributed according to the numbers in each; and put us all upon an allowance, which, he said, would last for five days, with water for three days more. The sweet biscuits and the spirits in my possession were added to the general stock—the latter to be used only for cases of sickness or exhaustion. I had little inclination for food myself; but it distressed me to hear the complaints of the children at the scanty meal allotted them that day, and it went to my heart to be obliged to quiet them by reproof; what grieved me still more was that my wife would not touch her allowance, but shared it with the youngest children.

'Towards evening, a sail appeared to the northward, at the distance of five or six miles. We hoisted a shawl on an oar for a signal, and turned our boats towards her, and at one time had good hopes that she had seen us, as she altered her course as if to meet us; but she veered off on another tack shortly after, and disappeared in the distance and dusk of the evening. This disappointment came like a fresh calamity, and cast a dismal gloom on us all; but now a worse thing alarmed us—the weather became overcast, and though there was not much wind, the billows rose and fell in long black walls of water, now

heaving us aloft on their tops, now plunging us down in the gloomy furrows. The boat lay very deep in the water. The captain signalled the other boat to know if they could relieve us of a part of our weight; but all they could do was to take one of the water-casks, which they hauled on board with a rope. We threw over a few of the articles which could best be spared, and thus lightened the boat a little. Meanwhile, the weather grew worse—the billows began to break in foam, and the spray dashed over us in showers. With the aid of hammer, a saw, and a piece of sail-cloth, we managed to rig up at the stern a rude bulwark against the breakers, which would else have swamped us. It now began to rain, and that in a way that promised a continuance of wet for some hours at least. In a few minutes we were all drenched to the skin—and all more than ever impressed with the extremity of our misery and peril. My wife scarcely spoke a word, unless it was to quiet and comfort the children, who now cried bitterly, and would not be consoled. The men no longer talked hopefully; but I could see them straining their eyes through the darkness, as it descended rapidly upon us, in search of some passing vessel.

'I think we all tasted the bitterness of death many times that night. Had the swell of the sea, as we expected, increased and brought the wind in its track, nothing could have saved us from sinking. It pleased God, however, to compassionate our distress, and limit the fury of the waves; and the rain ceasing an hour after midnight, the moon struggled fitfully from the clouds, and shewed us, O happy sight! a large vessel bearing full down upon us not half a mile in our rear. The men of both boats saw it together, and raised a shout with combined voices. Apparently this was not heard, and the captain called to me to fire my gun, which I had mechanically brought with me, and which he had prevented me from throwing overboard when I offered to do so. I did as he desired, and a minute after, we had the inexpressible rapture of seeing a flash on board the ship, and hearing the responding report of their gun. I cannot tell you the feelings which now rushed into my breast—the gladness and the gratitude of such a time they only know who, having been long in the very jaws of death, are suddenly snatched from its horrors to peace and safety.

'The good ship which had saved us was *La Pucelle*, a French vessel, bound for Cherbourg from New York. Except the captain, none on board could speak much of the English tongue; but they understood our wants, and supplied them with a kindness and hospitality not to be surpassed, and seemed pleased beyond measure of their good-fortune in finding us. We continued with them five days, at the end of which time they spoke an English brig bound for Cardiff, to which, with many hearty good-wishes and farewells, they transferred us. We arrived safely, in three days more, in the Bristol Channel, and I was allowed to land at Swansea, where a relative of my wife's received us hospitably after the fearful perils we had escaped.'

Such was Singer's account of his first sea-voyage, narrated to us eleven years after its occurrence. One would have thought that such an initiation in the fearful contingencies of sea-life would have sickened him of voyaging, and made him content to try his fortune once more in his native land. His friends took this for granted, and when, within a few weeks of his return, he began making inquiries for another ship, accused him of tempting Providence to his destruction. John looked on the matter in a different light—felt convinced, in fact, that he was not destined to a watery grave—and made up his mind to follow his original intention. But he took better precautions this time in the choice of a vessel—embarked his family in a first-class merchantman, and, after a

speedy and prosperous passage of five weeks, arrived in safety at New York, whence he set out at once for the land of promise in the far west.

As a settler, Singer did well. He bought land on the boundary-lines of civilisation, and shrewdly squatted a considerable tract in addition. He had the address to conciliate a wandering tribe of Indians by his generosity in their time of need, and thus converted the usual enemies of the settler into friends and defenders. As his family grew up, they proved valuable and productive capital, and paved his way to competence and independence. His success drew many of his old friends after him, and he renewed, in the forests of America, the associations and friendships of his youth in Wiltshire. In ten years, John had grown a man of substance and authority, looked up to and respected by the population of a whole district. At that time, his wife's father died, leaving a considerable property to be divided equally among his children. Then it was that John Singer came over to assist in the settlement of the business, and to receive his own legacy; and then, too, it was that we heard the lamentable story of the loss of the *Camden* from his own lips. This was twenty-seven years ago, and we have not heard of the sturdy settler since. If he be yet alive, he is no doubt honoured as a patriarch, for the snows of nearly fourscore winters have by this time settled on his head.

A PEEP INTO THE ENCUMBERED ESTATES COURT.

It is not often that a mere legislative measure has of itself a deep effect upon the social condition of a country. Social miseries generally have their foundation sunk far below the reach of acts of parliament, and nothing but the lapse of time and the persevering efforts of bodies of earnest individuals can ordinarily alleviate them. Now and then, however, we find in the history of all countries laws enacted which for their fruit have positive social improvement; and more often still we have laws passed in peculiar circumstances, co-operating with those circumstances, aiding them, and giving them a development to which of themselves they would not have attained. Something of this kind we now see taking place in Ireland. It is undeniable that signs of improvement are there visible in all directions. The English or Scotch traveller who, taking his excursion-ticket, runs over from Holyhead to Dublin, and then spends his fortnight or three weeks in Kerry or Connemara, can, hasty as his visit must be, contrast the aspect presented by the country now with that which saddened him when seven or eight years ago he passed over the same ground. Even without travelling, the Englishman of the agricultural districts, who, as far back as he can remember, has been accustomed to the annual invasion of whole clans of Celtic reapers, wonders now to see how, year after year, the faces of the men are less famine-stricken, and their clothes perceptibly neater, and less resembling mere bundles of rags, than of old. The same change, again, is, in another way, evidenced by the assizes. In counties where formerly the convictions for crimes of every degree, from murder down to sheep-stealing, were counted by four or five scores, the judge of the crown-court now finds a calendar which he can often dispose of in a single day. Many causes have contributed to bring about these important results. In the first place, famine and emigration have lessened the number of the people, and there is now room in a land that was formerly overcrowded, for those who remain. Then, again, railways are gradually intersecting the country, facilitating intercourse with England, and giving new activity to trade. Last, and not least, the working of

the Encumbered Estates Commission is rapidly telling. The old race of proprietors are disappearing, and a new and widely different class of men are taking their places. So long as the old lords of the soil remained, there could be but small hope for the progress of Ireland. Insolvent in means, too often with little care for any but the coarsest pleasures, often also bitterly hostile both in religious and political feelings to the mass of the people among whom he lived, the old Irish landlord was frequently a positive obstruction to the execution of all schemes for the good of his country. His fathers had won their broad acres with the sword, and he had himself still too much of the spirit of the conqueror in him ever to learn to look upon the peasantry otherwise than as a race of men far inferior to that from which he sprang. Between a class composed of such men and the mass of the population there could not be that sympathy and good-feeling which are essential to the prosperity of a country. The Irish landlords as a body were powerless for good: their continued existence as landlords was, for many reasons, an evil, and the remedy for that evil was found in the act of parliament which established the Encumbered Estates Commission.

A stranger would be much struck by the appearance of the court in which a revolution, which has already deprived a very large proportion of Irish proprietors of their estates, is being effected. Never did justice sit in a temple of such rigid simplicity. Passing through one of the houses in Henrietta Street—a small and quiet, but handsome street in the extreme north of the city of Dublin—the visitor proceeds down a long corridor into what was once neither more nor less than a coach-house. This has been metamorphosed into a large, chilly-looking room, without a ceiling between the roof and the floor, furnished with some rows of seats for the public, a small table covered with a green cloth for the bar and the attorneys, and an elevated bench unadorned even with the royal arms, for the commissioners. Such is the Encumbered Estates Court. Everything about it has the same naked unpretending air. The visitor will observe little of that tranquillity and silence which usually reign in courts of law. People walk about in it with very little apparent concern as to disturbing the solemnity of the place; and no crier is ever heard commanding silence. The costume which in other courts is *de rigueur* is not always to be seen here; and on the days when the court sits to hear applications involving legal questions, although the commissioners themselves wear the dress of Queen's counsel, the stranger will hear very good law coming from a gentleman whose head is unencumbered with a wig, and whose back is uncovered with a gown. The court is evidently one meant for the transaction of business, and occupied with that alone. Accordingly, there is no more form in its mode of proceeding than is just necessary for that purpose.

But it is not upon such days when the business done is very like that which may be seen in any court of equity, that a stranger should visit the Encumbered Estates Court. It is upon a sale-day that the action of the court may best be observed. We will suppose that some extensive estate is to be set up for sale in lots of various sizes. The visitor will find the court on such occasions thronged with buyers, and with idlers too, who are anxious to see how the property will go, and whose eagerness in the business is as great and as visible as that of any buyer; for the sale of a large estate is a matter of no small public interest. There is, in all probability, little trace of the law to be seen. Barristers there are none. On a day like this, their occupation is gone. Attorneys indeed are present in abundance, but their whole duty is to bid for those who either are absent elsewhere on other business, or whose

timidity will not allow them, although present, to bid for themselves. But the greatest part of those who fill the seats given up to the public are manifestly mercantile men, who consider the purchase of a small landed property a safe investment for some of their superfluous capital; and proprietors who wish to increase what they possess already by some long-coveted little plot of ground, and eagerly snap at the present opportunity of acquiring the *angulus ille qui nunc denormat agellum*. Looking about him, the visitor will also here and there perceive the undeniable frieze-coat of the Irish farmer. He, too, is here, hoping to be able to make his own of the acres which he leases at present, and so solve the tenant-right question for himself, and set himself above all fears of arrears of rent and uncompensated improvements. There are some town-lots upon the estate which is about to be sold, and so we likewise see some country shopkeepers who have their money to invest, and think that they may as well become persons of consequence in the town where they carry on their trade by becoming landlords in it. If we add to these the idlers above mentioned, of whom our visitor makes one, we have pretty nearly the public of the Encumbered Estates Court upon a sale-day. All are busy with the printed rentals which contain the description of the different lots into which the estate is divided; some making calculations to see how far they may bid; others, who have no intention of purchasing, loudly discussing the amounts which the lots ought to fetch, and enumerating the various circumstances which may tend to make the real value of a lot very different from what on paper it seems to be. One idler tells another how an agent was shot here a year ago; how a process-server was beaten almost to death there; and how the population of Ballyblank generally have from time immemorial been a very rough set to deal with; but all this conversation is speedily hushed when the commissioner who is to preside at the sale comes out and takes his seat on the bench. Then the business of the day commences. Lot No. 1 is proceeded with. Its description, and all particulars concerning it, the head-rent to which it is subject, the poor-rate, and other similar matters, are read out by Mr Locke, the auction-clerk, who has his seat just beneath the commissioner. When this has been done, the first bid is made—something, of course, very much under the value of the lot. This is followed up immediately by an advance on the part of some one else, who offers fifty pounds more than the first bidder. Bidder number three offers a still higher price; and so the bidding goes on rapidly for a while, the advances being made in round numbers, till at last some slackness is perceptible. Of the five or six bidders who came forward at first, all but two have dropped off. It is between these two, evidently, that the struggle will be; but even they advance more warily than they have hitherto done. The idlers, who have been watching the proceedings, consult their rentals, and whisper to each other that this lot would have fetched a fair price, even if the bidding were to stop here; but both bidders are manifestly anxious for the possession of the lot, and the bidding goes on, but only by advances of ten pounds at a time. At last, the offer made by one of the competitors is followed by no advance on the part of the other. There is some hesitation. More than the fair value of the lot has been already offered, and the bidder, who is now hanging back, has evidently gone beyond what he originally intended. The blood of the other is up, and he does not like to let the lot go. He whispers to the solicitor who has been bidding for him, and for a few moments both are busy making calculations on the back of a rental. The upshot of their consultation is, that just as Mr Commissioner Hargreave is preparing to declare the last bidder the

purchaser, the solicitor makes a bold offer for his principal—an advance of fifty pounds is made. The bidder of this is evidently determined to have the property, and his bold advance appears completely to silence his competitor. There is another silence, and then Mr Hargreave begins to pronounce his formula: 'The sum of L.— having been offered for lot No. 1, and no further advance being made, I declare the bidder of the sum of L.— the purchaser.' As he draws near the close of these words, he pronounces every syllable more and more slowly. 'Any advance on L.—?' cries Mr Locke, just before the commissioner concludes; but no advance is offered, and Mr Hargreave is allowed to declare the last bidder the purchaser. This gentleman is then called down to give his name and residence, and thus, so far as the present day's proceedings are concerned, the sale is over.

Such is a sale in the Encumbered Estates Court. A few more scenes such as that which we have described, and a property, princely in extent at least, will have changed hands, and have passed from the possession of one embarrassed owner to that of several, endowed, we will hope, with capital and energy. Unfortunately, it is not always the case that the new owners are thus endowed; and the single instance of the frauds perpetrated by the unfortunate John Sadlier is a proof that the Encumbered Estates Court does not always present a hopeful aspect. Nevertheless, frauds such as those but seldom occur; and the seven thousand conveyances which, according to the latest returns, the commissioners have signed since their appointment, conveying as many indefeasible titles, and disposing of property to the value of close upon twenty-one millions of pounds,* have, upon the whole, done far more for the improvement and progress of Ireland than the few cases of dishonesty which have been detected can counterbalance.

A DANISH NOVELIST.

THE name of Bernhard Severin Ingemann is well known in his native country, Denmark, as that of a popular novelist; but, with the exception of one or two of his historical romances, which have been translated into English, his works are almost unknown amongst us. One of his tales, *Kennet og Naja, eller Grønlanderne*, presents a graphic picture of life and manners in the wild northern regions of Greenland, as they existed during the time of the devoted Danish missionaries, Hans and Paul Egede. The tale opens with the description of a hut on the shore of Illo Bay, the time being the end of November 1774.

Its inhabitants consisted of a widowed mother, her three daughters, and a son. The latter came late, wearied, but rejoicing, to announce the capture of a narwhal; and his sisters set off immediately for the beach to assist their female neighbours in cutting up the flesh and extracting the blubber, that business being always assigned to the women.

Left alone with his mother, Kennak, having supped on dried fish, lay down to rest on the wooden settle.

A change passed over his mother's face. With a melancholy glance she pointed to the couch under the settle where she was wont to sleep, and on which she had fallen, through the dim window-pane, a faint beam from the northern lights.

'On that spot played a north-light beam twenty years ago,' she said. 'We had sung the farewell song to the sun, and reconciled ourselves to the dark season. Thy father sat there by the lamp, and carved the handle of that harpoon. This portion of food lay at

* The total produce of all the estates sold up to the month of July in the present year amounted to L. 20,722,000, &c. &c.

his knee, but came not nigh his mouth.' And taking out a carefully wrapped-up piece of dried fish, she broke forth into wailings, and sang a heart-rending dirge over her husband's death. It began with the mournful cry, 'Rah-ah!' and each stanza ended with the refrain, 'He is no longer here.' As she sang, she bent her head towards the ground. Her son rose from his couch, and likewise bowing his head, joined in his mother's song of wailing. When it was ended, they both stood for some moments silent and motionless. At length the mother looked up, and her mournful eyes met those of her son.

'Kunnuk understands the language of thine eye, my mother,' said the youth. 'In the light of that lamp, the fierce Kemek murdered my father; and my father's soul wanders restlessly amongst the northern lights, or lies sunk beneath the waves. For twenty winters hast thou sung every night thy song of wailing, while my sisters sang *Aja** in their light dreams. That which my tongue promised, shall my hand perform. If Kemek sees the sun again, it shall not go down before it has shone on his cairn. I will seek out his hearth-lamp, however far off it may burn, and extinguish it with the light of his life, so surely as I am my father's son.'

His mother was silent, and wiped away her tears. When her daughters returned, they found her quietly seated by the lamp, washing the narwhal's blood off her son's harpoon.

In the conversation that ensued amongst the girls, allusion was made to their favourite companion, Naja or the 'Sea-mew,' 'who,' said one, 'is so beautiful, and flies like a real bird in her feather-cloak. Brother Kunnuk's eyes always brighten when he sees the Sea-mew, ever since that sun-bright summer-night when she danced and sang with us on the hill.'

Amongst the young girls of the fiord, Naja was indeed the prettiest. While she sang, Kunnuk used to seek the glance of her dark beaming eyes; but when he ventured to approach her, she skipped lightly past him, and her brown cheeks grew red. Whenever Kunnuk's still, pale mother looked towards him, he turned away from the dancing maidens. She sometimes patted Naja's cheek kindly, when she saw her with her daughters; but the blood forsook her own when she remembered the race from which the girl sprang. Naja was the niece of that wild, gloomy Kemek who had slain her beloved husband in a quarrel about some drift-wood, and made her children fatherless before her laughter could comprehend their loss, or her son avenge it. Dreading, however, the vengeance of other relatives, Kemek had left that part of the country the same year that Naja was born, and she had never seen him. Her parents both died during her infancy; but she had been reared and protected by Kunnuk's relative, Pungioik, 'the Beloved,' and the pretty child was cherished by his whole family. Yet the enduring sorrow of Kunnuk's silent mother lay heavy on the young girl's heart. From the day when she first learned the bloody event, and knew how nearly she was related to Kunnuk's deadly enemy, she avoided its company as much as possible.

The season of spring is unknown to the Greenlanders. When it is spring in Denmark, their dusky hambers are still heated by the winter hearth-lamp, while the snow lies thickly on the turf-thatched roofs, and dims the frozen panes of the small windows.

In such a dark room sat Naja that same evening with two young children on her lap. They clasped their arms round her neck, as if she were their mother, while she patted their cheeks fondly, and called them 'little sisters.' At other times she used to sing for them, and tell them stories; but this evening her heart was filled with grief, and her eyes with tears; for her

foster-father lay dying on his wooden bed, and his wife was wringing her hands and lamenting over him.

'Ah, now he is talking of his death-hillock again,' sobbed the poor wife, 'and of the kajak he will have on the quiet seas. Speak to him, dear Naja; thy voice will soothe him, for he loves thee as a mother loves her sucking-child.'

'And were not he and you as a father and a mother to me? But for you, I had perished;' and Naja disengaged herself from the children's arms. 'Dearest father,' she said, kneeling down beside the sick man's couch, 'fear not for thy death-barrow; neither fox nor dog shall root there. Be not sorrowful for thy journey to the depths of the earth. There is peace and stillness, and thou hast always been good and kind to us all.'

The sick man stared at her, but made no answer.

'Knowest thou me not? See, I am Naja. Sea-mew was my name when I was little, because thou didst find me wrapped in a cloak of feathers. Thou didst give me another name, which old Eliik says has a blessing with it. Thou calledst me "Arnarsak's eye," little* father, when thou hadst looked on my eyes.'

A smile passed over the sick man's face, as if that name brought back some pleasant remembrance.

'Thou knewest the pious Arnarsak in thy youth,' continued Naja; 'she who journeyed to the land where the drift-trees grow, and from whence Pelles† came; she who would fain have taught us what Pavia‡ said, but whom the fierce Angekkoks tried to kill. Mine eyes were like hers, thou saidst, and therefore thou calledst me Arnarsak's eye.'

'Go on, dear little one, he knows thee well,' said his wife. 'But tell him no more of that woman who spoke to our souls against the Great Spirit.'

'I will tell thee a story, little* father,' said Naja, 'that will gladden thee to think on when thou goest forth on thy way.'

The sick man ceased to moan; his face assumed a calm and pleased expression as Naja spoke: 'The Great Spirit was wroth with the race of Kemek, because Kemek slew his enemy by the hearth-lamp. Kemek fled towards the south, and his brother fled towards the north, to the wild birds on the mountain. His young wife carried a child on her back, and they were passing under a cliff where great stones hung loose, and where no one must speak or move the dwellers in the air with singing. The child was hungry, and cried—he who stood at a distance heard it—the mother put it to her breast and it grew quiet. So they went softly onwards along the dangerous path; but night came, and they were nearly overcome with cold and hunger. They saw a reindeer hunter at a distance, when the moon rose, and they were glad, and cried "*Aja*;" but the snow-mountain came down with that one word, and the great stones fell on the father and mother. He tried to lay hold of his wife and child, but he sank crushed beneath a rock. Then the mother clasped her child closely to her breast, and bowed her head over it, and died. The reindeer hunter came up and saw the mournful sight. The little child was crying on its dead mother's breast, and he took it out of her stiffening arms. He kissed it until it was warm, and sheltered it under his fur-cloak, and bore it away from the dead. But the night became quite dark, and the way was long; and when morning dawned, he could find no path across the mountains. And evening came again, and no hearth-lamp was to be seen. The child awoke, and cried: it was perishing of hunger and thirst. Then the hunter took his knife, and cut a gash in his own breast, and

* Little—*lille* in Danish—has a tender, endearing signification, without any reference to size or age.

caused the child to suck life from his blood. He carried it to his wife, and laid it on her bosom, by the side of their son, their first-born. See, father! *I* was the little child wrapped in the feather-cloak; *I* was the young Sea-mew thou didst carry home in thine arms. It was Naja whom thou laidst on thy young wife's bosom, and to whom thou didst not grudge even thy blood.*

Pungtok looked fondly on his adopted daughter, and patted her cheeks, which were wet with tears, while she bent her face over his hands and kissed them. He also beckoned tenderly to his wife and children: they came to him, and he laid his hands upon their faces, and stroked their hair. Then he closed his eyes, and fell into a calm slumber.

'Thanks, thanks, dear little one!' whispered his wife to Naja. 'Thou hast lulled his soul to rest like a child in its cradle; and his Tornak* will comfort him in dreams, until Malina† shines again over the mountains.'

But ere the sun, next day, sent his first beam over the snowy hills, the message of sorrow sped from hut to hut along the fiord: 'There is mourning around Pungtok's hearth-lamp. Pungtok the Beloved lies bowed upon the wooden couch—his wife tears her hair—the Sea-mew wails amid the little children whom she calls her sisters.'

The first day of June was come. The fiord was now completely navigable, and a great general summer-feast was held. The Greenlanders began now to remove from their small winter-dwellings, and to raise summer-tents upon the hills. The snow-plains had assumed a beautiful green colour; many streams flowed down from the mountains; and a profusion of the graceful Alpine flowers, in which even this harsh northern climate is rich, burst into bloom.

In the crevices of the rocks grew the American saxifrage, with its white red-stemmed flowers and pretty rose-coloured leaves. The small yellow ranunculus was abundant, and the red and white ice-ranunculus, which in July and August adorns the highest hills with its large pendent glebe blossoms. On the sides and lower ridges of the mountains grew the Alpine heaths with their rosy bells; and along the many rills might be seen the yellowish-green angelica with its umbelliferous flowers. The appearance of the fiord with its great floating icebergs was now magnificent beyond description; and the sight of the first flapping tent-skin upon the mountain, and the green plains where posts were erected, roofed with soda, and covered at the sides with skins, had a gladdening influence upon all.

By the fiord were assembled a number of seal-catchers. Each kajak-rower brought with him his little portable craft, which he carried under his arm, while he swung his harpoon in his hand, and sang merrily. The furry seal-skin winter garment, or 'timiak,' was exchanged for the light hairless sea skin-jerkin, and summer gladness beamed on every face. Some large boats, such as are usually rowed by women, lay next the shore, laden with skins and other articles of traffic: they belonged to Kunnuk's relatives from the north, and were navigated by women and a few old men, while the adventurous young fishers prepared to accompany Kunnuk across the fiord in their kajaks. On a grassy plain beneath a naked cliff were assembled a crowd of young girls, who celebrated the first summer day's festival with singing and dancing. Now resounded the joyous summer-song, 'To the Kajak!' sung by both men and women, with the 'Aja' chorus, and the additional refrain of 'Auna!' (the north).

We subjoin an almost literal translation:

* A sort of guardian angel.

† The sun.

TO THE KAJAK!

To the Kajak! It is summer—
Stands the tent by fiord and rath;
Waves are rushing—seals are swimming,
Whales are spouting in thy path.
Dance the iceberg castles—Aja!
See, their summits topple now.
Auna! Aja!—Aja! Aja!
Ahahou!

To the Kajak! it is summer!
Now the sun shines day and night.
Soon the ship across the waters
Comes with cargo rare and bright.
Rich and free as ocean—Aja!
'Bird in the world's egg' art thou.
Auna! Aja!—Aja! Aja!
Ahahou!

To the Kajak! to the Kajak!
Draw forth swift the keen harpoon!
Cast away the winter Timiak,
Don the sea skin-jerkin soon!
Swim and dive, rejoicing—Aja!
Walrus-slayer, rouse thee now!
Auna! Aja!—Aja! Aja!
Ahahou!

To the Kajak! Waves are flowing,
Breezes o'er the bay are heard.
Fly and swim, thou hardy sailor!
Thou art both a fish and bird.
Swim as swims the narwhal—Aja!
As the eagle flies, fly thou!
Auna! Aja!—Aja! Aja!
Ahahou!

Then follows, in Ingemann's tale, a very interesting account of the Christian mission at Disco Bay, first established by the Egedes, and now watched over by their descendant, Pastor Saabye and his young wife. Before starting on the expedition to avenge his father, Kunnuk is arrested by the teaching of Saabye, and comes one day to his house.

'Priest, wilt thou baptise me?' said Kunnuk. 'Now, I know God—I know He loves me, and will make me happy. I and my kinsfolk will become believers. Wilt thou baptise me, priest?'

'Thou knowest God,' repeated the minister, with a deep, searching glance; 'but wilt thou also obey Him?'

'I love Him—I will be obedient,' was the reply.

'If thou wilt obey Him, thou must not kill any man,' said the missionary with emphasis, and a look that pierced him through. 'Thou hast heard that He has said, *Thou shalt do no murder!*'

Kunnuk started visibly, and was silent. Saabye then entered on a remarkable conversation with the young father-avenger, which he has himself left on record in his journal. He represented to him that the feeling which impelled him to seek a bloody revenge was altogether wrong—that vengeance belongs to God—and that he who would become a Christian, must first forgive, yea, even love his enemies.

The young Greenland's eyes gleamed with fierce wild fire, and his lips quivered. After some further conversation, he went out implacable, and Saabye looked after him with a deep sigh.

The thread of the story then takes up the adventures of Naja. While dwelling with Arnarsak, an old converted Greenland woman, she received a summons to go and attend the dying bed of her unknown kinsman, Kemek. The messenger was an old skeleton-looking Angekkok, named Kinsalik, who came by night to Arnarsak's tent.

Naja's terror was great when she beheld two old eyes staring at her, and suddenly felt herself seized by the hand, and dragged out of the tent.

'Let no sound pass between thy teeth,' whispered the emaciated Angekkok. 'Chase not sleep's Innua (spirit) from any eye, but follow me to the woman-boat. No harm shall happen thee. Harken to my words, Sea-mew! and thy feet will fly as if they had wings.'

Naja looked on him with silent amazement. 'Kemek sucked the breast that gave milk to Naja's father,' he continued in a milder voice; 'Kemek's two young wives have run away from his angry eyes to the mountains. His old wife lies dead beneath the stone-cairn. Kemek himself lies sick upon his winter-settle; his soul is on its way down to the stilly seas, or upwards to the blazing northern lights. His kinsfolk are chasing the reindeer over the hills, through the long, bright summer-days. No woman holds his head. Who is there to sit by his hearth-lamp until his soul shall have gone forth? Who will bend his knees when we bear him to the barrow? Who will sing the song of sorrow by his extinguished lamp, if *she* refuses to come whom he calls for with his parched tongue—the whose father sucked the same breast as the dying Kemek?'

'My foot follows thee willingly to my sick kinsman's lamp,' and Naja descended the mountain towards the fiord, accompanied by Kinsalik.

Close to the shore lay a large woman-boat, rowed by two old men, and steered by the skeleton Angekkok. Naja sat in the boat, and looked sorrowfully upwards towards Arnarsak's tent, while the night-sun stood in the north-east, and shone on them as they silently glided out of the fiord.

We will extract another scene, laid in the house of the pastor Saabye.

One evening, while reading the Scriptures aloud to the old Angekkok, Elik Saabye was startled by the sound of a deep sigh. Turning round, he saw Kunnuk standing with his gun in his hand, and an expression of some strong mental conflict in his dark, changeful glance. He seemed, in his agitation, uncertain whether to remain or depart, and he muttered in a low tone of suppressed emotion:

'Away from the hearth-lamp of the Christian priest!—away from the stranger's witchcraft! He overthrows the soul with a word—he changes the mind and the thoughts with his eyes. What I will—that I will not.'

'Where hast thou been, Kunnuk?' asked the priest; 'and what is it that so disturbs thee?' The reply to this question brings on a conversation, in which the already wavering spirit of the Greenlandier is still more touched, and finally turned by the missionary. Kunnuk leaves his presence, promising to combat the evil one within him, and to come again when he has gained the victory.

From the opposite side of the fiord came that evening a woman-boat to Claushaven. In it were Kunnuk's mother and sisters, come to seek the long absent son and brother, whose presence, as the provider for his family, could no longer be dispensed with.

Great was their joy when they saw him on the shore, busy in drawing up his kajak out of the water, and having at his side a heap of game, the product of his hunting.

Kunnuk flew to meet them with the utmost affection; but he saw the deep, still sorrow in his mother's face, and blushing deeply, cast down his eyes. When he raised them again, he was pale. The eyes of the mother and those of the son met with a questioning and a negative glance. The joy of meeting again was ast.

'There is a great Angekkok here, who teaches new things, mother!' said Kunnuk, in a subdued tone. Old Elik hearkens to his voice; thou wilt also hear him speak: and whatever Kunnuk's mother wills, after the night-sun shall have journeyed three times towards the north, that shall Kunnuk will also.'

We wish that our space would admit of our extracting the account of the wild Kemek's burial. His kinsmen, despite of Naja's agonised remonstrances, bound him, while still living, with leathern thongs, and inhumed him in a stone-cairn. Kunnuk, who journeyed towards Kemek's cave with the full intention of forgiving his enemy, arrived just in time to assist Naja in disinterring him.

The old man lived long enough to receive with wondering gratitude the assurance that his soul might sojourn 'in the stilly lakes,' without fear of the father-avenger.

The tale concludes happily with the marriage of Kunnuk and Naja.

SMALL-CHANGE.

Those who vote 'coppers' a nuisance, and are only too glad to get rid of them by bestowing pence on Lascar crossing-sweepers, Hindoo tractmongers, and acrobatic street-urchins, will scarcely be able to realise the difficulties under which their ancestors laboured for want of small change. It is the fact, nevertheless, that lack of change was a crying grievance of merrie England in the olden time.

The silver coins of the Anglo-Saxons were so divided that they might be broken at pleasure into halvings or fourthings, from which arose the custom of breaking coins for love-tokens. During the middle ages, the silver penny became the chief feature in the English currency. The great purity of these pennies induced the Jews and foreign merchants to export them in large quantities, importing in exchange various coins of baser metals, rejoicing in the un-euphonious names of pollards, staldings, dotkins, crohards, and turneys, which, spite of royal edicts, passed current among the people.

To remedy this undesirable state of affairs, Edward I. issued silver half-pennies and farthings, weighing respectively eleven and five and a half grains. Under his successors, the value of silver increased, and the weight of the coins was diminished until the half-penny was reduced to six, the farthing to three grains. These spangles were lost as fast as they were issued; the people were ever crying out for more, and complaining that, for want of small-change, 'the poor man lost his penny.' The difficulty might have been overcome by using debased silver or good copper, but neither plan was adopted. Under these circumstances, the tradesmen took the matter in their own hands by manufacturing 'tokens,' which led to a petition to Elizabeth, complaining 'that grocers, vintners, chandlers, alehouse-keepers, and others, stamped tokens of lead, tin, and leather, for farthings and half-pence, to the great derogation of the princely honour and dignity, and at great loss to the poor, since they could only be paid at the shops where they were first received.' The Maiden Queen, ever jealous of the princely dignity, consented to the issue of copper pledges, and a proclamation respecting them was drawn up, but, from some unknown reason, was never published, and the project remained in abeyance; while the private mintages increased, until some three thousand retailers in London and its vicinity issued their own tokens in an average amount of L.5 per annum each.

James I. gave or sold to Lord Harrington a patent to coin copper farthings, and prohibited all others. Under his successor, the Duchess of Richmond and

Sir Francis Crane obtained a seventeen years' monopoly, but were not allowed to enjoy it undisturbed: a number of counterfeiters arose, who gave twenty-six shillings in copper for a pound in silver, being five shillings-worth more than the patentees were bound to give. Four of these speculators were convicted, fined a hundred pounds each, pilloried in Cheapside, whipped thence to Bridewell, where they were kept during the royal pleasure. Profit, however, triumphed over punishment; spurious farthings continued to be issued—the patentees, of course, refused to acknowledge them; the public, unable to distinguish between the good and bad, refused to take either. Change, however, was indispensable, and, availing themselves of the troublous times, tradesmen returned to their tokens. This was in 1648—at least, none are extant of prior date—and they continued to circulate them down to 1672, when they were finally prohibited by proclamation, and a regular copper coinage issued.

These humble tokens, 'for necessary change,' have excited the disgust of Evelyn, the anger of Pinkerton, and the scorn of Addison; but are, for all that, not unworthy of collection and examination. They were not coined by shopkeepers alone; Bristol and Oxford set an example, speedily followed by other towns, of issuing borough tokens, inscribed generally with the title of the officer whose duty it was to exchange them for legitimate coin, to which was added, in some cases, a laudatory legend, such as—

To supply the poor's need,
Is charity indeed.

When parliament resolved to put an end to private mintage, the offending towns were heavily mulcted; Yarmouth, for instance, paid ninety pounds to save its charter.

The trade-tokens usually bore on one side the issuer's name, on the other his address and calling; sometimes a sign and date. Few trades were unrepresented, as the following list, taken from extant coins, will shew: Apothecary, artizan-skinner, baker, barber, bailiff, beare-brewer, bellman, bodiamaker, *bayse-maker* (?), bookbinder, bookseller, brewer, bricklayer, broker, capmaker, carrier, chandler, coleman, confectioner, comfitmaker, chirurgion, clockmaker, clothier, cook, cornchandler, cutler, chapman, cheesemonger, chairman, distiller, draper, dyer, fishmonger, *farthing-changer*, glassman, gardener, goldsmith, glover, grocer, gunner, haberdasher, hosier, hatter, innkeeper, ironmonger, joyner, leatherseller, lettercutter, locksmith, linnen-weaver, linnen-draper, lymeman, marshal, maltster, mealman, miller, milliner, merchant, oylman, pewterer, putterer, pinner, postmaster, rugmaker, sadler, salter, silkman, silkweaver, shoemaker, *smoker* (?) starchmaker, stationer, tolleman, tallo-chandler, tobaccoconist, taylor, trunkmaker, trussmaker, vintner, vitler, upholsterer, watchmaker, weaver, wine-cooper, woollman, woollen draper and wood-monger.

Nearly a thousand names of towns or villages are to be found, among which Clapton in Hackney, Earith in Kent, Margret in the Ile of Thanet, and Portchmouth, are recognisable; but where in the United Kingdom shall we find Ageiche, Bacon's Inn, Brill Buxes, Coulekeeste, Dasie Hilloch, Heclft near Luema, Irvingoe, Lipruch, and Ham or Muchbuddow?

Some of these country coins bear a simple promise to pay, as 'I will exchange my 1d.,' or an announcement, 'I pass for a half-penny in Leeds,' 'I am for a public good in Cockermouth;' another combines a request and a prayer, 'Send me to the mercer of Knoss Hall—God grant peace;' one says, 'Paines bring gaires;' another, that 'Plain dealing is best.' W. Wakeling shews his loyalty with 'Vive le Roy in Uttoxeter;' while another shopkeeper profanely exclaims: 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my

profits no harm.' We have a mock humility in 'Poore Ned of Feversham;' unintelligible quaintness in 'Pharoh in Barley,' and a union of the practical and poetical in

Welcome you be
To trade with me;

and

Although but brass,
Yet let me pass.

London tradesmen were, however, the principal manufacturers of these coins of advantage, which answered a threefold purpose: supplying the necessary change, serving as advertisements, and keeping the connection together. Akerman describes 2461 tokens, of which copies are in existence, all issued between 1648 and 1672. Of that number, Holborn claims ninety-four; Bishopsgate, seventy-three; Wapping, fifty-six; Aldersgate Street, thirty-two; and Fleet Street, thirty.

The custom of numbering houses being then unknown, almost every shop bore a sign, in most cases having no affinity with the business. These signs were reproduced on the trade-tokens, dividing the legend into two portions, with a pleasant disregard of the sense, leading to such equivocal readings as: Ben Stones in Gravy—Lane; George Jones in Gray—Friers; John Pullin the Beare—in Bearbinder Lane; the Broad Hen at Battl.—bridge; and Frances Clare in Bed—ford Bery.

Some affect a brevity almost insulting, curtly intimating they may be exchanged at *the* Shop-box in Westminster; the Border Entry in St Martin's le Grand; the Sparrownest in Smithfield; against the Great Conduit in Cheapside; at *the* Colehouse in Barking; at *the* Yarne-shop in East Smithfield: from which we must suppose competition in soap, yarn, and coal was not very brisk in the several localities. Others are more explicit: there could be no difficulty in finding Newell Harwar at the Civet in New Cheapside, Bal and Powder Shop; Robert Cerin, a Cake Hous, in the same street; John Williams the King's Chairman at the lower end of St Martin's Lane at the Balcony; or the anonymous tradesman who thrrove at the 'Maremaid 'twixt Milk Street and Wood Street, Haberdasher, Small Ware in Cheapside;' but 'at the next boat by Paul's Wharf' is a rather puzzling direction, reminding one of the morrow that never comes; St Martin le Grand itself might despair at a letter addressed to 'The and 3 in Leadenhall Street, French Houz.'

Coffee-houses were large consumers of these coins: the sign commonly adopted among them was that of a hand holding a coffee-pot, issuing from a cloud; but we find on one token a cup and saucer and two short pipes. Another popular sign was the Morat's Head, (the vulgar perversion of Amurath), used by Garway or Garraway, who first sold tea in London 'for the cure of all disorders' at sixteen and twenty-five shillings a pound. Four different tokens exist belonging to Garraway's Coffee-house in Change Alley, one of which bears the motto:

Morat the Great men did me call;
Where'er I came, I conquered all;

with an accompanying inscription of 'Coffee, tobacco, sherbet, tea, chocolate in Exchange Alley.' Tokens of the St Paul's and London Coffee-houses are also extant.

The most interesting of these 'coppers' are those of the old taverns so intimately associated with our dramatic literature, and famous for 'the trivial quirks and happy hits of misty men of letters.' Here we have the effigy of Harry the VIII.'s jester, *messy* Will Somers, in long gown, cap, and feather, *lusty*

blowing a trumpet—his own, we presume; and here is the prince of clowns, reminding us of old Hall's lines:

O honour far beyond a brazen shrine,
To sit with Tarleton on an alehouse sign.

Talk of shilling exhibitions—see what one of these despised half-pence and a little imagination can do for us! We can step into 'The Rose Tavern in Coven Garden,' and watch the careless court butterflies of the Restoration drinking and wrangling, jesting and fighting; see Powell the actor toast his mistress in Nantz brandy, ere he frightens actresses and audience with his vigorous love-making; admire the appetite with which hungry Mr Pepys attacks his half breast of mutton off the spit; or listen to the arrangement, over a bottle of claret, of the preliminaries of the fatal duel between my lords Hamilton and Mohun. Another half-penny, bearing the legend, 'Ye D. and Dunstan's within Temple Barre I. S. W.,' that may have purchased for Shakspeare himself a half-penn'orth of bread, admits us, guided by the jolly landlord, Old Sim, the king of skinkers, into the presence of Rare Ben, as he welcomes his sons to the oracle of Apollo; or we can join Swift and Addison, whom Garth has invited to dinner; or unite with Johnson and his friends in celebrating Mrs Lennox's literary *début*, by keeping it up till the waiters are too sleepy to make out the bill, and St Dunstan's clock strikes eight.

'The Star Tavern in Coleman Street' recalls the story of the sea-sick cockney, who, on board a coasting-vessel during a storm, sat helplessly wringing his hands and crying:

'O that I could see two stars,
Or only one of the two!'

till the disgusted captain demanded what he meant by it.

'I mean,' said he, 'where our club did meet,
But never shall meet again,
Either the Star in Coleman Street,
Or the Star in Pudding Lane!'

Among existing taverns to whose antiquity these tokens bear witness is 'The Salutation Tavern at Billingsgate,' of which a doggerel rhymester of the days of Queen Bess sings:

There hath been great sale and utterance of wine,
Besides beere and ale and ipocras fine,
In every country region and nation,
But chiefly in Billingsgate at the Salutation.

The device adopted is that of two men 'booing and scraping;' but the original sign, doubtless, was the same as that of the Holborn Salutation—namely, Gabriel saluting the Virgin Mary, altered to suit Protestant notions of propriety. The Rainbow (Fleet Street) farthing bears the name of the original proprietor, James Farr, who was presented at the parish inquest for making and selling coffee to the great nuisance and prejudice of the neighbourhood. Here is a farthing, too, belonging to the Cock at Temple Bar, that ungallant fowl who, according to the laureate, rivalled Caligula's consul in extravagance, and

Sipped wine from silver praising God,
And raked in golden barley.

Among the miscellaneous trade-tokens, we meet with some more curious than intelligible: we have one issued by 'the Body-maker in Holywell Street;' another by 'Will Neagus in Whit Horse in Drury Lane, Backer;' and a third by 'John Bannister at the Matron's Seller in the Hospital.' One bears the device of a female bust with the words, 'Roxcel-lana—Thos. Lacey his 2 peny;' from which we infer that Lacey was an admirer of the beautiful Mrs Davenport or Roxalana, the unfortunate actress, who,

shamefully duped by the courtier, vainly sued for justice from the king.

Phonetic spelling was in high favour in the seventeenth century, and the advocates of that system may advantageously study the orthography of the minters of the trade-tokens. Queen Hithe becomes Queen Hive; White Friars, Whit Frirs; Pickle Herring Stairs is represented by Pickle Hirne Stars; while St Nicholas Shambles is profanely abbreviated into Nickles Shambles. Some streets rejoice in a variety of forms: Long Acre is Long Aker, Ackor, Akor, Acor, or Akar; Tooley Street, besides its proper title of St Olives, assumes the shape of St Toules, St Tooleys, St Tooles, Toolis, and Toolye; Piccadilly becomes Pickadille, Pickadille, Pickedille, and Pakadilla; while the Minories have fairly exhausted every possible variation, as Minneris, Minoryes, Minoreys, Mineryes, Minereies, Minorys, Miniria, Mineorys, Minores, and finally Mynors! The following, though strange-looking, are intelligible: the Sene of the Harpe at Cheren Cros—Agin the Estinda Hous—Senmary-acts—Senmeryoveraters, which is, of course, St Mary Overy Stairs; but an ingenious perversity was required to transform the Three Horse Shoes and Prince Maurice into 'the 8 Hors Shows' and 'the Grave Moryes.'

BOTANISTS OF MANCHESTER.

SOME writers describe the Working-classes as the great unwashed, men of hard and dirty hands, vulgar manners, and brutal minds; while others make them models of delicacy and high feeling, generosity, truthfulness, humanity, looking down both with pity and contempt on those who have had the misfortune to inherit, or acquire by their industry, the independence of wealth. One does not know what to say to such generalisations, or which to reckon the more absurd; but in a narrative of *facts* exhibiting the tastes and avocations of bodies of men belonging to these mysterious classes, there is always an interest and a charm that fascinate the attention. Of such is an account of the Botanists of Manchester given recently in a local newspaper by Mr L. H. Grindon.* Not that this article determines the question as to the status of the caste. It only demonstrates its capabilities when acted on by certain circumstances; it proves—and not merely in the case of an individual here and there, which has often been done—that there is nothing incompatible in handicraft labour with high intellectual culture, and that the unwashed artificer of the poets and novelists is competent to appreciate and enjoy the most elegant refinements of science.

What was the nature of the circumstances which first turned the attention of the operatives of Lancashire to botany, it would now be difficult to ascertain. We are told that it commenced with the Linnæan system; which is the same thing as saying, that the ignorant were induced to study the plants they before loved and admired, as soon as it was shewn that broad and distinct laws ran through this department of natural history, which rendered it at once fascinating and intelligible to human beings. At any rate, botany was a favourite study with the Lancashire operatives about a hundred years ago. No records, however, exist. The first society we know anything about met at Eccles, where, in 1777, it was attended by 'Old

* *Manchester Weekly Times*.—Supplement—July 10.

Crowther' in his boyhood. It then numbered forty members. By 1790 it held monthly meetings at Ashton, Oldham, and various other towns and villages in rotation. Here commences the historical era of botany in Manchester. Even the names of the society's members are known. 'The business of the meetings,' says Mr Grindon, 'was to compare the floras of the several neighbourhoods, and to exchange plants and information in general on subjects connected with botanical science. A library was formed at a very early period. The members subscribed, and bought, among other books, the *Systema Naturæ*, and *Species Plantarum* of Linnæus, Withering's *British Plants*, and Lee's *Introduction to Botany*, and for several years everything went on pleasantly and usefully. With the close of the century, however, owing to infractions of the rules, the meetings were discontinued, and the society abruptly dissolved.'

But although the society was defunct, its spirit was alive, and the love and culture of botany was fostered in families and private meetings; resulting first in various local societies, and then in a collective or general one. 'The late venerable John Mellor, of Royton, near Oldham, is generally considered to have laid the foundation of the new school. Associated with him were the celebrated John Dewhurst, first president of the chief of the new societies, and George Caley, well known to the scientific as the botanist who accompanied Sir Joseph Banks to the South Seas. Gradually, the whole district lying north-west, north, and north-east of Manchester became animated with the love of botany; as far as even from Dilsey and Todmorden came the echo of the new music; and under the successive presidencies (after John Dewhurst's) of Edward Hobson, the great muscologist, then of the late John Horsfield, of Beases'-o'-th-Barn, and now of James Percival, jun., of Hope Square, Prestwich, a man of extraordinary information, both in accuracy and amount, the meetings have gone on uninterruptedly and happily, and never were they more satisfactory than at the present moment.'

The meetings take place in the afternoon, once a week in a tavern. The members bring plants and flowers to be examined by the meeting. Excellent botanical libraries are possessed by the different societies; the one at Prestwich boasting a copy of Sowerby's magnificent work on English botany, comprising about fifty volumes of beautifully coloured plates. Many of the societies possess, likewise, large herbariums or collections of dried plants. But the members who have gardens are likewise surrounded at home by living specimens, cultivating 'curious plants, and such as usually are found only in the very highest class collections. Leaving out the green-houses, the gardens at Old Trafford cannot shew half the number of rarities that James Percival is surrounded by at Prestwich, or Joseph Goodier at Stakehill. The humbler nurserymen in the neighbourhood are imbued with the same taste. No stranger who knows anything about plants can view the show in the Manchester flower-root market, on a Saturday morning in May or June, without feelings of the highest astonishment and gratification. The roots of these plants have been obtained principally by making excursions, for the special purpose, into North Wales, the Lake district, and the more romantic parts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. The exotics, of course, have come from superior gardens.'

At a time when so much is said and done about the education of the working-classes, it is surprising that the curious and beautiful facts in self-education we have now briefly noticed, have not attracted more attention. If there is anybody so stolid and unreflective as to ask, with reference to these facts, *Qui bono?* we would observe, as is proved in the paper before us, that the scientific knowledge thus acquired

by the working-classes makes them happier, and makes them live longer! The Manchester botanists are noticeable for their bland good-humour, and even in the ranks of the lovers of natural history, for their longevity. 'Men never step into the presence of nature with affection and reverence, but they come back blessed and strengthened with a reward.'

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

A SONG TRANSLATED FROM THE PERNIAN.

ONE day, upon the mountain side,
I went to tend my father's herd;
Reclining on the grass I spied
A beauteous maid who quickly stirred
Tumultuous passion in my heart,
And wounded me with love's keen dart.

I hastened to her side and said:
'Sweet lass, I want a kiss from thee!'
She started up and answered:
'Good lad, wilt give some gold to me?'
Then rested on her shepherd's staff,
And eyed me with a merry laugh.

'Alas!' I said, and deeply sighed,
'The gold thou askest for I lack:
'Tis firmly in my wallet tied;
The wallet's on the camel's back;
And far away in Kerman lies
The camel with the wealth you prize.'

'Alas for thee!' the maid replied,
'The kiss which thou dost ask of me,
Two rows of teeth from strangers hide;
The teeth are fastened with a key,
Which key my mother shuts from view,
And, strange! she dwells in Kerman too.'

Z

In the article on 'Waste' (No. 246), referring to the Great Western Railway, it is inferred that, because there was no dividend on the ordinary shares, last half year, 'twenty-three millions have here been wasted; for all the real good accomplished for public ends by this railway company might of course have been secured by an outlay which, from its ample return, could have been completely replaced.' This greatly overstates the real facts. The assertion applies only to eight millions out of the twenty-three. It arises thus: About ten millions have not been supplied by the shareholders at all; they have been lent by capitalists at a definite rate of interest (from 2½ to 5 per cent.); and this interest has been, and still is, honestly paid out of the net traffic receipts of the company. Then there is another sum of about five millions, advanced under the form of 'guaranteed' or 'preference' shares, for which a stipulated dividend, varying from 3 to 8 per cent., is given. These preference dividends, like the interest on loans, have been, and still are honestly paid out of the net traffic receipts of the company. It is only the remaining portion, eight millions of ordinary or non-guaranteed capital, that is in the predicament adverted to in the article. This mistake has frequently been made lately in comments on the Great Western Company.

The above sums are sufficient, in round numbers, for the present argument; they do not prove to be quite correct. The last half-yearly Report gave the true figures.

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SHOT AND SHELLS.

In 1716 there was to be a recast of the damaged guns which had been captured from the French by the Duke of Marlborough. Many persons of distinction had assembled at the Royal Foundry, in Moorfields, to see the performance. Amongst the observers was a young German of the name of Schallch, who was travelling to improve himself. He noticed that the moulds were moist, and he knew that the heated metal would produce steam, which could not escape from the moulds, and consequently there would be an explosion. He warned the spectators, and sent a message to the head of the department; but the fact was disregarded; consequently, Schallch and his friends withdrew. Shortly after, London was alarmed by a terrible explosion which had taken place at Moorfields, and which had killed and wounded many people. Red tape was at once put on one side, and Schallch was advertised for by the authorities. He was offered the superintendence of a new foundry, and was requested to choose a more suitable site. Woolwich was selected by him, as there was water and space in the immediate neighbourhood, besides all other facilities. Schallch soon became master-founder, which office he held during nearly sixty years—namely, till his death in 1776.

Thus originated Woolwich Arsenal—which we lately visited, accompanied by an intelligent non-commissioned officer of artillery, who had procured for us, from the commandant's office, a ticket which stated that we, 'being natural-born subjects of her Majesty, might be allowed to enter the Royal Arsenal.'

To describe even superficially all the curious sights in this vast war-emporium would occupy too much space; a few of the most striking objects will, however, be noticed; and we shall endeavour to impart a small amount of the information with which our guide for our senses furnished ourselves.

At about a hundred yards from the entrance-gate, we are conducted into a manufactory in which we observe several large yellow objects which are turning slowly on their axes; these, we are informed, are brass guns in various stages of development. The guns are being shaved by one machine, trimmed by another, having their interiors bored out by a third, and the hard metal is passing in shavings from the guns, as though it were not tougher than apple-peel. The noise is deafening, and we gladly pass outside the door to be enabled to hear some of the explanation which our guide can afford us, with regard to the previous and future history of the revolving metal,

which already assumes the appearance of guns. The following facts are then communicated to us:

That the 'boring department,' as it is called, out of which we have just stepped, is for the finishing of what are called brass guns only. These guns are all cast in the Royal Arsenal, and consist of 3, 6, 9, and 12 pounders, 24 and 32 pounder howitzers.

'What is the difference between a gun and a howitzer?' we ask.

'Well, sir, a howitzer throws a hollow shot or shell, and is consequently made lighter, in proportion to the size of the bore; the quantity of powder used is also less, being about $\frac{1}{4}$ th the weight of the shot, whilst the charge of a gun is about $\frac{1}{4}$ d or $\frac{1}{4}$ th. Howitzers are very useful for what we call ricochet-firing—that is, a sort of duck-and-drake style. To obtain a long range with this small charge, we give greater elevation to the howitzer.'

We are also informed that a field-battery of artillery usually consists of four guns and two howitzers; and that what are called field-guns, are the brass guns and howitzers which have been mentioned; brass being lighter than iron, is better adapted for field-service, or where the artillery are required to move with rapidity.

The early history of the mass of metal which eventually becomes a gun, is as follows: a mould, of a size larger than the required gun, is first formed; into this mould the metal, while in a state of fusion, is poured, and is allowed to rise two or three feet above the required height of the gun, so as to form what is called a 'dead head.' Into this dead head all the impurities of the metal will rise; and when the gun is taken to the boring department, the head is cut off, and is remelted with fresh metal. The composition of brass guns is 10 parts of tin to 90 parts of copper.

The most delicate operation in this department is that of boring, for the deviation of one-tenth of an inch in the direction would be a fatal affair. The boring is thus accomplished: the axis of the piece is first obtained, and the gun placed horizontally; a screw with a drill, which is propelled forward by a hand-wheel in the direction of the axis of the piece, makes a small hole, which is enlarged by the application of another drill. The gun is then taken to the boring and planing machine, where it is made to revolve. The muzzle and base ring are turned, in order that they may serve as guides in the boring; the boring-bar is then directed against the face of the piece, and the boring proceeds. When the gun has been formed according to approved fashion, and has a muzzle, and chase, a first and second reinforce, &c., it is

not admitted into the society of its finished brethren until it has been most severely tested.

The proofs through which our yellow friends have to pass are numerous; first, each gun is measured and gauged, externally and internally, and in all directions; then large charges of powder and shot are fired from it, much larger than will ever be required in practice; then, by way of variety, water is forced into the bore of the gun, and allowed to remain about a minute. A few days after this, the sun is made use of, and by means of a mirror, the rays are thrown into the bore, and the very bowels of the gun examined to discover how the water-cure was endured. If any wet parts appear, woe betide our yellow friend, for a piece of wax is then inserted, an accurate impression is obtained of the flaw which must exist in his interior, and his weakness is exposed to unrelenting judges.

If all these examinations be passed in a satisfactory manner, the gun is then sighted, and finished, and takes its place amongst the batteries, when a vacancy occurs.

Having gained this information, we re-enter the department, and note the boring and trimming. Slowly but surely the machinery revolves, whilst two or three men, whose nature appears as hard as that of the metal around them, with compass and rule, occasionally readjust a screw or slightly check a revolving wheel; unrelenting steel chisels scrape and rasp the brass, whilst a groan now and then comes from the interior of a bore, as though the suffering was great. Nothing but strong nerves will do here; we already feel a sort of creeping coming over us; and when a workman, unheard amidst the noise, gently touches us, and asks us to make way, we start, almost jump, in the temporary dread that one of the spiky steel scrapers has artfully approached us, and is about to take a shaving of flesh from the small of our back.

These brass guns, when used, are manned by six or seven men; each man has his special duties, and the several offices are as follows: No. 1 is usually a non-commissioned officer, and has charge of the detachment, takes the aim, and gives the elevation, &c. No. 2 stands on the right-hand side of the gun, near the muzzle; his duty is to sponge out the gun after each discharge, and to ram in the powder and shot. No. 3 arranges the ammunition in his hands, and slips it into the muzzle, when No. 2 has sponged. No. 4 places his finger over the vent during the sponging, so that, when the sponge is withdrawn quickly, a vacuum will exist in the bore of the gun, and any piece of ignited cartridge which might have remained in the bore would hence become extinguished. Accidents seldom occur to the gun detachments, owing to the training which the men undergo before they are trusted with ammunition; but if a small piece of ignited flannel cartridge did by chance remain in the gun, the sponge and its rammer, together with both the arms or hands of No. 2, would be blown away when the fresh charge was rammed into the chamber.

When the powder and shot are placed in the gun, No. 4 picks the cartridge with a sharp-pointed wire, and No. 5 then fires. Nos. 6 and 7 are employed in bringing the ammunition from the limbers to No. 3.

When the word 'load' is given by No. 1, each of the men starts at once and performs his work until the loading is complete. We are informed that four shots can be fired during one minute of time from any of these brass guns, and that our guide, at the time a No. 1, fired from a 9-pounder, at a range of nine hundred yards, five shots in seventy seconds, and, moreover, that one shot of the round struck the target; but this he considers 'too fast to last,' and likely to endanger the arms of No. 2, or the accuracy of the aim.

When brass guns are fired for any length of time with rapidity, they droop at the muzzle, and then become unserviceable.

As a proof of the accuracy of the present artillery-fire, our guide informs us that, in a fight between some guns manned by the royal artillery, and some manned by the mutinous sepoy, near the village of Moocha, in India, our guns, at a range of six hundred yards, fired three rounds, during which the *sponge-staves* of two of the sepoys' guns were cut in two by our shot, and consequently that loading and firing were rendered impossible, until fresh staves could be procured; in the meantime, however, nearly all the sepoys around the guns were killed or wounded. When such results are obtained, it is evident that compass, rule, and machinery must perform their work without a fault.

We quit the boring department, cross over a road, and enter a vast iron-roofed building, in which some six hundred or seven hundred men are at work. A dull noise, caused by revolving wheels, here salutes us; but all appears well greased, and as though things moved comfortably. Our attention is first directed to the engine, which is situated in a room on the left of the door by which we entered. This is in itself a spectacle—its movements perfect, and its power unquestionable. From the engine-room we pass towards a square sort of machine, on the upper part of which are four wheels, or rather narrow drums; on each of these drums are coils of lead-rope, about the diameter of the Atlantic cable. The machine is in motion, and we notice that rifle-bullets continue dropping from the lower part of the machinery into a box placed for their reception. At the first glance, we cannot trace the connection which exists between the lead-rope above and the bullets below; but whilst our guide is explaining that this is 'the Minié-bullet machine,' we observe the working of the wonderful process.

The leaden rope passes from the drum above into a hole lower down in the machine. Every revolution of a wheel causes about an inch of this lead to protrude from the hole. As the lead protrudes, two iron fingers, with a most bland don't-mention-it sort of motion, close on the piece, hold it for an instant, descend, and the piece of lead is separated from the rope, as though it were a piece of soapy cheese instead of metal. We peep amongst iron bars and wheels, and find that the iron fingers drop the inch of lead into a sort of case, where it is quietly forced into a mould, gets a nick from another bit of iron, and tumbles down a Minié-rifle bullet, with its hollow end complete, in which is a mark to indicate what machine performed the work.

A lover of machinery might pass an hour in examining this simple and beautiful engine; we have only time to observe that four instruments are at work on each machine, that each instrument drops about forty bullets per minute, and that four machines are in motion. A process of multiplication enables us to conclude that, during the ten minutes which we have passed in looking at these machines, something like six thousand bullets have been formed—and if but one bullet in five hundred proves fatal, that the death-warrant of about a dozen men has been signed during the time.

We are next attracted to some small machines, which appear to work without any aid other than a small boy—these are busily employed in making small wooden cups which fit into the Minié bullet. The neatness with which the work is performed is marvellous, and we are informed that these cups come to the lower part of the bullet, when it is fired, to expand, and thus to do away with windage—windage being the space between the sides of the bullet and the bore of the gun.

We are enabled to walk down the centre of this large building by means of a passage, whilst on each side we notice huge iron shot, some being scraped, some having holes bored in them, and some being fitted with brass screws; these, we are informed, are shells, and obtain the following account of them.

Shells are hollow shot, and are used for one or two purposes: first, they are presented to an enemy as a mine; that is, they are filled with powder, fired into an enemy's town, and arrangements made so that they burst after they fall into the ground, or into houses. They also serve to convey musketry-fire to a distance, for being filled with bullets, they travel like solid shot to the distance of a mile or more, then burst, and scatter bullets and pieces of shell upon the selected quarter; in this form they are called shrapnell-shells. They also serve to give the enemy a sort of back-hander, when he is sheltered behind a parapet, &c., as when they burst, the splinters will fly in all directions. The details necessary to obtain these pleasant results, although of everyday occurrence to my guide, were still like Greek to me, so I was led to ask the following questions:

How do you arrange so that the shell shall burst at the required time?

By what means do you discover the distance of the object at which you are firing?

And why are some shells fired at much higher angles than others?

Shells are burst by means of fuses. Here is a fuse: you see an opening down the centre of this piece of wood; well, in that opening a composition is placed, and is driven hard by means of a mallet. The composition consists of saltpetre, sulphur, and meal powder. When the fuse is complete, it is like this (showing me a fuse which appeared like a lead-pencil, about one inch in diameter—the lead part being represented by the composition). Now, this fuse burns like all others—at the rate of one inch in five seconds of time; therefore, $\frac{1}{5}$ ths of an inch in one second. Now, we know how fast our shot travels; so when we want the shell to burst at a certain spot, we bore a hole in the fuse, so that the flame from the composition may thus reach the powder in the shell; we drive the fuse like a cork into the shell, and away they go. The flame of the powder in the gun lights the composition on the top of the fuse, and the shell bursts in one, two, or three seconds, according as we bored the hole at $\frac{1}{5}$ ths, $\frac{2}{5}$ ths, or $\frac{3}{5}$ ths from the top. You see these circular marks on the fuse; well, these are just $\frac{1}{5}$ ths of an inch apart, so we can make the hole correctly at once.

With regard to judging the distance at which an object may be, we are informed that very few individuals are 'good hands' at it; but that the authorities are now cultivating this branch of education amongst the non-commissioned officers of the army. Our guide says that he finds a pencil, which he shews us, very useful in this matter, for a man at a thousand yards looks as big as a small mark which he has on his pencil when he holds it at arm's-length. On his pencil are several marks, which he says enable him to judge of any distance up to twelve or fourteen hundred yards, provided he can see a man.

With regard to some of the shells being fired higher than others, he tells us that the high ones are fired from mortars at an angle of 45°, and the range is increased or decreased by adding powder or the reverse; whilst with howitzers, the elevation of the piece will give an increase of range, the charge of powder being always the same.

Shells are cast of sufficient thickness to withstand the shock of the explosion of the gun, and at the same time thin enough to be burst by a small charge of bursting-powder.

Brass fuses are used for shells which are intended

to act against ships, as the wooden might be broken off by the collision.

Shot and shell, iron and wood, are being scraped, shaved, and formed into all sorts of shapes, for the sole object, as it appears, of destroying human life. A feeling of melancholy comes over us as we contemplate the building in which so much skill and talent have been displayed, and then consider the purpose for which it has been erected.

We pass on to some machines which are hard at work punching small crosses out of copper sheets. This, we are informed, is the first state of a percussion-cap. The crosses are then taken to another machine, where a nipple presses on their centre, and completes the shape. Some of the machines do this work at once, both punch out, and press into shape.

The caps are then arranged on a frame or brass plate, in lots of 1000, and are placed underneath two steel plates, which are separated by a sheet of paper; these two plates and the paper have holes corresponding to the cap-plate. The upper plate can be moved on one side, thus destroying the communication. The holes are then filled with a composition of mercury, chlorate of potash, pounded glass, sulphur, and saltpetre; the plate is moved a little, the communication restored, and the charge is then instantly dropped into each of the thousand caps.

The frame with the caps is then taken to another machine, and placed under it; a large wheel is spun round, and the composition in each cap pressed firmly down, the pressure being about forty pounds on each cap.

The frame is then placed under another very simple-looking machine, to allow each cap to obtain a dose of shell-lac and spirits of wine, which is given by means of a number of small ends, which are dipped into the composition, swung over above the caps, and with a blow, deposit the drop into each cap. An arm regulates the brass frame, so that a fresh row is brought each time under the ends.

After the caps are dried, they are arranged by small boys in lots of twenty-five. These boys, as we look at them, work with redoubled vigour; arms, body, fingers, and head, appear as though moved by wires. The caps are flung, five-and-twenty at a time, into brown paper, which is then doubled up by one boy, and thrown to another, who ties it up; these parcels are then arranged in a box, and are ready for serving out.

We have scarcely time to do more than glance at many other interesting performances which are going on around us—boys and men, wood and iron, are all hard at work; and we cannot forget that they are working at machines which are for the purpose of destroying life. Still the individuals do not appear more fierce than men usually are—they work as calmly as though employed in making the elixir of life.

We make our exit on the opposite end of the building to that by which we entered, and walk towards the river Thames. Here we see piles upon piles of shot and shells of every size. Some huge shells are lying on the ground, and boldly assert in white figures that they are twenty-six hundredweights and some odd pounds in weight. These are the 86-inch shells belonging to the large mortar at present under trial at the Woolwich marshes.

Shells, I am informed, are always spoken off with regard to their diameter, while shot are indicated by weight. Thus we speak of 5½-inch, 8-inch, 10-inch, 13-inch shells, while shot are called 24, 32, 56 pounders. The 13-inch shell weighs 198 pounds, and will contain nearly eleven pounds of powder; with a charge of seven pounds of powder, it will range 2100 yards, and should have a fuse of about 5½ inches.

We ask our guide, as a test of his memory, what he would do with a shell for a 9-pounder gun, supposing a body of sepoys were at the distance of a mile from his battery.

He at once informs us that if the shell were a 'spherical case'—that is, a shell filled with bullets—he would give it one inch and two-tenths of fuse, and give the gun about 7 degrees of elevation; this length of fuse would cause the shell to burst about forty or fifty yards before it reached its destination.

'And what would be the effect produced on the sepoys?'

A smile comes over the bronzed face of our guide, as much as to say that he wished he could see the effect in reality; and he tells us that 'this 9-pounder shell contains forty-one bullets, which, together with the splinters of the burst shell, would go *plop amongst the sepoys* like a charge of small-shot amongst a covey.'

Referring to the four shots per minute and the six guns in a battery of field-artillery, we feel no surprise that this branch of the army is, at the present day, that which may alone win a battle; for one thousand bullets per minute, in addition to the splinters of the shells in which they were conveyed, thrown with accuracy to a distance of a mile, would, we imagine, cause even braver men than our sepoy enemies to consider that 'discretion is the better part of valour.'

My guide knows these particulars by heart; and he informs me that when the shell bursts, the splinters will sometimes fly back 800 yards, such a case having occurred during his own experience in the Crimea.

We note, as we pass on, some green guns standing on green skeleton-looking carriages—these are Russian trophies. Stores filled with harness, saddles, and equipment of every description, are on each side of us; these we pass by with only a glance, and also a new building in which there are some very handsome gates, formed from the captured Russian guns, and a very tall chimney. This building is for the purpose of casting iron guns, which were formerly supplied from Carron.

The next place we visit is like a huge carpenter's shop; this is the carriage department, in which gun-carriages, ammunition-wagons, hospital-carts, &c., are made. The most remarkable object here is a saw, which appears like a piece of tape, and which runs round two wheels. This saw cuts wood into any shape—will cut one's name and address out of a solid block of oak in a very few minutes; V. R., very neatly cut out in wood, lies on a sill near, and attests the power of the instrument. The spokes of the gun-carriage wheels are also formed by a most ingenious instrument. An iron spoke serves as a model, and a wheel rests against this and regulates the movements of a rapidly revolving iron scraper, which cuts from a rough piece of wood a spoke exactly similar to the model. The felloes and spokes were formerly pressed together by means of hydraulic-presses, but there appears some doubt about the success of this method.

We quit the arsenal, much gratified by our three hours' visit, but still impressed with the idea that the time may come when human nature may have so much advanced, that this establishment will be a relic of past and barbarous ages, and men will be able to traverse the earth, from east to west, and from north to south, and it shall be that whosoever meets a man shall meet a brother and a friend.

Upon expressing these opinions to a companion, we are assured that we have taken a wrong view of the arsenal; that if we look back upon past ages, we shall find that when men used bows and arrows, there was much greater slaughter than now, in the days of Minie bullets and shrapnell-shells. He tells us to hear Shakspeare, who says, speaking of Agincourt:

This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain;

and yet, during all the siege of Sebastopol, we had not more than one-third of that number disposed of by bullets. Therefore, the more shot and shell that are turned out at Woolwich, the greater number of lives will be saved in future wars; and that when the weapons used are even more deadly than Minie bullets and spherical case, there will probably be a great decrease in the slaughter. This is a problem not difficult for us to comprehend; and we determine in future to look upon Woolwich as the Peace Society's depôt; the arsenal, as the special work of a Humane Society; and shot and shells as the real Life-preservers.

A SUMMER IN THE CLOUDS

HAVE you ever been at Caunterets, madam? Caunterets in the Pyrenees? the highest town, worthy of the name, to be found in Europe? No. Nor you, sir? Never. Well, I thought as much, for Caunterets is out of the tourist's beaten track, and the bold Britons who yearly inundate the continent with insular gold and insular French, have not yet found out the little, quaint, old-world watering-place.

Yet, I would not be understood to say that Caunterets is absolutely and entirely unknown to our wandering countrymen. Where, indeed, is a nook so retired as to be quite beyond their reach? Where is a gorge so savage, a desert so blank, a mountain so bleak, as to repel the travellers of our nation. They go about, critical, undaunted, destroying illusions, falsifying proverbs, trampling down prejudices, all over the world. The old impregnable fortresses of nature are stormed by them one by one. No peak so high, no glacier so slippery, but the English foot must clamber and slide there—Mont Blanc is scaled by it, with guides and without them, by day and by dark, from the north and from the south. Even Ararat was not safe. True, it had been held inaccessible for ages; true, the Ark alone was said to have got a footing on its summit. But a party of intrepid Cockneys arrived, scrambled up the 'untrodden solitude' as they would up Richmond Hill, and Ararat's prestige is ruthlessly smuffed out for ever.

So, of course, there are English at Caunterets; a few.

The ascent to it is of itself remarkable. You may know the Alpine passes well, you may be familiar with tumbling torrents, milky avalanches, and black pine-woods quivering to the roar of the cascades, and yet be amazed by the Pyrenees. They look so wild, hoary, and inhospitable, beneath a hot blue sky that would astonish a Switzer. The ascent to Caunterets by the post-road, up the narrow vale of Argelès, is no work fit for town-made axles and delicate springs. See—here comes the diligence, broad-wheeled, solid, and strongly hung with *sabots*, and chains, and *mécanique* ready to the *conducteur's* hand, and all the six or eight horses straining, tugging, slipping painfully as they jolt, haul, and jerk the big vehicle up the inexorable hills. Better trust to the diligence, and leave your London-built carriage behind at Pau or Bagnères. So! you have taken my advice. Quite right! We have the *coupé* to ourselves, you see, and a famous prospect. What a jolt! Marry another. Can wood and iron, to say nothing of human bones and sinews, endure such dislocating wrenches, and survive? To be sure. Look at those deep ruts, those broken boulders in the way, the work of last week's inundation, or the last deluge of stones that fell from the mountain. The *conducteurs* are hard at it, poor fellows, with shovel and pick; but it will take days to repair the damage done in an hour; up we go, thumping, bumping, leaping, with an elasticity quite amazing. Up we go, the driver flogging his horses panting and gasping, the diligence swaying and lurching. This is Barèges, famous for its beauties.

waters. You look out, expecting to see a minor Lyon, a score of echoing factories at least, where the celebrated Barèges stuffs are fabricated. What a place! a dreary gorge, fields that seem to bear a crop of nothing but loose stones, some rambling hovels, two cut-throat inns, a forlorn old hen, ten goats, two drivelling *crétins* gibbering in the sunshine, seventeen beggars, all with frightful faces, frightful *goitres*, and fluttering rags. What a place! Why, as a severe punishment for those for whom the galleys are too good, don't they send the worst class of criminals here? Why, if the French are blind to the advantages they possess, don't we obtain leave to transport our own ticket-of-leave men and garrote-robbers to Barèges? As for invalids, the waters had need to be healing indeed if they can counteract the saddening influence of the landscape. Yet see, our passengers are leaving us. The dyspeptic Spanish bishop, and the shuddering countess from Paris, and the sallow cloth-weavers from Toulouse, and the Bordeaux wine-merchant, and the two nuns with the rosaries, are all getting out. Never mind. The *intérieur* and *rotonde* will be empty, and we shall go all the lighter up to Cauterets; and no bad thing, too, for the high road now becomes a high road indeed. Up we go, winding and turning, always on the brink of the foaming Gave, that raves and tumbles, and hurls its spray into our faces now and then, as if in play, and then leaps down a rock, and vanishes in misty vapour.

Higher, and higher yet. We turn an angle of the sharp rock, and lo! what a glorious prospect of mountains, piled up, snowy peaks above snowy peaks, belts of black pines, far-away cataracts, and the wondrous Circle of Gavarnie, a mighty semicircle of dazzling snow. Round another angle, and we see only the walls of stone, the red-tasselled mules, the bare-legged Spanish muleteers, the carts of wine or oil casks, that squeeze narrowly by, and the chafing Gave speeding arrow-like down the declivity.

Higher, and yet higher. How the horses strain. We must be getting up above the clouds almost. To be sure we are. We are above them, for look along the valley, and see, floating below us, a mass of vapour, gray, and black, and blood-red in one place where the setting sun touches it. Those are the clouds. Higher yet! a nightmare of toiling horses, cracking whips, and a bumping carriage. Hurrah! This is Cauterets, with its fountains, its marble-fronted houses, and its streets paved with broad stones in Spanish fashion. See what noble peaks shoot up around it, black with pines, silvery with ore, fleecy with snow! The sun is sinking, and, swoop! down come the gray clouds from the peaks, filling the air with mist, and hovering over the chimneys like smoke in London. It is very cold for summer—quite frosty. But you are from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea; you have snow and ice all round you, and must not wonder if you shiver in July, or freeze in August, after sundown.

What a lively scene! and yet not by any means French. Indeed, you have no small difficulty in realising that you are still in France. It is the height of the bathing-season, and the streets are as gay as if a fair were going on. It is a fair. Booths after booths, where all sorts of pretty things are displayed in tempting profusion, the shopkeepers themselves being more remarkable than their wares. So commonplace, rosy, close-shaved *bourgeois* are here; no tight, trim, pale, eager shopkeeperesses, such as lately sold you bad gloves in the Rue d'Antin, or gave you short change for a guinea in le Marais. No, no. Here are Spanish *donnas* in silk and velvet jacket; Greek pedlars in scarlet tops, Albanian vests, and white Hellenic petticoats; urbaned Moors and Turks, grave and sparing of

speech; Italians, Portuguese, all the people of the south, elbowing a few amber-bearded Germans, who have come to pick up among the Pyrenees where-withal to fit up a shop at Mannheim or Nürnberg.

And the purchasers are almost as worthy of notice. There are some Parisians, regular *flâneurs*, splendid in glossy broadcloth and spotless linen, staring at the 'savages' through their gold mounted eye-glasses. Just so, with the same cool indifference, the same half-impertinent assumption of superiority, would they contemplate a tempest, or a battle, or an eruption of Cotopaxi, or a vaudeville, or Brigham Young preaching to his Mormon flock. And here are certain other Parisians, who have deigned to adopt part of the 'savage' costume, and walk about smiling benignantly, in coloured *berets* and gaudy sashes, and *sombreros* that will tumble over their noses when they walk, and get blown off whenever there is a gust of wind.

There is a gust now—hold your hat, if you are wise.

Whir! down it comes like an eagle, whisking away many a light object from the booths, and making sad havoc among parasols and wide-awakes. For a moment, all is dust and mist. There, it is over now, and we can proceed. Mixed up with people from Spain, who come to drink, to bathe, to be cool, or to escape being shot as rebels or friends of government by one party or other, are countless smart folks from Bordeaux, Toulouse, all the southern towns. What radiant toilets! You stare to see such spun-glass bonnets, such lace mantles, such silks, flowers, feathers, and finery in general, more than three thousand feet above the Atlantic level. Are all these sparkling butterflies, dressed as if for a Longchamps promenade or a drive in the Park, the real *noblesse* of France, withdrawn from the neighbourhood of a usurping dynasty to flourish in legitimate brilliancy? That stately dame in the brocade from Lyon, blue and black, worth ever so much a yard, must be a duchess at least; and the two pretty creatures in the infinitesimal bonnets, with the antique lace more valuable than diamonds, countesses, no doubt. Not a bit of it. Two words will describe the occupation and source of the wealth and finery of the showiest of the company: if from Bordeaux, wine; if from Toulouse, wool. All wine and wool. That magnificent lady, as glittering, and, I am afraid, as proud, as a peacock, you would stare to see in her husband's warehouse at Toulouse, dressed in skimpy cotton and a plain cap, keeping the books, higgling about *centimes*, distinguishing French merino wool from Spanish, with her eyes shut, if need be. Those pretty girls, demurely following their mother, know nothing of the wine-trade, it is true, for it is not *comme il faut* for the French demoiselle to know anything; but wait till they marry those two black-bearded gentlemen who are now ogling them from that little café, and see if they do not start up full-blown judges of the Médoc grape, cognizant of John Bull's taste to a nicety, how much brandy he will swallow, and how many shillings a dozen he will disburse.

The peasants are worthy of notice, but they bewilder one. What is their national garb? Alas! every vale has its own dress; and one is kept in a perpetual puzzle as to which deserves the golden apple. See, a Campan man, in white, with a flat white cap, and a blue sash and sandals, is talking to a peasant-girl of Luchon, in her graceful crimson or scarlet hood, bare feet, and sky-blue kirtle. That group of hard-featured mountaineers, in the broad bonnets of brown or blue—just the Scottish bonnet—contrast famously with the opposite cluster of milkmaids from Eaux Bonnes, whose blue mantles, gandy jackets, and striped petticoats, eclipse any theatrical peasant-dress ever devised by the most lavish manager.

Night has stolen a march upon us as we contemplate these things; for owing to the high peaks, the days are shorter at Caunterets than in the lower world; and thus, the nearer you ascend towards the sun, the less you see of his radiance. There, the snow is rose-coloured, pinkish, violet, gray, almost black. In a few moments more the summits will have no more light on them.

Down come the clouds, and we had better house ourselves while we may. House ourselves, did I say? It is no such easy matter. Some of us are hardy, some are rich, but how few there are who unite the purse of Fortunatus to a hermit's scorn of luxuries. Let us enter some of these marble-fronted houses, and inquire for a lodging. Heyday! have we got into Spain without knowing it? Here is the same bare discomfort, the same bleak absence of all we are used to deem indispensable to civilised life, that distinguishes the Peninsula. Large rooms, with doors that won't shut, and windows that gape like dead oysters; no carpets, no bells, no sofas, no looking-glasses, sundry little beds, a few cane-chairs, and a clock that has indicated half-past twelve for a score of years. Noisy staircases, a carpenter below, a locksmith above you, a kitchen of Homeric proportions, reeking with garlic from the savoury *podridas* simmering on the fire—such is the *appartement* proposed to you. Perhaps I was wrong to say 'proposed,' for lodginghouse-letters at Caunterets are not accustomed to offer, to advertise, and recommend their domiciles; they are better used to listen calmly to the requests of the houseless stranger who seeks a roof and a bed on any terms. Even the screaming hand-maidens who are to wait on you, and whose language is a polyglot of Basque, Spanish, and Catalan, seasoned with a sprinkling of French, are by no means eager to insure a new tenant for the wealthy proprietor of the *casa*. But at last you get a hearing. What? twenty francs a night for that doghole of a double-bedded room opposite the saw-mill! forty francs for two narrow cells that overlook the marble-cutter's yard! twelve for the loft with a truckle-bed in it! Nonsense! the people must be joking. Let monsieur try elsewhere, if he pleases. So monsieur tries, and tries again, and wears out shoe-leather and patience, and always the same story—from ten to forty francs for one room, *per diem*. Let us try the inns. There are plenty of them. At one or other of the hotels there takes place a ball almost every night—a ball at which the ladies shall appear dressed as for the Tuileries, and yet those hotels are worse than the roadside inns of Italy. Again, fifteen, twenty, thirty francs for a bedroom! You express a wish for a sitting-room. The natives hold up their hands and burst out into a hearty laugh that makes you feel ashamed of yourself as an unreasonable Sybarite.

We must *en dine* in the public *salle*, though a fine odour of garlic makes it detestable to northern olfactories. What can we have for dinner? Stringy animal fibre, unripe fruit, thin soup, cheese, and a few potatoes; but do not imagine that the bill will be proportioned to the meagreness of the cheer. Are there no vegetables? Monsieur forgets we are more than 3000 feet above the sea. No eatable meat? What! at 3000 above the sea? Is all the bread bad? Does fruit never ripen? Can the vineyards of Médoc send to Caunterets no wine a little less sour than vinegar? Monsieur, we are 3000 feet and more above — O yes, I know; thank you. There are no shops—the gay booths excepted—save of the humblest class. Tea is ten shillings a pound; sugar, dear in proportion; writing-paper, about two sous a sheet. It is 8160 feet above the sea. It is too high for civility, though not, alas! above the reach of fleas. If you expect letters, you must go

and fetch them, and jostle for half an hour in a crowd that besets the post-office. No letter-carriers exist—3000 and odd feet above the Atlantic. If you quit your inn for a lodging, the landlady will scold you in good round terms for your want of politeness: for the etiquette of Caunterets is to stay where you first settle yourself, fleas, garlic, noise, and extravagance notwithstanding. Yet one need not always grumble. We have slept, in spite of the fleas; and if our dinner was meagre, the cream and butter at breakfast do honour to the mountain dairies. The town is all alive, picturesque, noisy, swarming. Troops of ladies and their attendant cavaliers are starting on horseback for the Pont d'Espagne, or the Lac de Gaube, or the Cercle of Gavarnie.

The whole street is full of lean wiry horses, all over red tassels and fringe, plunging, pawing, and capering, as the long whips of the guides marshal the cavalcades. Every one seems good-humoured, talking and laughing loudly. There go a party of adventurous sportsmen, each with two guns, one on each shoulder, like Robinson Crusoe in the pictures; and theatrical figures they are, all gaiters, sashes, pouches, belts, and dirks. They are proceeding, under the tutelage of certain professional hunters, to chase ibexes, bears, izzards, or what they can get. What they can get is generally *ad*, for day by day bands of these heroes leave the town, bristling with weapons, and much encouraged by the waving of ladies' handkerchiefs, and return without having achieved even the slaughter of a tourist. There pass the valetudinarians on their way to the waters of the hot spring—and is that, can it be, our old friend Guy Faux, borne on men's shoulders? No; it is only a respectable old lady in a wonderful open sedan, being in fact an uncovered beehive, perched on poles, and in which those who love not to walk or ride are carried along as if in triumph. Here come a band of Spaniards who have brought over huge baskets of live poultry for sale. What a race of giants they seem among the low-statured, square-built French; and how strange are their turbaned heads, sandalled feet, bare, sinewy limbs, sash-begirt waists, and striped cloaks of black, white, brown, and orange, bequeathed them by their Moorish ancestors.

Here are criers innumerable: negroes selling Madrid chocolate, Turks with sherbet, and two showy confectioners in fancy uniforms, each with a tin can full of hot pastry. Listen! while one of them chants, not unmusically:

Des pains au lait,
Des petits pains au lait;

the other is bawling out that his cakes are *mel* Bordeaux cakes, and have that instant arrived from that famous city, all hot, all hot, all hot; which, as Bordeaux is a couple of hundred miles off, seems rather a bare-faced assertion; but the French will believe anything. Later in the day, we shall have games of strength among the peasants, and dances on the green, and fireworks. But the grand attraction consists in the races. Such races! a Newmarket jockey would hardly believe his eyes. There are flat-races, hurdle-races, and so forth, for the mountain ponies; races of men in sacks, of women with piches of water on their heads, and of blind-folded people. But the great lion of the races is a hurdle-race, in which the riders are peasant-girls in their ordinary costume. At every leap, nine-tenths of the fat jockeys are unhorsed; and the scrambling, rolling, and remounting, the laughter, cheers, and excitement of the spectators, make the scene excessively animated, if not well adapted to our insular notions of decorum.

Enough of Caunterets. And yet I must quote one more trait. Look at that mountaineer leading by a

cord, for sale, a monstrous Pyrenean sheep-dog. See how the magnificent white brute strides along, like a shaggy pony, and to be sold for much the same price. This is the oldest family of dogs, probably, in Europe. The famous St Bernard breed are but a junior offshoot of this mighty canine race, the terror of the bear and the wolf these two thousand years and more. Won't you buy the grand old fellow, with his red eyes and waving tail, and that sagacious head? No. Well, if you decline to pay down eight or ten pounds for so formidable a pet, there is another peasant with a basket containing four blind little brutes that you would take for bear-cubs, but they are Pyrenean puppies. The French will tell you they cannot thrive out of the mountains. In the plains, they say, this noble race of dogs pine and perish. Don't believe a word of it. I bought two puppies of the pure breed, brought them down to the low country, and have them still, the fine fellows, as big as calves now.

Well, Caunterets is worth visiting. Nature has given it every picturesque beauty that crag, and peak, and pine-woods, and roaring Gave, and untrodden snow, and darkly blue lake, and raving cataract, blended together can produce; and a Summer in the Cloude, spent in that wild nook, would provide one with a store of mind-pictures that would last a lifetime. [Since this visit to Caunterets some changes have taken place. The road has been greatly improved; and with regard to lodgings and the comforts and luxuries of life, demand has had its usual effect upon supply.—Ed.]

OLD ENGLISH MELODIES.

In the present general crusade against organ-grinders and itinerant musicians of all kinds, it is a relief to revert to a period when our ancestors were more tolerant, or, at all events, less critical in these matters. It is doubtful whether the sensitive Londoner of now-a-days would permit St Dunstan himself to perambulate his street with that hand-organ, 'made with brass pipes, and filled with air from a bellows,' albeit the instrument was of the ingenious saint's own construction.

A gentleman's harp—if any modern gentleman happens to possess such a thing—is now, alas! as liable to be taken in execution as his eight-day clock; whereas it formerly enjoyed that immunity from arrest which is at present confined to the two Houses of Parliament. It was, indeed, one of the three things the keeping of which, by the laws of Wales, constituted a gentleman; and none could pretend to that character who did not own one, and, what is more, who could not play upon it. It was expressly forbidden to teach slaves the art of harp-playing, for the same reason that the southern states of America forbid their helots to be taught to read—namely, lest they should thence become those pinks of civilisation which their masters (somewhat hastily) are in the habit of conceiving themselves to be.

In the famous tale of King Alfred in the Danish camp, and in a score of similar legends of that period, we learn how highly was the minstrel's art esteemed, how richly he was rewarded, and how his person was held as sacred as that of an ambassador or herald.

In the third year of King Henry I., the priory and hospital of St Bartholomew in Smithfield was founded by the king's minstrel Royer, which a poet-laureate of modern times would scarcely have the means to do. In the reign of Henry II., Galfrid, a harper, received an annuity from the abbey of Hyde in Winchester, and many of his brethren seem to have been rewarded in a similar manner, if we may judge from the anger of the monks. 'For you do not,' writes John of Salisbury to some eminent personage, 'like the fools of this age, pour out rewards to minstrels

and monsters of that sort, for the ransom of your fame and enlargement of your name.' In the reign of Richard I., minstrelsy flourished very splendidly, and we are all acquainted with the romantic obligation in which that royal captive was indebted to it. Many of the convents even spared neither money nor good cheer to those wandering bards, whom two out of three of our ecclesiastics of to-day would probably consign to the custody of the police. In a certain religious house in Oxfordshire, we read in Wood's history of that county: 'Two itinerant priests, on the supposition of their being minstrels, gained admittance; but the cellarer, sacrist, and others of the brethren, who had hoped to be entertained by their diverting arts, when they found they were only two indigent ecclesiastics, and were consequently disappointed of their mirth, beat them, and turned them out of the monastery.' Richard, the king's harper, to whom his royal namesake gave not only 40s. and a pipe of wine, but a pipe of wine to his wife also, was termed Master Richard, which, says Percy, deserves notice, as shewing his respectable situation.

If the Venerable Bede did not write the two musical treatises which are attributed to him, yet sufficient evidence is afforded in his *Commentary of the Psalms* to prove not only his knowledge of music, but of all that constituted the regular 'descant' of the church from the ninth to the eighteenth century. 'As a skillful harper,' writes he, in his *Commentary upon the fifty-second Psalm*, 'in drawing up the cords of his instrument, tunes them to such pitches, that the higher may agree in harmony with the lower, some differing by a semitone, a tone, or two tones, others yielding the consonance of the fourth, fifth, or octave; so the omnipotent God, holding all men predestined to the harmony of heavenly life in His hand like a well-strung harp, raises some to the high pitch of a contemplative life, and lowers others to the gravity of active life.' And he thus continues: 'Giving the consonance of the octave, which consists of eight strings; . . . the consonance of the fifth, consisting of five strings; of the fourth, consisting of four strings, and then of the smaller vocal intervals, consisting of two tones, one tone, or a semitone, and of there being semitones in the high as well as the low strings.' 'Judging from these passages,' says Mr Chappell, from whose interesting preface to the *Popular Music of the Olden Time*,* most of our information is gathered, the harp does not seem to have been tuned to any particular scale in those early times.

The earliest secular composition in parts that is known to exist in any country is that song of 1250, *Sumer is icumen in*.

ORIGINAL WORDS.

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springh the wde nu.
Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhonth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, bukke verteth,
Murie sing cuccu,
Cuccu, cuccu!
Wel singes thu cuccu,
Ne swik thu naver nu.

WORDS MODERNISED.

Summer is come in,
Loud sing cuckoo!
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And spring'th the wood now.
Sing cuckoo!

* London: Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, Regent Street.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf [the] cow.
Bullock starteth, buck verteth,*
Merry sing cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
Well sing'st thou cuckoo,
Nor cease thou never now.

It has a natural drone-bass about it to suit the bag-pipe, 'the true parent of the organ (think of that, O musical Caledonians!), and then in use as a rustic instrument *throughout Europe*.' Surely, if this was indeed the case, wholesale emigration to the other hemisphere must needs have taken place far earlier than we were aware of. In a curious collection of songs and carols of Henry VI.'s time, recently printed for the Percy Society, there occurs this singular wassail-song:

Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran,
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is no gain;
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale;
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that go'th down at once.

Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,
But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that.

Bring us in no mutton, for that is passing lean,
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clean.

Bring us in no eggs, for there are many shells,
But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing else.

Bring us in no butter, for therein are many hairs,
Nor bring us in no pig's flesh, for that will make us bears.

Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all God's good,
Nor bring us in no venison, that is not for our blood.

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear,
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere. [mire.]
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale;
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale—

a recurring sentiment, which reminds us of a newly-added verse of that popular modern melody, *We won't go home till morning*—(namely, We can't eat any more, we can't eat any more, we can't eat any more, but we'll have some more to drink.)

It must be remembered that these songs are quoted in the book we have referred to, at least as much for the sake of the music as of the words, and that we are therefore prevented by the nature of our periodical from rendering the volume more than half the justice due to it. Mr Chappell has, by his research and skilful treatment of the subject, quite reproduced, to ear as well as eye, the vocal music of three centuries ago. The following poem, however, can at least be appreciated without the accompaniment, and we can imagine its effect when played as directed, 'slowly, smoothly, and with great expression.'

THE THREE RAVENS.

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be;
The one of them said to his mate:
Where shall we our breakfast take?

Down in yonder green field,
There lies a knight slain, under his shield.
His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they their master keep.

* 'Frequents the green fern.'

His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare him come nigh.
Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.

She lifted up his bloody head,
And kissed his wounds that were so red;
She got him up upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime:
She was dead herself ere even-song time.
God send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a leman.

The conclusion of this is quite as sad, and certainly as touching, as that of the modern favourite of the public, *Vilkins*, which, and absurdities like which, it loves not at all wisely, but too well.

We English, as it seems, have a great and ancient reputation to keep up in this matter of music and singing. Erasmus asserts that, in his time, we challenged the prerogative of having the most handsome women, of keeping the best tables, and of being the most accomplished of any people in the skill of music. The ambassador of the Doge of Venice, writing home of the chapel-service of Henry VIII., says: 'We attended high mass, which was chanted by the bishop of Durham, with a superb and noble descant choir; and again: 'The voices of the choristers are really rather divine than human; they did not chant, but sung like angels (non cantavano, ma jubilavano); and as for the deep bass voices, I don't think they have their equals in the world.'

During the reign of Elizabeth, not only was music a necessary qualification for ladies and gentlemen, but even the city of London advertised the musical abilities of boys educated in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, as a mode of recommending them as servants, apprentices, or husbandmen.

'Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads; carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs; the base-viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cittern, and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop. They had music at dinner, music at supper, music at weddings, music at funerals, music at night, music at dawn, music at work, and music at play.'

Dekker informs us that the usual routine of a young gentlewoman's education was 'to read and write; to play upon the virginals, lute, and cittern; and to read prick-song (that is, music written or pricked down) at first sight.' Moreover, when a writer of that period praises a lady, skill in music is certain to form one of the virtues he enumerates:

Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own hand
Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace.

In Charles II.'s time, we find Mr Pepys, although half a Puritan in his youth, delighting in all kinds of music. 'Nov. 21, 1660. At night to my viallin, in my dining-room, and afterwards to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbours come forth into the yard to hear me.' Dec. 8. 'Rose by candle and spent my morning in fiddling till time to go to the office.' 28th. 'Stayed within all the afternoon and evening at my lute with great pleasure.' In the cellars at Audley End, 'played on my flageolet, there being an excellent echo; and again: 'I took my flageolet and played upon the leads in my garden, when Sir W. Pen came, and there we stayed talking and singing, and drinking great draughts of claret.' Nay, 'snob' as he has undoubtedly shewn

himself to be with regard to social distinctions, he does not hesitate to join his harmonious servants both with voice and instrument. 'After dinner, my wife and Mercer, Tom (the boy), and I, sat till eleven at night, singing and fiddling, and a great joy it is to see me master of so much pleasure in my house. The girl (Mercer) plays pretty well upon the harpsichord, but only ordinary tunes, but hath a good hand; sings a little, but hath a good voice and ear. My boy, a brave boy, sings finely, and is the most pleasant boy at present, while his ignorant boy's tricks last, that ever I saw.'

These pleasant gifts, however, which at one time seem to have pervaded all classes, suffered a great blow at the hands of Puritanism. In 1586, while parliament is sitting, a pamphlet is addressed to it, called *A Request of all True Christians*, and praying that 'all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trowling of psalms, from one side of the choir to another, with the squeaking of chanting choristers, disguised (as are all the rest) in white surplices; some in corner caps and filthy copes, imitating the fashion and manner of Antichrist the Pope, that Man of Sin and Child of Perdition, with his other rabble of miscreants and shavelings.'

Dancing appears to have called forth quite a torrent of that blasphemous invective in the use of which the religious ascetics of all times have been so great proficient. 'The way to heaven is too steep, too narrow, for men to dance in and keep revel-rout. No way is large or smooth enough for capering roisters, for jumping, skipping, dancing dames, but that broad pleasant path that leads to hell;' which sentence is indeed almost the only one, out of many, which is fit for quotation. Certainly we seem to have had some national customs before the steeple-hats got the better of the crown, which would even now-a-days be held somewhat too easy and familiar. It was not only customary to salute a partner at the beginning and end of a dance—and there were some dances with ever so much kissing in them besides—but also on first meeting a fair friend in the morning, and on taking leave of her. The custom of kissing before the Puritanic era was universal, and, at least for two centuries before, peculiarly English.

Still there were lessons, and moral ones too, taught in these good old times, which it were well indeed if we moderns should lay to heart and profit by. There is a beautiful ballad of King James I.'s time, too long for us to quote more than the first verse, which contains far more nobility and wisdom than all Mr Prynne's philippics:

I am a poor man, God knows,
And all my neighbours can tell,
I want both money and clothes,
And yet I live wondrous well.
I have a contented mind,
And a heart to bear out all,
Though fortune being unkind,
Hath given me substance small.
Then hang up sorrow and care,
It never shall make me rue;
What though my back goes bare,
I'm ragged, and torn, and true.

Mr Chappell's collection is in all respects a remarkable work, one of those which an honest enthusiasm may, but a money-fee never can, produce. Having first spent many years in gathering a series of the forgotten music-books of the past, and in taking copious notes from such collections as exist in manuscript in public and private libraries, he has here given us every song and ballad tune that the people had a favour for between the reigns of the last Henry

and the first George—that is, every one which has been preserved—accompanied by the original verses, and illustrated with abundant annotation. As a matter of course, we have here the words and notes of most of the songs alluded to in Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including that which Desdemona tells us was sung by her mother's maid called Barbara, all Ophelia's sad ditties, and so forth. The work is indeed a complete museum of this class of popular antiquities, a curious and entertaining record of past generations in one of their most interesting social aspects.

A SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

CHAPTER I.

SOME one has demanded, I really forget who, how it is that so many cobblers have become wonderful men. I will just mention two, who, though dead, are still exercising a silent and a mighty influence upon Christendom—Jacob Behmen and George Fox. Newton himself 'ploughed with Behmen's heifer;' and so we owe, indirectly, the greatest scientific impetus of the modern world to a theosophising shoemaker. The great William Law, the spiritual father of John Wesley, and of the Methodist movement of the last century, and—as some say—of the Anglo-catholic movement of this century, confessed that the humble Jacob was his true teacher. If so, we owe the two greatest religious impetuses of modern England to a poor Christian cobbler.

If this were to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, I think I could add a list which would be really surprising. However, it is not to be an essay upon wonderful shoemakers, but merely the transcript of one episode out of the life of a certain poor honest journeyman cobbler, by name William Griffin, and out of the life of his betrothed sweetheart, Anne Moss.

William Griffin and Anne Moss had been engaged since she was fifteen, and he twenty years old. Great poverty, a drunken father, the death of her mother, and the necessity of independent work, had made Anne a thoughtful little woman long before she had reached the age called womanhood—a fact which I feel it necessary to state, as the prudent reader might otherwise stop during the relation, to say over to himself, or herself, three or four sober old proverbs concerning the evil of very early engagements, and the ignorance of their own minds supposed to be generally characteristic of young girls; with which proverbs I most cordially agree, reserving the right of exclusion from all their conditions to Anne Moss alone. For if, as a certain spasmodic poet has said, we are to count life by heart-throbs, not by minutes, why, then, our little Anne could reckon up heart-throbs enough at the age of fifteen to attest her right to all the honours, privileges, and considerations of fifty.

Anne was a little less than fifteen when she took the place of a maid-of-all-work. This exchange of her miserable home for domestic service was merely an escape out of the fire into the frying-pan. Both of them were a fiery trial to the poor girl; but the latter burnt a little less fiercely. For, although her mistress never beat her, never swore at her—while her father frequently did both—because the lady had not heat or passion enough in her nature for such violent exercises, yet she made the little servant's life very bitter to her by her infinite applications of 'Thou shalt not.' Everything that was humane, natural, pleasant, or desirable, had this waving before it, like the flaming

sword, to keep off Anne's eyes, hands, and longings. Above all, she was allowed no followers. Mrs Darah, having never—she thanked goodness—been in love herself, considered love the most ridiculous folly and delusion under the sun. Even if it might be indulged in by people who had time and money for it, it certainly was not fit for servants. She was often heard to say that love made more thieves than malice or selfishness did; destroyed cold meat more rapidly than fly-blows; and would empty a larder quicker than a whole hungry family. She had had servants with huge appetites, and servants with lovers: she found both expensive; but the latter the worse; for even if their own appetites were ordinary, their lovers' were usually exorbitant.

In spite of these restrictions of her mistress, Anne met William very often. They managed to have walks together, to betroth themselves to each other; and after five years' steady love, under great difficulties, to fix at last a wedding-day; she by that time being twenty, and he twenty-five.

During these years of courtship, they had both worked very hard, and saved some money. William's situation was as good as his sweetheart's was unpromising. Indeed, he always thought, and almost hoped too, that Anne must need nearly every farthing of her scanty wages for her dress. The proud youth delighted himself with the belief that she was dependent upon him; his love was pleased with the fancy that he should bestow everything on her, and receive nothing from her in return. He intended to set up a small shop of his own, and begin an independent business with his wedded life.

But the long self-reliance of his sweetheart had made her too proud to think of entering a home to which she contributed no tangible goods. It was kind and loving of William, she said, and like him, to declare that 'if she had thousands, he should like her none the better.' She should like to have thousands, just to give them to him. Yet, since she had not the income of a duchess or of a banker's heiress, she would do what she could towards enriching him with the income of a poor little servant-maid. She kept a secret stocking for her few, far-between, and hardly earned guineas. When William talked of anything he had bought, or contemplated buying, the loving maiden inwardly smiled with her delight at the sly, unexpected additions to his comfort and pleasure which it was her intention and in her power to add.

William's work was ten miles from his sweetheart's; so he had a walk of twenty miles whenever he wished to see her. He could afford this only once a week—namely, on Saturday evenings; for then he could sleep at a tavern, spend some of the Sunday with Anne, and return at night, to be in time for the work of the new week.

CHAPTER II.

It so fell out, between the second and third asking of the bans, that our little heroine was taken ill. Her cold mistress, having tried in vain to dissuade her from what she called the false step of marriage, believed every relative duty to be snapped between them by Anne's persistent refusal to continue a spinster. So soon, therefore, as she found her useless, she sent her away.

'You would make a convenience of my house, Anne Moss,' she said. 'You would stay under my roof, although you have already given me warning—fancy a servant giving warning, indeed—now, you will find your mistake. I don't know what your future husband may be—I am not rich enough to keep sick people and idlers. I think you will remember till the day of your death what a good mistress I have been. All the servants who have left my situation have wished themselves back again.'

Anne attempted in a meek spirit to discover and imagine all sorts of benefits received by her from Mrs Darah. It was a hard and microscopic task; however, she succeeded in it at last.

'I am sure, missus,' she said, 'I thank you heartily for all your kindnesses.'

'It is no more than your duty, Anne,' answered the lady, with a gratified smile and folding of the hands.

'No, missus. And if you see a young man walking about here on Saturday, looking up and down at the house, ma'am, would you be so very kind, ma'am, as to send the new servant, and ask him if his name is William Griffin; and if it is William, ma'am, to ask him to go to my father's, and I will send him word where I am, ma'am?' And Anne waited, trembling and blushing.

'Anne Moss, I can't think how you dare to take such a liberty with me and my house,' answered her mistress. 'I have always warned you of the folly and unfitness of young women, who have their living to get, keeping lovers. You know that my servants are not allowed to have followers; and it is most likely that I shall send an officer after the young man, instead of my servant, if I see him prowling up and down, looking into these windows.' So the girl left, dispirited.

Poor Anne feared to go and live with her drunken father, lest she should be insulted by any of his low associates, and lest he should be tempted to lay his hands upon the little store she had laid up for her William and herself. So she was obliged to seek a lodging in the town, where she could live decently until that day next week, when William would take her as his wife to her first and last real home.

The misfortune she most dreaded—namely, the dissipation of her little capital—began the moment she had left her mistress's house. To save expense, she made up her mind to carry her own trunk to her lodging. She tried to do so; but she found herself too weak. She was obliged to hire a carrier; and that involved a dip into 'William's money,' as she delighted to call it.

So that the dip might be as shallow as possible, she engaged a lad instead of a man for her porter. But before they had half reached the quarter of the town where Anne's lodging was situated, his boyhood began to evince itself in a very visible manner. He panted, and drew long breaths, and perspired grossly, and now and then stumbled under the weight. His pride tried to hide these signs. He endeavoured to stimulate himself with the thought of his payment; but his efforts at self-encouragement came out very plainly in certain noises, and in his unconscious compression and biting of his lips. The tender-hearted lass espied them: she could not endure to see him so vexed and inconvenienced; and so, for the rest of the way, she insisted on bearing half the weight.

When she had arrived in her room, and had dismissed her young porter, and sat down to rest herself, she began to feel the bitter results of her efforts with the heavy trunk. She was very ill when she started; she was now ten times worse. Her head ached fiercely; her breath was short, audible, and gasping; her whole body was parched and feverish.

She called her landlady into the room, and asked her for a little cold water. The woman had counted on providing a supper for her; as she heard her step was to last only a week, she meant to make the week a paying one, so she had prepared some twopenny or three-halfpenny sausages, which were even then figuring in her mind's bill of fare at sixpence apiece. In rather a disappointed tone, therefore, she asked Anne if she should bring her nothing to eat. The poor girl said she was sure she could not swallow anything. The landlady said she had some beautiful new-laid eggs—they were a kind that wonderfully

cured headache and fever; indeed, she told her that if any of her neighbours were ill in that way, they always came and begged for one of these eggs. Anne was credulous, and did not doubt her landlady's possession of the medical hen which laid such eggs; but Anne was also resolute—no one could persuade her out of her own methods. She said that she felt a good long sleep was what she needed the most, and that she should at once go to bed.

But although she went to bed, she could get no sleep; all the long night she was tossing restlessly over and over. She remembered that William had promised, if he could get away, to call on her two or three times before Saturday, for which a friend had promised to lend him a horse and cart. She began to picture to herself his astonishment when he heard that she was gone, and she wondered if her mistress would relent, and be communicative. She made up her mind that, so soon as the morning had come, she would lie in wait for the new servant, as she went out shopping, and beg her to watch for William; and if he called, to tell him where his sweetheart had removed.

But, when the morning came, she knew nothing of purposes and resolutions; she was in a brain-fever, talking and rambling wildly.

The landlady wondered that she saw or heard nothing of her at breakfast; and going up to look after her, found her in that frightful condition. The woman neither knew what money she owned, nor where she came from, nor what connections she had. She sent for the parish doctor. He ordered a nurse for her immediately: so the woman of the house took upon herself to examine the maiden's trunk and pockets, counted out the time which she could keep her and a nurse for her without injury to herself, out of Anne's little store; and at once offered the place to a personal friend a few doors off.

For three weeks our poor little servant-maid lay unconscious of her condition, at the rough mercy of these two cormorants. Their negligence prolonged her illness. At the end of that time, the greater part of her hard-won capital was cruelly dissipated.

CHAPTER III.

Unhappy William Griffin, her natural protector, knew not all this time what had become of his darling. Two days after she had left the place, he was walking up and down before the house in his usual manner, hemming and coughing. He had never been so long at that exercise before. He concluded that Mrs Darah was detaining Anne, or was in the way somehow; or that Anne was mischievously prolonging the pleasure of hearing her lover's signals, remembering that it was nearly the last time she should do so for ever; so he hemmed and coughed louder. But still no one answered with a merry mocking hem and cough. No bright eyes suddenly peered above the blind; no round head gave him a series of short, sharp nods, indicating whether he should stay or depart.

'Well,' he said to himself, 'she is now more mine than her mistress's; I will knock at the door.' He did so, and was prepared to see either Anne or Dame Darah herself; but she started when the door was opened by a new servant. The truth flashed upon him at once. Mrs Darah had done with his Anne, and would not keep her, even on the ground upon which she undertook to stay for the coming week—namely, food and drink, but no pay.

The new maid could not inform him where his Anne had gone. She said that she had never seen the old servant, for her mistress gave her to understand that she was not good for much, and invited young men there, and that it was her—Mrs Darah's—invariable custom to see the old servant safely and

clearly out of the house before she admitted the new one, saying, that 'if they only laid their heads together for five minutes, they were sure to corrupt each other.' William uttered a strong and angry word or two, said he wished his Anne had left the day her time was out, bade the maid good-night, and departed. He went off at once to her father's. He found the miserable man sottish and maundering; he was incapable of being moved by the news of his daughter's departure, and as incapable of giving any clue to her present whereabouts. William ran down from the besotted creature's room, and found himself under the dark sky, not knowing whither to turn for his Anne. He went round to all the shops where he had ever known Anne to call. At each place they could only tell him that they had not seen her for the last three or four days, and that another young woman now came on Mrs Darah's errands. He exhausted all the time allowed him in this fruitless search. When he came to the place where he was to meet the friends who had promised to give him a lift on the way home, he found them gone; he had arrived too late; so he had to walk the ten miles alone, a miserable man, giving himself up to fears, to bemoanings, and once or twice to anger, to wonder, and even to suspicion.

Every evening, for a week, William walked twenty miles, from his work to the town and back, seeking his sweetheart, regularly visiting her father and that same series of tradesmen on whom he had called the first night of his loss. But he received no tidings, good or bad. Sometimes he felt that even bad news would be better than none, for the hope of any good explanation of her marvellous disappearance often died out for hours together. Still he persevered in his inquiry.

At last the young men, in one of the shops he was wont to call at, began to speculate upon his case. When he entered, they winked and smiled, and whispered to one another. They said they could very accurately perceive *what was what*: she had jilted him; but he was too great a booby to believe it. One or two of them asked if it would not be a true kindness to suggest *this* explanation to him.

They agreed that it would; and they did so. He answered with such scorn and passion, with such a violent assertion of his Anne's faithfulness, with such a fire and flash in his eyes, and with such threats against any one who should vilify her unjustly, that the suggesters wished they had let the subject alone.

At the end of the week, on the day which was to have been their wedding-day, while Anne lay tossing over restlessly, and talking wild nonsense, he came into the town to settle in his own house and shop. As night after night he returned alone to the house he had bought and furnished for another, still without news of her, he took forth from his memory the suggestion of the young shopmen; he laid it out, so to speak, before him; he turned it over and over; he looked at it in every light, on every side; he began to admit its possibility; and at last, in a morbid mood, he half believed it.

His shop was still unfinished, and he spent his time mainly in travelling hither and thither, seeking stock for it. But he went about all business poorly, with a heavy and half-broken heart. It seemed a mockery to him to be making such preparations. He did not believe he should live to use them. He did not want to do so. For the mystery of Anne's departure, her terrible silence, and this gradual, but surely excusable admission into his heart of suspicion of her faith and love towards him, plucked all the zest and purpose out of his life. It was for her sake he had worked submissively as a foreman so many years; for her sake he had stinted himself in dress, amusement, indulgences of all kinds, and found

delight in such sacrifices. Every cut of a saw, every blow of a hammer or mallet, every coat of paint, every boot and shoe, in his shop, held in his own mind some relation to her comfort and prosperity, as a part of that household of which she was about to be the daily sunshine; the source and centre of all its light and warmth and pleasantness; the measure of its work and rest.

CHAPTER IV.

At last Anne came to herself; in a little while she rose from her bed in good health. But she was quite penniless. Her greedy attendants had disposed of every mite of her little fortune; even her wedding-clothes had gone into the nasty hands of the pawn-brokers for medicine, food, and lodging.

She felt ashamed, the proud lass, to send after William, or let him see her as she was. She got a little employment as a charwoman, at one house and another, through the recommendations of the Sisters of Mercy and the parish clergyman, who were themselves too poor to give her any other help. But she kept from them the story of her love and betrothal, and by doing so, kept peace from the aching heart of her William; for the priest and the sisters, had they known it, would at once have sent her off to him, or have fetched him to her.

She made up her mind to continue cheerfully at charring, until she could repurchase some of her good clothes. She would then visit William, make known her condition to him, confess all the story of her savings, and the sad way in which it was lost, and steadily insist upon the wedding being put off until she had removed her uneasiness, and regained her sense of independence by recovering at least some part of her former wealth. Her disposition was all compact of cheerfulness and hope. Whenever she had found anything broken, instead of standing over it crying, she had looked to see if it could be mended; if it could, she set about mending it; if it could not, she tried to procure another thing of its kind.

So she dealt with her own broken prospects, just as she had been used to deal with her mistress's broken china. She kept her mind fixed upon their restoration. This hope gave her great zest and eagerness in her servile work. She never let herself remember that the time had come in which, except for her misfortune, she should have been a bride and a mistress of a household; but she set about her dull actualities as if no such bright possibility had ever belonged to her. She looked forward to the glory of that moment when she should again find her head at rest on the dear shoulder of her William. She went to her work singing, she came from it singing. She said to herself: 'To think would destroy me; I shall never be able to recover myself if I ponder on my loss and my present state.'

Thus she kept up a fever of counter-excitement by shutting out of her thoughts all truth which might excite her—the truth of her own loss, the truth of William's astonishment and pain. Whenever she found her mind inclining to the realisation of his sufferings, she would sigh and grieve; but the moment the echo of her sigh struck athwart her consciousness, she arrested herself. 'This will not do,' she would say; 'it will be all the better afterwards; our happiness will more than make up for our misery.' She never waited in quietness of spirit, and calmly analysed or probed these ill-digested, hasty deductions. If she had done so, she would have espied a monstrous residuum of 'proper pride' underlying all the other elements of her reluctance to see William as she was. If she had done so, she would have seen what wretchedness, doubt, and despair she was sowing in the true heart of her William. When that quakerly impulse sprung up in her, she scrubbed, or walked,

or hummed more vigorously; if a tear for William started into her eye, she used it as mercilessly as her sighs, and brushed it hurriedly away. She felt that if she looked at the present, she should be weakened, and do nothing. It was only by keeping the end before her that she could find spirit and moral sinew for work. And whilst she was at work, her efforts raised a dust round her which hid everything but those efforts.

But where was the need of all this? what was the end of her eager and incessant strivings? Would William love her the less for having suffered and lost all? Would he love her the less for having but one gown, and that an old and ragged one? for having shoes with holes in them? for being penniless? She knew him better; she knew that he never suspected she had a farthing of her own. She knew that the thought was a delightful one to his open, generous nature, as it made him feel himself the supplier of all her needs. But the little maid was vain. She had tasted the sweet, pernicious, intoxicating draught of false independence. The draught gave her stimulus for her work. In a few weeks, she had made enough to redeem her best new dresses, her shoes, and other articles of dress, and to pay her standing debts.

William, in the meantime, not having, like Anne, any insight into the causes of her mysterious absence and silence, could not, as she did, find solace, excitement, and delight, in looking forward. On the contrary, the future was his most bitter thought. His disappointments lay there. All the glory of his life was behind him—gone by for ever. And even that past glory, since suspicion and the present appearance of things had begun to cloud it, lost all its golden worth. It had been no true possession. It was miserable to think that, even when he was most happy, he was only so by being ignorant of the truth, by trusting in heartless and well-acted deceit. Before him, he could see nothing but unescapable misery; in the present, his thoughts exercised themselves worryingly on the causes of Anne's strange departure, until by slow processes, not without, as he conceived, two ocular proofs, he admitted the awful and maddening conclusion that she was dishonest and unfaithful.

The first ocular proof was as follows: One dark foggy night, going from the station to his home, after a dull day, all through which his body had been taken up by business, but he himself by the fiery vexation of his thoughts, a shape rushed by him which startled him, it was so like Anne. He would almost have ventured on oath it was her. Without thinking, he pursued the figure. It turned down some darker street, and was lost in the fog.—The other glimpse he had of it deepened his persuasion that it was really his affianced bride whom he had seen. 'Whose is she now? What relation to those she chooses in preference to me?' He went home with these thoughts burning at his heart.

Still he determined with himself that he would not be unjust. He fought a brave hard battle with his suspicions. The faith of his heart in Anne strove against that testimony of his senses, and overcame. He concluded that his senses had deluded him. But he also concluded that if Anne were in the town, and could keep herself from him at a time when she was so sacredly bound, it must be because she had some other lover. But he found this hard to believe. The very memory, almost the taste, of her last kisses rose to contradict it. He could not persuade himself that those kisses were deceitful and counterfeit.

A few days after, as he was walking slowly along, musing gloomily over this mysterious blow, he chanced suddenly to look up, and saw the sunshine fall upon a shape which he had now no doubt of. He saw it was Anne who hurriedly turned the corner

at the end of the street. He was determined to stop her and upbraid her; he felt in a moment half strong enough to fling back in her face the love of long years. On second thoughts, however, he resolved to discover where she was living, and for whom and for what she had broken her faith. He noticed that her clothes were very ragged and ill-looking; perhaps already she had begun to earn the wages of unfaithfulness by being cruelly used. He kept at a moderate distance behind her, slinking and hiding between intervenient persons. In this way he followed her through several streets; but turning suddenly in a more crowded thoroughfare, as he was straining forward eagerly to keep a glimpse of Anne at the distance, quite regardless of what was near, a burly dustman ran against him. He stumbled and fell. When he sprang up again, he could see nothing of that soiled bonnet and torn dress his eyes had been so steadily pursuing. Alas! he thought to himself, what matters it to find where she is, what she is doing. Plainly she was in the town; near him, yet not caring to see him; trying to conceal herself from him. Her very rage, perhaps, was but a disguise.

He felt so faint and bewildered, that he had to stumble into a tavern and call for some brandy. As he sat still there, looking the awful changes of his life in the face, he made up his mind to depart out of the country. A map of New Zealand hung on one side of the fire, a view of Otago on the other. He talked with two men in the room about emigration. The old town of his youth, the theatre now of such a mockery, seemed to grow hateful to him. He talked with these men until they persuaded him to emigrate. But it was not the golden visions of wealth which they set before him that tempted him; he was impelled by the strong desire to burst all his present trammels. He hardly knew whether his pride and indignation would save, or his sense of loss destroy him. He made up his mind to get rid of everything—shop, and house, and business, at once.

In two hours' time—having made an appointment with the men for the next day—he returned to his shop. Two or three painters immediately came up to him with inquiries. Would he have the shutters painted green? or grained like oak? or picked out with different colours?

He pushed by them, answering: 'Oh, anyhow.'

The men looked confused. Experience had taught them that anyhow was always wrong. One of them advised oak.

'I don't care the least how the shutters are painted. I shall never see them, I hope. I shall sell the shop, and go off in a day or two to New Zealand.'

The men fell back, and stared at one another. They looked at him again, as doubting whether or no he was drunk, or had begun to grow insane through his troubles, which all of them pretty accurately knew. The master determined to present his bill, and insure payment. William said that he would pay him immediately. While watching the painter make out his bill, his young apprentice came whistling into the shop. After a little while, he said to William:

'Have you seen the person in the parlour, sir?'

'What person? No,' said he.

'There was one came for you an hour ago,' said the lad, 'and she told me she should wait until you came in.'

William gave a murmur, a sigh, and pushed his way gloomily through the workmen, and implements, and packages into the room at the back of the shop. Some one fell back as he did so. Ah! through the little window betwixt the shop and parlour, Anne has been watching him ever since he came in. Her heart lashed her with pain and woe as she saw the thin figure and pinched, altered face, and felt that

she had made him so meagre and so white. She leaned on the sill and sobbed. She dared not go through to him, for she feared the scene of their meeting in the open gaze of the workmen.

Nor shall I describe that scene here. It was a long while before either of them could realise its truth, and particularly before William could. He asked if he had not passed her one night in the fog. She answered yes, and that the night and the early morning were the only times she dared go out, she so dreaded meeting him. He asked her if he had not seen her that very day, three hours ago. She blushed, and pointed to her dress. William looked down at it: it was a silken one. She told him she was rushing to fetch it out of pawn on purpose to visit him, and explain herself, when he perceived her that morning; and then she added all the story of her illness and penury, with many tears and prayers for forgiveness. William was so thankful that he wondered what he could have to forgive. Her proposals to regain her little capital, 'just for vanity's sake,' he would not listen to, but demanded as the only penance that they should be married before any more separations were possible. He called on the emigration agents—who said he was a very fickle man—and broke off his negotiations; but as a kind of recompense, he invited them to eat, drink, and dance at his wedding.

THE NATURE AND CONSEQUENCES OF BRITISH STORMS.

SECOND PAPER.

WHEN people all declare that the weather is unusually mild for the season, when a southerly wind and a cloudy sky raise the temperature, and send down the mercury in the weather-glass, then, as cautious Moore hath it, 'a storm may be expected about this time.' Let Brown forbear to sail on the river, or, at least, to make fast the sheet of the sprit-sail, for sudden gusts usher in a coming cyclone. Let the hardy fishermen from Peterhead to Cullercoats haul up high and dry on the beach their open undecked boats, and mend their nets and lines, seated cozily among wives and children, until the season of uncertainty is passed. Let the good ship *Mary Anne*, Al at Lloyd's, lie snugly moored in Liverpool docks a few days more, if she would avoid foul winds, head seas, and the 'merchant-marring rocks' of the rugged Irish coast on her lee. Let the richly laden merchantman in the Channel, homeward-bound, after surmounting the perils of a long voyage, hasten to secure the friendly aid of a steam-tug, if she would escape being driven on to the Goodwin Sands; and let the dusky collier-brig set all studding-sails aloft and aloft to gain the port before she rolls and pitches in an angry sea, and heels over to the gale. Let each miner walk as warily in the bowels of the earth as if he were in a powder-magazine; for the explosive gases are hissing audibly as they rush from every crevice, the ventilation is slackening, and the lives of all in the mine are forfeited if reckless Jones enters his 'bord' with a naked candle, or thoughtless Robinson tries to light a pipe at his Davy-lamp. Let farmers, shepherds, gardeners, invalids, &c., take suitable measures beforehand, for a cyclone cometh, a sudden change of weather, and probably a great storm.

The premonitory symptoms of a coming storm, the precise way in which a vessel will be attacked by it,

and the excellent practical rules which Sir W. Reid has given for the proper management of a vessel in a storm, are an important part of the education of a sailor, to whom a practical knowledge of cyclonology is now indispensable. The philosophical landsman will also be interested in a science which offers explanations of the continued easterly winds of an English spring, of the general prevalence of westerly winds in Britain at other seasons of the year, of the excessive changeableness of the climate of the British Islands, of the occurrence of great inundations, and of the extreme frequency of explosions in coal-mines; for these are all direct consequences of the nature and laws of British storms, or, to speak correctly, of North Atlantic cyclones.

Hurricanes, in some manner as yet unknown, are the offspring of an excessively heated atmosphere. They all begin near the equator, and are most frequent in any tropical country just after the season of greatest heat there. The hurricane season in the West Indies begins in August: and from August to the end of the following spring, cyclones come rushing across the Atlantic to Europe, not 'as single spies, but in battalions.' Every cyclone, however, does not announce itself here as a *storm of wind*; for while some are of a boisterous nature, and gyrate with all the speed of a fast young lady in a polka, others, more decorous, move round with the slow and solemn gravity of a dour matron of the old school. The presence of these peaceable cyclones is not made known to us by the force, but by the order of succession in the changes of direction of the wind, and by the peculiar cyclonic fluctuations of the mercury in the barometer and thermometer.

The average central track of the numerous cyclones that have been traced across the North Atlantic Ocean by Redfield, Reid, Maury, and others, passes a little to the north of Scotland, and tends towards the north-east point of the compass. As the British Islands lie somewhat to the south of this mean central route, it follows that the southern halves of cyclones will most frequently sweep over Britain, and, consequently, that the prevailing winds here will be from the southward and westward. Now, the southerly winds heap up in front of the advancing cyclone the heated air of the tropical regions, so that the approach of a cyclone to Britain is generally signalled by a considerable rise of the mercury in the thermometer, as well as by a fall of that in the barometer, as already explained. Hence, when a series of cyclones passes over Britain—and they are usually gregarious, although they come in single file—we experience a rapid and successive alternation of southerly and northerly winds, and therefore of hot and cold days, together with all the other changes of weather which attend sudden fluctuations in the density and dryness of the atmosphere. The extreme changeableness of the climate of the British Islands, therefore, arises from their being situated on the southern side of the mean central track of all the cyclones that cross the North Atlantic Ocean; and the general prevalence of westerly winds here is obviously due to the same cause.

As the West Indian cyclones generated in August, soon after the sun has attained his greatest northern declination, have all the violence of hurricanes, and move so rapidly poleward as to pass to the northward of Britain; so those generated about the time that the sun reaches his greatest southern declination, appear to be of a feebleer nature with respect to their power of moving poleward, their centres often passing to the southward of Britain, causing a succession of easterly winds here, and at the same time heavy storms in the Bay of Biscay, Portugal, Spain, and the Mediterranean Sea. This is the source of those cutting east winds in spring, which have such a

pernicious influence on the health and temper, that Pope has chosen them for the peculiar atmosphere of 'the gloomy cave of Spleen' in the *Rape of the Lock*:

No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows;
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.

M. Liail, of the Imperial Observatory of Paris, in tracing the course of the great Balaklava tempest from England across the continent beyond the Caucasian mountains, has shewn that it was an immense cyclone of which the centre passed to the south of England. During the three or four days of its transit across our meridian, the winds were easterly without exception from the Land's End to John O'Groat's.

This was also the case with the twin-cyclones that caused the great inundations in France at the end of the spring of 1856. The average cyclone track across the North Atlantic deviates little from the course of the Gulf-stream, whose warm surface is always overhung with copious vapours. Each cyclone, therefore, collects, during its progress across the ocean, an abundance of moisture to be discharged on the western coasts of Europe in the form of heavy rains. Cyclones that pass through low latitudes bordering on the tropics, also gather enormous accumulations of moisture to be precipitated as the mountain-chains of Southern Europe, thus producing those tremendous inundations so destructive to life and property as to rank among national calamities.

The most disastrous inundations in France during the present century, with the exception of those of 1856, occurred in 1844, immediately after the arrival at Europe of the great Cuba cyclone, so ably traced across the Atlantic up to our very shores by Messrs Redfield and Reid; and again in 1846, also just after the arrival of another great cyclone, traced also by those discoverers of the nature and laws of storms. The greatest and most sudden inundation recorded in our annals was that caused by the Moray floods in August 1829; resembling those in France as to their cyclonic origin, but by no means of parallel magnitude.

The greatly increased risk of explosions of fire-damp in coal-mines is one of the most important consequences of the approach of a cyclone to the British Islands. This additional risk arises from two distinct sources: the diminished atmospheric pressure, indicated by the fall of the mercury in the barometer, permits an unusually large issue of inflammable gas from the coal into the workings of the mine; and the simultaneous rise of the temperature of the exterior air checks the ventilation, and thereby leaves the gas to accumulate below.

That gas is most abundant in the galleries of coal-mines, and that explosions are most frequent, during warm southerly winds, when the thermometric column is high, and the barometric column low, has long been well known to practical miners both in England and France; and the evidence on this head, given before the several committees of the Houses of Lords and Commons on accidents in coal-mines, is both abundant and satisfactory. Many of the special examples of the influence of atmospheric perturbations in causing explosions are very striking and conclusive. For instance, the barometric depression during the passage over Britain of the northern half of the Balaklava cyclone began on the 11th, and ended on the 19th of November 1854, and was lowest on the 16th. During the four days when the atmospheric pressure was least, there occurred explosions in six different coal-mines, in localities remote from each other, but all under the dominion of the passing cyclone. On the 18th, there was an explosion at Worcester-shire; on the 14th, an explosion at

Northumberland; on the 15th, when the mercurial column was lowest, there were three explosions—in Lancashire, Worcestershire, and Monmouthshire, respectively; and on the 16th, there was an explosion in Scotland. Just before the great explosion at Lundhill Colliery, near Barnsley, in February 1857, the most destructive to human life on record, there was a sudden rise of temperature of more than twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and a fall of the barometric column, both caused by a passing cyclone.

In such cases, an inquest is held on the unfortunate victims, and the stereotyped verdict returned that the accident was quite unaccountable, and no one to blame. It may have been so, for some explosions certainly do happen independently of the previous state of the weather; but in nine cases out of ten, an examination of the meteorological conditions that immediately preceded the explosion will shew that the approaching epoch of increased danger might have been foreseen, and proper precautions taken beforehand. This is a matter of growing importance, for explosions are becoming every year more numerous and more destructive.

One hundred and twelve persons lost their lives by one explosion at the Cymmer Colliery, near Cardiff, in July 1856; and about two hundred persons were destroyed under circumstances of an unusually painful nature, by the above-mentioned explosion at Lundhill Colliery. These two, of upwards of six hundred explosions of which the dates and details are known, have been the most destructive to human life. The following statistics, compiled from the excellent periodical, *Reports of the Government Inspectors of Mines*, shew that the number of recorded explosions is increasing from year to year: 1851, 66 explosions, 270 lives lost; 1852, 74 explosions, 209 lives lost; 1853, 77 explosions, 204 lives lost; 1854, 84 explosions, 209 lives lost; 1855, 95 explosions, 186 lives lost. In 1855, the number of explosions spread over the whole year, gives one explosion for every four days; so that by this time the annual number is probably approximating to an average of two explosions in each week.

It may be interesting to indicate some of the effects of such gentle cyclones, as, on account of their inferior velocity of rotation, are not accompanied by strong winds. Suppose one of these to approach our shores in early spring. For three or four days, mild and moderate breezes blow gently from the sunny south, veering slowly to south-west and west; presently the bright little daisy thrusts his modest head above the relaxed earth, 'the lusty sap begins to move'; forest-trees bud, and orchard-trees blossom, promising kindly fruits in autumn; busy little birds flutter joyfully hither and thither in pairs; and the speckled trout, thin and lanky after his long hybernation under a friendly stone, turns his head up-stream, and now and then dips the surface as he forces his acquaintance on some unfortunate avant-courier of the ephemeral tribe. Coughs and colds abate, and great-coats are laid aside. Among the many hundreds of coal-mines in England, Scotland, and Wales, there are few that are not suddenly afflicted with asthma, evinced by the impeded action of their breathing organs, the up-cast and down-cast shafts; and the flame of the miners' candle is reduced to an ominous little blue halo far above the wick. In the county newspapers of Staffordshire or Wales appear isolated accounts of explosions, juries as usual pronouncing exculpatory verdicts. The bodies recovered from the black abyss are decently interred, and a generous subscription relieves for a time the more pressing wants of widows and orphans.

Suppose, now, the first cyclone to be immediately succeeded by another, of which the centre moves slowly up the Mediterranean towards the Black Sea.

A week or two of cold searching easterly winds soon blight all the fair promises of the premature spring, a frost nips the tender buds and blossoms, a sprinkling of snow powders the heads of the northern hills, and old folk talk of the unhealthiness of a black-thorn winter. Again, 'coughing drowns the parson's saw.' But, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and coal-mines now throw off their asthmatic symptoms, breathing freely through their huge throats. Explosions are not heard of again until a sudden return of hot weather, or a season of greatly diminished atmospheric pressure.

THE GREAT DRAGON OF CHINA.

I.

'Once upon a time,' there was a great dragon that lived in a flowery land; he came out of the bottomless pit, and he was so vast that his body reached from the frozen north to the burning tropics, and his claws stretched over a thousand miles, and his tail lay along a hundred rivers, and for his dinner every day he ate up as many little new-born children as their mothers would bring him and place in his hungry maw. Thirty thousand children every year did the dragon eat up; but no one grieved for them, so long as he kept his claws off the grown-up people; and they brought their children, and gave them up without a tear, and the dragon grew more fat, and strong, and lively every day.

And, as for the mothers, they did not weep, and lament, or refuse to be comforted—not they. Their children, especially if they were daughters, were better in the dragon's belly than living the life their mothers lived; better, said they, not to be, than to toil and starve like us.

So the great dragon of infanticide lay along the length and breadth of the land; and the tender new-born infant was exposed on the public road, to be caught up in his fangs, or cast away into the waters of those silent highways that lead to the great deep.

Long did the hearts of English mothers refuse to believe the existence of so terrible a curse upon the land. Here is the testimony of one who occupied the highest position in science, and whose life, after he had braved a thousand perils by water in his voyages round the globe, was lost by fire in the frightful catastrophe on the railway from Paris to Versailles, in May 1842. 'In China,' says the unfortunate Dumont d'Urville, in his *Picturesque Voyage round the World*—'in China, the father has the power of selling his child as a slave; and whether from poverty or caprice, the fathers frequently avail themselves of their rights. Daughters especially are trafficked in. Humanity and paternal affection are virtues unknown to the Chinese, who have no thought but for themselves. It is undoubtedly to this brutalising egotism that we must refer the enormous number of infanticides which are perpetrated every year in that country.'

'So far from punishing this atrocity, the government seems to tolerate and almost to authorise it. It is one of the duties of the police of Peking to collect, every morning, the infants which have been "thrown away" during the night. They pile up the victims in a tumbrel, and cart them away pell-mell, the living and the dead, and shoot them into a common sewer outside the city. Some authors have computed the annual number of infanticides at not less than thirty thousand. The natives who live on the banks of the rivers abandon their children to the current, after having attached to the back of the neck a gourd, to

keep their heads above water. It was an everyday occurrence to see the corpses of children floating down the stream; and the boatmen who pass pay them no more attention than they would to a dead dog.' 'The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty;' and there is not a leavening grain of humanity in the religion of the Chinese. Some spark of natural feeling has originated the doctrine of a continual metempsychosis; so that the mother, if she has any remorse in putting her child to death, may console herself that she is only giving its spirit a passage from one body to another tenement more or less assimilated to the human form divine.

The Chinese laws are as merciful to this crime as our own legislature to that of wife-beating. One of the mandarins' edicts, after a long preamble on things in general, runs thus: 'We regret to find that in our flowery province the lives of infants are far from long. This is not good. Attention must be paid, and alteration made for the future.'

In the year 1845, the emperor of China published an edict to repress the prevalence of infanticide. He begs the parents to send the infants to the asylums rather than expose them to be devoured by wild beasts, or cast them into the rivers; and—in a country where capital punishment, be it remembered, is awarded for the most trivial offences—he threatens all future offenders with the punishment of sixty blows of the stick for each offence.

So the dragon ate up the little children, and no one hindered him.

II.

It was Forbin Janson, bishop of Nancy, whose genius first discovered, and whose courage and energy were able to wield the weapon that could slay the destroyer.

With a large experience acquired from his missionary travels in the east, he combined the motive-power of religious enthusiasm and a fervent philanthropy; and when he had entered into the appalling details of the curse of China, he spared no faculty of mind or body till he had set in motion his scheme for the deliverance of the victims of infanticide.

The price of a new-born infant in China was said to be 200 *sapeks*, or about a shilling; increasing up to ten shillings for a child of ten years; and the worthy bishop determined to try the power of money on those hearts that were insensible to nobler feelings.

But where should he obtain the necessary funds?

The outlets for benevolence are even more numerous in France than in England. Every day, charity knocks at the door, and opens the purses of rich and poor for the support of asylums, of hospitals, and a thousand institutions which have no other source of revenue than voluntary contributions.

There yet remained, thought the bishop, one class who were exempt from contribution.

It was for tender infants he besought assistance to rescue them from a violent death. It was to the children of his faith he determined to appeal for the means to carry on the good work. He resolved to enlist the tender sympathies of the little children, and make them the saviours of thousands of innocents from a cruel and hopeless doom.

The worthy bishop disseminated his plan throughout the families of the rich and powerful world of Paris, and the heads of the church co-operated with him in obtaining contributions, by processions, by masses, and charity-sermons. He himself started for Belgium, and knocked at the door of King Leopold's palace, and soon counted the royal children as contributors and patrons of his enterprise. He collected by these means a sum of 50,000 francs; but unhappily before he could realise the success of his labours, he was seized with illness while pursuing his self-imposed

duties, and fell a victim to his zeal and devotion to the good cause.

His work was not suffered to die with him. A worthy successor was found in the person of Archbishop Bonamie, who applied himself to the task with equal ardour, and obtained a glorious harvest of success. In 1846, the society of the *Sainte Enfance*, as it is called, was enabled to send out a regular mission to Macao, provided with all the means and appliances of conversion, crucifixes, medallions, and above all, *sapeks* to the amount of 190,000 francs, for the purpose of purchasing Chinese infants, to be brought up within the pale of the Romish Church.

Moored off the harbour at Macao might be seen, in 1847, a handsome vessel, the *Stella Maria*, freighted with those who had devoted themselves to the work of delivering the souls appointed to die. *Faree opus*; the traffic has begun. In a few weeks, a commodious asylum was erected on the shore, for the reception of the ransomed innocents. Round the sides of a spacious and well-ventilated apartment are ranged the cradles and cribs of the little purchases—*le petit commerce*, as the Père Werner delights to call them; while twelve sisters of charity in the simple and tidy habit of their order, tend their little nurslings, and repay themselves for their solicitude by the smiles and kisses of their charges. One of this pious sisterhood has come to China to revenge her brother's death, who was massacred by the Chinese while engaged as a missionary. She is taking the revenge of a Christian, rendering good for evil.

Father Werner has also established a nursery at Lut-kug, where the poor women who are employed on the canals, and labour at the oar as hard as our Thames bargemen, can leave their children for the day and receive them again in the evening, and solace themselves with their caresses after the heavy fatigues of the oar. What a blessing for the poor little things to be cared for in a cool and quiet apartment, instead of being tied to their mothers' backs while they labour under a scorching sun, and sharing with them the burden and heat of the day!

In two days the good father has sometimes saved the lives of 50 infants, by purchasing them at the price of a crucifix, or a medallion, or a few *sapeks*.

In 1848 the society recorded the number of 68,477 baptisms, and was supporting 62 boys', and 134 girls' schools.

Every year collections are made in the churches of Paris, and the little children of the rich contribute their alms for the redemption of their perishing little brothers and sisters in China. Even in the depths of Lower Brittany the good work finds support. Every year a procession of more than two thousand children, each with a little banner in its hands, winds through the streets of Quimper to solemnise in the old cathedral the fête of the *Sainte Enfance*; and a wealthy lady of Dinan has adopted several of the little Chinese orphans; and little exotics may be seen transplanted to the soil of Brittany and flourishing vigorously in that healthy air.

The head-quarters of the army which the French have sent to fight the dragon of China and extirpate idolatry are at No. 4 Rue Chanoinesse, at Paris; where may be seen the whole *matériel* of the war, its arms and munitions, its annals and its trophies. They have a mighty army, well furnished with the sinews of war, and led on by victorious generals; their triumphs are over the powers of darkness, their prisoners are captives to the yoke of Christ, and their laurels will be a crown of glory.

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A PERSECUTED CENTURY.

For some time past, it has been a fashion amongst writers to run down the eighteenth century; and at length the rage has come to a fearful boil over in the new work of Mr Carlyle. The great difficulty of this eminent author in treating Frederick the Great is, by his own profession, how to 'shew a man who is a reality worthy of being seen,' and yet 'keep his century, as a hypocrisy worthy of being hidden and forgotten, in due abeyance.' This century, he calls it, of 'accumulated falsities'—so false, that it had no longer the consciousness of being so—having 'nothing grand in it, except that grand universal suicide, named French Revolution, by which it terminated its otherwise most worthless existence with at least one worthy act; setting fire to its old home and self, and going up in flames and volcanic explosions, in a truly memorable and important manner. A very fit termination,' he says he thankfully feels, 'for such a century. Century spendthrift, fraudulent bankrupt, gone at length utterly insolvent, without real money of performance in its pocket, and the shops declining to take hypocrisies and speciosities any further: what could the poor century do but at length admit: "Well, it is so. I am a swindler century, and have long been; having learned the trick of it from my father and grandfather; knowing hardly any trade but that in false bills, which I thought foolishly might last for ever, and still bring at least beef and pudding to the favoured of mankind. And behold it ends; and I am a detected swindler, and have nothing even to eat. What remains but that I blow my brains out, and do at length one true action?" Which the poor century did; many thanks to it, in the circumstances.'

Surely the accusative case is getting into a sad predominance among us, when a whole century can be arraigned on cumulative evidence in this manner.

We humbly presume to think that the eighteenth was a pretty fair century, as centuries go. It brought us no such movement as a Reformation, indeed—the special work of the sixteenth—but the brewer found he could not boil down a black man every day, whatever declension it might occasion in the repute of his beer: and so it is, there is not a Reformation to be done every century. Apart from lucky accidents of that kind so thinly sown, looking to what centuries in general are, we rather think well of the eighteenth century; perhaps in some respects it was a better century than our own, which, with more light, has also the demerit of keeping up a good deal more darkness.

Only remember, it was in the eighteenth century

that the inhabitants of this world were first generally informed of how it has its relative place and motion amongst the other worlds—of what lightning is—what air is—what ultimate elements the solids of the earth are composed of. It was in this century that men were enabled to add planets to the solar system, and whole legions of new and undreamed-of organisms to creation. It was this century which first really embraced and profited by the inductive philosophy, and began to see with any clearness that there is a fixed order of things in the universe, the study of and conformity to which gives a just economy to human life. This a poor century, which saw Franklin bring down thunder on the string of a kite at Philadelphia, and Watt laying the foundation of the grandest physical power possessed by man in a little workshop in Glasgow College! Why, what would Mr Carlyle have of a century, if he slights these things? What other century, will he tell us, ever did such things for its own children, and those who were to follow after them?

It seems, however, to be in moral respects that Mr Carlyle chiefly finds the condemnation of the eighteenth century. It was a century trading in false bills. Was it so, indeed? It was the first century that ever saw through the gross superstitions which had made all preceding centuries believe in sorcerers and jugglers, and condemn old women for witchcraft. It was a hypocritical century, working upon speciosities till it was out of all credit. Was it so truly? To our mind, so far from being specially an insincere century, it appears as just the least so of all centuries. In the previous one, to dissent from the established church inferred, in Britain, serious penalties to every grade of society. In Mr Carlyle's native country, to disown presbytery brought excommunication—that is, social outlawry, loss of goods, and of place in the country; on a change of rule, to act against episcopacy inferred dragooning in the fields. In the eighteenth century, nearly every such penal consequence to nonconformity in both ends of the island had disappeared. In which of these two kinds of circumstances was it that hypocrisy was most likely to be practised? Most men now-a-days have a relish and an approval for toleration. Was there toleration in the seventeenth century? On the contrary, the word was a reproach. James I. indignantly defended himself against the imputation of being favourable to it. It was formally repudiated by the Long Parliament and Westminster Assembly of Divines as the nurse of all heresies; and when Alexander Henderson, the leading Scotch Covenanting divine, preached to the House in recommendation of his own favourite ecclesiastical polity, he denounced

none so much as those who held 'that every one should be left to preach, profess, and print what he liked.' If we look across the Atlantic, we find the same spirit. There the very men who had fled from intolerance, practised the fiercest intolerance themselves. Roger Williams, the first enunciator of the principle of liberty of conscience, had to fly from his own state of Rhode Island, and skulk in the wilderness, exposed to the severities of winter and to starvation. Various Quakers were hanged. Contrast with this the eighteenth century, in which every one was fully allowed to 'preach, profess, and print what he liked.' But contrast it also with the nineteenth, which should know so much better. Does Clement XIV. suppressing the Jesuits look ill against Pio Nono denouncing all who disrespect the Immaculate Conception? Does Austria, under Joseph II. and his prodigious reforms, pale beside Austria in 1868 under the new concordat? Has the liberalism of Catherine II. been well exchanged for the fanatic cruelties and propagandism of Nicolas I.? Is the France of easy-going Louis XV. improved upon in respect of religious freedom by the France of Louis Napoleon? There were strong convictions in the sixteenth century, as there are, or seem to be, now; and in strong convictions Mr Carlyle delights. But somehow, strong convictions have an unpleasant affinity to burnings, and throat-cuttings, and pestering of one's neighbours. What Mr Carlyle delights in is ordinarily felt to be at once a general inconvenience, and ineffectual for even the assumedly good ends it proposes. It is highly questionable how far a century is improved by it when it is not put under very strong checks—an article not always very ready at command for the purpose. In fact, we do not know a more formidable state of things amongst mankind than a *mêlée* of strong convictions; and we sincerely hope that Mr Carlyle may never be punished with the realisation of his desires regarding it.

If we confine our view to Great Britain, we shall see that, in economic and some other respects, the eighteenth was not a bad century. It saw the long pacific administration of Walpole, in which we throve remarkably well under a system of parliamentary hypocrisy. It gave us India. We lost, indeed, our American colonies; but it was a gain to general humanity, and we may now forget the stupidity of George III. in our sympathy with the glory of George Washington. During this period the population of England was greatly increased, her wealth probably quadrupled, roads, canals, posts established, a free press created, the national taste regaled with an elegant literature. It gave us Addison, Pope, Goldsmith, Burke, and Burns. Nor were great soldiers wanting. Marlborough, Saxe, Frederick, Clive, were far from being common-place people: indeed, it may be asked where are their equals now? Oh, Mr Carlyle, this a poor century in great men! Look at home, dear sir, and say if the *curta supeller* of historical personages now living gives you a title of reproach.

Finally, as to this same suicide which the eighteenth century is said to have performed upon itself. A bad business truly, and doubtless brought about by real evils, for which some people were to blame, either on the ground of their want of political wisdom or their wicked selfishness. Yet look also at the groping sense of right and the splendid good designs towards mankind at large, which prompted the reforming party. These things, albeit unlucky in their results, are things properly to the credit of the century. It was the first time that a great people demanded to be treated with justice by their rulers, and that, we conceive, is no small matter in the

history of this world. Even, then, in this dismal end the century came to, we find something to admire and sympathise with. It seems to stamp our proposition with a final approval, that there have been worse centuries than the eighteenth.

THE NEWSPAPER WORLD.

WERE the privilege granted to Master Nathaniel Butter, the originator of the present form of newspaper, to 'revisit the glimpses of the moon,' he would feel astounded at seeing what a mighty power his humble efforts to produce a sheet of 'newes' had evoked. And were it further permitted that he might see, as in a glass, the progress and struggles of his invention, as it travelled over the thorny paths of time through 'a period full two centuries long,' to its present state of perfection, we can fancy the amazement that might sit on his brow, as he contrasted the appearance of his little, shabbily printed 'weekly newes' with the leviathans of the present day. We can imagine how rapidly his memory would flit back to the year of grace 1622, when James the First was king, and how he would recall the jibes and jeers, and prophecies of failure, that were levelled at him by the wits and pamphleteers, when he adopted the bold step of printing his 'newes' instead of writing it, as had been the previous mode of multiplying the chronicles of the time.

A newspaper editor must, like the poet, be born to his calling, as in the majority of instances no amount of training will fit a person for such a post unless he have a natural taste and aptitude for that description of literary labour; for although many persons are able to write 'leaders' or 'literary articles' for a newspaper, few can be intrusted with its editorial control, few can scent out the libel which lurks in almost every communication, few can distinguish the report intended to please the speaker instead of inform the nation, and the letters written to serve private interests instead of public ends; still fewer who can tell at a glance the kind of literary or political material which will promote the circulation of the journal—in fact, a good editor's great difficulty is not as to what he should put in but what he should keep out of his columns. Successful editors have not been great authors, but men of good common sense, and their good common sense has taught them to write but little themselves, but to read, judge, select, dictate, alter, and combine the writings of others.

The provincial press has now become, especially in the frequency of its issues, almost as great an institution as the press of London. Every large town has at least one daily journal; and in some cases, as in Manchester, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, three or four. In most instances, too, these 'dailies' are published at the price of one penny; and it is but just to say that many of them are conducted with great spirit and ability. The change from the old fivepenny or fourpenny journal is as yet so very recent as to partake somewhat of the character of novelty, and is by many still looked upon as a doubtful experiment. We all know, however, that, while we had only high-priced journals, the Americans had papers which sold even at so low a price as a half-penny, and that even on these the expenditure of capital was enormous. In New York, for instance, £50,000 was paid for the copyright and plant of a half-penny daily newspaper, with a circulation of 60,000 copies per day. It was printed by machinery, which threw off the impression at the rate of 18,000 copies an hour, and its advertisements yielded about £20,000 a year. It was at one time supposed that the cheap journal would not take root in our own country; and, as it was prophesied that penny-postage would fail, that railways would never supersede the old four-in-

hand, and that the electric telegraph would never become more than a scientific toy, so it was predicted that there never could be a successful penny newspaper. Already, notwithstanding, we have a penny paper (the *Manchester Examiner and Times*) announcing the acquisition of a machine capable of producing copies at the rate of 15,000 an hour. These, it must be admitted, are rather promising facts. This remarkable journal is understood to have a daily sale of 28,000. We lately purchased a copy of it, at nine o'clock in the morning of publication, at a railway station, midway between York and Hull, and found it to contain the same news as was in the *Times* of the same date!

So much for the outside or husk of the newspaper world. Let us now withdraw the curtain and peep behind the scenes upon the busy picture presented in the office of a largely circulating newspaper. See that gigantic machine, instinct with life, throwing off the printed sheets as quickly as the eye can count them. See the host of men, reminding us of a body of large ants, picking up tons of metal by half a penny-weight at a time. See the great intellectual head, the foremost man of all, the mighty 'we,' at whose frown potentates tremble and ministries dissolve, surrounded by his *aides*—the busy reporter new from his turn in 'the gallery,' industriously extending his notes; the sub-editor, condensing verbose communications, and extracting information and readable matter from a mountain of letters, blue-books, and country papers. See also how the post-office, the telegraph, and the train, rain a countless succession of communications upon the editorial table from all the corners of the earth. Look, there is a packet from 'our special correspondent,' who is tracking the steps of the British army in India; another, from our 'own' correspondent, who has been assisting to annihilate time and distance between Britain and America, by laying down an electric cable in the depths of the Atlantic; a third from a lively correspondent, who is dodging the foot-steps of royalty at the Cherbourg fêtes. Then, again, observe that active gentleman in the closely buttoned coat, who drops a letter into the communication-box and disappears: that is a 'penny-a-liner,' who has just gleaned the particulars of an exciting murder, perpetrated in the most mysterious manner; another liner has preceded him, with what he calls a capital suicide; and a third will follow, just as the paper is going to press, with a terrific conflagration accompanied by loss of life. The knowing sub-editor has in a few minutes revised, and (most necessary duty of all), abridged this 'copy,' and given it a corner in the paper, which consummation the competition of rival journals makes necessary, when the article is of sufficient importance, as the liners have dropped copies into the letter-boxes of all the other daily papers.

A great London editor, according to Thomas Carlyle, gets up his leader in the following style: 'He rushes into the clubs, into London society, rolls about all day, copiously talking modish nonsense or sense, and listening to the like, with the multifarious miscellany of men; comes home at night, redacts it into a *Times* leader, and is found to have hit the essential purport of the world's immeasurable babblement. This is what the multifarious Babel sound did mean to say in clear words; this more nearly than anything else. Let the most gifted intellect, capable of writing epics, try to write such a leader for the morning newspaper.' The sub-editor, as we have already seen, has his own particular duties, and, on a daily paper, they are numerous and unceasing—piles of letters to wade through and select from, reports of all kinds to revise and adapt, proofs of letters from 'special' correspond-

ents in distant countries, requiring unprecedented geographical knowledge to look over and correct; and in many cases he has also the devising and carrying out of the details of the paper—deciding what must go in, and what must 'stand over till our next.' The reporter is a most important and useful auxiliary. By means of this individual the newspaper has come to perform a very important function, impossible to be rightly done without thorough freedom of statement; it is the 'channel of information between all classes in the country—it tells the country what the legislature and government are about, and the legislature and government what the country is about; it lets the rich and the poor know what is going forward beyond their own sphere.' In short, by means of editorial labour, aided by the energy of the reporter, the newspaper has become a political map of the country, as necessary to the statesman as a geographical map to the general. Some idea of what is required of a parliamentary reporter is given in a little work entitled *Aids to Reporting*. We are told therein, that the reporter must be naturally endowed with perceptive powers of a high order, and a faculty, which is by no means common, of transferring the current of thought which another person is endeavouring to express, and the process of reasoning by which he seeks to work out his conclusions, into his own mind. He must be able to understand, and for the time to feel, not merely what a man says, but what he means to say—things, with the most practised speakers, at times, and with young debaters, at all times, totally opposed to each other. He must be able so completely to identify himself with the course of an argument, as to know beforehand almost, not merely what the speaker is about to say, but the expressions he will or ought to employ to convey his meaning to others. As tending to the development and bringing out of this faculty, a study of the principles and practice of logic is a valuable assistance. Added to all these qualifications, great mechanical power in note-taking, and extraordinary rapidity in transcribing the notes into long-hand copy for the printer, are absolutely necessary. In aid of the note-taking power of the reporter, the acquisition of short-hand is of considerable importance; but it is by no means an imperative requisite, provided the reporter possesses, in an eminent degree, the higher qualifications of his calling. Some of the most distinguished reporters the gallery of parliament has known were long-hand writers, and there are at present two or three who report in long-hand with a power which enables them to follow a speaker with all but *verbatim* accuracy.

While these editorial matters are in active progress, it must not be supposed that the 'business' affairs of the paper, conducted either by the proprietor himself, or his deputy the manager, are being neglected. None but such as have been regularly initiated into the mysteries of the newspaper world know the activity, the intense mental labour, or the foresight and unceasing energy that are required to insure the commercial prosperity of a first-rate journal. A person involved in the conducting of a high-class daily newspaper lives in a perpetual whirl of excitement, his existence being little else, from the 1st of January till the last day of December, than one continued worry. From morning to night he is obliged to be in harness, and at every person's command, never having one moment of the day he can call his own; his eye must be on all, and his active body everywhere. At one moment, he is deep in a confabulation with the party who is fitting up his new machine; at another he is arranging terms of agreement with a special correspondent who is required for India; now he has to complain of the

non-arrival of his new types, or the unpunctuality of the person who supplies him with ink; now he gets in a passion at an impudent 'liner' who has done the paper with an invented murder or a 'heart-rending suicide'; anon, a conference with the principal editor as to the line of writing to be taken up consequent on a change of ministry, demands his presence. Or the paper-maker has a woful tale to harass him with. His machinery has become deranged, and he has also unfortunately run out of rags in consequence of the shutting up of a foreign port; and so, with melancholy visage, he announces that there is only sufficient paper on hand to last three days, and that it will take four days to get his machinery put right, even if the rags should arrive in the meantime. Scarcely is this misfortune remedied than there comes an 'immediate' circular from the stamp-office, announcing that one of the securities, required by law for every paper, has grown timid, and has withdrawn his name, and that a substitute must be found before stamps can be obtained for the next paper. And so the day drags its slow length along, till wearied, worried, and benched, the poor manager hurries away home, to dinner. On the morrow, a similar routine of cares and anxieties is repeated, with similar expenditure of bodily and mental labour. These little annoyances, it may be stated, are only a tithe of what the proprietor has to endure—the efforts required to compete with other journals are alone sufficient to wear out his life in a very short time.

The reader will perhaps relish, by way of contrast, an account of the getting up of the humble journal of a fifth-rate country town, with its diffuse local paragraphs and minute market intelligence.

The week begins, in the country printing-office, with the distribution of the types of the preceding paper, a task which generally occupies about two days; the length of time required varying considerably in proportion to the extent of the general jobbing business carried on, for few country newspaper proprietors are independent of what is called the jobbing trade. The editor, sub-editor, and reporter, are, in most cases, one and indivisible in this kind of office; and he is engaged in the early part of the week in selecting literary extracts and other general 'matter,' to be used as circumstances admit. By the time the compositors are ready to take 'copy,' he has gleaned sufficient to keep them busy; and any original communications that may have been sent in, are then carefully read and revised by him, and selected or rejected, as the case may be.

Perhaps, while he is thus engaged, notice of the holding of some meeting or court is given him. Independent of the various courts and public meetings held in the town where the paper is issued, the editor-reporter is required to attend at similar meetings in various adjacent villages and towns, where no regular correspondent is appointed. Generally, however, there is in each of these little villages some rustic genius, ambitious of shining in all the glories of type and printer's ink; and he is only too glad to furnish accounts of all that transpires, and probably also to add his contributions to the 'original poetry' or 'original literature' department of the paper.

Besides the usual routine of reporting, all local occurrences, such as accidents, fires, &c., require the greatest attention, and have to be given very fully in the local columns. In many districts of the country, one of the greatest facilities of the reporter in obtaining such information, namely, the reports of police-officers of occurrences on their beats, is wanting; but this desideratum is commonly supplied by good-natured gossip, who take care to spread the news of the event far and wide, so that there is little chance of anything escaping the local editor. A great deal depends on the management of this department, as

the most requires to be made of every little occurrence, and all the large eggs, enormous gooseberries, and prolific potatoes, must be duly chronicled, as must also the births, deaths, and marriages of the surrounding neighbourhood.

In the general or political news department, the editor has a much easier duty to perform than his London brethren, as he has all the advantage of their labours. He does not require to think much or profoundly on political matters, as he makes use of the brains of the metropolitan editors for that purpose. His greatest efforts in the way of 'leaders' are on some local matter of vast importance, such as the shutting up of a roadway, the scarcity of coal, or the unpunctuality of the local post-office. The market intelligence must be copious and correct, as all the farmers for miles around depend upon it for the regulation of their sales. In conclusion, let us state, that the provincial editor is a great man in his district, *stied* and feasted upon all occasions when there is a local gathering, and no farmer's dinner is complete without him. What wonderful presents he gets too—offerings of all kinds, the first-fruits of the season in all departments of growth. Take the following, which has just come under our notice, as an example: 'Mr James Spalding, gardener to Mrs Bethune, St Ann's Hill, sent us a dish of splendid peas on Saturday, the first we have seen this season. The previous day, Mr Blake, Castle Street, sent some very fine cauliflower. Yesterday, Mr Tarrant, gardener, sent a basket of potatoes, all of very large size, with peas and strawberries of prime quality. Mr T. has been supplying potatoes for a week.'

In connection with the eight hundred journals which compose the newspaper press of Great Britain, there is of course a gigantic expenditure, and many trades are almost wholly supported by means of the 'fourth estate'; the typesetter, paper-maker, and ink-manufacturer, in particular, draw largely on the newspaper proprietors. If it were possible to present, in the aggregate, the sums paid to editors, sub-editors, managers, correspondents, leader-writers, reporters, reviewers of literature, science, the drama and music, besides compositors and machinists, we should find that, even in an economical point of view, the newspaper press is a great and important cause of the realm.

THE COMMISSARY OF POLICE.

FRANÇOIS DUMONTET, a painter of Lyon, espoused, in the spring of 1843, Euphrosyne Lamont, a youthful damsel about his own age, and equally poor, enthusiastic, and unreflecting. Both were orphans; and Euphrosyne was a charming brunette, of local celebrity, whose dark southern eyes shone with such brilliancy as she emerged, a blushing bride, from the church of St Thomas, that the spectators were fain to acknowledge it was not surprising the young artist should have preferred the graceful and blooming Euphrosyne to middle-aged Mademoiselle Médard, the daughter and heiress of the rich silk-merchant in the Rue du Nord, whose sole attractions were *les beaux yeux de sa cassette*. The favour of this lady he was reported to have won by painting her portrait so cleverly, that although it was impossible not to recognise the likeness, the coarse, dry, parchment complexion, vixen eyes, and altogether crabbed aspect of the original, were so judiciously modified and softened, that a very pleasant *casualité* resulted—an achievement which elicited from more than one shrewd observer the remark, that if François Dumontet were not the great genius he believed himself to be, he, at all events, possessed a skill in likeness-painting, which, diligently cultivated, could hardly fail of realising a fortune. Unfortunately, young Dumontet

looked down from the exaltation of his vanity with supreme contempt upon that branch of his art; his genius had wings for a far loftier flight, and next to Euphrosyne, the fame which could not fail to accrue from the exhibition in Paris of his great historic painting—a glittering mass of effulgent uniforms, fiery steeds, and crimson cannon-flashes upon a background of universal smoke, the fanciful representation of a battle in Algeria—lent brightness to the future, upon which, with love, beauty, youth, for his companions, he was now about to enter. Euphrosyne, herself a graceful flower-painter, as well as *artiste en fleurs*, participated the illusions of her lover and husband, but could not for all that repress a start and exclamation of alarm, when, on the evening of the seventh or eighth day of married life, François, who had been for some time profoundly immersed in money-calculations, said abruptly:

‘It is plain, *ma belle*, that after paying for our places in the diligence, and the carriage of the picture, we shall have only about two hundred francs left when we reach Paris.’

‘Two hundred francs! No more! Ah, François, that is a very small sum to begin the world with.’

‘True, *mon amie*; but what then? Guguénard writes me that Vernet sold a picture decidedly inferior to mine, a short time since, for twelve thousand francs. Twelve thousand francs, Euphrosyne! If mine but fetches half that sum, it is already a fortune.’

‘You know Guguénard, François, much better than I do, and have, I am aware, confidence in his judgment.’

‘Entire confidence, Euphrosyne. Have you forgotten the compliment passed by Monsieur Le Vicomte de Parrans upon Henri Guguénard’s the engraver’s taste in the fine arts?’

‘No; I remember it well, and that Guguénard was himself the relater of the anecdote.’

‘Is not that a little ungenerous, Euphrosyne?’

‘Perhaps so,’ said the young wife, covering with an effort her natural gaiety of tone; ‘and what is certain is, that I have full confidence in your genius and fortunes, François.’

The conversation thus terminated, Dumontel proceeded at once to the Messageries to secure places in the diligence, and Euphrosyne fell into a reverie, from which she was roused by the announcement of ‘Monsieur Bouis;’ and an elderly gentleman, in deep mourning, and wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, presented himself. He was from Paris, and the sternly sad expression of his pale features was doubtless caused by the death, about three months previously, of his only son in an apparently motiveless duel with a French officer *en retraite*—Le Capitaine Regnaud. The unfortunate young man had been on a prolonged visit at Lyon, at the time of the catastrophe, a circumstance well known to Euphrosyne, who appeared to be as much startled as surprised by the words ‘Monsieur Bouis, of Paris.’ The gentle mournfulness of his greeting, however, quickly reassured her.

‘I am the father, mademoi—I beg pardon, Madame Dumontel, of the unfortunate Charles Bouis, who, I hope, still lives in your friendly remembrance.’

‘Assuredly, monsieur,’ replied Euphrosyne; ‘and this notwithstanding my acquaintance with your amiable son was of the slightest kind.’

‘So I understand,’ said her visitor; ‘and yet, but for that slight acquaintance, my son would now be alive.’

‘Comment, monsieur?’ exclaimed Euphrosyne, blushing and trembling; ‘I do not comprehend.’

‘Not clearly, you mean, my dear madame; but pray do not agitate yourself: a few words will explain my meaning, and justify, or, at least, excuse my presence here. During the night previous to the duel with Captain Regnaud,’ added M. Bouis, ‘so inexplicable as

having arisen from the few sharp but meaningless words said to have provoked it, my son, foreboding it might be the last time he should address me upon earth, penned a long letter, which after his death was of course forwarded to me. It is only about a fortnight ago,’ continued the speaker, with increasing emotion, sternly as he strove to preserve a simulated stoicism of tone and manner, ‘that I found courage to open and read it. One paragraph alone related to you, madame; a brief one, but written with a hand which trembled more at those few lines than all the rest, informed me that he had passionately loved the beautiful *orpheline* of the Grande Rue, Lyon, Euphrosyne Lamont, *artiste en fleurs*; but chiefly from knowing that I would not consent to the alliance, had never disclosed his passion to the said Euphrosyne—in words, of course, is meant,’ added M. Bouis, ‘as it is scarcely possible that a sentiment so vivid should not have found interpretation, though that of the lips was withheld.’

‘Have the kindness, monsieur,’ said Madame Dumontel, ‘to confine yourself to what it is needful I should hear. For the rest,’ she added, with a slight tinge of pride, ‘a young woman *bien élevée*, and well taught and nurtured, does not permit herself to interpret the demeanour of young gentlemen in whose society she may chance to find herself.’

‘Excuse me, madame; I would not willingly offend you. I have, however, a few more words to say. Le Capitaine Regnaud was, I have reason to believe, keener sighted than you, and he, moreover, I am informed, greatly admired Mademoiselle Euphrosyne Lamont, declared his preference, and was repulsed—contemptuously repulsed.’

‘Monsieur Bouis,’ said Euphrosyne, rising and speaking with vehemence, ‘this is extreme impertinence on your part. Forgive me,’ she added, quickly checking herself; ‘you have, I recognise, a privilege of grief as well as of age, justifying remarks that from others would be intolerable. I can appreciate, moreover, the motive of this questioning. Well, then, sir, the current report you speak of is not precisely correct. Monsieur Le Capitaine Regnaud insulted Euphrosyne Lamont, and was by her indignantly spurned and defied. That is the simple truth.’

‘And this was known to my son?’

‘I cannot speak positively as to that, but I have sometimes feared it may have been so.’

‘And that that knowledge, conjoined with Regnaud’s surmise that Charles might prove a formidable rival, infused venom into the else slightly irritating words that passed between them at the Café Royal?’

‘I can only repeat, monsieur, that I fear it may have fallen out as you suggest.’

M. Bouis seemed to reflect for a short time, and then resuming with greater vivacity, said: ‘In the presence of so much frankness, madame, I cannot choose but be equally sincere and open. I have been, as you may perhaps have heard, a *commissaire de police*, in the department of the Seine et Oise, residing usually at Versailles, and only lately at Paris, where I am not much known. A considerable succession that fell to me not very long since—of slight value in my estimation now—enabled me to retire from the service—with honour, madame, as the decoration I wear assures you. I have not, however, lost the craft of my profession in abandoning its exercise; and my chief purpose in visiting Lyon was to satisfy myself of the truth or falsehood of a rumour that had reached me, to the effect that Charles had met with foul play at the hands of Regnaud—a villain who had before three murders, by duel, on his head.’

‘And he glories, I have heard, in those frightful crimes,’ interjected Euphrosyne with a shudder; ‘but the day of retribution will surely arrive for him.’

'At the hour when I fully satisfy myself that my boy was unfairly dealt with—apart from Regnaud's practised skill with the small sword, which itself converts such encounters into a means of legal assassination—that day, be assured, madame, will have dawned for his slayer. I am now entering upon this duel, as it may fairly be called, with Regnaud, and I foresee, Madame Dumontel, that you will be in a greater or less degree instrumental in bringing about the catastrophe.'

'Me, monsieur! You jest surely.'

'On the contrary, I am perfectly serious. Regnaud is not one to relinquish easily a base purpose; and he, I know, leaves Lyon to-morrow by the same diligence as yourself and Monsieur Dumontel for Paris. He would follow you to the world's end, to avenge the wound you have inflicted on his vanity.'

'*Mon Dieu*, can it be possible!' exclaimed Euphrosyne with much emotion; 'but it is not possible, monsieur. Le Capitaine Regnaud's pretended passion was a fleeting caprice, nothing more.'

'That may be; but I am not the less convinced that you, or your facile-tempered husband—madame will excuse my frankness—will require, and not long, first, protection or redress against his machinations. Either or both will be readily afforded you by me, upon application at the address inscribed upon this card. And now, madame, with many thanks for your complaisance, adieu, though but for a short time only, I am pretty confident. Meanwhile, you will not refuse acceptance of this trifle from Charles Bouis's childless father; it is a *souvenir* from the tomb.'

He was gone, and upon opening the paper placed in her hand, Euphrosyne found it contained a note of the Bank of France for one thousand francs.

As M. Bouis predicted, Captain Regnaud did in fact quit Lyon by the same diligence as the Dumontels, and he, Regnaud, rightly concluding that his duellist reputation would deter Euphrosyne from hinting anything to her husband which might lead to a quarrel, openly courted the artist's acquaintance during the journey, and so successfully, that upon taking leave of each other at the bureau of the diligence, Paris, a meeting at the *Rocher Cancale* was arranged between them, without the knowledge of the wife, for the next day but one.

The Dumontels settled themselves temporarily in lodgings at Numéro 9, Grande Rue Verte, near the Pont Neuf; and but a few weeks elapsed before the ambitious aspirations of the self-deceived artist were utterly dissipated, not only by the judgment of competent critics, but his own, which, enlightened by comparing his work with those of masters in the art, was fain to admit that whatever genius or aptitude he might possess, long and severe study in the mechanical part of painting must be undergone before he could hope to realise worthily upon canvas the crude idealisations with which his brain throbbed and sparkled. François Dumontel was incapable of resigning himself to the laborious self-discipline required; with the collapse of his soaring visions, the little mental energy he possessed abandoned him; and he yielded, almost without resistance, but not without remorse, to the seductions of his now intimate friend, Captain Regnaud, by whom he was introduced, first to the wine-shops, next to the gaming-tables of Paris. His 1200 francs were early squandered in those orgies; and two months after her arrival in Paris, Euphrosyne learned from the lips of her husband, rendered frantic by the utterly desperate circumstances in which he was involved, that their last franc was gone, his painting pledged at the Mont de Piété, and that he had, besides, incurred debts of honour to Captain Regnaud, amounting to more than a hundred Napoleons, for which he had given

promissory-notes at short dates, one whereof would fall due on the following day. One may imagine the shock of this revelation to poor Euphrosyne, who had been in some way completely blinded to the nature of her husband's pursuits during his long absences from home; but she was of a courageous, elastic temperament, and soon rallying from the blow, all the more quickly that the recollection of M. Bouis's words and promise flashed hopefully upon her mind, she was, before an hour had passed, on her way to that gentleman's house, armed with a written statement of her husband's liabilities, and his solemn promise, that if extricated from the ruin he had brought upon himself and wife, he would never enter a gaming-house again, nor as long as he lived pollute his hands with the touch of dice or cards.

M. Bouis was at home, and Euphrosyne was immediately ushered into his presence. He looked much older and sadder than when she last saw him; but he was unchanged towards herself, judging by his kind recognising smile, and the good-will with which he took her trembling hand and pressed it with both his.

'Be seated, Madame-Dumontel,' he said: 'I can guess the purport of your visit pretty well; but let me hear it from your own lips.'

Euphrosyne complied as well as her agitation and embarrassment would permit, and finished by placing the memorandum drawn up by her husband in the hand of her attentive auditor. M. Bouis glanced over it, and presently said: 'The amount required is a considerable one, but'—and his eyes were for a moment raised to a full-length portrait of his son—'you were commended to my kind offices by that poor murdered boy, and I will not fail you in this strait. You shall take the money with you, and a moderate sum besides'—

'Ah, monsieur,' broke in the weeping wife, 'you are too good—too generous.'

'And a moderate sum besides,' continued M. Bouis, 'which will enable your husband to prosecute his studies, if he be sincere in his vows of amendment. But let him perfectly understand,' added that gentleman with severe emphasis, 'that I do this, and will yet further assist him, upon condition only that he never again plays or associates with Regnaud, and especially that he never again accepts bills or obligations for him or any other person on any pretext whatever. Can I, madame, reckon upon your husband's rigorous fulfilment of these terms?'

'Oh, certainly, monsieur,' sobbed Euphrosyne. 'François has been imprudent, thoughtless, but his heart, believe me, is uncorrupted; the promise he has given, together with the pledge you require, will be sacredly kept.'

'Enough, my dear madame,' said Monsieur Bouis, with respectful kindness. 'There is a draft for the amount required. One moment,' he added, as Euphrosyne was leaving the room; 'your husband's promissory-notes have, I happen to know, been discounted by Lemaire, No. 12 Rue Favard; you can therefore withdraw them without Regnaud's intervention, or waiting till they are presented for payment. Au revoir, madame: I shall call and see your husband one of these days.'

About six weeks after this occurrence, and rather late in the evening, a middle-aged man entered an *estaminet* in the Faubourg St Antoine, and bade the attendant *garçon* inform Captain Regnaud, if he called, that his friend Gabriel was waiting for him in the back-room. Gabriel was, it is true, the name given to this person by his acquaintance, though it was shrewdly suspected by at least one of them, in consequence of some half-revelations made under the influence of wine, that he was no other than a certain Jacques Le Maître, an escaped *forçat*, who, by means

of a luxuriant black wig, whiskers, moustaches, and beard, and altogether artistic make-up, with the further precaution of never leaving his den, wherever that might be, till after night-fall, had hitherto managed to evade the vigilance of the Paris police. Evidently from his sometimes gloomily preoccupied, and at other times restless, unquiet demeanour, an individual at odds with the settled order of the world, and on this particular evening he seemed more than usually nervous and impatient, which was not surprising, a full hour having passed before Captain Regnaud, himself in a state of great mental disquietude, and flustered, moreover, with drink, entered the small dingy apartment.

'Ah, there you are, sacré night-owl,' exclaimed Regnaud, seizing as he spoke the wine ordered, but untouched, by Gabriel, and swallowing it at a draught. 'If I could have seen you two hours since, I were now eight hundred francs richer than I am.'

'Eight hundred francs in two hours is *gros jeu*,' remarked Gabriel.

'Yes; I played high and madly. In fact, Gabriel, my friend,' continued the captain, 'my affairs, as I have before hinted to you, are just now in an awkward state; nevertheless, with your promised assistance, clever *cognin* that you are, all may yet be well.'

'Lemaire, then, will take my promissory-note in lieu of that you are so eager to get out of his hands?'

'Not he, the villain! On the contrary, he plainly hints his opinion, and therein, *entre nous*, I agree with him—that my friend Gabriel has half-a-dozen *aliases*—all names well known to messieurs the police, but not worth a sou upon a bill.'

'That remains to be proved, Monsieur le Capitaine. In the meantime, what is to be done?'

'That, my friend, is the question. In the first place, then, one thousand francs, well-nigh all I am possessed of, shall, in case of success, be yours. Ah, that, in your opinion, is speaking to the purpose! Eh, Gabriel?'

'No doubt. I must, however, know without reservation exactly how the said thousand francs are to be earned. I know that such a sum cannot be had for nothing; still, I must know all the whys and wherefores of the business before I engage in it.'

'Quite right; I expected no less from your experience and knowledge of the world. Know, then, I am about to confide in your discretion, as I certainly would not in the oath of Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris, or of his Holiness the Pope; and for these plain reasons, my friend—firstly, that you would as lief hang yourself as appear before a magistrate for any purpose whatever; secondly, that if you did so appear, your evidence would not be worth the breath with which it was uttered. You see I am candour itself.'

'Precisely. Well?'

'This, then, is the exact situation. But first order in some brandy. You remember, Gabriel,' the captain went on to say, as soon as the brandy was placed upon the table, and his companion had resumed his seat, but in such a position that his countenance could only be partially seen where Regnaud sat—'you remember that, about a week after that poor devil of an artist of the Grande Rue Verte so unexpectedly paid his debts, and turned saint, I had a run of ill-luck, and that Lemaire—confound him!—would not lend me a franc without the security of my friend Dumontel, who had taken up his former acceptances in so satisfactory a manner. Well, I knew, of course, that my friend François Dumontel would not lend me his signature to save me from perdition; and so—and so,' added Captain Regnaud, gulping down another glass of brandy, 'finding there was no help for it, and confident that

I should be able to retire the note before the month expired, I—I—, you understand?'

'Not exactly.'

'No! then my brain is duller than that flashing eye of yours. I mean that I signed the name of François Dumontel without its owner's consent.'

'In plain French, that you forged François Dumontel's signature to a bill for five thousand francs?'

'Just that. Well, Lemaire now refuses to renew it, even if half, as I offered yesterday, were paid down, or take any other security I can get in its place; and it is due in four days.'

'Morbieu, but that is embarrassing. I see nothing for it but flight, or—blowing Dumontel's brains out—legally, of course.'

'Thou art a shrewd rascal, Gabriel,' exclaimed Regnaud with vivacity. 'Flight happens to be out of the question, and if nothing better can be done, I must boldly outface the matter, swear the signature is genuine: the imitation, I can answer for it, is perfect, and Dumontel's former acceptances in my favour will naturally give force and colour to my assertion. That course would nevertheless be a dangerous one; and the other expedient you have suggested strikes me as the safest, surest plan.'

'It struck me that you might provoke Dumontel to a duel, and slay him. You are an adept, I have heard, at that game.'

'You have heard aright; but there are cogent reasons why I should not fight him. In the first place, if he should escape with life, which, however, is not likely, the affair of the bill of exchange would have an ugly look. Next, to kill him would damage me irretrievably with his charming widow, whose good graces I do not yet despair of winning; so that, in brief, Gabriel, if you would earn the thousand francs, you must fight and kill Dumontel yourself.'

'I! Bah! you rave!'

'Perfectly sane, if not precisely sober, I assure you, friend Gabriel. What objection have you?'

'What objection? Come, that's pleasant! To begin with, then, he is, you have told me, a good fencer, so that I should have an excellent chance of receiving, instead of a thousand francs, six inches of cold steel for my share of the bargain.'

'Tut, tut! There is no risk of that. You shall pink him without the slightest risk to yourself, as I have already four in my lifetime; the last a far smarter fellow than Dumontel—one Charles Bouis of Lyon—What ails thee?'

'A sharp spasm, that's all; pass the brandy.'

'The expedient,' continued Regnaud in compliance with his companion's gesture, 'is as simple as it is safe. I will provide you a *just-au-corps*, or undershirt, fitting close to the body; so flexible, and otherwise artistically manufactured, that though impenetrable by the keenest sword-point, it cannot, except by the closest, minutest examination, be distinguished from plain flannel. After throwing off your coat, you will open the vest above the just-au-corps, before engaging, to shew that all is above board, and the affair is as good as finished—your man as safely and certainly spitted as a fowl.'

Gabriel was some time before he made up his mind to accept Regnaud's atrocious proposal; but at last he said: 'Well, the venture is worth trying by a fellow so out of elbows as I am. Where can I meet with this Dumontel?'

'At Bichari's, the restaurant, not far from the Louvre. He dines there most evenings between five and six o'clock. He is of the true southern breed, and therefore easily provoked.'

'And the thousand francs?'

'Five hundred at starting for the Bois de Boulogne, and five upon returning—successful.'

'It is a bargain; and now I must begone, for this confounded cholic increases upon me, and I must procure some more potent remedy than brandy.'

'Good evening, Gabriel. The thousand francs, depend upon it, are as safely yours as if already pouched.'

Le Capitaine Regnaud slept soundly at daybreak the next morning, his head glued to the pillow by the strong potations of the previous evening; nevertheless awake he must and did under the infliction of the shouts and shakings of some half-a-dozen gendarmes; and cloudy, mystified as were his wine and sleep oppressed senses, he was soon made to comprehend that he, Jules Regnaud, ci-devant Capitaine de Chasseurs, was on his way to prison, charged with the grave crime of having forged the signature of François Dumontel to a bill of exchange for five thousand francs.

The Cour d'Assises of the Seine, before which Regnaud was arraigned, was in session the next week but one. Various formalities having been gone through, the previously sworn testimony of Lemaire, that he discounted the bill for the accused, and that of François Dumontel, that he had not signed it, nor authorised any one else to do so, was repeated in open court—the accused, who had recovered all his audacity, frequently interrupting the last witness by questions and assertions, tending to shew that he, Dumontel, had given the bill, as he had former ones, in discharge of a gambling debt.

'Listen to me, Regnaud,' said the president. 'You are acquainted, it appears, with one Gabriel?'

The accused appeared to blench for a moment; but recovering himself, said boldly: 'Yes; I know there is such a fellow, an escaped forçat, I had latterly reason to suspect, and I in consequence kicked him out of an estaminet.'

'An estaminet in the Faubourg St Antoine?'

'Yes—no; I do not precisely remember, Monsieur le Président.'

'Did you not confess to him that you had forged François Dumontel's name to this bill for five thousand francs?'

'Never. If he has said so, it is a vile invention to be revenged upon me. And of what worth, Monsieur le Président, let me ask, is the testimony of an escaped forçat, which I contend Gabriel to be?'

'Did you tell him that you possessed a curiously contrived just-au-corps, or undercoat, impenetrable by pistol-ball or sword-thrust, by means of which you had been enabled to safely slay four persons in pretended duels?'

'Never! It is all, I insist, a hideous calumny,' replied the prisoner, but now ghastly pale, and with much diminished confidence.

'It is certain, nevertheless, Regnaud, that such an article has been found at your lodgings. You have other witnesses, Monsieur le Procureur-général; let them be examined.'

'Yes, le Sieur Bouis, ancien commissaire de police, and member of the Legion of Honour.'

'Accused,' said the president, whilst the huissier was gone in quest of the witness, 'do you know the Sieur Bouis?'

'No, Monsieur le Président.'

'Look at the witness,' continued the president, indicating M. Bouis, who had entered the court, dressed in deep mourning, and wearing, as usual, his ribbon, 'and say if you persist in that answer.'

'Yes—no, that is'—stammered Regnaud, upon whose forehead large drops of perspiration suddenly broke out.

'You are not quite sure. The witness will refresh your memory.'

With quick dexterity, M. Bouis assumed a black wig, whiskers, and moustaches, and turning fiercely

towards the accused, exclaimed: 'Now, villain, do you know me?'

'Gabriel!' shrieked the accused, surprised out of all self-control—'I am lost!'

There could be no doubt of that; and ten minutes had not passed before Jules Regnaud was convicted and sentenced to the galleys for life—the president expressing his regret that he could not be punished capitally for the murders by duel he had confessed to have committed. He was sent with the next chain-gang to Brest, where he survived this his fifth and last duel, though not fought with sword or pistol, about two years only. I have not been able to discover any further trace of the fortunes of François and Euphrosyne Dumontel, or of the ex-commissary of police, Bouis.

CONFIDENCE IN BIG-LOOKING PEOPLE.

THIS is a thing to which there is a great tendency amongst mankind. It is, we fear, the nature of the creature. If, however, there be any exceptive persons who are not inclined to rest satisfied with appearance and authorities, but feel that getting at solid facts is on the whole preferable, let them think of the directors of the Western Bank of Scotland, and be confirmed in their preference. On the 18th of November last—ten days or so after the stoppage of that bank—in directors reported to a meeting of its depositors, through their interim-manager, Mr J. S. Fleming, that a ledgers in bills, balances on cash accounts, government securities, &c., to the extent of L.9,398,184, being an excess of L.1,726,548 over its liabilities, 'so that losses to the extent of a million and three-quarters, must have been, or must yet be sustained, before the creditors of the bank require to go beyond the proper company assets, to seek for payment of their claims.' We give the directors credit for making this statement, in perfect assurance that no such losses had been incurred, far less anything more considerable: they knew so better at the time; but how has the matter turned out? Four speculative firms in Glasgow had received advances to the amount of L.1,603,724, a hundred thousand pounds more than the entire capital of the bank, and of these debts one half will never be recovered—there will be only one shilling a pound in one case, and two shillings in another. It takes the whole capital, and is calculated to require L.1,121,200 more to liquidate the bank's obligations. Of the state of things, as appears from the parliamentary evidence of the above-named Mr Fleming, the directors, meeting weekly in their parlour to look over a statement of affairs, were profoundly ignorant. So far back as 1858, L.261,000 of ascertained irrecoverable bills were exhibited in the accounts as assets; yet of this the directors never became informed. The difference in the exchanges against the bank—the grand test of the soundness of a bank's business—was for some years at an average of three millions; yet the directors appear to have not known, or at least not regarded it. An appalling amount of the dangerous kind of business called re-discounting was done; yet it never awoke a fear in the directors. The whole system of business pursued—the extension of large 'facilities' to trading firms conducting a series of undertakings on the most unsound principles—was bad, and could not but end in ruin; yet the directors dreamed on. More surprising still—assuming that they were in good faith in assigning dividends of 9 per cent., they must have been under an impression

that the concern was flourishing. Only one man—the manager—enjoyed the opportunity of acquainting himself with the real state of the bank; and it is questionable how far even he knew of it. Here, then, is a vast concern, inferring the bottomless pit of unlimited liability to thirteen hundred shareholders, going on for years under an appearance of sound and judicious direction—rich men, clever men of business, for its directors—its shares at 60 per cent. above par—the community everywhere trusting and depending upon it—and yet there was not, all the time, as much care taken to ascertain its real condition, and come to a true outward statement of the same, as we might expect from a committee of third-form boys, had such been set to conduct it. O big-wigs, hide for ever those bushy, but borrowed locks, cover those jolly faces with the palms of repentant shame! What shams ye have been!

My simple Public—ignorant yourself, anxious for good interest on your spare funds, much meditating on share-lists, prone to walk in the light of some goodly name held out for your veneration, or to jump dikes because others have jumped before you—ponder well on this shewing of the possible extent of ignorant trust in those at the head of great concerns. Only bethink you as to that smooth, pleasant annual report that has been brought forward, moved, seconded, and adopted, and as to that seven or eight per cent. of dividend which is to be dealt out to you, what a temptation all of those in charge are under, from the manager downwards, to keep up the price of the shares in the market! No check on this temptation, mind you; so, for anything you can tell, there may be no end of bad debts hopefully assumed as good—half your means may be out on adventure, for which happy issue is not to be looked for. Think of your own insidious inclination to take a sanguine view, your wish for a better dividend, your horror of anything that can sink the price of shares; and see in these things the danger in which the truthfulness—or let us rather say explicitness—of your managers lies. Then, try to get an examination made by external unconcerned parties, even though it may create a little of a 'downward tendency' at first. Get at facts somehow; know the best and the worst of it, and for the time coming dream in peace.

PORTLAND IN SEPTEMBER 1858.

Look at that beautiful island, with the bluest of blue seas beyond its rose-tinted headlands, and connect it if you can with ideas of crime. Impossible! Yet, at this moment, as I gaze upon it from the South Downs, Portland is a convict prison, where fifteen hundred human beings, each more or less guilty, are undergoing their appointed terms of penal servitude.

This was my reflection as I stood last week looking down, from the range of hills which command a view of Weymouth Bay, upon the graceful island—most picturesque when seen from that exact point—and remembered the chained gang of ruffians whom I had seen half an hour before at the railway station, throwing themselves down on the platform, and refusing to stir until forcibly compelled to enter the vans, in which, yelling like demons, cursing and screeching, they were to be conveyed to their destination.

What would the good old king, whose image is cut on the face of the chalk down to my left hand, have thought of such a desecration? The figure represents George III. on horseback, as he used to ride, unweariedly, tiring out his hungry equerries, and startling quiet gentlefolks out of their tranquillity by his hurried unceremonious visits to their country-seats. It is still kept clear of weeds, and is plainly

visible on the side of the hill that rises in bold gorse-crowned sweeps and grassy curves above the valleys of Preston and Osmington. I could fancy the old king energetically questioning Colonel Goldsworthy:

'Eh, what! how is this? Convicts—eh? Put them somewhere else; Weymouth is my royal watering-place. What, what, what—find another jail, can't you? Why shouldn't you? Another prison, I say, for the poor wretches. I like to enjoy myself at the sea-side.'

Alas! the good monarch, whose memory is still revered by the inhabitants of Weymouth and Melcombe-Regis, is no longer able to guard his Sans Souci. The bold Portlanders are now compelled to tolerate the evil they cannot cure. My eye, as I look seaward, runs over the long rows of lodging-houses along the beach at Weymouth, the tent-like bathing-machines, the *Blenheim*, anchored in Weymouth Roads, the yachts and sailing-vessels passing to and fro there, and rests upon the white walls of the convict prison.

Nearer to me, the high ground on which I stand is scooped out, and falls abruptly, making a smooth green circus, whose steep walls darken the course of a stream which has its source at the foot of the hill. The water gushes from the bank, and forms a quiet pool, overhung by two or three trees and some black-berry and alder bushes. Green rushes and flags, of which the pods are opening and shewing bright scarlet seeds, bend over the head of the spring, and fringe its course, which you can trace by the greener hue of the grass, and here and there a shining gleam, as it glides past a secluded hamlet and through water-meadows to the sea, which it enters after passing through sand and shingle.

This little hill-stream furnishes a supply of water to the town, and there are great wheels constantly at work, and subterranean arches and chambers, into which the water is pumped, and thence conveyed by underground pipes to Weymouth. At one time, a great drought left Portland prison destitute of water, and the necessary supply was taken daily by a steamer in casks from the cove where Preston Brook runs into the sea.

But I cannot stand for ever on these downs looking seaward; I must convince myself that busy life is stirring yonder, heaving in the heart of that rocky fastness, which is intended at some future day to rival the French emperor's last toy—to be our English Cherbourg. Two years hence, the breakwater, that mighty bulwark against the force of the western ocean, is to be finished; but it is more difficult to predict when the fortifications on the island will be completed, and batteries mounted on Ratcliffe Head and the Nothe.

The band of the Wexford militia was playing on the esplanade at Weymouth as I entered the town. Regular Irish boys were the musicians, with handsome frolicsome faces, and rolling eyes, that glanced boldly at the ladies in sombreros and hats of every description who thronged the walk. Gay bonnets and light summer muslin mantles and dresses mingled with rough jackets of cloth and waterproof capes and cloaks calculated to defend the wearers from rain and the salt sea-spray. I walked on shore at the landing-place near the breakwater.

I had heard, in passing through the town, that the convicts had organised a mutiny, but that it had been promptly defeated. The Wexford militia, though but a small force, had held their own; and the scheme laid by the prisoners, to make use of their working-tools, murder their warders, and, after plundering and burning the villages, to escape to the mainland, had providentially been crushed in its birth. The presence of the *Blenheim* in the harbour gave confidence to the authorities, who all did their duty admirably.

The ship's guns were shot, and one of them was ready to be sent on shore at a moment's notice.

It is worth while to pause and consider what a fearful calamity it would have been if these criminals, with powerful weapons in their hands, had broken loose—if the small armed force had proved insufficient. Notice had been received beforehand of the plot. Each man was at his post; and the greatest credit is due to all concerned, from Captain Gambier and Captain Clay, to the raw lads fresh from bog and mountain, who faithfully and unflinchingly executed their behests. But had it been otherwise, supposing the convicts had kept their secret better, or one individual had failed in discretion or courage, what an amount of wickedness and misery might have ensued! As I looked at the narrow strait which connects Portland with the mainland, and imagined a horde of armed and ferocious felons making their way across it, I longed to point out the advisability, when such costly preparations were being made to avert a distant and perhaps imaginary danger, of erecting a fort to command this passage.

My companion, an officer stationed at Weymouth, shewed me the formidable preparations which are to result in turning Portland into a second Gibraltar. After our tour of inspection of these and the breakwater was over, we visited the quarries where stone was being hewn by the convicts.

'There may be an outbreak at any moment,' he said; 'but we are prepared. Only if you dislike seeing a row, you had better not come further.'

I told him that I wished to see everything, and we went on together.

There had been great excitement all that day. In the morning, a most determined preconcerted assault had been made, but the Wexford boys were under arms and all ready. At the first attack upon the warders—most of whom are splendid-looking men, decked with Crimean medals—soldiers started forth from behind every projecting angle of stone; and every attempt to join forces on the part of the convicts was frustrated.

To a certain extent, the same thing was still going forward. More than once, we heard the shrill call of the bugle. The only difficulty the Irishmen felt was in keeping from firing. With wild cheering they rushed down, charging with fixed bayonets upon the wretched felons, who never stood their ground for a moment, but were marched off sullenly to sheds and hovels, where they were kept in durance till their punishment was administered by the boatswain of the *Blenheim*. One of the convicts, after bearing the lash with obstinate endurance, merely said: 'You've earned your breakfast, I reckon, this morning.'

After watching more than one of these attempted outbreaks, we visited the prison, where all was quiet. The most admirable management prevailed; and the convicts did not, generally speaking, as they came in from labour, appear to me to bear the marks of crime on their countenances.

The diet seemed not overabundant, but sufficient; and the hospital for the sick opened into a rocky garden, in which the convalescents were permitted to work. This favoured spot was on the bold brow of the cliff, commanding a splendid prospect. The White Nothe, St Alban's Head, Kimeridge Ledge, Durdle Door, Lullworth, Ringstead, Osmington Mills, and the little cove to which I had traced the course of Preston Brook, rose out of a sea azure as the Mediterranean. Above my head flew white-winged gulls, free as the winds that bore them over the dismal scene of captivity.

The spiritual wants of the prisoners are supplied by the ministrations of an excellent chaplain, who told me that until seized by a sudden impression that they were being dealt with unjustly, their conduct was,

generally speaking, orderly. Many of them bore good-conduct stripes on their sleeves; and their countenances brightened when they were addressed and congratulated upon them. One man turned his head away, shunning my gaze, which was rather sought by the rest. He was keeping the accounts of the jail, and bent over his writing. This was Sir John Dean Paul, who is said to have encouraged and incited the prisoners to mutiny. How far this may be true, I cannot tell, but I heard it confidently asserted. His own term of imprisonment, he avers, ought now to be over, if justice were rendered him, as the punishment for the crime which he committed is only three years' penal servitude by the recent act, whereas the one under which he was condemned appointed a longer period. It is curious that the question of legal rights should be thus fiercely agitated among fettered criminals, who, by their evil deeds, have outraged the laws. This is a new feature in the history of crime, and yet it does not seem out of keeping with the excellent arrangements of that model prison, its admirable rules and regulations, strict discipline, and the hopes held out to the better disposed of the convicts.

There is no truth in the assertion that the half-famished Dorsetshire peasant envies the occupants of that stately jail. He may say that the prisoner is better fed and more warmly clothed than many an honest labourer; he may murmur at his own lot when old age or sickness comes upon him; but no free man covets the garb and diet of a convicted felon. Nor is there need of more than one searching glance at the sunken countenances of the prisoners to shew that no food is sweet that is doled out by the hand of a jailer. It may be that the bread baked at the Portland prison is better than that which is served by many a London baker to his customers. I tasted it, and pronounce it excellent; and all the stores of provisions seemed the best of their kind, and the quantity sufficient for nutriment; but there is no excess. You must not starve caged birds; but will they find the water as sweet which they have to get at through interstices between gilded bars, as the ripping streamlet beside whose course they have perched on waving sprays? Will the contents of their tray of food be as pleasant to their taste as the acacia hips and haws, or the spoils of the garden in which they flit saucily in freedom from tree to tree?

By permission, I was present at the evening-service in the chapel, and I heard with emotion the voices of the convicts rising in prayer. The psalms chosen were of a penitential character, and sounded to me as the wail of the accursed spirits might have done, cast down from heaven with Lucifer. There seemed to be a smothered, but intensely passionate mingling of sorrow and indignation in the tones of the men nearest to me. Some of their accents were polished and cultivated, others rough and untutored, when separately distinguished; but rising and falling together like the sea-waves, full of the roar of a gathering tempest.

The service was soon over, and I left the grounds of the prison immediately afterwards. The view from the summit of the heights above the beach was excessively wild and curious. The village of Chisel lay below—stone cottages with high-pointed roofs, destitute of eaves, so that the rough winds found no salient ledges to assail; the grand curve of the West Bay outside the great pebble ridge, marked by a white line of surf; here and there a light alone in a fishing-bark, and I could just mark where the tall tower of Wyke Church rose against the gray moonless sky. The esplanade at Weymouth was one glowing line of brightness, contrasted with the dark heaving waters of the bay and the dusky headlands. Westward, a strange star seemed to

confront me menacingly bright and beautiful. Can it be that yonder great orb is millions of miles away? It is the comet of 1868, with its magnificent fan-like tail and brilliant eye of light. Myriads of stars are coming out now, as my eyes grow accustomed to the darkness; but it resembles none of them. It has its own grand majestic aspect, which reminds me of the time when such a portent sun in the heavens was considered as bringing war and desolation in its train. Truly, we have had enough of war and bloodshed since the last fiery messenger of wrath swept across our skies.

And now my brief holiday is past—that rest for which the London professional man longs during one part of his busy year, and regrets during another. But I shall carry back to my chambers refreshing recollections of that dark blue sea, of those breezy gorse-covered heights, with their great flocks of black-faced grazing sheep, of that bare rock sitting so proudly on the waters, like a couchant lion, and of the hospitable and warm-hearted west-country folks.

Of these, there are many in Dorsetshire, though it is not a thickly populated county; and there is a cordial life in their country-houses which warms the heart like the ring of the cheery note of their hunting-horns, the solemn music of their sea, and the land-breeze that sweeps unimpeded over their trackless downs.

THE BOGWOOD FIRE.

SEVERAL years ago there appeared in an Irish newspaper the first fitt or canto of a poem, entitled *The Monks of Kilcrea*. Though short and fragmentary, it excited much notice at the time both in Ireland and England. A French gentleman, M. le Chevalier de Chatelain, was so struck by the beauty of the poetry that he immediately made a translation of it, and, through the editor of the newspaper, transmitted it to the author, who remained, and still remains, unknown. Afterwards, at long intervals, a second and a third canto saw the light; and notwithstanding several bad rhymes, implying an almost total want of acquaintance with poetry as an art, and a very bad ear besides, displayed so much invention, so much power of imagination, so rich and vivid a fancy, and so deep a sympathy for all that is beautiful in nature, that had the author come before the public in a poetical age, he would have earned for himself a high reputation. But when all the cantos were collected and published by Mr M'Glashan in Dublin, the volume, to borrow David Hume's celebrated phrase, seems to have fallen still-born from the press.

The French translator of the first canto appears fully determined, however, that our Celtic fellow-countryman shall not be suffered to drop quietly into oblivion. He has therefore made a version of the whole poem, which has just been published. M. de Chatelain is well known as a translator; we ourselves have spoken of his merits more than once—his Gay and Chaucer are popular both in England and on the continent; but nothing he had previously done could have prepared the public for what he has now accomplished in *The Monks of Kilcrea*.

The scene of the poem is laid far back in history, when the house of Lancaster fought its brilliant battles on the continent, and almost broke up the foundations of English society, in order to precipitate half the nation upon France. Ireland, at that time, was a social and political chaos. In its capital, the Saxon reigned predominant; Norman barons possessed castles here and there throughout the land; while large districts, we might almost say provinces, remained in the hands of native chiefs, engaged in perpetual dissensions, and making way, by mutual slaughter, for the triumph of the common foe. In

many parts, the country was little better than a wilderness: the bogs were undrained; rivers were not spanned by bridges; the mountains and glens were densely overgrown with forest; and wild beasts, especially wolves, visited the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous. Monasteries in such an age were not only an advantage, but a necessity. They were created by society because society wanted them; they were to our forefathers what the caravansary is to travellers in the east—places where the way-worn, the houseless, the poor, the wretched, could always find sustenance and shelter. To preserve them from becoming scenes of disorder and bloodshed, they were all converted into places of sanctuary, where an unseen, mysterious power—the power of the Church—watched over host and guest, over monk and pilgrim, and made it criminal, under any circumstances, to break the peace.

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire in the shrine of St Bridget, in a small chamber commanding the door of the monastery. Without raved the storm; the rain fell in torrents, then ceased suddenly, and the shattered clouds flying before the wind alternately disclosed and concealed the moon. Ever and anon the convent-bell threw forth its music on the night-air, as a signal to wayfarers that there was a place of refuge at hand. The light of a lamp and of the blazing fire streamed through the wicket, directing and comforting all who approached. Within sat the three monks with a well-covered table before them, food of a substantial kind, and flagons of foreign wine, to refresh the hungry and exhausted traveller. As the night wore on, the monks nodded at each other, and the golden skirts of dreams began to flutter about their fancies. Suddenly there came a tapping, or rather rapping, at the convent door, which, having been opened by one of the brothers, admitted a man somewhat advanced in life, but of colossal dimensions and fierce aspect. His countenance and bearing, his complexion and light hair, proved him to be a Saxon, even before his language had revealed the fact. It was evident that he cared little among the men of what race he might find himself; his iron frame and ready hand, familiar with the sword-hilt, rendered him, in his own estimation, the master everywhere of his destiny. He accepted, with rough courtesy, the hospitality of the monastery, and was engaged in expressing his thanks, when another knock was heard at the wicket, and a second stranger, a smirking Glee-man, came, bowing, towards the good things on the board. But the circle of that night's guests was not yet complete: a third knock, loud and imperative, was heard, and one of the gentle brothers soon led in the new-comer, a Celtic outlaw, tall and strong, with a fell of black hair tinged with gray. He glared like a wolf upon the Saxon; but remembering where he was, took the proffered wine-cup, and having drained it to the bottom, sat down quietly by the blazing fire.

Unfortunately, both poets and prose writers, when they desire to find a pretext for relating a certain number of stories, appear to be extremely limited in the choice of a plan. Boccaccio has thrown together a number of persons who have fled from a great city to escape the plague; Chaucer, with superior ingenuity, marshals a number of pilgrims proceeding towards Canterbury, and makes them tell stories at the suggestion of a jolly host, to lessen the tedium of the way; but the author of the *Arabian Nights*, most artistic of all, contrives a situation in which the storyteller exercises her genius for the preservation of her own life. When you have laid down these three platforms, it seems easy to perceive that all future relaters of stories must adopt some scheme bearing a resemblance more or less striking to one of them. The author of *The Monks of Kilcrea* has been as felicitous in his conceptions as any among the

thousand and one imitators of *The Thousand and One Nights*. The monks sitting before the bogwood fire, having long ago exhausted all topics of conversation among themselves, and not knowing exactly how to entertain the strangers, hit upon the bright idea of making the latter at once amuse each other and them; they invite them to describe their adventures, and explain by what chance they were conducted on that wild and stormy night to St Bridget's shrine.

Who does not know that the bare skeleton of a man, stripped of all its muscles and integuments, is as well calculated to give you an idea of that man's form and features, as the outline of a story to present a true conception of the manner in which that story has been narrated by its inventor? When the business is not only to abridge but to translate poetry into prose, the difficulty of the task is more than doubled. The poet is a magician whose pencil, dipped in all the colours of the rainbow, paints rather than tells his story. He floods your fancy with imagery; he agitates your breast, he stirs your deepest passions and emotions, and thus, if need be, conceals from you the improbabilities or imperfections of his tale. When prose undertakes to deal with the same events and incidents, it immediately perceives the necessity of creating a consistent whole, of accounting for what it relates, of being reasonable, and at times even philosophical. We find ourselves in the midst of these difficulties at the present moment. The bogwood fire is burning brightly before us; the three monks, with cowl drawn forward over their faces, as if to keep out the night-air, are distributing the pastry and pouring out the red wine; the Saxon, the Gleeman, and the Rapparee already exhilarated, are beginning to entertain less objection to each other's company. Accordingly, when the request is made by the monks, the Saxon, as the first guest, breaks abruptly into the history of his life.

The Celtic poet, who had obviously never been in Kent, yet selects that beautiful county to be the scene of his first narrative. The hero, a stout yeoman, is left in early youth master of his own fortunes, with a lovely sister to watch over, and property more than sufficient for the wants of both. Of course, Alice had a lover, because no poem written in whatever age, or laid in whatever scene, is thought complete without one. Poetry is the ark in this respect—all animals enter it in pairs. Well, the Saxon's sister, Alice, had a lover, a youth of noble lineage, handsome, wealthy, and besides—which was rare in those days—a scholar. Through some perversity of nature, jealousy of his rank, or, still more, of his superiority in knowledge, and all gentlemanly acquirements, the brother hated this youth; and one day, while heated with wine, meeting him accidentally in a wood, he attacked, and would have slain him. Fortune, which is not always unjust, punished the aggressor, who appeared in the combat to be mortally wounded. The lover fled, and was never more heard of; and Alice, whilst she nursed her brother with the deepest solicitude and affection, still mourned secretly for him who had won her heart. The wounded man recovered, the sister died. Remorse then came upon the Saxon, who felt that by the sword of another he had slain the only one that had remained to him of his kindred.

A few words suffice my tale to close,
And those shall now be briefly spoken:
In Hepton Church a snow-white rose
Above a green grave drooping grows,
Where sleeps at length a young heart broken.
There Alice lies, her gentle breast
And wounded spirit both at rest.
I left that place.

King Henry V., just then engaged in the preliminaries to Agincourt, the Saxon, having wasted all his

fortune, joined the hero's forces, and enjoyed the excitement of the French war. Performing some act of distinguished bravery, a nobleman in Henry's army, whose retainer he had become, bestowed on him lands in Ireland. On the night when the three monks sat by the bogwood fire, he had been proceeding on some affair of importance to Cork.

'Twas evening when I left Macroom,
And when I reached steep Carrig's ford,
Night had hung o'er it all its gloom,
And the fierce waters rushed and roared,
As if a torrent through them poured.
Though white the foam that swept along,
The river deep, the current strong,
I little cared for foam or tide
When there was need for speed to ride,
And spurred my horse in careless mood
To cross that rough and swollen flood;
And so, despite both start and stir,
I dashed him reckless at the river.
With drooping head and quivering limb,
In wild dismay twice back he shrunk;
But still, with spur, and voice, and rein,
I wheeled him to its brink again;
And rearing madly, with wild bound,
He plunged amid the waters round,
And swam, right through the blinding mist
Of wind and wave, the stream, for him,
Short was the struggle; like to foam,
Across our course the billows ran.
In vain I strove to stem their wash,
Or onwards hold my fearful path—
Like floating foam, as if in play,
They swept us down the stream away.
Till, striking 'gainst a rock, my horse
Sank in his depths, and I was left
To buffet the dark rushing tide,
Almost of sense and strength bereft.

Here the poet enters into a speculation as to pleasures of drowning. But our Saxon friend laid much upon his conscience that he could not enjoy the dreamy pleasure of entering Nibbim by sea. He struggled desperately, and prayed to be shown to a saint, for he was a good Catholic, hoping for to come to his aid. She came—but her appearance we must describe in the poet's own language:

'Twas at the moment when, as I sat,
My hands to heaven I frantic tossed,
Then wildly in my heart I prayed,
Or called on Alice to my aid;
And instant through the gloom of night
Flashed on the waves a sudden light,
And on the dark and rushing flood
The sainted spirit by me stood.
Ay, start—I saw her, by Saint John,
As plainly as I see ye now,
And light around about her shone,
Like glory from our Lady's brow!
And at her presence instant died
The howl of wind and him of tide;
And soon, I know not in what way,
Upon the bank I panting lay,
As if her saving hand had bore
Safe through the waters to the shore:
Yet when I raised my reeling head
To hail and bless her, she was fled!
And 'mid the gloom that round me fell,
'Twas then I heard a distant bell:
And weak and faint, I tottered on,
Through bog and brake, until I won
Your abbey gate. My tale is done.

The conclusion of the Saxon's tale provides for the reader an unexpected and somewhat startling pleasure. From before the bogwood fire, one of the monks now throws back his cowl, and reveals himself to the astonished traveller as the lover of Alice and her

former foe. The hands that never met in friendship before were clasped firmly now; while the monk, with deep delight, sank on Walter's breast, returning thanks to Heaven that he had not been a murderer. This incident is managed by the poet with singular skill and tenderness. To complete the picture, the spirit of Alice floats into the chamber, and sheds a benign influence on the souls of the reconciled foes.

When this tale is ended, the Gleeman is invited to contribute his share to the night's entertainment. Our author does not soar high in search of his characters. The Gleeman has been a tapster in Dublin, where he has learned tales and legends without end. By way of preface to his narrative, he sketches slightly his own life, and supplies an explanation of his roguish air, with the expression of reckless daring which lurks in his countenance. His tale begins in a highly original and striking manner; the characters are admirably contrasted, and their peculiarities brought out with extraordinary felicity; the gorgeous scenery of Ireland in the darkest and wildest period of its history, is likewise spread out before the fancy with masterly power. No landscape-painter could equal in composition or colouring the poet's vivid delineations. Mountains, glens, cataracts, lakes, castles frowning in feudal grandeur from all but inaccessible cliffs, sweep in bewildering panorama before the mind's eye, now enveloped in mist, and now bathed in golden sunshine. Unluckily for our appreciation of the story, the machinery of the fairy system is introduced. This is a grave error in a poet of the nineteenth century. However beautiful they may have been, the fairies have now vanished from the face of the earth, and that, too, more completely than oreads, dryads, or naiads. Of this the reader becomes convinced when, in the Gleeman's story, he passes from the real to the supernatural. Up to that fatal point of transition, his interest is kept painfully alive; he sympathises with the lovers, he detests the tyrant, he is even reconciled by the warmth and hurry of his feelings to the sounds of celestial music which burst from time to time over the enchanted glen. But then suddenly, like a torch in a stormy night, the inspiration is extinguished, and we drag ourselves languidly on to the indefinite conclusion.

When we escape from the fairies and the Gleeman together, the Rapparee claims our attention. He is a true Celtic hero, loving solitude, building up half his life out of dreams; now perching with the eagle amid the pinnacles of some far-off mountain, and now rushing with savage joy to engage in deadly conflict with hostile clans. From the very dawn of his life, the Rapparee was hemmed round by a circle of misfortunes; and, worst of all, when he imagined himself to have found a sweet balm for all his hurts, he discovered that what he had mistaken for balm, was in truth the most deadly poison. The woman upon whom he had staked his life's happiness became false to him, and her falsehood led to wretchedness, madness, death. What remained to him in this world concentrated itself in the desire of vengeance. In conjunction with others, he stormed and gave up to the flames the stronghold of his enemy, through whom, in the midst of the conflagration, he again and again thrust his vindictive weapon. When revenge had thus been gratified, the triumph of victory began immediately to give way to feelings of remorse. He wished he had not killed him, and in losing his tale he reiterated his conviction that now, as age came on, he should have been almost happy, were it not that he had blood upon his hands. 'Be happy, then,' exclaimed one of the monks, 'for the miserable man who was your enemy did not die by your hands. In this form—wasted by penitence—behold that wicked and proud man, whom you, I see, have forgiven, and whom may God also assail!'

This termination is almost identical with that of the Saxon's tale, and therefore objectionable. Both in themselves are good, but they should not have been found in the same volume. The French translation of this poem is extremely graceful and charming. It makes Ireland look like a mountainous fragment of France, with rivers, lakes, glens, precipices, far more picturesque and beautiful than any ever beheld in that country. Such is the illusion, the spell created by language.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE sayings and doings of the British Association at Leeds—the inauguration of the Newton statue at Grantham—and the comet, have been the things most talked about for the past four weeks. The Leeds meeting is regarded on all hands as a success, for it was harmonious, the papers sent in were numerous, and the income exceeded expenditure by about five hundred pounds. The only drawback was the president's address, which was too long, and weakened here and there by reference to authorities which advanced science very properly holds as of no authority. Among the projects for the future, a fresh series of magnetic observations is thought of; and considering how much knowledge, indeed nearly all that constitutes terrestrial magnetism as a science, has been got out of the last five years' series, we are glad to see tokens of a resumption of the work. The veteran Humboldt declares in its favour, and so do the masters of the science in this country—Herschel, Sabine, Lloyd, and they recommend the establishment of observatories at Vancouver Island, Newfoundland, the Falkland Islands, and Peking, which have been selected because they carry the chain of phenomena into parts of the globe hitherto uninvestigated. The Norwegian government is to be asked to establish an observatory for the same period at the North Cape; and if they consent, and ours will do what the British Association ask, we think that an important stride will have been taken towards making an exact science of terrestrial magnetism.

There was something about the inauguration at Grantham which will justify a few words concerning it, even after the excitement has died away. We know that some of our most distinguished scientists—to borrow an American term—objected to the raising of a statue to Newton, on the ground that the author of the *Principia* could not be honoured by any demonstrations of ordinary mortals; but still we may be allowed to shew our respect and admiration for transcendent genius, if only as a testimony that we can respect and admire it, though at a distance. Moreover, it is something, as in the recent case of Jenner, to have erected a public statue to a man who was neither admiral nor general, and who conquered empires without the aid of fleets and armies. In the present instance, the inauguration was rendered impressive, not to say touching, by reason of the delivery of the oration by the man, take all England through, best fitted to deliver it, and by the fact that only two days previously he had completed his eightieth year. What a long life of work, in its highest sense, is therein involved! Lord Brougham was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1803, before thousands who are now fathers of numerous families were born. He, however, is not yet the father of that distinguished corporation, for the venerable Dr Fowler of Salisbury dates from 1802; and he, though in his ninety-third year, has just written a paper on Mental Phenomena

for the British Association. But to return to the inauguration: Lord Brougham's oration was a master-piece of argument and eloquence—a rare intellectual treat to those who had the happiness to hear it. It was impossible to listen to him without emotion, as he stood there in the bright sunshine at the foot of the statue, rendering homage to the illustrious philosopher, sketching briefly, yet with essential fulness, a history of the sciences which his imperishable labours lifted at once and for ever into the domain of certainty, and at the same time correcting the misstatements and the false impressions of foreign savans. That oration will remain among his lordship's master-works.

The comet has taken the world by surprise—astronomers as well as the unlearned; and though we live in the days of electric telegraphs, a vast deal of nonsense has been talked and written concerning it. And seeing that most people believe what they read in newspapers, even if they believe nothing else, so there were few who mistrusted the absurd statement started by one newspaper, and propagated by all the rest, that the 'celestial visitant,' as it was called, moved at the rate of 20,000 miles a minute. However, many a keen eye observed the comet, and able heads have calculated its orbit, and ere long we shall know all that can be known about it in the present state of astronomical science.

During the comparative quiet of the scientific societies' vacation, Professor Frankland's lecture, delivered at the Royal Institution, has been much noticed. It is on an important subject—'The Production of Organic Bodies without the Agency of Vitality.' Up to thirty years ago, chemists believed that it was impossible to produce organic compounds by artificial means, while there was little or no difficulty in producing the inorganic, or those from mineral substances; and the production of the former was regarded as entirely a vital function. But in 1828, Wöhler succeeded in producing urea, and great was the shock thereby given to chemical theory. Here was a product of the animal organism, actually produced and producible by ingenious contrivances in a laboratory. Some years later, Kolbe shewed that acetic acid could be artificially produced; then came Berthelot, making a great step in advance, and produced a whole series of alcoholic bodies—phenyl, naphthaline, and many interesting allied compounds. He produces glycerine, which is the basis of animal and vegetable oils and fats; and grape-sugar and these two, as Dr Frankland observes, 'yield such a numerous class of derivatives, that upwards of seven hundred compounds can now be produced from their elements without the agency of vitality.'

To select a few from the numerous organic bodies which are now capable of artificial formation, will at once shew the growing importance, and suggest the yet greater triumphs to come, of organic chemistry. Thus we find formic, oxalic, hydrocyanic, butyric, lactic, caproic, succinic, and other acids; alcohol, ether, olefant gas, oil of garlic, and mustard, benzole, and aniline. Some of these are the more interesting, because of their relation to the animal economy; and when we find such substances as alcohol, glycerine, and sugar producible by artificial means, without the intervention of vegetation or any other vital function, we cannot but recognise a power fraught with important consequences. We have more than once shewn in the pages of the *Journal* how delicate and agreeable perfumes and fruit-flavours are produced from substances apparently the least likely to render up such present elements, from some, indeed, which are offensive. But to produce compounds which enter largely into animal nutrition is something that comes more practically home to us.

Valerianic acid used to be obtained from the root

of the plant *Valeriana officinalis*; now it is produced, and at much less cost, from its chemical elements, or from a waste (or rather what was a waste) product in the manufacture of spirit of wine. We might give other instances of the way in which art can be made to supersede the agency of nature; but enough for the present. Moreover, we do not disguise from ourselves, that though much has been accomplished, it will be long before results will be achieved in which the interests of large communities are concerned. At present, artificial sugar, glycerine, and alcohol, cost a hundred times more than those produced in the natural way. On the other hand, we have the hopeful knowledge that the way is opened for great discoveries. Could we but once succeed in forming by artificial means the nitrogenous elements of food, no lone prairie, no sun-scorched desert, no barren rock, would have terrors for the traveller or the cast-away, who might happen to retain his apparatus and his store of inorganic constituents. He could create food at pleasure.

In calling attention to this subject, it will be seen that we regard chiefly the great practical results which it involves. Trade and science combined, here, within the past twenty years, made us aware of the importance of saving time. Hence we make steam do the work of wind, water, and horses; in bleaching, we treat the sun as a sluggard, and resort to quicker methods; and the fleetest mail is but a snail, compared with our telegraphic wire. 'Time,' says Professor Frankland, in a passage with which we take leave of the subject for the present—'time is also an important element in the natural production of food; and although it is true that the amount of labour required for the production of a given weight of food is not considerable, yet it is nevertheless true that this weight requires a whole year for its production. By the vital process of producing food, we can only have one harvest in each year. But if we were able to form that food from its elements without vital agency, there would be nothing to prevent us from obtaining a harvest every week; and thus we might, in the production of food, supersede the present vital agencies of nature, as we have already done in other cases, by laying under contribution the accumulated forces of past ages, which would thus enable us to obtain in a small manufactory, and in a few days, effects which can be realised from present natural agencies, only when they are exerted upon vast areas of land, and through considerable periods of time.'

Australian emigrants and colonists will perhaps take interest in the information communicated to the Geological Society by Mr Brough Smyth—namely, that the colony of Victoria has, at some former period, been the scene of active volcanic phenomena, and that numerous extinct volcanoes yet remain in the country. The extent to which the surface has been altered thereby may be inferred from the fact that, in digging a well at Warnambool, the labourers came upon a bed of coarse grass at a depth of sixty-three feet, identical with the grasses which grow at the present time on the surface. Here we have proof of eruptions which have buried miles of country. It appears, however, that the eruptions consist more of what than of lava. Now and then, slight earthquake-shocks are felt; and Mr Smyth suggests that it might be well to inquire whether the upheaval of portions of the country, clearly traceable in places, is still going on. For our part, we think it highly probable that Australia has yet to undergo geological changes which will produce modifications of its climate, and render it much more habitable than at present.—Sir Charles Lyell, earnest in the study of volcanic phenomena, has gone once more to Sicily, to make further observations upon Etna.—Dr Tyndall, equally earnest in the study of glaciers, has spent his holiday in the

Alps, where he made a bold and successful ascent of Monte Rosa, quite alone. Adventurous imitators will now be longing to scale the same lofty peaks; but success does not attend upon all alike.—The exploration of the Brixham cave—to which we referred a few months ago—has been in part accomplished, and some important discoveries made—that is, important to the science of palæontology. We hear that more funds are wanted to complete the undertaking.

A fair notion of the progress of New Zealand may be formed from a report recently published on the subject. It sets forth that grass is rapidly superseding the tall dense fern which once overspread the greatest part of the islands; and the result is, that in four years, 1852-56, the number of sheep multiplied from, in round numbers, 283,000 to 991,000; of horned cattle, from 32,000 to 92,000; of horses, from 3000 to 9000. The pasture—though this requires further proof—is said to be richer than here in England. The British population has increased in the same period from 26,000 to 48,000, in which the males outnumber the females by 7000. Auckland is the most populous province, and New Plymouth the least. The imports in 1856 amounted to £710,868, and the exports to £818,433; and 101,596 letters were received, and 95,164 despatched. As regards healthfulness, we find that the mortality among the troops is in the proportion of one-third less than in England; and, remarkably enough, it appears that among the soldiers there occur a few suicides every year from home-sickness. Schemes are on foot for frequent and rapid communication with the Australian colonies, seeing that not only is a considerable trade growing up between the two countries, but that the jaded Australian, worn by heat and business, now resorts to New Zealand as a sanatorium, finding there the freshness and verdure denied to him at home.

Captain Denham, who is surveying the islands of Australia, reports having seen a bird at Franklin Inlet, known as the mutton-bird. A settlement of about ninety persons, formed on the spot, get their living by collecting the eggs, feathers, and oil, in which operation they kill 300,000 birds a year. The oil is described as bright red in colour, and of excellent burning quality. On the Reef Islands the captain found swarms of rabbits, the progeny of a few couples which had been introduced some years earlier by Captain Stokes. Following the example, he took away a dozen brace, to start them loose as the first rabbit colonists in Shark Bay.—Specimens of cotton grown at Moreton Bay have been received and spun at Manchester, and found to make good thread, in which form the cotton has been sent back to the place of its growth, to inspirit the cultivators to further efforts.

By news from the Cape, we learn that a meeting had been held to take leave of the missionaries who are to be stationed among the Matabele and Makalolo as aids to Dr Livingstone in his endeavours to civilise those important tribes. The veteran Moffat and Mrs Livingstone were present, intending to start immediately afterwards for Kuruman. Hence, for some time to come, we may hope to get intelligence of the Zambesi expedition by way of the Cape, as well as from the eastern coast.

It appears, from the report published by the commissioners of emigration, that expatriation is again on the increase. The number that left the kingdom in 1857 was 212,875, being 30,000 more than in each of the two preceding years. And the registrar-general reveals facts concerning migration which corroborate views expressed more than once in the *Journal*, shewing that the watering-places frequented so numerous during the summer months are not the most healthy places in England. People crowd to them because it is a fashion to do so, and neglect localities whose

hygienic claims are far superior. And he states a fact derived from an average of five years, which is somewhat startling—namely, that in England, 1083 persons every year commit the crime of self-murder.

A NIGHT ON THE INDIAN SEAS.

We had changed steamers at Aden, and some of the officers had been on shore to inspect the fortifications; one, alas! on the signal for starting being made, had hurried on board through a burning sun, and had been struck by it. He lay dying in the single saloon of the wretched vessel in which we were to cross the Indian Ocean. My journey thus far eastward had been singularly unfortunate. I had escaped the peril of fire, of wreck, of murder, on the route, and now came, as climax to the whole, a night of strange awe, horror, and beauty, which still rests on my memory like some fantastic and wonderful dream.

The heat in the Red Sea had been fearful. Every lady of our party had sunk under it, more or less, except myself. We had with us two female servants; one, an Irishwoman, was lying between decks in high fever; the other, a lady's-maid, more exacting and delicate than her mistress, was not to be found when night closed in. The vessel in which our passage across the Indian Ocean was to be achieved, was ill fitted for the purpose. She had been formerly used for carrying coals between Liverpool and Dublin, and was small, dirty, and unprovided with accommodation for passengers. She had been sent to Aden to bring back sick sepoy, with whom she was now returning to Bombay. She had but one small and very dirty saloon, and two berths of minute proportions; but we could obtain no other means of transit at Aden, and were anxious to reach India with all possible speed. The saloon in which the seventeen female passengers were destined to sleep, was occupied by the dying man; the two berths by the most suffering invalids. It was necessary that the remainder of the seventy passengers should pass the night on deck; so extempore beds were made up, the ladies partially undressing to lie down. As I alone was equal to the office of nurse in general, I volunteered to sit up near them, and do what I could to help them, for several were delirious from fever, and all required frequent drink, fanning, &c. I hoped, of course, to be assisted by the maid, and directed the man-servant to go and seek her. He returned, looking very pale and grave.

'I can't find her, ma'am; and indeed,' hesitatingly, 'I don't think we shall ever find her. She has several times told me that she was weary and worn out, and would jump overboard. She is not in the vessel; and a sailor tells me that he and the captain heard a plunge from behind the paddle-box an hour ago—and only look, ma'am, at who's a-following us.'

I glanced in mute terror over the side, and saw dark forms lifting the water, and tumbling amidst the waves. Ah, the sharks! I could not speak for horror. Then the captain of the *Zenobia*—one of the most amiable as well as manly persons I ever met—advanced, and confirmed the evil tidings. The unhappy woman, naturally irritable, and, we hope, delirious, had sought that miserable termination of her discomfort. But there was no time to lose. Horror and awe had to be overcome for the fulfilment of actual duty. There were others suffering, even as that unfortunate had suffered; and I returned silently to my charge. For an hour or so, I was too busy giving drink, &c., to observe the scene around us. The only doctor on board—a young man on his route to join his regiment—came on deck after a time, and whispered the sad news that his poor patient of the saloon had ceased to live, and that he would be buried at daybreak. Two deaths within two hours! He helped me now, however, in my task of nursing;

and after a time our conjoint cares were successful, and our patients slept. The poor young surgeon then lay down on the deck at my feet, and was in a few minutes overpowered by sleep himself.

I looked round me. The deck was covered with sleepers, some lying on the bare planks. Here and there the pale moonbeams made their way through the covering or beneath it, and rested on slumberers who little heeded their deleterious power. A sailor good-naturedly threw a handkerchief over the closed eyes of one of the sleeping officers as he passed by, for experience tells how fatal to the sight are the beams of the eastern moon. There was a hush all through the vessel. The watch were forward—on the fore-castle, perhaps—but out of sight and sound; the helmsman and myself were the sole waking beings on the upper-deck. There were no bulwarks to the vessel's side, but only a railing; therefore, as I sat, I could watch the play of the waves, and the dark hideous shadows, suggestive of terrible thoughts, which broke them at intervals.

By and by a change came over the scene. The waves that danced and leaped around our way were no longer white feathers throwing back the cold moonshine, but waves of fire flashing and glittering with quite a different light. We were passing through a sea of fire, caused, as we were afterwards told, by the phosphorescent fish and insects of those latitudes; but the sight, at such an hour, and under such circumstances, was but an additional horror. All at once, too, the wind rose audibly, and moaned sadly by, as if prophesying yet more misery. We were very near the period of the monsoon—in fact, it might be expected any day, and we dreaded it, for our vessel was scarcely sea-worthy, and could afford us very little shelter. As the wind rose and blew coldly past, I shivered, and a seaman standing near the wheel, instantly advanced and offered me his pea-jacket, absolutely divesting himself of it for my benefit. I would have refused it, but 'Jack' was so earnest in his entreaties that the lady would take it, that at last I yielded, and donned the singular vesture after the fashion of a shawl, that is, without putting my arms into it.

Very slowly the hours stole by, marked only by the so many 'bells' of the vessel. My patients slept profoundly; the breeze moaned sadly by, not bringing, however, the monsoon; the sea of fire darted and sparkled, broken now and then by the dark shadows of the 'creatures that followed in our lee,' as Barry Cornwall sings. How little those whom we had left at home in England were dreaming of the discomforts and perils of our watery way! Those ladies so delicately nurtured in their own land, so unused to hardships, alas! what might be their fate in a strange land, whose very sun even killed? A dislike to India, which I never overcame, began that night; and as if some portion of second-sight had come to me from the Highland side of my family, I dreamed that very night, when dozing beside my charge, of horrors perpetrated on English people by the sick sepoys who slept below. Alas! one of the fairest of those sleeping on the deck of the vessel was destined to be one of the first of the band of women massacred at Delhi, a little more than ten years afterwards. But I am looking too far beyond the visions of that night of horror. Daylight stole at length upon its apparently ceaseless length, as cold, chilly, and gray as it does on the watcher in England. The sleepers began to awaken; a gentleman of our party came to me, asking me to get the ladies down into the saloon as quickly as might be, as the corpses had been removed long since, and they wished the deck cleared for the funeral by sunrise. I awakened my suffering fellow-countrywomen, whose sleep had proved most efficacious, and with the aid of their husbands, got them

down below. As I followed the last, a gun boomed heavily over the sea, and the sad procession bearing one beloved by us all, moved slowly to the poop.

And thus, beginning with two deaths, and ending with a burial at sea, terminated my night-watch on the Indian Ocean.

LOVING EYES.

Hush, sweet heart—hush; I needs must chide

That flattering tongue of thine:

My mirror tells another tale—

Such graces are not mine.

And yet I scarce can bid thee cease,

So much thy words I prize;

Exulting in the thought, that I

Am fairest in thine eyes.

But let me tell thee how it is

Thou findest charms in me;

For well I wot I owe them all,

Dear heart, to love, and thee.

List, then: Mine eyes their brightness run

When—taught by love to shine—

They first reflected back the beam

Which they had caught from thine.

My arm is round, because it loves

On thy strong arm to rest;

My hand is soft, for on thy palm

It lingers to be pressed.

My very footfall dost thou praise;

And why? 'Tis plain to me

That step sounds light, because, dear love,

It brings me quick to thee.

My voice thou say'st is softer far

Than that of cushat dove:

It may be, since I've learned from thee

To say, to thee, 'I love.'

Still, knowing well no charms how I

These fancied once I prize,

Because, dear heart, sweet heart, I love

All to thy loving eyes.

GRIMSBY, September 28.

ROSE BURN.

BOOZY DINNER.

A paragraph is quoted in *Notes and Queries* from the *Inventor's Advocate*, dated nine years ago, describing a dinner given at the baths of Lucca by a certain Lord B—. The meat, fish, and vegetables were at least two years old, having been preserved in a way that is now common; the carafes were supplied with water which originally belonged to the sea, but had been changed into fresh water by a chemical process then recently discovered; the wine had been fished up by means of the diving-bell, from the bottom of the Thames, where it had lain in a sunken ship more than a century, and the bread was made from wheat found by Lord B— himself in one of the pyramids, and sown in England. To a repast of this kind, we may say, we could now add a dry powder liquefied even at the table into cream, the produce of the cow, and fruit of bygone seasons apparently freshly gathered. If such delicacies had been given not a great many years ago in a happy legend, they would have been criticised as impossible, and unnecessarily wild and extravagant.

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THE MASQUE OF SOCIETY.

'ALL the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.' So spake the immortal Will; and most true is the saying. A man takes a part—a rôle, as the French call it—in life, and in his ordinary demonstrations before the public, he has to act it out, if he would be a successful man of the world. There is always some interval and difference between the inner natural feelings of the man and his rôle; the more exalted the position, the greater this interval is likely to be, the monarch on the throne being consequently, by necessity of situation, more of an actor than anybody. Here lies a matter of vast importance in the economy of life.

The gravity of a judge is proverbial; he puts on the aspect of gravity, as part of the rôle he has taken up on becoming a judge. Of course, most judges in their private moments comport themselves much like other men, laughing at jokes when they are good, entering heartily into the merriments of their grandchildren, sometimes perhaps taking a lead in after-dinner mirth, and carrying it on an hour or two too long. Well, suppose they do, is there consequently any breach of sincerity and naturalness in their maintaining a grave demeanour on the bench? Does any reasonable man feel that they forfeit a part of his esteem by so far acting a part? The question needs no answer. All men of sense feel that they would rather be shocked if Mr Justice were to transfer his ordinary domestic demeanour, still more his after-dinner manner, to the court-room. It would seem an outrage on propriety, and by all would be unhesitatingly condemned. Society clearly wishes its judges to act out their part.

It is the same case with every other sort of official person. We all know the clerical manner to be an assumed manner, and so far discrepant from nature; yet we all feel it to be unpleasant when a clergyman lays this wholly aside. We wish a clergyman to be, as the common phrase goes, *clergyman-like*, even in the most simple external demonstrations; and when he is otherwise, he invariably falls in public esteem. It were obviously too severe to say that this is putting a premium upon hypocrisy. It is merely vindicating a system of outward semblances, which either our natural sense dictates, or our experience finds to be convenient and useful in the general affairs of the world. We call it 'decent' to observe these, 'indecorous' to neglect them, and 'shocking' to go wholly against them. So has it always been, and will be.

Even in private life—altogether apart from official rôles—most persons above the very humblest have a

part to play before the eyes and ears of their neighbours. Poverty alone entirely dispenses with assumed appearances. We can indeed go to the sea-side in summer, and cease for a few weeks to be anything but our natural selves. At home, no company being present, we can throw state as well as care behind our backs. But, generally, having something to spend, and certain social relations pressing around us; having a house, a style of living, and connections in the outer world; we are under a kind of necessity of taking up and supporting a certain appropriate system of appearances, if we would not outrage the public and forfeit the esteem of our friends. So strongly is this felt as a social compulsion, that many persons unhappily go beyond the appearances called for in their case, and so create for themselves future embarrassments and miseries. The great bulk of the simply decent and worthy people of the world acknowledge the principle by keeping up a style appropriate to their fortunes; and their share of public esteem will generally be found in the ratio of their success in doing so with the external propriety demanded, without any of that excess which is equally to be deprecated as unsuitable, and as a cause of future evils.

The only reason there is for entering on a subject which, to most persons living in the world, will appear trite, is, that there is a minority of eccentric, though perfectly well-meaning people, who appear blind to its philosophy. We do occasionally find an official person who either fails to see that the acting of a part is required of him as a portion of the very duty for which he is paid, or deliberately prefers what he considers a frank and downright demeanour—that is, a manner wholly unsuitable to his part—to the recognised style of his profession. Such a man will go on for years, either unwittingly incurring disrespect for the uncouth departures he makes from his rôle, or exerting an unprofitable moral courage in braving a disrepute which is all the time secretly galling his feelings. It is a pity to see such damage incurred in a martyrdom not only without good end, but false in its grounds. So also do we occasionally see respectable individuals in private life put themselves at issue with society from a disrelish for what they speak of as empty and insincere appearances. They are too plain for this, too downright for that. Morning-calls are grimace and waste of time. The evening social scene is all very pleasant while it lasts; but it is mere acting, which leaves no permanent feeling of mutual interest behind. Such are their reasons for disregarding the duties connected with their position in life. Under the appearance of a superior candour

and unaffectedness; it is often more conceit, and one of the worst of affectations. True wisdom and purity of heart would see in the parts which men are called to play, a profound necessity of social life, and a promotion of the general happiness, without any necessary harm either to the player or the audience.

When the worthy Laird of Cockpen resolved to go a-wooing of the celebrated Mistress Jean of Claverhaugh, he considered that she would look well at the head of his table. This was an acknowledgment of our principle. The laird had a style to keep up—amongst other things, dinners to give to his neighbours. It was needful that on these occasions the female part should be supported by a worthy counter-part of himself. It is but a portion of the duties of a wife; but it speaks of all the rest. A gentleman, if he is to have a wife at all, should, if possible, have one who will personate the character well—act the part in the eye of the world according as his circumstances may dictate. If he rises after his marriage, and is himself able to act the advanced part, it is most desirable that his wife should study to play her new part in conformable style, so that all may be of a piece, and no ridicule be incurred through awkwardness. It is a misfortune to him if she cannot, or, from misjudgment, will not. We have known several separations of man and wife on this account—and tragedies in their own way. They might have been avoided by a little pliancy on the part of the wife, and a rational acceptance of the duties of the changed position; but then ladies always are so right in their opinions, and so infallible in their ways.

In the case of a man raised by rank and wealth over his fellows, the part to be acted, and the style in which he acts it, become of no inconsiderable consequence to his neighbourhood. To keep a hospitable house, to take a large, active, and generous part in the public business of the district, to do liberal things amongst his dependents, are sacrifices appropriate to the part which are sure to prove amply self-rewarding in the veneration and kindly regard of all around him. To fall short in any respect of the duties of the part, is to condemn one's self to insignificance and contempt; for the world has its part in us, and we never can repudiate the claim with impunity. There is something, one could almost say, divine, in this institution, for certainly we do not see how the world could get on if the able and the fortunate were to live only for themselves. No, they must take up and support the rôle which a bounteous Providence has assigned to them, accepting their superfluities as a hint that something is expected from them besides attending to their own immediate gratifications.

The highest parts in life are the most trying, none more so than that of the monarch. We can readily understand a warm-hearted old sailor like William IV. delighting to walk out into St James's Street, and hail his old acquaintances in the free-and-easy style of old times, and his ministers telling him that it would not do—that his part would not admit of it. It was a hardship for the well-meaning old man, but one which he could not well escape, if he was to continue wearing the crown. The common people themselves have a strong sense that a king should be a king; that is, fulfil all the requirements of the part. They would be the first to blame a monarch who should put on over-familiar airs not consistent with the ideal of the royal state. Much more do they feel shocked when a king, happening to be shaken rudely out of his throne, fails to support the dignity of his original character—as, for example, Louis Philippe of France scampering meanly off in a cab from the Tuileries, and crossing to England under the cognomen of Mr Smith. One feels that a man, after assuming, and for a time

playing the part, has no right to waken us so unpleasantly out of the dream we have entertained regarding it. A king may have been much that was bad, as Charles I. was; but if he sinks beneath the indignation of his subjects with a calm grace befitting his former state, they will look on with a compassionate admiration, as they did upon the unhappy Stuart at the scaffold before Whitehall, and history will wup as it records his errors.

We conclude with a verse of the poet, at once mentioning our principle, and assigning it its proper place in the moral scheme of the world:

Honour and shame from no condition free;
 And well your part—there all the honors lie.

MUSIC NEXT DOOR

Our pursuits are sedentary, and we live in a semi-detached west-end suburban 'villa,' whose walls are not thick enough to keep out the sounds of a piano and vocal accompaniment next door, which has more or less been the bane of our existence for nearly two years—that is, ever since the present occupant had possession of the domicile, and by degrees raised our curiosity as to what she could possibly be.

The mystery is solved, however, which puzzled us for so long a time; the *dénouement* has taken place, and that in so singular and unexpected a manner, as to keep up the old axiom of 'truth being stranger than fiction.'

Nearly two years ago, as I said, the said house was vacated, and speedily re-let; and though, of course, as metropolitans, we did not interest ourselves in our neighbours, always boastfully asserting that we did not know even their names—the *dear* we had been teased with village gossip in our time—yet for a pleasant vaunted independence, and freedom and privacy, we earnestly hoped the new-comers next door had no children to squall, or practise on the piano, or walk wild in the garden, where we delighted to smoke in our own square table-cloth of a *placemats*, but in hand, musing in dreamy repose. So we were shocked when our demure Sally informed us that she had seen the vans arrive, 'packed beautiful—full of the best of things—clean and 'andsome;' and that the new tenant was a lady—attired in widow's dress—with one elderly maid-servant as her sole 'establishment.' This information Sally had gleaned from the landlady, who supplied all the villas in our road with bread.

We were well aware that our worthy landlady was extremely particular as to the perfect respectability of the parties to whom he let his houses, and others; therefore our minds were at rest on that point. We congratulated ourselves on the ensuing quietness in prospect—for even if the widow-lady did play on the nice piano which Sally said had been carried in next door, doubtless the music would not be of any long continuance, and must differ essentially in character from the disagreeing discord made by young beginners. Besides, our pair of hands could not do so much as six; and the widow-lady, who had her own troubles, was not likely to play on the piano by the hour together. We could not ask Sally if our new neighbour was old or young, nor did we inquire her name; for we felt no interest in her, further than in our purely selfish desire of not being so disagreeably disturbed as we had been by the six little Misses Brownriggs, the late occupants of the house.

But alas! we were doomed to disappointment. Well it is for us that we do not foresee coming events. And yet coming events do cast their shadows before; for we declare, when Sally said that a 'horizontal pianer' had 'gone in next 'ouse,' our hearts misgave us; though the indubitable and pleasant fact of there being but one pair of hands to touch it, was duly impressed on our minds, by way of comfort and reassurance.

The very next morning, before we sat down to breakfast—a reasonably early hour—the slow tones of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, and *Annie Laurie*, set for musical aspirants who had but just learned their gamut (the d-o-g and c-a-t, which follows the first acquisition of knowledge), surprised and alarmed us, so determinate and continued was the practising—like a regular 'set in rain'—and so patient the pauses between each note, as if the performer was carefully conning and studying the page, before committing herself to produce a wrong sound.

'We thought there were no children next door, Sally,' cried we as Sally entered with the eggs and toast. 'You certainly gave us to understand so; but you hear there *are*—' and we pointed significantly over our shoulder in the direction of the lath-and-plaster division of the houses.

'No more there be'ant—there be'ant no children,' replied Sally sententiously; 'that must be the widdler lady herself a-practi-zing.'

Sally is not sensitive, and has no ear. 'Practising!' we exclaimed in derision; 'why, she is spelling the music; she has only just learned the meaning of B flat and C natural; and how careful and particular she is!'—and so she was, hour after hour continuing to repeat her lesson with the most careful industry.

We could detect that the instrument she touched was rich and brilliant, and also that the widow lady was not slow to learn; but by degrees the fact became painfully certain that this everlasting, monotonous, clear, soft thrum-thrum was not to be the event of one day, but of every day; and there were times when we felt as if we must rush into the next house, and entreat her to cease. To cease; for, from that early morning time, till a late hour at night, the practising continued without intermission. What period the indefatigable performer allowed herself for partaking of necessary refreshment, we could not discover; but to judge from the short respites we had, it was a very short time indeed. We rarely saw the widow in her garden, nor could we discern her features; but her figure appeared youthful, and she always gave us the idea of being in a hurry to swallow a mouthful of fresh air, and then to rush back to her beloved piano. She soon left *Scots wha hae* and *Annie Laurie* behind, having perfectly mastered these two airs; and if it had not been that we were nervous and provoked at the disturbance, we should really have had considerable interest in watching her progress; more particularly as a sweet and clear voice made itself so distinctly heard that we could repeat the burden of the song, to which all the widow's energies seemed devoted, when the first difficulties were overcome of the beginner's first lessons. The air of this song was a curious combination of the pathetic and jocular; we had never heard it before. Was it foreign? Italian?—No. French?—No. German?—No. Swedish?—No. Irish?—Not altogether. Scotch?—Not altogether. English?—Not altogether. It was a very odd song, a very peculiar song; and over and over, over and over, over and over, she practised it, until sometimes we awoke in the night, haunted by it in our very dreams, and singing: 'O-O-O, I'm alone in this world without you.' We believed that was the burden of the song, but we were not quite decided about the 'O-O-O;' it might

be 'Ochone;' it might be a prolonged quaver or cadence; but it was very peculiar, to say the least of it; and the widow herself always seemed doubtful about this part of it, going over the 'O-O-O' in various ways, always sweetly, but still as if she felt unsatisfied with her own efforts, and desired to improve. The entire practising was now merged and concentrated in this one ditty; it appeared as if all the previous hours of persevering industry had been devoted to the piano only to accomplish her intense desire of mastering this one song. Morning, noon, and night, ceaselessly, over and over, over and over, over and over again, on went the piano accompaniment—at length perfectly learned, and the vocal 'O-O-O, I'm alone in this world without you.'

Sometimes she would very diligently practise another pretty air—*All is lost now*—or a waltz, or a polka; and her progress was quick and sure; but ever she returned to her beloved 'O-O-O;' and no other song did she attempt; and if we had not been both prejudiced and angry, we should have declared that it was an unique song, a pretty song, and very sweetly sung. But as it was, we only snuffed the air in disdain, remarking: 'What can induce any human being to sacrifice so much time to learning a song?'

We christened our neighbour 'Angelina,' after a celebrated amateur musician of that name; but Sally overhearing us so denominate her, said gravely:

'That's not the lady's name. Her name is Mrs Fordham; and her servant's name is Goodwin.'

'Thank you, Sally,' said we. 'Are you sure?'

'Quite sure; Goodwin told me so herself; because the postman brought a letter here for me as was meant for her—the direction warn't legible like.' But 'Angelina' she continued with us: and we agreed that her wonderful perseverance was worthy of a better cause. A better cause? What cause could induce a woman to devote herself body and soul—and at her mature age—to learn singing, and that singing all condensed into the pathetic, the jocular, the sweet but ridiculous 'O-O-O,' at which she always stuck; there was something wrong there—the lesson was not perfect. The sweet clear voice again and again attacked the 'O-O,' until flesh and blood could bear it no longer, and we were obliged to stuff cotton into our ears, in order to pursue our occupations of writing and reading. She was a wonderful woman. When did she eat? When she went to bed, surely her fingers must have still been working, and her dreams haunted as ours were by that extraordinary burden—'O-O-O, I'm alone in this world without you.'

Christmas was now approaching, and we expected our relative, poor Louis Davidson, to pass the Christmas holidays with us. We say 'poor Louis,' because his history had been a sad but too common one. Brought up by an improvident mother as an idle gentleman, living on 'expectations,' Louis, when those expectations failed, and absolute ruin stared them in the face, had met the storm with energy and decision, scarcely to be looked for in one hitherto self-indulgent and supine. Discarding all fine-gentleman habits, he had promptly and thankfully accepted the offer of a situation as usher in a school, presided over by a worthy gentleman, who had been a friend of his father's, and who pitied Louis from his heart, according him warm sympathy and respect, as altered prospects brought out the brighter side of the young man's character. He now entirely supported his ailing weak mother, who occupied humble apartments in the village where Dr Smith's academy was situated. We had succeeded with some difficulty in persuading Louis to come and pass the vacation with us. We greatly admired and esteemed him; more than we ever could have done in his days of idleness and frivolity; though now, as then, there was an under-

current of genial fun in his nature, always good-naturally evinced, which circumstances had no power to damp or to repress.

'I wonder what Louis will think of "Angelina" and her song,' we often said to one another. 'He is extremely fond of music, and has a quick ear; and this repeated "O-O-O" will no doubt greatly amuse him. But what a quiet orderly creature this Mrs Fordham seems; in all other respects a model neighbour—no visitors, no letters, no disturbance of any kind, save this. We shall leave Louis to find out the mystery, if mystery there is in her queer proceedings; and even his good taste cannot be offended with the sweet clear voice, and industrious precision, of the piano accompaniment. But oh! that she would vary her song'—as the 'O-O-O-O' at that moment reached us, and we searched for the cotton wool, to dull our acute sense of sound.

On the very first evening after Louis's arrival, he turned an attentive ear to the music issuing from the next house; but there was a great deal of talking going forward, so that he could not quite distinctly make out the air; he fidgeted, and on a sudden pause in the conversation, the 'O-O' became audible, and Louis, to our surprise, more and more excited and ill at ease. At length, starting up and bending over our tea-table, he whispered: 'You have musical neighbours—who are they? I have almost fancied I know the song; but there is such a noise, I cannot quite make it out.'

'We call our neighbour "Angelina;" but her name is Mrs Fordham,' we replied, 'and she is a most singular and industrious personage.'

At that moment there was a pause in the conversation, and silence ensued; every word was audible next door. '*I'm alone in this world without you.*'

To our amazement, Louis Davidson changed colour, and displayed remarkable agitation, holding up his finger to enforce silence, and when the sweet voice ceased, sinking down on his chair with a sigh as of relief, but expressing in his looks considerable embarrassment. When our guests were again engaged in talk, we drew near Louis, and touching his arm, said: 'What's the matter, Louis? Are you dreaming? Has the music next door bewitched you?'

'It's very strange,' he said; 'I have not heard *quite* distinctly, but I seem to recognise the air and the words; and I dare say you will think me a great fool, but, upon my word, I could almost believe it is a song of my own composition. I seem to catch the sense—the "O-O-O"—where your neighbour is in fault (she makes a mistake *there*), and the burden, "*I'm alone in this world without you.*" But it may be my mistake, for I never gave more than three manuscript copies away: I valued my first song far too much; and how your neighbour, Mrs Fordham, *alias* Angelina, has got hold of it, I cannot imagine.'

'But to whom did you present the three copies, Louis?' we asked; 'for it is evident our neighbour has a real regard for the song, or she never would devote so many hours to it as she does.'

'Two copies have gone to Australia,' replied Louis; 'and the third I gave to the Hon. Mrs Brewster of Brewster Court, who sings most magnificently, and does it real justice.' (O the vanity of poets!)

'Perhaps, however, Louis, you may be mistaken, and it may not be your song, after all,' we remarked soothingly; 'you will hear better to-morrow when we are by ourselves, and quiet.'

To-morrow came. '*It is my song,*' said Louis decidedly. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow—Louis was out all morning, amusing himself and paying visits, only returning to a late dinner, when in the evening the invariable 'O-O-O-O' greeted him from the next house. He listened with

flushed cheeks and continually growing impatience, poising his finger and muttering, as if to himself: 'It is very odd—I cannot account for it—how could this person come by my song? There's no mistaking it, for there's a peculiar turn I *alone* am competent to teach; and, upon my honour, this Madam Fordham sings it very well, whoever she is, except when she comes to the "O-O-O," and then there is a mistake, which I could soon rectify. I declare, if this neighbour of yours, this Mrs Fordham, goes on like this, I shall be impelled to rush in next door, and offer to give her a lesson in my own production. I must know better than any one else how it *ought* to be sung.'

We were greatly amused by this threat, little thinking our young relative would really carry it into effect; but whether it was that Louis Davidson's nerves were disorganised as ours had been, or that he was mysteriously impelled to the bold act, certain it is he became so worked upon as to be unable to endure the incessant 'O-O-O,' and to hear his song warbled with a mistake in the most critical part. So, one evening, when our tea-table was cleared, and Angelina was 'O-O-ing' as usual, Louis suddenly signified his intention of ringing at the bell next door, and informing the musician that the song she was so industriously practising was *his* composition; politely requesting, at the same time, to be allowed to set her right in one or two small particulars of erroneous execution relating to its burden. He was not to be dissuaded; and afterwards he confided to us that he never could account for the obstinate determination that led him to disregard the conventional forms of society by introducing himself in so rash and impertinent a manner to a stranger lady. However, lashed into frenzy, in he rushed next door. We heard the piano suddenly cease, and the sweet voice become mute; then, after a while, we could distinguish a sort of music-lesson given, Louis himself playing, and our neighbour's voice accompanying the piano. It was the much-dreaded 'O-O,' which now, for pathos and sweetness, deserved to become a popular melody. Then music and singing were succeeded by voices in cheerful conversation, interspersed at times with a merry, ringing laugh, which was not the guffaw of Louis Davidson, but issued, we were sure, from the same pair of lungs as those which produced the daily warblings of 'O-O-O.'

Hours glided on, and it was very late when Louis returned from his impertinent visit; he was in a state of great excitement, rushing up to us at the fireside, and exclaiming: 'Isn't it strange, isn't it wonderful; who do you think is your next-door neighbour?'

We declared it was impossible to conjecture, as of course it was; whereupon Louis, becoming more and more energetic, his countenance beaming with delight, and his blue eyes sparkling with laughter (he had enjoyed the *dénouement* immensely), exclaimed:

'Why, it's Fanny Mamford herself, and she's just as kind and as nice a creature as ever she was.'

'And who in the world is Fanny Mamford?' we inquired with amazement. 'We never heard of such a person before.'

'Never heard of Fanny Mamford!' cried Louis in surprise. 'Why, she was a companion of my poor dear mother's, when we lived at the Grange'—here his voice became subdued, for he never liked alluding to the past—'and she stayed with my mother longer than any of her other companions; but my mother at last complained that Fanny did not attend to her punctuation in reading aloud; so Miss Mamford was dismissed. But she used to copy all my music for me, for although in those days Fanny could not play or sing, she was a rare hand at copying.'

Here Louis paused, and we then asked how it was

that Miss Mamford had assumed the style of 'Mrs Fordham,' and was living alone in a villa.

'Oh, I forgot,' he replied, looking rather sheepish, 'that you don't know all about her' (he didn't, when he rushed in next door). 'After Fanny left my mother, she married a rich old distiller, and became a widow in less than a year. She's got a good fortune now, and amuses herself by learning to sing and play, in order, as she says, to keep up her spirits; and she's such a taste and love for it, that she'll be a fine musician soon.'

'But, Louis,' we urged, 'if Mrs Fordham has a fine fortune, why does she live in a small suburban house, with only one domestic?'

'She's a good creature,' quoth Louis, and with emotion, 'as she always was, and as I told my mother. Don't you remember, she was the only child of John Mamford, who brought so many people to ruin by his "great bankruptcy," as it was called? Well, Miss Mamford—I beg her pardon, Mrs Fordham—is paying off some of her father's most distressing liabilities; and she won't be free of them for the next two or three years, so she lives in great economy, and diverts her mind as she best can.'

'But about the song, Louis; the "O-O-O!" What induces her to give up all her time to attain perfection in that?' we asked maliciously.

With some asperity, Louis replied: 'I told you she learned music for recreation.'

'And "O-O-O, I'm alone in the world without you," for association,' remarked we; on which his good-humour returned, though he blushed quite boyishly, and said:

'She copied it for me long ago; and admiring the song, wished to learn it. Also having much spare time, the idea struck her of purchasing a good piano, and setting to work.'

'Well, my dear Louis,' returned we, 'you have now an opportunity of improving the lady by teaching her yourself how the song ought to be sung. We have always remarked that she regularly breaks down at the "O-O-O." We hear her too well.'

'She doesn't know that,' replied Louis, quite snappishly, 'or she never would have annoyed you, or any one else, for Fanny is the best creature in the world. She never hears you move or speak, so can form no idea that such mere lath-and-plaster partition divides you. But go and see her, and tell her yourself how she disturbs you; for though she wishes to live very quietly, I'm sure she'll be glad to see you.'

And we did call on Mrs Fordham, and found her, as Louis Davidson insinuated, the 'best creature in the world.' It was astonishing how the 'O-O-O' progressed under the tuition of the composer, for he became most regular in giving his music-lessons next door, though we generally observed conversation took up the greatest portion of the evening visit.

At length the burden of the song floated distinctly sweet through the dividing-walls; and we fancied there was a peculiarly tender intonation in the avowal, 'I'm alone in this world without you.'

It was not fancy. The amiable widow did sing the words of Louis Davidson's song with peculiar and touching *empathement*, and now she has bestowed herself and her fortune on Louis, and they are to be married next Thursday. They mean to live cheaply on the continent for a few years, until Fanny has performed her 'duty,' as she says; and where, Louis says, 'Fanny may be perfected in music, for which she has such wonderful talent.' He also means to compose another song, the title of which is to be, 'In this world I am happy with you.'

Fanny always blushes and looks foolish when we ask her about the manuscript song she copied for Louis, and the difficult 'O-O-O;' but we heartily congratulate him on his happy fortune, and on the

chance—if 'chance' there be—which brought him on a visit to us, when we stuffed cotton wool into our ears, in order to deaden the sounds of music next door.

THE GREAT SCAR LIMESTONE.

If England is to be better known by English tourists, they should take a little knowledge of its geology as their best guide to its various scenes of beauty and grandeur. For want of such guidance as an hour's talk of Siluria, the old red, and the mountain limestone might afford, many a health and pleasure seeker has expended all his holidays, and not a little money, yet seen little of England—to say nothing of Wales and Scotland. For while it is easy, in the course of one day's journey, to pass over a rich variety of scenes characteristic of the several systems—chalk, oolite, new red sandstone, and old red—it is also possible to visit several counties, or even to travel, on a diagonal line, over a great part of the length of England, still seeing very little of that rich variety of hill, valley, and plain for which our little island is remarkable. For example, we come from Northamptonshire into Bedfordshire, then take a turn in the vale of Aylesbury, and visit a friend in Oxfordshire—winding up the excursion by running down to the sea at Dover. After all, we have seen nothing but midland counties' limestone and chalk—the former marked by its long continuous series of fertile green basins—or say laps of land (rather than valleys)—with softly rounded or wooded slopes, and, here and there, a slow winding river; the latter shewing us dry, treeless downs, with short grass, and no water in the hollows.

Many a respectable member of society has travelled yearly to and from his favourite watering-place, seeing nothing of such scenes as are suggested to the geologist by such terms as the old red, the clay-slate, and the Great Scar Limestone. These are the terms that most distinctly point out several districts of England with regard to their scenery. Our present purpose is to direct any tourist who likes to deviate from the beaten path to a part of Yorkshire where one rock—the mountain limestone—is seen on the grandest scale; but possibly a few prefatory notes, pointing out the position of this formation in the series of rocks that make England, will be welcome to young readers.

The oldest, and, with regard to external form, the most mountainous and picturesque rocks, are found chiefly in the north and the north-west of England. Speaking in general terms, open to some exceptions, we find the several strata becoming more level, and more and more containing fossils approaching existing types as we travel, on a diagonal line, from the north-west of England—supposing we start in Cumberland—towards the south-east—say to Dover. Thus we leave in Cumberland the granite and clay-slate, having no fossils yet discovered; we pass through the mountain limestone, full of fossil-shells and corals; and then over the coal, abounding with fossil-plants. On the new red sandstone we find level fertile pastures; and the aspect of fertility is continued, with more variety of surface, when we come on the limestone of the midland counties (the *oolite*), from which we pass to the chalk—say near Dunstable—then to the London clay and gravel, and again to the chalk as we enter Kent.

This may serve as an example of the variety that may be found in one journey planned with a reference to the several rocks forming that part of the earth's crust called England. A little study of a geological map, explained by any correct text-book of geology, will enable the tourist to plan his excursions so that, in the course of a few years, he will have acquired a

fair knowledge of the land we live in. If he would see the grandeur of mountain-chains of granite, or the precipices, deep glens and ravines of gneiss and mica-schist, he must go to the Highlands of Scotland. We have nothing in England that can be compared with the sublime scenery of these primitive rocks; but we have almost everything else. If he would see, in their most compact and picturesque forms, the various groupings of hills and mountains of granite, clay-slate, and the Silurian strata, relieved by gleaming lakes, and made cheerful by cultured and wooded slopes and valleys, there is nothing in Europe that, within the same area, can be compared with our lake district; and perhaps there is no short tour in the world to match the journey from Penrith to Keswick, thence to Ullswater, Borrowdale, and Patterdale, and on to Ambleside, and over the Kirkstone Pass to Bowness.

For the more tranquil scenery of the Silurian strata, let the tourist visit Shropshire and Worcestershire, then look at the beauty of the old red, broken by trap-rock on the Wye, in Herefordshire, or in Devon, and he will have seen all the most charming scenery that England affords. But variety will still remain, when he has explored all the districts already named; for he has seen nothing of the Great Scar Limestone, to which we would next direct his attention.

We would not deceive him. He will find nothing in this district of great scars and caverns, wide moorlands, and treeless mountains, to be compared, for picturesque effect, with scenes to be found within the compass of a few hours' walk about Ambleside. If he is a *paterfamilias*, and takes his children to see as many lakes and mountains as possible in a few days; or if he neither knows nor cares anything about the wonders of the earth's crust and the flowers that grow upon it, but simply wishes to see hill and valley, wood and water, placed together so as to make striking scenery, he cannot gratify his taste better than in the lake district, and would not thank us for leading him among the solitudes of Great Wharfedale and Ingleborough. It is to the pedestrian, who knows something of geology and botany, and who can enjoy lonely mountain rambles, far from the beaten track of easy-going tourists, we recommend the Great Scar Limestone of the north-west of Yorkshire. It wants trees, and sheets of water, and steep declivities, to enable it to bear any comparison with Westmoreland or Cumberland; but it has its own characteristic—a grand air of loneliness and profound quietude, such as is felt deeply even when we visit it after a tour in the lake district. Its mountain masses rise, not abruptly by the margins of lakes, and overlooking pleasant villages and mansions, but swell up gradually from broad bases of brown moorlands, and are altogether less broken and striking in their outlines than the heights of 'rocky Cumberland.' Indeed, the term mountains may convey a false impression to those who know nothing of the district to which we refer; for the Great Scar Limestone extends over a large area in Yorkshire, sloping down towards Derbyshire, and ending with a bold escarpment in the Peak. Towards the north-west of Yorkshire, it swells up grandly; and its general aspect, when viewed from one of its own summits, is that of a sea of vast, rounded, and sweeping waves, with here and there the crest of a billow of remarkable height or shape—such as Pendle, Penygant, or Ingleborough. Among these undulated masses of moorland, lie sheltered dales and grassy hollows, affording good pasturage; but for picturesque effects there is a want of trees and rivers, as we have already confessed. The chief rivers of Yorkshire have their sources in this region, and are, consequently, only small streams here. The rock that gives its own characteristic shapes to the

district is a limestone, of which a large proportion consists of fossil-shells—such as in our museums are labelled *Spirifer*, *Terebratula*, *Bellerophon*, &c., and lily-like corals, or *encrinites*, having a cup-shaped body, that seems to have been attached to the seabottom by a jointed stalk, having many branches. The total depth of the Great Scar Limestone is estimated at about eight hundred yards. In its outlines and other features, it affords the clearest proof of its marine origin; and in many other regions besides that of which we write, its general aspect forcibly suggests the theory of the bed of an ocean, abounding with the remains of extinct shell-fish and corals, gradually left dry, and, by some slow and vast operation, upheaved in huge masses, so as to preserve the original shapes of its ridges and undulations. Another characteristic from which it derives its name, is its remarkable liability to be scarred, fissured, or worn away by the action of water. In every part of the district we see proofs of this; in one place, a chasm, like Gordale Scar, open to the sky; in another, a deep bed worn in the solid rock by the Aire, or some other infant river of the district; again, a cove or limestone barrier, that seems to have been left by a cataract; or a series of slabs almost or perfectly divided; masses of limestone that have fallen from the steeper declivities; brooks descending by subterranean channels, and vast caverns with stalactites, as at Ingleborough, and Yordas, and Weathercoate Caves.

The centre of the district in which the Great Scar Limestone reaches its highest elevations—Ingleborough, Great Wharfedale, and Penygant—may be described as skirted on the south by the Skipton and Lancaster Railway, between Gargrave and High Bentham, and bounded, on the west, by a line from Ingleton to Orton, and, on the east, by a line from Clapham to Hawes and Richmond. The tourist may extend his journey northward beyond these bounds, which include, however, the chief points of attraction. The centre of the district is still left uncut by railways; but the line already mentioned brings the pedestrian near enough to the grandest features of the limestone at Malham and Clapham. From the latter place he may pay a visit to the Yordas and Weathercoate Caves. The walk from Clapham to Hawes, and hence to Richmond, will not disappoint a true lover of mountainous and moorland scenery.

Let us imagine that we repeat—as we should like to do if our purse would allow us—one of our own tours in Yorkshire, and that we travel thither from the south.

We leave the rail at Skipton, to pay a visit to Bolton Priory, a monastic ruin in the valley of the Wharf, embosomed by wooded hills on the south, while, on the north, we have a view of wild moorlands. The rapid Wharf here hurries along till it approaches the beautiful ruin, and then, spreading itself over a wider channel, flows on more quietly, and with a softer sound. Lofty cliffs rise near the Priory—their surface weather-stained with hues of purple, and water-worn by many trickling streams. A short distance above the ruins, the river foams and boils through a narrow chasm in the rock—the Strid, where the fair boy of Egremont lost his life. While engaged in courting, and leading his greyhounds in a leash, he attempted to leap the Strid, when the dogs, hanging back, drew him into the chasm. His desolate mother built the Priory. It seems no great feat to leap over the Strid; but another tale is told of a too sprightly bridegroom, who, spending here his wedding-day, attempted it, and perished in the sight of the shrieking bride and her companions. We might stay here all day telling old legends of Bolton—of 'the good Lord Clifford,' who pursued his quiet studies in Barden Tower; and of the old monks, prosperous and not over-studious,

for, in forty years, as their account-books shew, they bought only three books. One of these, however, cost forty pounds of our present money. What changes of times since the day when the Archbishop of York came here with his train of 200 men, after hunting the red deer from parish to parish all through the grassy vales of Craven! But all these things are already noted down in Dr Whitaker's celebrated *History of the Deanery of Craven*—one of the best books of its class—and our present object is to explore, not the legends of these valleys, but the antiquities of the Great Scar Limestone, in comparison with which, the legend of Egremont, the foundation of Bolton, and the Wars of the Roses, are things of yesterday.

So, leaving, but not forgetting, this beautiful valley with all its traditions, we return to the rail, and go on towards Malham. On the way, we catch glimpses, here and there, of rich pastures, and, alighting at the Bell Busk station, walk on to the quiet old village of Malham—a place visited and well described by the poet Gray, at a time when other literary men seemed to care little for the grand scenery of their own or any other country. Near this village—where the traveller may find a comfortable inn—we shall see two of the greatest scars in the mountain limestone of England. The first, Malham Cove, or 'Mawm Cove,' as the natives here call it, is a segment of an immense amphitheatre, cut out by nature in the limestone, and about 800 feet high. Climbing the side of the valley, we look down from the highest tier of this 'semicirque profound,' on the rivulet that issues from its base. It is not easy to imagine by what operation of nature the cove was formed. It looks like the barrier left by some enormous water-fall. On the moor above, large masses of gray limestone lie scattered in wild confusion all along the way to Malham Tarn, where the river Aire has its source. The whole scene strongly suggests the thought of some vast design of Titan builders, working in these solitudes in oldest time, and frustrated in their plans by the great catastrophe that burst a passage for the Aire through Gordale Scar. This is an enormous chasm, not far from the cove, and even more remarkable.

On all sides—except one, opening into a narrow, rock-bound valley—our view of the surrounding country, and almost of the sky, is shut in by overhanging and almost meeting masses of gray limestone, piled up to the height of about 800 feet. From an opening near the summit of the scar, the river Aire pours itself down, and breaks its fall on a rock in the centre of a gloomy chasm. It is a dread place; a den where—as Wordsworth boldly says—the earthquake might hide her cubs. At first sight, it might seem venturesome to climb up close beside the water-fall, and out on the open moor; but it may be easily done, for steps have been worn in the rock; and above the second leap of the cataract, we find a path upward, among the masses of rock that seemed almost meeting at their summits. When we look down, we see that Gordale Scar is an immense cavern, of which the roof has been broken, in all probability, by the action of water. We may stand now where Gray tells us he saw goats climbing—one coolly waiting to scratch its ear with the hind leg, on a pinnacle where the timid poet would not stand 'for all beneath the moon.' However, with all our love of the mountain limestone and its scars, it is a relief to get out of the gloomy chasm and its uproar of thundering water, and to see once more green grass, and something more than a patch of blue sky.

After a glimpse of Malham Tarn—a very clear upland lake, where rare trout, perch, and char might perhaps be caught, if we had permission to fish here—we go on towards Ingleborough, where the lime-

stone, towering up from an enormous base, reaches an elevation above 2000 feet over the sea-level. To climb the mountain, we may leave the rail either at Clapham or at High Bentham. We take the former route, and, after walking through the clean and pleasant village of Clapham, where those who wish to see the great cavern may find a guide, we climb Ingleborough from the east, by a gradual ascent, and without much fatigue. First, we enter a pastoral dell or ravine, with a slope of almost bare limestone on the right, separated by a clear trout-stream from our grassy path, where the bank on our left is overgrown with the hartstongue fern, the broad-leaved bell-flower, and the enchanter's nightshade. We soon reach the mouth of the great cave, where strange shapes of stalactites and stalagmites shew what fantastic tricks water can play in wearing down the mountain limestone. But leaving these—already described in the *Journal*—we turn from the dell towards the great semicirque that forms the summit of Ingleborough.

On the way, we notice, as characteristic of the district, a more than usually large mass of rock that has fallen from the side of the mountain—not very long ago, for the hollow left in its place still corresponds well with its convex side. Beyond this place, we come upon a level moor—rather boggy here and there—and see clearly the crowning terrace, seeming by no means formidable, and very near. Yet some climbing must be done before we stand upon it. By aiming at the northern escarpment, the pedestrian will avoid crossing a hollow named 'Gaping Gill Hole,' where a mountain brook has worn out for itself a deep channel, ending in a funnel-shaped hollow, where it disappears to pursue its gloomy course among the fissures of Ingleborough Within. Arriving, at last, on the rounded summit to the south of the highest terrace, we went on northward, till we were glad to rest and look down on a scene less cheerful and varied than may be seen from the heights of Cumberland, but very grand of its kind. Penygant rises steeply, and with a desolate aspect on the north-east. On the north and north-west the view is shut in by Great Whernside and other mountain masses and terraces of bare gray limestone, with scars and ravines, or here and there extended like long water-worn coast-lines. Nearer, in a hollow on the west, and below a steep, bare scar, we see massive gray slabs and fissured blocks lying together in something like order, again tempting us to dream of the gigantic builders who, in oldest time, had made preparation for some vast pile of masonry in these drear solitudes. These features, and the vast undulations of the dark, brown moorland, make the nearer scene on the north-west gloomy and desolate enough. If there is beauty here, even on a sunshiny day, it is of an austere kind—stern, grand, and without the cheerful life of trees and rivers. Far away on the south, and in a blue mist, are seen Pendle Hill, easily known by its shape, and—seeming near it, though, in fact, eight miles distant—Boulsworth, a rounded mass of the Yorkshire moors. All around the horizon is a sea of which the long, sweeping waves are blue mountains. Below, lie fertile pastures, with streams, villages, and white roads winding up the hillsides, and westward the view extends down the green and wooded valley of the Lune to Lancaster and Morecambe Bay. To many, the glory of a mountain is to command a sixty miles' view; but we climbed Ingleborough, not to see how Morecambe Bay would look at such a distance, but to see the Great Scar limestone itself in one of its highest masses, and, consequently, the nearer view, especially from the north-west side of the terrace, chiefly attracted us. On the whole, it is like a stormy sea turned to stone. A day passed alone among these solemnities of the

past will not be forgotten. Everything tells of worlds or systems of life that passed away in ages for which we have no reckoning:

Though with no utterance of breath
These wide dark moorlands speak of death,
And rifted hills and ridges gray
Are tombs of tribes long passed away.

And the tombs themselves are perishing—slowly, when measured by our notions of time, but surely. We see how water wears down the hills in this district. None can tell what vast hollows, such as Ingleborough Cave, have been already worn in this region. These hills seem, indeed, to abide for ever, when contrasted with our own brief sojourn here; but look at them from a higher point of view, and the rock itself—in some parts three-fourths of it consisting of fossil-shells—is surely passing away:

The mountains change their shapes, and flow
From form to form, and nothing stands:
Like clouds they shape themselves, and go.

Such were the thoughts suggested by our wanderings over the mountain limestone in the north-west of Yorkshire. The geological tourist who would see more of it than we have told, may inquire for Thornton Scar, or may enjoy the fine mountain-walk from Clapham to Hawes. He should see the falls of the Ure at Askrigg, and Yordas, and Weather-coate Caves, with their subterranean water-falls; and if his tour be extended northward as far as Barnard Castle, he will there find a beautiful change of scenery on the banks of the Tees. If he loves wild-flowers, he will find, on his way through this district, many favourites, such as the lovely blue *geranium, præ-tense*, the *Malva moschata*, the *Primula farinosa*, and the grass of Parnassus, to say nothing of the elegant foxglove and the broad-leaved bell-flower, with other plants commonly found here.

But let it be observed again, that the district we have indicated is recommended rather to the pedestrian geologist than to the tourist who wishes to see the greatest possible amount of varied scenery in the course of a week or ten days. The latter will certainly fail to find in Yorkshire anything to bear a comparison, from his point of view, with the lake-district. However, if tired of the stern solitudes of Wharfedale, Ingleborough, and Penygant, the rail makes it easy now to leave them, and, in the course of a few hours, find ourselves on Windermere, embosomed in scenery than which nothing softer and more harmonious can be imagined by a painter—hills with foregrounds of all soft shades of pale green, yellow, brown, gray, and purple—turf, rock, and foliage all beautifully blended—dark purple gorges in the background, and, far away, blue mountains, Scafell, Helvellyn, and the Langdale Pikes like grand solemn sphinxes, seeming to guard the portals of a land of mystery and romance.

MR LONGFELLOW'S LAST HEXAMETERS.

In an age wherein Mr Tupper's poems reach a sixteenth edition, and Mr Browning's scarcely a third, it is evident that the excellence of a poet is not to be measured by his popularity. We are, on the contrary, inclined to look with some suspicion upon all works of the imagination which bear upon their covers any number above 'the fourth thousand,' and more particularly when they come from the other side of the Atlantic. We never enter the establishment of any fashionable bookseller without a smile, which is not altogether of approbation, at seeing so very 'large and varied an assortment' of the exquisitely bound and gorgeously decorated volumes of Mr

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated editions; collected editions; new and revised editions (with a preface by some literary gentleman, who asserts that the mind of man cannot now conceive a world without an *Excelsior*, any more than without an *Iliad*); author's own editions; nay, even cheap editions, in order to anticipate and successfully rival that piracy which this poet's popularity invariably provokes. 'Suitable gift-books' is not an unusual ticket appended to the more splendid-looking of these volumes, and it describes their character, as it seems to us, pretty exactly. Their contents are well adapted to the capacities of cultivated young ladies, who have an eternal friendship for one another, and celebrate it, after the Eastern fashion, by interchanges of presents. Any man might put the work into the hands of his bride-elect, without any fear of its making her too strong-minded. No Miss at a boarding-school ever yet had the headache in consequence of a too earnest application to the pages of Mr Longfellow. He is, for a true poet—and we do not deny him that title—the most superficial thinker possible. There is a gulf between his mind and Mr Tennyson's in this respect—although they are often vulgarly classed together—far broader than the separating Atlantic. In the more recent works of the latter poet, such as the *In Memoriam* and *Maud*, we see—even if we do not prefer them to our older favourites—his winged thoughts taking a higher flight through a region they have not explored for us before; but Mr Longfellow has never risen above a certain moderate elevation, nor, what is worse, beyond a very limited range of subjects. His latest volume, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*,* re-traverses a track that he has already pursued before; treading warily, like a North-American savage, in his own footsteps, so that the hostile critic—the avenger of spilt ink—behind him, can scarcely discern the new from the old trail. We really do think that we have had enough and to spare of those Pilgrim Fathers, and that wearisome 'forest primeval.' Certainly, if we could have borne to see more of them, it would have been in some other dress than these hexameters—these ill-fitting, baggy, lengthy, uncomfortable unmentionables, into which Mr Longfellow insisted upon putting Miss *Evangeline*. One of the most favourite features of this form of composition appears to be that of repetition; the bringing a line, which is not originally a striking one, again and again under the reader's eye, until he is struck with it, and gets haunted by it, and is made absolutely uncomfortable through the rest of the verses, with the apprehension of renewing its acquaintance. 'A small but sufficient portion of the contents of this volume,' says a notice prefixed to the cheap edition, 'has been contributed [to secure its copyright] by an English writer,' and our hope and belief are that this English writer has only contributed the repetitions. This explanation would both rescue a fellow-countryman from the obloquy of being concerned in the production of *Miles Standish*, and also absolve Mr Longfellow from the grave charge of tautology.

A gentleman of the name of Alden is secretary to Miles Standish, Esq., the middle-aged Puritan captain, and governor of Plymouth in New England. We say Esquire, because the author is very particular about his hero's social position:

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree
plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire
England—

* Kent. London, 1858.

which reads something like, to us, some absurdly lengthily direction. We are introduced to these two worthies, as they sit together in the same apartment, the one reading *Cæsar's Commentaries*, by the help of what school-boys term a *crib* ('out of the Latin translated by Arthur Golding of London'), and the other inditing letters to go home by the *May Flower*—

Letters written by Alden, and full of the fame of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla.

This seems sufficiently plain, and not of any great importance; but a few lines afterwards we have the circumstance repeated in the same identical words:

Writing epistles important to go next day by the *May Flower*,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla.

Miles Standish, who is a widower, but a brave man, and inclined to venture again upon matrimony, coolly proposes, since he has no time for such matters himself, that young Alden should be his proxy in wooing the maiden; whereupon she, very naturally, but perhaps rather forwardly, replies to the proposal in an hexameter, that she had rather he had come upon his own private account:

Said, in a tremulous voice: 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'

Out of this comes headlong wrath on the part of Miles Standish, Esquire, and unnecessary self-upbraiding on that of his secretary. The former heads a band of pilgrims in an expedition against the hostile Indians, and the latter bides at Plymouth 'to watch—at an intensely virtuous distance—over the young maiden, who, it seems to us, is sacrificed without mercy to the high-flown notions of the two gentlemen. Happily, however—for they scarcely care to conceal their feelings upon the occasion—news comes of the Captain's death in battle. Thereupon the two young people are married. During the ceremony, however, in walks Miles Standish, Esquire, in complete armour, who, by no means owning, as he should have done, that he has been a most obnoxious old tyrant all along, blesses the happy pair, not without a delicate hint at the credit which belongs to his disinterested self for doing so. This is all that Mr Longfellow has to tell in these thousand and fifty, or (omitting the repetitions) these thousand hexameter lines. The metre is faulty, but the story is narrated with a simplicity almost severe, and not without a moderate sprinkling of poetical thoughts. If a new poet had written it, it would have merited some praise, without earning him anything like a reputation. Coming from Mr Longfellow, it certainly partakes of the nature of bathos. It bears the same relation to *Evangeline* that Miss Brontë's *Professor* bears to her own *Villette*. It seems like some early attempt that has been set aside by its author, but which, when his fame is established, he pulls out of his school-boy desk, and publishes, with a laugh in his sleeve. Still, we have no desire to part with Mr Longfellow upon anything like bad terms, and we gladly reproduce the closing picture of his pastoral story, for its charming truth and quiet colouring. Or is it not rather like the 'leaf-fringed legend' of some carven Grecian urn?

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,

Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendours,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eschol.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

Among the smaller poems, at the end of the volume, there are several up to the old Longfellow mark, of which *Daybreak* is a pleasant example of his fancy, and *The Ropewalk*, of his power of description. The following verses, however, entitled *The Two Angels*, are perhaps the best in the book:

Two angels, one of Life, and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed:
'Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!'

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatso'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
'My errand is not Death, but Life,' he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?

THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT.

'THE very man! Talk of, or think of, the—no matter, and here he is. I'm really very glad to see you.'

This was addressed to me by Theophilus Snigs. He was an actor in the serious line, not bad enough to be always without an engagement, not good enough to be always sure of one.

'Well, Snigs, what is it? Want a crotchet about costume; want a notion about Italian manners, eh?'

'No, no—nothing of the kind: I simply want you—knowing as I do the extensive range of your talent—to write a piece for me.'

'A piece for you? One in which the hero, yourself, is the prominent subject; all the rest revolving around you like so many satellites?'

'No, no—leave me out altogether; I shall have enough to do to manage the house.'

'Manage, manage! Did you say manage?'

'Yes, I rather think I used that word. Why not? I am manager and lessee of the —.'

'Why, my dear sir, it was only the other day you —'

'I know—borrowed a sovereign of you—which I shall soon be in a condition to repay.'

'But you must have fallen into a fortune, or found some very confiding money-lender, or how did you get the capital to begin with?'

'Capital! ha, ha, ha!—a capital joke that! You must be—excuse me—somewhat green. Do you suppose that anybody with a shilling to lose ever takes a theatre? No, it is the last resource of the actor out of employ, or the actor whom people are stupid enough not to buy at his own valuation.'

'Well, if you've no capital, I suppose you must have credit?'

'That's it. There is such a number of poor devils in the theatrical world—that is, people who live by a theatre's being open, that they would rather give their services with the mere chance of being paid, than hang about all day doing nothing, with the certainty of starvation; so, guided by experience, I have taken the Theatre Royal, —, and mean to open in a week. Excellent prospects. I have engaged Mademoiselle Isabelle Jones—we drop the "Jones" in the bills. Buffer is my leading man, and I have every hope of getting Mrs Lunge for my leading lady. Capital prospects. Do write me a piece—a farce, a burlesque—anything. I'll pay liberally: fifty guineas for a slap-up extravaganza.'

I made a promise to 'see what I could do,' and we parted.

The theatre opened under the auspices of my desperate friend. I went on the first night. The house was full; there had been a large issue of paper-currency, and curiosity attracted a few dozens. The company was composed entirely of make-shifts, outsiders, men and women who never by any chance obtain a permanent engagement at a respectable house. The press was more liberal of encouragement than conscientiously critical. Mr Snigs held on for a fortnight. On the second Saturday—he had opened on a Monday—there was 'no treasury,' the technical term for no payments; the consequence was that at night no band made its appearance. This difficulty was got over by coolly informing the audience that, at the last moment, the musicians had mutinied against the leader. The audience, few and far between, laughed, and were indulgent. One youth in the gallery, however, whose tastes were musical,

and who, by living in the vicinity, had acquired some knowledge of the vicissitudes of managers, irreverently shouted '*Gammon!*' In the midst of the performance an altercation was heard behind the scenes, and in a few minutes afterwards the house was in total darkness. The gas-company's man had turned off the gas. 'They were not,' he said, going to stand being put off no longer.' Confusion ensued, and the theatre was speedily evacuated. Of course, it did not re-open under the same auspices.

Some days after this, while strolling down the Strand, I encountered Histoff, the juvenile tragedian of the late, and Heaven knows how many preceding, companies.

'How d'ye do, Mr Histoff?'

'Thank you, sir; as well as an unappreciated individual can be. I hope I see you well. I don't think we've met since you were in the green-room, under Mr Snigs's management.'

'Snigs made a bad business of it. His reign was brief.'

'What else could have been expected, sir? A man without resources, without judgment—a mere desperado, a man who never paid anybody in his life.'

'If you knew this before, why did you engage with him?'

'Ah, sir, you don't know what it is to be in love with your profession. It is a passion which surmounts all considerations. Besides, if one has not one's name constantly before the public, one is liable to be forgotten.'

'But how do you live if you don't get paid?'

'Oh, we are paid sometimes, and then a man in my position makes friends, and we get a ticket-night, or take a benefit, which keeps the pot a-boiling. For instance, I play at the Strand on Tuesday; and if you'd allow me to send you two or three but-tickets, it would be a favour.'

'By all means; and as I happen to have the money about me, I'll pay for them now.'

'Thank you, sir; thank you. Ah, what a blessing it would be to the profession, sir, and to the drama in its abstract and poetical sense, if a man of your character were to take a theatre! From what I heard you say that night in the green-room, I should think you understand the public taste.'

'At all events, I would try to elevate it.'

'I'm sure you would, sir; and you would succeed. You would be another Mr Macready, another Vestris in your notions of elegance and accuracy of detail. Do take a theatre.'

I laughed, and bade him good-morning, but almost immediately ran back and asked him for his address. He referred me to a tavern in Bow Street, Covent Garden, where he always called for his letters. I understood this.

Pondering the conversation with Histoff—possessed of strong propensities to write dramas, having succeeded with two, and had three returned upon my hands—and remembering all that Snigs had told me of the facility with which a theatre could be taken and managed without capital, a strange impulse seized me to become lessee of the Theatre Royal, —. It was to let—it generally was to let three or four times a year. The proprietor acted upon the precedent rule of appointing the money-takers himself, and of thus securing the rent, if no other arrangement was made which placed him beyond the risk of loss. I had enough at my banker's to pay the rent without allowing any man to interfere with the appointments to office in my theatre. Credit would do the rest. That evening, I sent for Histoff to sup with me. He came; and after the Macbeth grace, which every actor uses upon every possible occasion of his getting anything to eat, we fell to, and rendered due homage to a roast fowl and sausages. I begged of him to open

me the usual pleasantries suggested by 'murder most foul,' and 'fowl and fair weather,' and he graciously condescended.

When nature had been satisfied, and two glasses of 'warm-with' were placed on the table, I began.

'Histoff, I have been thinking of what you said the other morning, and am half inclined to become the lessee of the house in which you last played.'

'Don't say half inclined, sir, I beg; say that you have resolved on doing it. Do not stand, "like the cat if the adage," letting you dare not wait upon you would.'

'Ay, but there's another quotation from the same source about vaulting ambition.'

'True, sir, true; but all these indicated an infirmity of purpose in the man who used them. I'm sure you are not the person who would let a masculine wife take work out of your hands because you were afraid of it.'

'Well, but you see there are things to be considered. If I get the house for three months, I must collect a company, and few of the actors know me. I must'—

'My dear sir,' exclaimed Histoff, suddenly rising and taking my hand, 'leave all that to me. Make me your stage-manager, your acting-manager, your factotum, in fact. "Of their own merits, modest men are dumb;" but I think I may venture to say that if there is a performer who understands management in general, and stage-management in particular, Histoff is the man.'

He sat down, satisfied that he had done himself justice. I was loath, however, to invest him with supreme authority. Half the charm of the thing would be gone if I were not to be the autocrat of the house. But I knew nothing of the details—nothing of the moderate expectations of actors. I had seen a great many of them on the stage, and could estimate their relative merits. Beyond this, it would not have been prudent to go. While I hesitated to reply, Histoff assured me that his influence was so great that he could get me credit for everything; and if the receipts were not sufficient to make a full treasury on the Saturday, he could always manage to satisfy everybody, by giving everybody something. Another tumbler of brandy and water, and the bargain was struck. I was to engage the theatre; and as soon as I was in possession, Histoff was to commence operations.

There was no difficulty in obtaining the lease of the house for three months. They were the three worst months in the year—July, August, and September—when nobody is in town; and it was therefore a great catch to find any one foolish enough to pay £25 down in advance of the rent. I handed over the cheque, signed the agreement, and the proprietor gave me a note to the housekeeper in the hall to deliver over charge to me.

Behold me, after groping through sundry dark passages, narrowly escaping fractures by occasional contact with obtrusive framework and scattered 'properties,' standing in the centre of the stage. A dim light streamed from a closed window at the back of the gallery. I could just see that everything was very dingy and very dusty. There was a faint musty smell, mingled with *soupons* of escaped gas pervading the whole edifice.

'The place wants cleaning up a bit, sir,' said the seedy porter at my elbow. 'If so be as you've been and taken the house, you've only to say the word, and I'll have the charwomen in directly.'

I made no answer, but asked for a pen and ink. He 'didn't know as there was any ink in the bottle in the manager's room, but he thought he could find a quill from *somewhere*.' I spared him the trouble of

the search, and told him I should come again in the afternoon with Mr Histoff.

'Mr Histoff, sir! Why, you ain't never going to have him.'

Chiding the man for his remark, I left the theatre, and proceeding to the parlour of the tavern he had indicated, was about to ring for paper, pens, and ink, when two gentlemen, who were seated at a table in the corner, suddenly turned round, and I found that one of them was Histoff himself. I was saved the trouble of writing. Histoff's friend was a decayed actor who had abandoned the active duties of the profession and become a prompter. Histoff introduced him. He was, as my stage-manager observed, the most downy chap he knew; up to anything, and familiar with every move on the board—or boards. He had helped managers to carry on theatres by the mere force of his reputation. His word was a guarantee with the most incredulous. Histoff was in ecstasies to find him disengaged—a superfluous piece of exultation, by the way, seeing that they always went hand in hand. It was rare to find Histoff acting where Hinton did not prompt—and sometimes 'go on with a letter.'

Announcing that the theatre was mine for three months, I mentioned to Histoff my wish to meet him in the manager's apartment, in order to commence operations—to prepare an advertisement, engage performers, and settle on the pieces we should open with.

'But why go to a cold, damp, dusty theatre, when the whole thing could be settled at once on the spot?' asked my stage-manager, at the same time ringing for the waiter.

Before I could reply, the drawcansir asked me 'to give my orders.' I took the hint; and two goes of alcohol—Mr Hinton preferred Hollands—were soon on the table.

The advertisement was quickly drawn up. It simply announced that, on a given night, the theatre—the best ventilated in the world—redecorated, with new scenery, machinery, dresses, &c., would open under the direction of Orlando Shakeshift, Esq.; and that ladies and gentlemen wishing for engagements were requested to present themselves at the theatre between the hours of eleven and four, during the next three days.

Sir Robert Walpole's anteroom, Oliver Goldsmith's staircase, Marlborough Street police-office when the night-charges are brought up, are but faint types of the approaches to a manager's room when he is forming a company. Of course Histoff had taken care to secure some of the best available stock actors, but he left it to me to engage the stars and the minor people, and to fix the salaries. He had previously given me a list of the average emoluments of the professional brethren, adding, that in the three blank months they were glad to get *anything*.

Up to this time, I knew little of actors off the stage. My fancy had consequently invested them with many of the attributes of the characters they represented. I saw in the light comedian a gentleman of infinite vivacity; the old men I believed to be entitled to the respect due to years. In the low comedian, I was always disposed to recognise a person of infinite mirth; and the ladies, I felt assured, were the most disinterested, lovable persons the mind could conceive. I was now to be disabused of my prepossessions. Not that there was not much personal worth among the claimants for my favour. Self-regarding, self-denying, temperate, unassuming, the majority of the theatrical profession are well entitled to respect. But they came to me in a new character. Each had a great deal to say in his or her own praise, each one anxious to drive a good bargain, and stipulate for 'business.' The generous, light-hearted Harry Dorntons and Charles Surfaces

were particular about pounds, shillings, and pence; the old hunkers who were always drawing close their purse-strings, or giving away their daughters and wards with large fortunes, were ready to accept any salary I liked to give them. One very saturnine old gentleman, whose speciality was low comedy and general utility, was loud in his own eulogy. I told him I had often seen him play, but that his humour did not strike me as peculiarly forcible.

'But, sir,' said he emphatically, and his eyes almost started from the poor fellow's head, 'I am starving!'

It was self-evident. I engaged him, and gave him a small advance of salary, with the mental reservation that I would certainly not employ him. The upper-crust ladies were very pertinacious. There was a transparent inconsistency in the vehemence with which they urged their own pretensions, and the earnestness with which they assured me how much they were in request elsewhere. I knew them all by sight or repute. The mediocrity was uniform; personal appearance carried the day. One can tolerate indifferent acting in a pretty woman; in a plain one, it is unendurable.

In two days the company was formed. It looked a formidable affair when the names and callings were placed on a sheet of paper. There was a first old man and a second old man; a first lady and a second lady; a young walking-lady; a singing chambermaid, and a chambermaid who couldn't sing, but could 'go on' in a ballet or a procession; there was a juvenile comedian—aged 55—a heavy man, and an eccentric; two walking-gentlemen; an old woman; a low comedian; a 'general utility' gentleman, who could do nothing well, and therefore was dubbed 'general inutility'; two servants; six ballet-girls; several *supers*—short for supernumeraries; a band of fifteen musicians; prompter, property-man, call-boy, dressers, porters, carpenters, scene-painters, money-takers, check-takers, messengers, wardrobe-keepers, tailors, and, to close the catalogue, a stage-manager, an acting-manager, and the lessee himself, who, as Histoff said, ought to head the list of salaried people, because, if there *was* anything to be had, he might as well have a share.

Scarcely had the advertisement appeared before I was inundated with manuscripts. I could now understand why managers either did not read the plays sent to them, or delayed to do so until driven to it in despair. In less than a week there were forty pieces of all sorts on my table! If tables ever groan, there was fine scope for the agonising grief of mine. The weight of some of the dramas was overpowering. They had evidently been written for a company of 'heavy men.' Dramas, melodramas, comedies, farces, burlesques, pantomimes, interludes, spectacles, extravaganzas—ay, and even a five-act tragedy—were submitted to my inspection, with letters highly complimentary to my judgment. I resolved honestly to read every piece and select the best. It was a very rash resolve; I had promised to perform an impossibility. Human nature never could have survived the attempt. One half the compositions were very poor translations from the French, others had been rejected in turn by every unfortunate man who had ventured upon the cares of management; some were juvenile efforts, others the effusions of madmen, or madwomen. Out of the whole lot there was only one tolerable farce. It was in two acts; the first act was good and complete, the other was an inferior *addendum*. It turned out that the first act had been adapted from a Palais-Royal farce, the second was original. Histoff cut away the second, and I paid for the first. One tolerable act out of forty pieces comprehending one hundred acts! Surely, thought I, the power of dramatic composition is not to be numbered among our English qualities. We cannot devise a plot, or

fit a bad one with ordinary dialogue. Bulwer, and Knowles, and Tom Taylor rose enormously in my esteem. They have proved in their success the possession of a rare faculty.

I was told that when the theatre was open in the winter the receipts averaged £60 a night. Making all due allowances for the difference in the period of the year, I modestly calculated my own probable receipts at £20, which would just have covered my expenses. I felt comfortable. Great pains were taken to give *éclat* to the opening-night. An address, written by myself, and delivered by Histoff in black tights, commenced the operations. A three-act comedy—one of my own—formed the first course; a farce the second; an extravaganza, with dancing therein, the third. The audience was select—singularly so. I had rather it had been numerous. The receipts were £6. Histoff saw that I was out of spirits. He consoled me with the remark that it was hardly yet known that we had opened the old house. It would be better to-morrow. And it was better—by £1, 7s.; and it continued to improve until on the Friday following it had reached £10, 15s. On the Saturday, my treasurer informed me that the sum payable to the company and 'the people'—that is, carpenters, &c., was £128, 6s. The money in his hands amounted to £40, 18s. He wanted £87, 8s. My jaw fell. I glared at Histoff. He looked at me inquiringly. 'Can't you give him a cheque, governor?'

I confessed I had only £50 left.

'Well, let him have that. He can pay the "little people" (the poorer of the lot), and the others must take half-salaries.'

I drew the cheque with a heavy heart; and as one o'clock approached, I saw the members of the *troupe* go one by one to the treasury; and I heard their remarks as they left it. 'A regular do!' 'Shameful imposition!' 'I shan't play to-night!' and so on. I felt humiliated. If any atom of the illusions of the dream had survived the first night's performance, the scene before me dissipated it. From that moment, I beheld in the principal comedian not the hilarious representative of a dissolute nephew, but the angry father of a large family, expecting £3, and receiving but £4. In the heroic woman who would have shared a crust in a prison with the man she loved, I thenceforth saw only the bounceable *prima donna*, who measured her reverence for a manager by his capacity to pay.

From that evening I renounced the cares of *house-ship*, and they were readily assumed by the stage-manager, who had few scruples, and knew how to carry on with quarter-salaries, if need be.

The lesson may have its uses. Let the drama continue an illusion to those whom fate has not made actors. There is not a more rapid dissolving view than the metamorphosis from the idealism before the curtain to an acquaintance with the realities behind.

STORY OF A LAWSUIT, AND HOW THE LAWYERS WERE PAID.

THE story of a lawsuit is not a fascinating title; yet we venture to commend this particular story to a class of readers in whose welfare we have always taken an especial interest—namely, lively young ladies and gentlemen, not ordinarily addicted to study.

The lawsuit in question, be it observed, was carried on between two obscure individuals, not between two corporate towns of considerable importance, at least in their own estimation. Of

municipal constitution of one of them, it is necessary to say a few words, for the better understanding of our story. This town, which we will call the town of E—, was under the government of a mayor and town-council, which council was chosen by the townsfolk, with the power of imposing tolls and duties on the inhabitants of the place, and the strangers frequenting its markets, the produce of which was intended to meet the public expenses of the town. The mayor was assisted by a small body of citizens chosen by himself, possessing with him the whole executive authority, which, in ambitious imitation, perhaps, of greater things, was called, with a pardonable vanity, the cabinet. To one particular member of this body, called the clerk of the tolls, the management of the finances was especially intrusted. And now, having sufficiently cleared the way, we may proceed to the story of the lawsuit.

It would seem that the people of a neighbouring town had trespassed on a piece of common belonging to the township of E—; had, indeed, driven some of their geese upon it, which, after remonstrance made, they had refused to withdraw; and, in addition to this serious injury, had amused the good citizens of E— with idle tales; and, in short, had laughed at their beards. Thereupon, the mayor called a meeting of the cabinet, made a lucid statement of the case, and concluded an eloquent address with an assurance that, according to his belief and conviction, when such things were done, there was no knowing what would be done next. The cabinet resolved unanimously that there was indeed no knowing what would be done next; and, therefore, resolved further, that their solicitor should be directed to retain counsel, taking care to choose old and experienced men to conduct this just and necessary lawsuit.

So far, all went smoothly; but before the matter was settled, the clerk of the tolls reminded the cabinet that even a just and necessary lawsuit must be paid for, that lawyers required to have their fees in their pockets, before they said a word; that, whereas they ought to have at least six thousand pounds in their banker's hands at starting, they had not six hundred; that their ordinary revenue was little more than sufficient for their ordinary expenditure; and, lastly, that, as for raising the whole sum required within the year by increased tolls and duties, the good citizens, however ready to go to law, would not, and could not stand it: ergo, if they would go to law, they must borrow. 'To be sure we must,' said the mayor, and the rest of the cabinet; 'and we authorise you to set about raising the wind;' in more refined language, providing the sinews of law. All that remained was to get the consent of the great town-council; for, without it, no money could be borrowed, or, in the technical language used in such proceedings, no loan could be raised. This, however, with the fear of the peese before their eyes, and of all that might come next, was readily granted. But when the clerk, who was a member of the council, as well as of the cabinet, went on to observe, that he thought he had a friend who would accommodate him, the older and more knowing members said: 'No, no; it might be all very well in the old times to put a snug thing of that kind into the hands of a favoured friend; but in these days, he approved thing was competition.' He should let it be known in the town that he wished to borrow,

and he would find persons enough who wished to lend; and then all he had to do was to accept the most advantageous offer. This being settled, the council had nothing further to do in the matter but to hear from the clerk a statement of the means, in the shape of new tolls and duties, or the increase of old ones, by which he proposed to pay the interest of the loan. For, be it observed, though the citizens of E— were by no means ready to pay down the money immediately required for the lawsuit, they could well bear the slight increase of taxation necessary to make good the interest of the money to be borrowed for that purpose.

The next step in the proceeding was the giving public notice by the clerk that he was ready to receive tenders for the loan on a certain day, at his official residence. Without troubling ourselves about the rejected offers, it is sufficient to say that the clerk finally agreed to accept those of the house of Messrs A—, on the following terms:

Messrs A— agreed to pay into the corporation's bank—which, in future, we will call the bank—the six thousand pounds required. The clerk, on his part, gave them a bond, by which the corporation was bound to pay them five pounds annually for every hundred they advanced; that is, to pay them interest at the rate of 5 per cent. for all the money borrowed, which would amount, for the whole six thousand pounds, to three hundred pounds annually. The clerk at the same time satisfied the lenders, Messrs A—, that the new duties to be imposed on the town would produce more than enough to pay the interest of the money; and, as a further security, informed them that the council had agreed to mortgage the produce of these duties for the payment of the interest; that is, to restrict the corporation by a bond from using this produce for any other purpose whatever, till the annual claims of the lenders were satisfied; or, in other words, to give them the first right over it. The corporation, however, he told them, demanded for itself that it should never be called on by them to repay the principal, that is, the sum borrowed; whilst, at the same time, it should be left at liberty to repay it whenever it might suit the convenience of the corporation to be out of their debt. In return, the lenders demanded on their part that they should be at liberty to transfer, that is, to sell, their right to the three hundred pounds interest, or any part of it, whenever they pleased, and to whomsoever they pleased; and that the person or persons, again, to whom it should be thus transferred, should themselves have a right to sell it to any other persons, though neither they nor these other persons should ever have a right to demand payment of the principal.

These matters being settled, the six thousand pounds were paid into the bank, for the use of the corporation; the bank undertaking, for a consideration, the trouble of receiving the produce of the new duties about to be imposed, and paying the interest of the six thousand pounds as it became due.

The bank kept a record in its books of the money lent, and of the rate of interest to be paid for it annually to Messrs A—. Thus, in the language of the town, the six thousand pounds debt was said to be funded by the corporation; Messrs A— were called public or town creditors, and they were said to hold six thousand pounds of the corporation stock.

Now, it must be remembered that Messrs A— lent the money, not by way of accommodating the corporation, but, as a matter of trade, to make a good thing of it—it being their trade to traffic with money as other traders do with goods. They had bargained to receive a somewhat higher rate of interest than could ordinarily be had at that time in the town of

E—. But they looked for something more in this transaction than the mere receiving of interest from the borrowers, however high; what this was, will be seen by following them in their further operations, consequent on their loan-transaction with the corporation.

There were many persons in the town of E— who, by the profits of business, or by saving or some other means, had money by them which they wished to invest securely, in such a manner as to get an income from it without the risk and trouble of trading with it. Now, Messrs A—'s transactions with the corporation exactly offered them the opportunity which they were looking for. Let us follow one of them step by step in his dealings with Messrs A—. Finding that he has about one hundred pounds to spare, this person goes with this money to Messrs A—, and tells them that he is willing to take off their hands part of their bargain with the corporation—that is, to give Messrs A— one hundred pounds of hard money, on condition that they should cause the bank to make over to him for ever a fair portion of the interest of the six thousand pounds at present paid by the corporation to Messrs A—. They let him see at once that he was the right person come to the right place. He wanted to buy what they wanted to sell. It was, in fact, with a view to such selling that they had dealt at all with the corporation in the matter of the loan.

'But mind,' says the managing partner, 'you are not going to have as good a bargain with us, you know, as we had with the gentlemen at the town-hall yonder. We don't mean that you should get as much for your hundred pounds as we got for ours.'

'Why so?' replies the applicant, bristling up at once for combat. 'Why so, Mr Pounce?'

'Simply because, if we were to do what you seem to expect, we should be taking a good deal of trouble with the disinterested purpose of accommodating you, without any advantage to ourselves; which is not our way of doing business. You know very well that small capitalists like you, who cannot deal directly with the corporation, could not get 5 per cent. for their money safely in the town of E—. They would hardly get as much as 4 per cent. with such good security as we can offer. So, if you deal with us, it must be on these terms. Pay down one hundred good sovereigns, and you will receive from us eighty pounds of corporation stock. No more. And mark this: at the rate of 5 per cent., which, you know, is the rate of interest paid by the corporation, you will, by the rules of arithmetic, be paid four pounds for eighty. So that, by getting eighty pounds stock for your hundred sovereigns, you will be getting 4 per cent. for your money.'

After this explanation, the terms proposed were accepted, and the matter was settled by Messrs A— directing the proper clerk at the bank to subtract the sum of eighty pounds from the six thousand standing in their names in the bank-books, and to place it to the name of the purchaser, leaving to Messrs A— only the remaining five thousand nine hundred and twenty. The clerk did as he was directed by Messrs A—, without knowing or inquiring what had passed between them and the purchaser in question; that being a matter with which neither the bank nor the corporation had any concern—it being sufficient for them to know that the purchaser had become the possessor of eighty pounds of the corporation stock, and that therefore, in future, they were to pay four pounds out of the three hundred—the whole interest, as before mentioned, of the six thousand they had borrowed—to him instead of Messrs A—.

This transaction, in the language of the bank, was called a transfer of stock; Messrs A— were said

to have *sold out* eighty pounds stock, and the other party was said to have *bought in*.

It can hardly be necessary to remind even a lively young lady, if she has paid us the flattering compliment of giving any attention to our not very lively details, that this word stock, whether spoken of as six thousand or eighty pounds stock, did not imply that there were six thousand pounds or eighty pounds in money kept in the bank; for the six thousand pounds originally borrowed belonged altogether to the corporation, and had been long since expended, but implied only the *writing down in the books of the bank* six thousand or eighty pounds, shewing how much money was to be paid annually, according to a certain rate of interest, to the persons to whose names the six thousand or the eighty pound stock was written down.

In this way, before the year was past, Messrs A— had disposed, in different sums to different persons, of the whole of their six thousand pounds stock, and had ceased to be creditors of the corporation; which, instead of Messrs A—, had for creditors the various purchasers of stock in the town of E—.

The result of the transaction, as affecting Messrs A—, was this: for the six thousand pounds stock created by the six thousand pounds in money originally advanced by them, they received eventually, by their various sales, seven thousand five hundred pounds in money; if they sold the whole at the same rate at which the first sale was effected—namely, eighty pounds stock for one hundred pounds in money; one hundred pounds stock for one hundred and twenty-five pounds in money, and so on: so that they made a clear profit of fifteen hundred pounds by their dealings in corporation stock. The various purchasers would, it is clear, get exactly 4 per cent. for their money; for although they actually received five pounds interest for every hundred pounds stock they bought, yet, having paid one hundred and twenty-five pounds in money for this same stock, they would, in fact, be receiving the five pounds interest for one hundred and twenty-five pounds of money; and five for one hundred and twenty-five is at the rate of four for a hundred, or 4 per cent.

In the meanwhile the corporation continued all along to pay the same three hundred pounds, neither more nor less; the only difference being that the bank, in behalf of the corporation, paid it in various portions to various persons, instead of paying the whole to Messrs A—.

Whilst these sales were going on, the people of the town would ask, from time to time, on what terms they were made; and the question would be put in this form: 'What is the price of the corporation stock?' and the answer would be, 'one hundred and twenty-five,' or, 'the funds are at one hundred and twenty-five,' meaning, of course, that the price of one hundred pounds stock was one hundred and twenty-five pounds in money.

It soon came to pass, as might be expected, that some of those who had purchased stock of Messrs A—, as an eligible investment of money, for which they had no immediate use, wished to have their money again instead of stock; but they could not get this money from the corporation, because, though they now stood in the place of creditors of the corporation, yet, being bound by the original contract entered into by the corporation with Messrs A—, they could not demand payment of more than the interest. What, then, could those poor people do who had an urgent occasion to turn their stock into money? The simplest thing in the world. They could do by what Messrs A— had done by them—sell their stock to those who wanted to buy; and there were purchasers enough to be found in the town of E—.

It was easy enough, therefore, to sell. But there was at this time a strong reason against selling without necessity. The truth is, the price of the corporation stock had *fallen*. For this fall, there were many causes. The cultivation of land, for instance, had of late become more profitable, tempting investment in that way rather than in the purchase of corporation stock. Some new speculations, also offering large profits, had found favour with the citizens, producing the same result. Above all, there was a general apprehension that the corporation would be obliged to have recourse to another loan, which, it was supposed—for reasons which we will not inflict on our lively young ladies and gentlemen—would considerably damage the value of the old stock. Whatever the cause, the corporation stock was now as low as eighty—that is, a hundred pounds in stock might be had for eighty pounds in money. The first purchaser was among the sufferers. After his first dealings with Messrs A—, he had purchased rather too largely, when the corporation stock bore so high a price. Now, in sudden want of money, he sold out one hundred pounds of his stock at a most unhappy time; for, as we have seen, he would get only eighty pounds in money for the same amount of stock for which he had given one hundred and twenty-five pounds; being a loser, by this double transaction of buying and selling, to the amount of forty-five pounds.

As for the new purchaser, he made $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of his money, for though, like everybody else, he received only five pounds interest on the hundred pounds stock transferred to his name in the bank-books, yet since he had given only eighty pounds for it in money, he was in fact receiving the five pounds interest for eighty pounds; and five for eighty is at the rate of six pounds five shillings for one hundred pounds, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Many others parted with the stock which they had purchased of Messrs A—; and many to whom they sold it parted with it again, at different times, and on different terms, according as the price of the corporation's stock rose or fell, so that the stock was in constant circulation, as it were, in various portions, among the inhabitants of the town, and thus became a new sort of transferable property; so much so, that the business of effecting the different transfers became a distinct trade, carried on by persons called stock-brokers. To these men every buyer and seller went; and by them the whole business was settled for a small consideration, the buyer not knowing of whom he bought, and the seller as little knowing to whom he sold his stock.

It is of course perceived that in all these transactions the rising and falling of the price of stock affected not at all either the corporation or the actual holders of their stock, whilst they held it, but only the buyers and sellers at the time of buying and selling; for the corporation continued to pay, and the holders of stock to receive five pounds for every hundred pounds stock—the whole stock continuing to be what it was at first, six thousand pounds, and the whole interest three hundred pounds, neither more nor less.

It was not long before the corporation found itself obliged to do as the knowing ones of the town had predicted—to borrow more money.

The mode of proceeding in the case of this new loan was precisely the same as in that of the first; but the affairs of the corporation being in a flourishing state, its credit fully re-established, and a speedy termination of the lawsuit being confidently expected—moreover, and especially, the general rate of interest for money in the town being lower than it used to be, the corporation was able to effect this new loan on better terms. This time, it was to pay only 4 per cent. on the whole loan. The same transactions of buying and selling took place in this case as in the former; and this

new stock was brought into circulation with the old, bearing of course a different price proportioned to the different rate of interest—that is, when one hundred pounds of the old stock, paying 5 per cent. interest, should be sold for one hundred pounds in money, or, in the language of the bank, it should be *at par*, the same amount of the new stock would be sold for only eighty pounds, or *thereabouts*; for, somehow or other, the price of the different stocks was not *exactly* proportioned to the different rate of interest which they bore. It is hardly necessary to add that these two kinds of stock were called, respectively, the 5 per cents. and the 4 per cents.

The time at length arrived when the corporation was able to relieve itself of a part of the burden of paying the interest of its debt, without doing injustice to the holders of its stock. To understand this, it must be remembered, that at the time when the money was borrowed, it was expressly stipulated, that although the corporation could never be *required* to repay the principal, it should always have the right to do so—that is, though the holder of stock, who was the creditor, could never oblige the corporation, standing in the place of debtor, to *pay*, the corporation might oblige the holder of stock to *receive* money instead of stock; and so, by clearing off the debt, put an end for ever to the payment of interest. Well, then, the corporation, having a little more money than usual in hand, and taking advantage of a time when the common rate of interest was unusually low, ventured to give notice to the holders of the 5 per cent. stock, that it was ready to pay them off, and that it certainly should do so forthwith, unless they would consent to receive in future $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. instead of 5.

The corporation was, in fact, by no means prepared to pay the whole of the six thousand pounds. But it was easy enough to guess that the greater part of the holders of the 5 per cent. stock would submit to the proposed reduction of interest, rather than receive the money and be paid off; because, in the then state of the money-market, when they had received the money, they would not know how to dispose of it again, so as to get even so much as $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for it. Almost all did, in fact, consent to the reduction. The few that did not, the corporation had money enough in hand to pay off.

We have spoken throughout of the governing corporation as borrowing the money, and paying the interest; but, in truth, the party really borrowing and paying was the town of E— collectively. The loan was sanctioned by the council which was elected by the town, and supposed to represent its wishes and interests. The money was borrowed for public purposes, and used in upholding the rights of the whole community; and most assuredly the inhabitants of the town were the paymasters, and bore the whole burden; for it was on them that those taxes were imposed, by the produce of which the interest of the loan was paid.

It may be as well to mention here, that there was another legislative council, called the Upper Council, whose consent, jointly with that of the council already spoken of, was required in the case of this and all other legislative proceedings; but as this Upper Council was not elected by the inhabitants, and was of much less weight and importance in money matters—having, in fact, nothing to do with them but to say yes or no to what had been already proposed and sanctioned by the other council—we have not thought it expedient to lengthen and complicate our narrative by introducing it.

The corporation, we are sorry to say, did not stop at the two loans already mentioned. Tempted by the facility with which these had been effected, they raised many more on various terms; so that the

interest paid amounted at last to many thousands, instead of hundreds, as at first. Let us consider the effect of this. We have said that by this system of funding debts, a new sort of property was created, passing from hand to hand by sale, just like any other property, as estates or houses. But by using the terms, 'creating a new sort of property,' we must not be supposed to mean that any actual addition was made to the wealth of the town; the only immediate effect was to make a new distribution of the wealth already possessed, which may easily be shewn by an instance. A proprietor of houses in the town of E— derived from the rent of his houses, twenty in number, an annual income of £200, each being let for £10 a year. Now, for his share of the taxes raised for the payment of the interest of the public debt, he paid £10 annually. The effect to him would be the same as if one of his houses was taken from him, and given to some one or other of the public creditors or holders of the corporation stock. And so it would be in all cases. The facility, indeed, with which this new sort of property was transferred and circulated from hand to hand, might help the trading affairs and money-dealings of the town, and so contribute indirectly to its wealth and prosperity; but directly, as I have said, there was no addition to the wealth of the town, only a new distribution of it—a taking of a portion of it out of the pocket of one person and putting it into the pocket of another.

Whatever benefits may arise from the system of funding debts, they must needs be overbalanced by its evils, when it is carried to a great excess, as was eventually the case in the town of E—. Some of these evils were set forth by a sagacious politician of the place in an evening conversation with a friend, a part of which we had the advantage of overhearing. 'Yes, my dear sir,' says the politician, 'I am beginning to think that this borrowing of money by the corporation is a very sad affair. I am not thinking of my own sufferings; I have too much public spirit for that, though, indeed, they are not inconsiderable; for I think you must have observed that we pay more than we did before the lawsuit for the little articles which we purchase at the shops—all owing to these weary loans; for, to get money to pay the interest of them, they tax and re-tax almost everything that is bought and sold. I don't complain of the shopkeepers, poor things! They can do nothing else; for you see, my dear friend, when an article which was sold for a shilling has a tax of a penny put upon it, it must be sold for threepence; indeed, the political economists will tell you that a little more must be added than the single penny. On that, however, I reserve my opinion. But, as I said, it is not of these little matters I complain. Our manufacturing friends are like to be ruined.' The listener looked aghast. 'Yes, it is even so. You know that our manufacturers supply even distant towns with their manufactured goods, because they are supposed to produce cheaper and better articles than others. But how can they any longer produce cheap things, when the materials from which they are made, owing to these fatal loans, are heavily taxed? I am told, indeed, that the raw material, as it is called, is no longer taxed. I don't know how this may be; but everything else being made dearer by these taxes, the manufacturers must pay their workmen more, and make up for it by putting a higher price on the manufactured articles. Then their old customers will leave them, and go to untaxed or more lightly taxed manufacturing places. Why, it was only yesterday I was told by our very sensible young hair-dresser, that those odious wretches with whom we have been at law so long, will undersell us some time or other, and even those greedy, grasping Uncle Samians—though they, I believe,

have not many manufactures yet. But there is even worse than this.' Here our politician, perceiving that his friend had shut his eyes to save them, abruptly concluded his lecture with some indistinct mutterings to himself about the fact, that fundholders belonged generally to the unproductive classes, so that the loans and funded debts caused a large quantity of money to be unprofitably wasted by being withdrawn from productive industry—which last words he pronounced with strong emphasis.

There were, however, moralists in the place who took higher ground than our politician. The dissenting clergyman, a man of great talent and respectability, denounced the whole system of funding debts as morally wrong, on the ground that we have no right to burden posterity with our debts without their consent. To this it was replied, that it is not easy to get the consent of posterity; but that when the case is very urgent, and the loan is judged to be as necessary for the future welfare of posterity as for our own, it might be permitted to take the leave which could not be given. In short, when it is, as the French love to say, of two things, one, either to let the country be disgraced and ruined, or to raise a loan, and fund the debt, it may be well to anticipate consent, and presume the future gratitude of posterity for the wise discretion exercised by their forefathers.

And now, in conclusion, we have to make a humble apology to the lively young ladies and gentlemen who may have been cheated by a mask—though a very transparent one—into reading about those awfully dull things, the national debt and the funds. For the town of E—, let Great Britain and Ireland be substituted; for the mayor and his cabinet, the Queen and her ministers; for the two councils, the Houses of Lords and Commons; for the elected council, the House of Commons, in which House all money-bills must originate; for the clerk of the toils, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, one of the Queen's cabinet ministers, who is always a member of the House of Commons; for the lawsuit, a war or any other public matter, requiring a larger amount of money than can be raised for immediate use by taxation, such as the compensation gift to the West Indian proprietors of slaves; and above all, let millions be substituted for hundreds, our readers will have in the foregoing story a rude and faint sketch of that monstrous thing, the national debt, its causes and consequences.

The system of creating a permanent national debt by funding began soon after the Revolution of 1688. A few statements of facts will shew with what rapid strides it advanced. In 1693, the permanent debt amounted to about one million two hundred thousand pounds, which had been borrowed at 8 per cent. In 1714, that is, in seventeen years, it was swelled to nearly fifty-four millions. This great increase was occasioned by the expensive continental wars in which this country had been engaged in the reigns of William and Anne. After this, it was slightly reduced; but in 1748 it had mounted again to seventy-eight millions. In 1756, at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, it was seventy-five millions; at the close of it, it had attained what was then thought the frightful amount of one hundred and thirty-nine millions. More than ninety-seven millions were added to the debt during the American war. At the peace of Amiens in 1802, it amounted to more than six hundred and twenty millions. In 1831, the permanent national debt amounted to rather more than seven hundred and fifty-seven millions, on which the annual interest paid was a little more than twenty-four millions.

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A SOUVENIR OF A DINNER.

STANDING irresolute at the book-stall at the Great Northern terminus, King's Cross, uncertain in which of the red and yellow volumes I should invest half-a-crown for my mental delectation on a journey to Edinburgh, my eye rested on a little brochure called *The Art of Dining*.

We all know how to *eat*, but very few of us know how to *dine*. The one is a suggestion of nature, the other is an effort of high art, in which we are constantly frustrated. Providence sends meats, and the proverb tells us how those good things are neutralised by the envoys of the Prince of Darkness. There is no enterprise to which the human mind can be directed more noble in itself, or more profitable to mankind, than the conversion of fish, flesh, fowl, fruits, and vegetables into sapid and nutritious *matériel*. I will not say it has been the study of my life to dine well, for in our hot youth we care little what we eat, or when, or how the meat is dressed. *C'est toute autre chose* when the actual palate becomes a little fantastical from use, the ideal taste somewhat refined by experience, and the gratification of epicurean guests an object of social, and often of high political importance. Hence the last half of my life has been consecrated to gastronomic considerations. At thirty, I began to suspect the merits of boiled mutton and caper sauce; at forty, boiled beef and mutton-chops were discarded from my table; at fifty, I peremptorily discharged my cook for daring to place a suet-pudding before me. But if I thus circumscribed the limits of my *carte* in one way, I enlarged them in another. If I dismissed my old-established *pièces de résistance*, my heavy battalions and siege-train, I enlisted an immense body of light infantry and flying-artillery in their places. The radius of my bill of fare is very extensive, comprising innumerable French dishes with ingenious titles, and many of my own conception with loyal and popular designations. Ask at the Waterloo or Anderson's (late Macgregor's), in Princes Street, for a *pâté à la provost d'Edinbourg*, or an *Auld Reekie mayonnaise*, and you will see that I have some pretensions to culinary skill. Still, I am not satisfied; none but egotists are easily pleased with their own work. I believe I have yet much to learn of the sublime science of dining. The Walkers, Udes, Savarius, and so forth, thought only of providing for a party varying from eight to twenty guests, and even more. Few have taught us how *one* person may dine. The other day, in the Dover train, I fell in with an alderman who was going over to Paris for the first time in his life. 'To dine at the *Trois Frères* or *Durand's*?' I concluded.

'O dear, no—to see the Tooleries and the Looover, etcetera. What do I care for French kickshaws? No—a man must be partickler indeed who couldn't be satisfied with old English fare.'

'Just so,' I replied, falling into his humour—'turtle, venison, turbot, and all that.'

'Now,' said he, turning towards me, and looking me full in the face, 'how you talk! You fellows of the West End, or the country, have the most erroneous conceptions of an alderman's appetite. It is true, we give the best of fare in our power to our guests on public occasions; but see us in private—we are perfect anchorites!' And he sank back in his seat, the very type of a self-denying Silenus.

'You amaze me,' I rejoined: 'the popular notion runs quite the other way.'

My curiosity was greatly piqued, and I resolved to lead my companion to a disclosure of an ascetic alderman's fare *en solitude*.

'Tell me, sir,' said I, continuing the conversation, 'if I don't take too great a liberty, what may be your ideas of gastronomic simplicity?'

'My ideas of simplicity! Why, give me but a basin of Scotch broth (the most exhilarating of broths—the very champagne of soups), followed by a tender rump-steak and oyster-sauce; a bird, according to the season; a pudding or a tart, and a piece of Stilton; with a glass of sherry after my soup, porter with my steak, and a pint of port after my cheese; and I would wish for nothing more!'

If I was amazed before, I was now petrified. Truly, a most moderate gourmand; quite a rigorous, self-denying Barmecide. The description conjured to my mind a vision of Sancho Panza feasting in prosperity. But the alderman's little sketch did not provide the lesson I expected. It did not help me to arrange a dinner for a solitary bachelor of delicate appetite and limited means. I was, and still am, at a loss in that important particular; therefore it was that (the reader must pardon the long digression) I laid out eighteenpence in the *Art of Dining*—one of Mr Murray's volumes of *Railway Reading*—and had cut all the leaves before the train had emerged from the tunnel which darkens the road between King's Cross and Potter's Bar.

The book proved to be a reprint of Mr Hayward's article from the *Quarterly*—a good *résumé* of all that had been written on the subject of gastronomy, and an amusing collection of anecdotes of famous cooks, and equally famous patrons of cooks, from Louis XIV. to Lord Alvanley. It is very edifying, and nearly complete. If the author and the accomplished diners-out and dinner-givers whom Mr A. H. consulted, have

failed in anything, it is in doing justice to curries—the most delicious of all methods of dressing certain kinds of human food. See how readily the thousands of Englishmen and Scotchmen who go to India adapt themselves to it; and how the pleasure of returning to their native land in the autumn of life is qualified by the sacrifice of what had become a *sine quâ non* in the daily meal. An English curry is ordinarily a detestable mess, a gross imposition, a downright insult to the cultivated palate. Fowl or rabbit smeared with turmeric and black pepper, and served up with half-boiled rice—that's an English *ménagère's* notion of the thing. A native of the Andaman islands would recoil from it with horror; and Jack Pandey, of the 34th Bengal Native Infantry, would find in such garbage a new apology for mutiny, in which his officers would sustain him. But try a curry made as a first-class Indian *khansumah*, or butler, would fabricate it. It is easily done. I know two families who have acquired a respectable status in society by its adoption. You have all the ingredients at hand—saffron, the pulp of the cocoa-nut, butter, garlic, red pepper, onions (which should be fried separately), salt, an apple; and, mind me, use only fat meats of an open grain. The smooth, impenetrable texture of rabbit and chicken renders it quite impossible for the meat to become even partially saturated with the curry-stuff thus compounded; and unless that is done, you may as well serve up the leg of a chair or table with your rice. Shrimps and eels make admirable curries, for the same reason that pork and mutton are to be commended. They gratefully reciprocate service; they impart to the condiment some of their own exquisite flavour, while they receive the saffron impregnation. A shrimp or prawn curry, served with well-boiled rice, would enable a minister of state to win over the most bitter opponent and selfish intriguer in the shape of a foreign ambassador. But let that pass. I do not quarrel with A. H. for omitting to speak of things which only orientalists can understand. No, I forgive him for his modesty; and I also honour him for the praise *en passant* he has bestowed on my lamented friend, Alexis Soyer. He says of the deceased: 'He is a clever man, of inventive genius, and inexhaustible resource; but his execution is hardly on a par with his conception, and he is more likely to earn his immortality by his soup-kitchen, than by his soup.'

I am not quite sure that this is a just estimate, though it is kindly meant. A great cook is no more expected to make his dishes than a great general is required to head every charge of cavalry. It is his province to conceive, plan, direct, leaving to the engineers of his *batterie de cuisine* to operate their pleasant warfare. This was Soyer's forte. If he had been a wealthy man, he would have devoted his mornings to the conceptions of dishes, which his friends should have eaten in the evening. I once dined with him. He was then *maître de cuisine* at the Reform Club. Eight or nine years have passed away, and I have eaten much since; but the recollection of that dinner is unfading. It 'lingering haunts the greenest spot in memory's waste,' as poor Tom Moore sang in one of his most charming *chansons*. Soyer was supreme in the basement-story. His chambers were united with the kitchen. He was 'monarch of all he surveyed.' The dinner took place in his chambers, and this is how it came about.

I had been conversing with the great chief about his *métier*, and observed how proud he must feel to minister to the appetites of so many hundreds of men superior by their intelligence and station to the ordinary run of Englishmen. 'Bah!' he exclaimed; 'they do not appreciate me or my cookery. It is thrown away upon them. There are many *gourmands* among them, but very few *gourmets*. Excepting Lord M. H., there is

hardly one of them that knows how to order a dinner; and if he leaves it to me, and gives *carte blanche* as to the price, ten to one but he invites people who would as readily eat a piece of under-done roast beef. What do they know of *bouchées de lapereau à la Pompadour*, or *noisettes de veau à la Velleroi, garnies d'une sauce*? It is terrible, my dear friend, to think how great talent is prostituted before such coarse fellows.' I felt he was quite right, and I told him so, and I repeated part of Goldsmith's notions of a good company over a haunch of venison. 'Tenez,' he resumed; 'I think you could appreciate a superior dinner. I think you are a man before whom I could venture to deploy the highest efforts of my poor genius. Come and dine with me on Saturday next. We can repose from the fatigues of mind and stomach on the Sunday. Invite five friends. Our table must be round, and our party limited to eight. Thus all can share in the conversation. You and I, and a French friend of mine—a confidential envoy from the *cuisinier de la bouche, du Prince Président de la R-r-r-république*—will make three. Ask the rest yourself, and let them be *becom exipris*.' I accepted the invitation.

It took me an hour to consider which of the men in my small circle would best suit the occasion. It is not often that the most brilliant intellect is associated with the most undeniable palate. Faraday is content with a cutlet; Tennyson is said to affect tripe. I don't believe it. However, when I had deliberated, made out list after list, and then weeded and pruned the collection, I decided on my five. A was a brilliant M.P., as M.P.s go; B. was a barrister; C., an actor of abounding quiet humour; D., an artist—a superb historical painter; E., a soldier and traveller. The literary interest was represented poorly enough by myself.

The dinner-hour was eight; we were punctual. The table was chaste spread—a *tazzo* of flowers in the centre; a vase would have obscured the guests from each other. A gas chandelier above illuminated the table. There were knives, forks, and napkins for the eight guests—nothing more—not even a multicellar—on the whitest of damask cloths. Soyer was cordial in his welcome. His face beamed with the pleasure which a sense of triumph and a prospect of enjoyment is sure to impart. He took his seat, and a servant brought in one dish. We had no soup. 'It is a mistake,' said the incomparable Soyer, 'to provide a pool for the reception of viands. You only drown them.' The first course was fish, of which three descriptions came in, one after the other, so that they should be hot. I remember there were *gâts de sole à la Normande*; but I remember nothing more of the many dishes which succeeded each other at prolonged intervals, all seasoned, all cut up, and temporarily reunited, so that a silver fork removed the slices without the intervention of a knife. Their measured *entrées* allowed repose to the stomach, time for wine, and time for talk. We did not make a toil of a pleasure. There were several wines, each adapted to a particular dish; they were sipped deliberately; it was necessary that an amalgam should be established within, and the palate allowed an opportunity of reviving. Do you blame me that I do not remember the details of the dinner, fascinated as I was with the *ensemble*? Then blame the girl in Bulwer's *Pompeii* who had never noticed the colour of her lover's eyes. How many a man remembers with what intense enjoyment he read Walter Scott's *Waverley*, but how few can recall a single passage of the unapproachable work! Then blame me not if I forget all. All?—no! I do remember me of one feature of the dinner: it was too striking to be forgotten.

We had reached the last course—it was midnight, and yet no one was suffering from repletion. So

servitor now brought us in ham, boiled, clothed in grated bread, and decorated with a *papillote* of fool-scap. 'O Soyer,' exclaimed the guests with one voice, 'what appetites you must suppose us to possess!' We had eaten of innumerable meats, and rather preferred a good dessert. 'Cut,' said the *gastronome* to me, indifferent to the appeal of his friends. I looked at him imploringly: Why carve what no one would eat? His expression was sternly resolute, Napoleon I.'s could not have been more obdurate. 'Everybody who dines with me must eat what I command. Cut, I say; you will not repent it.' Slap went the knife into the neighbourhood of the knuckle, the meat yielding with the most graceful condescension. The second insertion revealed the trick. It was a cake, of the pound-cake quality, filled with vanilla ice! Well might he call it a *jambon à la surprise*, for our weak minds were astonished exceedingly. Everybody had a corner for *that* ham. Soyer then told us that it was nothing very new, though uncommon. He had once practised the same device at the house of Sir Robert Peel, on a grander scale. He had prepared an entire course of imitative game—pheasants, partridges, snipe, hare—all were *gâteaux*, with iced creams in their inwards. Colonel Peel, the present Secretary of State for War, presided; the lady of Sir Robert was at the other hand. 'Why, what's the meaning of this?' exclaimed the colonel, who had the hare before him. 'We have done with game.' 'Never mind,' said her ladyship, who was in the secret; 'you have only to carve; nobody's obliged to eat.' And he *did* carve, as prodigiously astounded at the results as he was when Lord Derby sent to him a few months ago, and placed him at the head of the War-office.

Towards the close of the dinner, one of the servants of the establishment came in with what appeared, at first sight, to be a diminutive jack-in-the-green.

'Ah, ha!' said our host, 'that's just the thing. I think the duchess will be pleased.'

This was another surprise, at least for us. Alexis had devised a bouquet of game for the Duchess of Sutherland. It consisted simply of a framework resembling a boy's kite, and about five feet high. On this, mingled with evergreen leaves, so as to conceal the frame, were placed, with much grace and effect, a hare, two rabbits, a pheasant, partridge, grouse, plovers, snipe, larks, and ducks—all made fast to the frame. A picture of this clever contrivance afterwards appeared in the *Illustrated News*; but a woodcut covered with black ink conveyed no idea of the beauty of the original, or of the variety of plumage that reposed on a rich and glossy green.

We rose from table a little before one, to adjourn to the kitchen, to see the *modus operandi*, and give orders for a supper of broils and devils. As I turned round, I saw a portrait of the late Madame Soyer on the wall in crayons, and in an unusually low part of the wall. I was tempted to remark upon the singularity. 'There is a little story attached to that,' said Soyer with a melancholy smile. 'The house was being whitewashed; I was out of the way when my poor wife called. With her usual fun, she seized a piece of charcoal, and immediately sketched her sweet face on the wall, and when it was finished, she said to one of the plasterers: "There, tell Monsieur Soyer that a lady paid him a visit, and she has left her card!"'

The broils proved as superb in their way as the stews, boils, roasts, and fries which had preceded them. It was two o'clock in the morning before we parted company. Tumblers of whisky-punch crowned the feast, in which, to say the truth, there had been a rare concurrence of physical and intellectual enjoyment. The barrister's wit was as sparkling as the Mosel; the M.P.'s remarks had the solidity of the

port; the player's fun fizzed with the champagne. Much was eaten, a great quantity was drunk; and my concluding phrase will be the best commentary on the superlative excellence of the entertainment—no one had a headache the next day! Let us respect the memory of Alexis Soyer.

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURIES.

In our defence of the eighteenth century against the diatribes of Mr Carlyle (see No. 252), we had but little room to illustrate the spirit of that preceding age with which the philosopher of Chelsea and all other lovers of earnestness and decisive courses are so much enamoured. Let us now, then, recur to the subject.

First, however, let us fully admit that the seventeenth century produced men who, for their lights, were entitled to high admiration. They aimed well; they ventured and suffered heroically: and much which they did was of vast importance to those who came after them. But the lights of that time were really of a very glimmering and insufficient character. Some of the principles on which our individual happiness rests were quite undetermined. Contentions which we know to be only productive of mutual destruction, while settling nothing, were then eagerly fought. Much, consequently, of that very earnestness which is now by some admired so highly, was merely an earnestness in imposing distasteful and impossible opinions on others. Let us adduce a few illustrations on this point from a work recently published.*

In 1630, a number of papist gentlemen in Aberdeen and Banffshires were pressed by the government and clergy to make profession of the reformed doctrines, the alternative on refusal being imprisonment, or banishment, and loss of their estates, with, at the utmost, some allowance from the latter at the pleasure of the king. John Gordon of Craig sent a petition to the Privy Council, humbly shewing 'that, for religion, order hath been given for banishing the petitioner's son, his wife and children, and confining himself—in respect of his great age—in a town within Scotland [Cupar], which order they have all humbly obeyed, his son, wife, and poor children having forthwith abandoned the kingdom. A two part of the poor estate which he hath been allotted for his son and his family, and a third part for himself, he now findeth that by such a mean proportion he cannot be able to live, being both aged and sickly. His humble suit is, that he may have leave to depart the kingdom to live with his son, because by their estate undivided, they may all be more able to subsist than otherwise.' Even this poor boon was denied as 'unreasonable.' About the same time, the Council received a petition from 'Elizabeth Garioch, setting forth her case as a sufferer for her "averseness and non-conformity to the religion presently professed." She was an old decrepit woman, past threescore and ten years, bedrid for the present, and not likely long to live. She had lain for months in the Tolbooth of Aberdeen, with "no earthly means to entertain herself but a croft of sax bolls sawing, and neither husband nor child to attend to the winning and in-gathering thereof." The misery of her circumstances made her restraint, she said, the more grievous. Therefore she craved release from prison, professing, "for the eschewing of scandal, which her remaining in the country may breed or occasion," her willingness to give security that she should remove herself forth of the kingdom. The Lords mercifully remitted to the Bishop of Aberdeen to see to Elizabeth Garioch being liberated on her

* *Domestic Annals of Scotland.* By Robert Chambers. 2 vols. 8vo. 1858.

giving caution to the extent of a thousand merks for her self-banishment.'

During the Civil War, dissent from the Presbyterian Church, or even a declining to sign the Solemn League and Covenant—the said League being a bond agreeing to extirpate popery and prelacy—was punished with excommunication, which implied outlawry and loss of all worldly possessions. In 1643, we find one Gilbert Garden, in Aberdeenshire, threatened with this punishment for forsaking the church, and professing to consider his private devotions as sufficient; and he was afterwards actually imprisoned as a Brownite. A poor wheel-wright in Aberdeen, who had adopted Brownism or Independency, only saved himself by flight. About the same time, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas, who were Catholics, were deprived of their children, lest they should inherit the errors of their parents, or be sent for their education to France. The marquis, on one occasion, petitioned the presbytery of Lanark for permission to have one of his sons brought from the school at Glasgow, and placed at that of Lanark, *'but not to come home to his parents unless the presbytery permit.'* This proud noble had to receive a Presbyterian minister into his house, to be a spy upon his religious practice. After he had made some concessions, his marchioness still held out; but at last she also was compelled to yield. 'On the 9th of March 1650, two ministers went to pass upon her that sentence of excommunication which was to make her homeless and an outlaw, unless she should instantly profess the Protestant faith; at the same time telling her "how fearful a sin it was to swear with equivocation or mental reservation." The lady, of course, reflected that the system represented by her visitors was now triumphant over everything—that, for one thing, it had brought her brother Huntly, not a twelvemonth ago, beneath the stroke of the Maiden. She "declared she had no more doubts," and at the command of one of the ministers, held up her hand, and solemnly accepted the Covenant before the congregation. "After he had read the Solemn League and Covenant, and desired her to hold up her hand and swear by the great name of God to observe, according to her power, every article thereof, she did so; and after divine service was ended, he desired her to go to the session-table and subscribe the Covenant, and, before the minister and elders, she went to the said table and did subscribe.'"

As might be readily supposed, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas continued to be Catholics in their hearts. The presbytery had only forced them into a hypocritical submission.

Quakerism came into Scotland during the Commonwealth, and obtained a few adherents among the gentry. 'Walter Scott of Raeburn, brother of William Scott of Harden, had been converted to Quakerism, and on that account was incarcerated in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. There it was soon discovered by his relations that he was exposed to the conversation of other Quakers, prisoners like himself, "whereby he is hardened in his pernicious opinions and principles, without all hope of recovery, unless he be separat from such pernicious company." There was, however, a more serious evil than even this, in the risk which his children ran of being perverted to Quakerism, if allowed to keep company with their father. On a petition, therefore, the Council gave the brother Harden warrant (June 22, 1665) to take away Raeburn's children, two boys and a girl, from their father, that they might be educated in the true religion. He, "after some pains taken with them in his own family, sent them to the city of Glasgow, to be bred at the schools there."* On a second petition

from Harden, the Council ordered an annuity of £1000 Scots to be paid to him, out of Raeburn's estate, for the maintenance of the children; and they also ordered the father himself to be removed to Jedburgh Tolbooth, "where his friends and others may have occasion to convert him." "To the effect he may be secured from the practice of other Quakers," the Lords "discharged the magistrates of Jedburgh to suffer any persons suspect of these principles to have access to him." Raeburn continued to be a prisoner in Jedburgh jail in June 1669, when the Privy Council gave a fresh order that "none of his persuasion should have access to him, except his own wife."

'At length, on the 1st of January 1670, after suffering imprisonment for four and a half years, Raeburn was ordained to be set at liberty from jail, but still to remain within the bounds of his own lands, and to see no other Quaker under a penalty of a hundred pounds, his children meanwhile remaining as they were. Mr George Keith was set at liberty on the 6th of March, but only to go into voluntary exile.'

The Presbyterians having, during their time of supremacy, thrust out and otherwise persecuted every minister who had a particle of predilection for Episcopacy, or who favoured the king on loyal principles only, the Episcopalians in their turn practised similar severities at the Restoration against the more rigid Presbyterians. A melancholy proof of the want of tolerant feeling on all sides was then afforded by the simultaneous losses of their cures by Presbyterians, because unable to submit to Episcopalian regulations, and compensations claimed from their vacant stipends for Episcopalian ministers who had been deposed on equally insufficient grounds during the preceding twelve years. It was pitiable to hear at once of poor clergymen who had been thrown with their families into destitution for declining to sign the Covenant, and of others who were now threatened with the like evils for adhering to it, the time having not yet come when one party could take a lesson from the errors of the other. To quote the work referred to:

'The many petitions of the persecuted men of 1688-60 for redress are only slightly alluded to in a few sentences by Wodrow, while he fills long chapters with those sufferings of proscribed Remonstrants which would never probably have had existence but for their own harsh doings in their days of power. He dwells with much feeling on the banishment passed upon Mr John Livingstone, a preacher high in the esteem of the more serious people, and deservedly so. All must sympathise with such a case, and admire the heroic constancy of the sufferer; but it is striking, only a few months after his sentence to exile (February 2, 1664), to find a Mr Robert Aird coming before the Privy Council with a piteous recital of the distresses to which he and his family had been subjected since 1638, in consequence of his being then thrust out of his charge at Stranraer, merely for his affection to the then constituted Episcopalian government, the clergyman put into his place being this same John Livingstone! Aird tells us that, being then "reduced to great straits, he was at last necessitated to settle himself in Comray, in the diocese of the Isles, where his provision [patrimony] was," that being "so little that he was not able to maintain his family." During the usurpation, "by reason of his affection to his majesty, he was quartered upon and otherwise cruelly abused, to his almost utter ruin." The Lords recommended that Mr Aird should have some allowance out of vacant stipends in the diocese of the Isles. Another of the zealous clergy whose resistance to the new rule and consequent troubles and denunciation are brought conspicuously forward by Wodrow, was Mr James Hamilton,

* One of these boys was the great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford.

minister of Blantyre. He was compelled to leave his parish, and not even allowed to officiate peaceably in his own house at Glasgow. Much to be deplored, truly; but Wodrow does not tell us of a petition which was about the same time addressed to the Council by the widow of Mr John Heriot, the former minister of Blantyre, upon whom, in 1653, "the prevailing party of Remonstrators in the presbytery of Hamilton had intruded one Mr James Hamilton," by whom the whole stipend had been appropriated, so that Heriot, after a few years of penury, had left his widow and children in absolute destitution. So impressed were the Council by the petitioner's case, that they ordered her to receive the whole stipend of the current year.

A somewhat picturesque incident, illustrative of the depressed condition of the Romish party in the reign of Charles II., occurred at Aberdeen in 1670. Francis Irving, brother of the Laird of Drum, was a zealot on this side, going so far occasionally as to get up a disputation in favour of popery. "His sister Elizabeth being deceased, he resolved to have her buried in a public way in St Nicolas' Church in Aberdeen, being the principal church there, and for this purpose he collected a great company of his own persuasion, and "that the strength, interest, and boldness of the papists there might the more appear," he "in a most insolent and treasonable way, did raise in arms and bring to the town, from Comar, a band of Highlandmen, armed with guns, hagbuts, pistols, bows and arrows, and other weapons." These, "after they had entered at the Port, albeit they might have taken a nearer and more private way to the Lady Drum her lodging, where the corpse lay, in the Guestraw," being resolved to affront and provoke the magistrates and people, "had the confidence to march to the said house alongst _____, being the most populous and public street in the said town, in rank and order and in warlike posture, a commander marching before, and another behind, to the great astonishment and grief of his majesty's good subjects, affected to the purity of religion." On the morning of the day of the funeral, a gentleman went at the order of Francis to the provost of the burgh, told him what was to be done that night, and warned him that, if the people thronged about the funeral company, and any "inconvenience ensue there-through," it should be at the peril of the magistracy, who ought to restrain their people—"which was a practice without parallel for insolency and boldness." "About eleven o'clock that night, the corpse being lifted, was carried to the church of Aberdeen, with great show and in a public way, with many torches, a great multitude of persons accompanying, the coffin being covered with velvet or cloth, with a cross upon the same, and a priest or some other person going before the corpse, holding out his arms before him, and carrying a crucifix under his cloak, or using some other superstitious ceremony." The Highlandmen, having their swords drawn, guarded the corpse and torches, "and when they came to the church-door, divers others of the company drew their swords and did hold them drawn in the church all the time the corpse was [being] buried." "In the throng, two of the inhabitants of the town was wounded." "Next morning, the Highlandmen having marched out of the town, many of them in a braving and insulting manner did shoot and discharge their guns as they went by the provost's lodging."

"Francis was found guilty of a high and insolent riot," and condemned to be imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh during pleasure, besides paying the expenses incurred in his prosecution. It does not appear that he suffered much confinement in jail; but he was forbidden to approach within a mile of Aberdeen. It was only on petition that he obtained

so far a relaxation from this sentence as to be permitted to visit his mother there, in order to settle some weighty affairs of hers, on which he acted as trustee. On a subsequent petition in July 1671, he was freed from this restraint.

Such are merely a few traits of the age of earnestness. To extend them would be only too possible.

MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

'GENTLE reader,' were you ever at Tenby? If you have not been there—taking it for granted that you love tranquillity and beautiful coast-scenery as much as I do—you ought to go there without delay. You ask: 'What is there to see?' and 'How far is it from a station?' I will reply to the last question first, and tell you that whatever route you take, it is thirteen miles over hill and dale from any station; and however unpopular it may be to say so, its being so far from the iron highways of the world is to me one of the great charms of Tenby. There are plenty of 'stations' at countless sea-sides. And here I may as well say that I am ashamed of my *compatriots*; they—men, women, and children—have become positive slaves to the *locomotive*; they have sold themselves, limb and life, to King Steam. When they hear of something very rare and beautiful, their first question is, 'How far is it from a station?' One would think there was neither a horse nor a pair of sound limbs in England; that we had mistaken our ancestry, and lately discovered we are descended from the Chinese, and inherit our mothers' incapacity to use our feet. We surrender ourselves to the boiling, bubbling, hissing, screaming, steaming 'Express;' and if obliged to exchange the stuffy heated carriage, in which the thermometer would stand at ninety, for a cool breezy drive through lanes enamelled with wild-flowers, and shaded at intervals by trees in their summer profusion of verdure, with the song of the lark instead of the whistle of the steam-engine, for accompaniment—we grumble. We absolutely prefer the trembling and jerking of the unwieldy monster who delights in human sacrifice, to the guidance of a pair of spanking Welsh ponies, which cross the hills like a whirlwind, dash into the valleys, as if they considered broken knees a myth; and if they did upset you—which they never do—but if they did, you are there, safe in the grass, or the heather, without injury to arm, leg, or even little finger.

The thirteen miles were quite refreshing to us; when, after scrambling through the streets, avoiding, as by a miracle, running over the children, and arrived at our sea-side home, we found ourselves in a lofty house, the last that towers over the precipitous rocks of the south sands: twilight had fallen like a veil on the ocean; but we could trace the outline of the fertile island of Caldy, whose light-house marked a brilliant track upon the waters. The tide was full in, and the sea was dashing its phosphoric illuminations over the dark rocks beneath our windows.

In the morning, the view was indeed magnificent: Caldy, and its caverned sister, St Margaret, opposite our windows; 'proud Gittow,' that noble headland, standing out far on the right, washed by the pure sparkling waves of the Atlantic, as they rolled into Tenby Bay. On the left, set like a jewel in the waters—surmounted by the ruins of a religious house—arose with firmness and dignity the rocky island of St

Catherine, shewing patches of verdure, and blushing here and there over the deep and caverned fissures, with the abundant blossoms of the sea-pink; a little beyond rose the Castle hill, with its ruins forming a commanding boundary between the south and north sands. Beyond that, stretched out the noble bay of Carnarvon; and beyond that again, there were dim outlines of mountains, as if they were exhalations of the brilliant waters. As we stood in that charming window, the only object that reminded us of man's 'handywork' was the remains of an old bastion tower, crowning a projecting rock which had evidently been the turning-point where the old city-wall ran on as a sea-wall. A walk between the ramparts, which are in a singular state of preservation, terminated at our window. It was quite a new delight to step out between those aged battlements, starred by innumerable wild-flowers and mosses, and enwreathed by small-leaved ivies, where the botanist would find sufficient interest and occupation for hours, upon a few yards of this enriched masonry. It was like standing on the threshold of a new world, to enter that old tower from the battlement-walk, and seated safely on the top, to enjoy the sea and the landscape. Climbing up and down the dark rocks, are the ruins of the gray sea-wall, now altogether lost amid the rubble, and now emerging from behind a natural pinnacle, as if resolved to do brave battle with time. Nothing can be more picturesque than the inequalities of these 'remains'—here a bastion; there, further on, another mural tower; then up and down, a long broken line of ruin. We discovered from our 'look-out,' that our house rested against a very perfect portion of the wall—perfect to the second story. One of the towers had absolutely been beguiled into it, so that the drawing-room boasts of a nondescript sort of oriel recess, whose cell-like window, imbedded in the substantial masonry of old times, commands a half land-view of the 'burrows,' and the lovely village of Penally, sheltered amid trees and flowers.

All this beauty is set to the music of the waves, now sonorous as an organ, now dying away on the sands in whisperings, soft as the breeze amid the corn. We never attempted to resist the fascination of watching the receding tide, giving as it did every moment fresh interest to the scene—exposing the base of some gigantic cavern—retreating from ledges of rock over which the waters danced in the sunbeams half-an-hour before as calmly as they did above the silver sands—exposing the rocky bridge upon which, at low-water, you can pass from St Margaret's to Caldy Isle, and enabling you to cross the sands, which are as firm and hard as marble—too firm and pure to emit an exhalation—to St Catherine's Rock, and explore its caves. The north sands are preferred by many to the south; they are, as a pretty descendant of the ancient Flemings assured us, 'more lively' than the south, 'which are cold and grander-like; but it's so pretty to see the boats round the pier, and the bathing-machines, and the trees down to the water's edge, and the flower-gardens, all just under the principal street, and the shops so beautiful, and the elderly gentlemen so quiet in the reading-room.'

You should have heard this information, given with a rapidity that would have been startling, but for the soft melodious voice of the speaker. The peasants who come in, in their high hats and jackets, to sell the produce of their gardens, are all sweet-voiced and gentle-mannered. We were three weeks in this town during the excitement of a regatta and the weekly bustle of 'the market,' and we never saw but one drunken person, and never heard a loud or harsh word spoken by one to another. It may be said that 'ladies' do not go in the way of meeting drunkards, or 'hearing harsh words spoken'—they do not desire to encounter these painful sights and sounds—but,

unfortunately, they see them and hear them constantly in London and out of London, and it adds much to our happiness to be freed from them. We drove daily through lanes enriched by the greatest variety of wild-flowers—not even in Devonshire had we seen such beautiful lanes; and into villages, whose rude walls and barren aspect often recalled the villages of Ireland, meeting abundance of pigs and children—the latter dirty and beautiful enough to strengthen the resemblance—but we were never once asked for charity. The little girls who open the lane-gates never even hold out their hands; and when you visit a castle or a church, you are not hurried or importuned; while what you do give is received courteously.

There is a freshness about Tenby and its people which at once revives and amuses. Though they have no pretension to be considered the 'original' Welsh, they retain sufficient marks of their Flemish descent to be unlike the regular money-making people of our 'watering-places.' Of course, they make the most of their 'season;' but, 'season' included, Tenby is still decidedly 'moderate' to a Londoner, who, by the way, on his arrival, is sadly perplexed to know where his wants can be supplied.

'The library' is a perfect Noah's ark. The best tea is to be had in 'packets' at the library; and pianos, perfumery, walking-sticks—in addition to a good collection of books, and abundance of civility in exchange for a great deal of trouble.

Sugar is sold at the linendraper's. A young man, who really takes excellent photographs, told us he intended adding a grocer's shop to his art, and thought they would do well together. We hope they may. If they are out of stamps at the post-office, you can get them at the toy-shop. And the postman teaches the rudiments of music. In two days, you may know all the towns-people, and the towns-people know you. The basket-women need not be told where to take your purchases to; and the little sea-lads, who live quite as much in the water as on dry land, discover in a day if you desire shells or *actinix*. The latter are altogether different from those gathered at Weymouth, Ilfracombe, or Penzance. Of course, there is a band. One good Welsh harp would be worth twenty of such bands. And there are abundance of yachts and boats, and the best warm sea-water and shower-baths we have seen anywhere out of Brighton.

The whole land is jewelled with ruins—Manorbear, Carew, and Pembroke castles—all within a drive; and every knoll and wood, every crag and valley, has either its castle, its church, or its old priory.

Having now given you the outline of what you may 'see,' I must add that, amid all these attractions, I had leisure to pry into the concerns of MY OTTOMAN NEIGHBOURS.

I beg my readers to believe that I have not a general habit of prying. I like, I confess, to see and to hear; and not only to ask questions, but to listen to replies. But I must say that my opposite neighbours at Tenby attracted my attention so forcibly, that I have risen before the sun to observe their movements, and often used my opera-glass, to see, if possible, how they were occupied inside their dwelling. I saw who they were at once; there could be no mistake about that; and I conjectured what their object was in taking up their abode in that out-of-the-way corner. The neat, trim little pair desired to avoid observation. They liked retirement, and wished to live as they pleased, without reference to the habits or expenditure of their neighbours. This could not be objected to in a land of liberty; and their active and prudent life insured admiration. Very active, indeed, it was; they were out and about, as I have said, before sunrise, and seemed to me to be stirring long after a June sunset. Although they

occupied an elevated position, they attended to the wants and education of their four little ones themselves; to provide for and train up their children in the way they believed they should go, seemed the business of their busy lives. The little lady was a model of neatness and activity—very particular in her dress; and if she saw the least speck of dirt on her husband's coat, she attacked it so remorselessly, that I often fancied her extreme particularity would wear out the coat before its time. Her husband was really handsome—not at all like the members of his family we meet in London; his eyes, bright and sparkling; his figure, good; his legs, straight. I should, however, say that his temper was both violent and obstinate; and he was by no means a good neighbour. Indeed, I have seen him purloin both fuel and food from a poor little family round the corner—and that in the absence of their parents. In this respect, his little plain wife was as bad as himself, for she received what he brought home with evident approbation. I was not as much astonished at this as I might have been had I not known the gipsy habits of the family for a number of years. They are pretty much the same in town and country; but those who reside in London are more obtrusive than their country consins, and are by no means so fresh or well-looking. All the family have quick perceptions; they rapidly and certainly distinguish their friends from their foes; and I confess I have ever experienced a large share of their confidence. The little gentleman at Tenby soon perceived that I watched him and his, narrowly; he did not seek to evade observation, or take any precautions against it. I frequently met his wife (by the way, I do not think I have mentioned his name; it was *Sparrow*)—I frequently met Mrs Sparrow in the market. I knew her by her foot. I think that, at one time or other, this very estimable parent must have been in captivity—some boy had betrayed her unsuspecting innocence, and trapped her. Certainly her right foot was slightly deformed; and a bit of chain, about half an inch in length, dangled from her ankle; so she was easily distinguished from others of her family. She managed to evade all dangers in that crowded market with marvellous skill. Sometimes she would take possession of a morsel of meat; and once I saw her standing, like a coast-guardman on the look-out, on that marvellous erection, a Welshwoman's black hat, watching where she could seize upon 'something,' 'anything' to carry home.

You have discovered that our opposite neighbours were only a pair of sparrows, but I hope the discovery will not cause you to abandon them. I assure you they kept up my interest in them to the last. The little creatures had seized upon a fissure in the old gray tower, and converted it into a home; it directly faced our drawing-room window, was protected by the parapet, and was far above the reach of those amphibious Tenby boys, who prowl continually after fishes of the sea, and birds of the air.

How these boys escape drowning is a miracle. I saw one washed out to sea, screaming for help, and covered my eyes in an agony, when the scream died away, and was followed by a ringing peal of childish laughter. I looked again, and there was the urchin on the seething sand, cutting the most lively capers in mockery of the waves.

Those boys go scrambling over and over, and in and out of holes in these gray walls—now poised on one foot, then hanging from an ivy branch, or a weed, that looks hardly strong enough to support a daw, then rolling over and over until, convinced they must be dashed to pieces, you peep from over the top of the precipice just in time to see the human hedgehogs unroll and run off to the sea.

I was dreadfully afraid that one of these amphibites would disturb the domestic felicity of my opposite

neighbours—and indeed the little creatures feared it themselves, for if they perceived a marauding boy in the meadow or on the cliffs, or if the black cat was sunning itself ever so innocently in the garden, Mr and Mrs Sparrow met on the parapet, and took council together, chattering, and jerking their tails; and more than once I saw them drop their young ones' food on one of the battlements, and fly away in different directions, because the eyes of a very overgrown boy were fixed upon them; they were determined not to pass their threshold while he kept watch and ward. The cat's appearance was announced by so peculiar a twitter, that I knew when she was in the garden without looking. Where they collected food, from half-past four in the morning until nine in the evening, I know not—they must have scoured the whole neighbourhood—and what was singular, the two never went in the same direction. If one went north, the other went south, and *vice versa*. They always parted with a 'twit,' a bird-like good-bye, and as the aperture would only admit one old bird at a time, one invariably waited until the other came out. If Mr Sparrow thought his wife remained too long inside, he would hang on one foot to a tiny piece of stonecrop which grew under their hall-door, and swing round and round like a toy-bird, but never letting go the food. She always remained double the time in the house that he did—he seemed simply to feed the young folks and fly away—but she had doubtless household duties to perform. As the days passed I saw the little soft bills of the young protruded, sometimes two at a time over the ledge, but this was certainly not approved of by the parents, at whose approach the bills vanished. The peccation they committed round the corner was 'lifting' sundry goods and chattels, bits of wool and moss, from, I think, a stonefinch's nest—apparently their own house was not sufficiently provided with bedding—and the stonefinches, perhaps disappointed in their first brood, had made ample provision for a second. At all events, the sparrows watched their opportunity, and when the finches deposited their goods, and set off to fetch more, one or other of the sparrows pounced in and bore off the prize, stuffing it into their own house as rapidly as possible. This singular conduct did not seem to have been discovered by the other birds, who continued to labour, literally for the sparrows, who looted what they required until their wants were satisfied.

As the young birds feathered, they grew bold, bobbing their heads out, and thrusting their shoulders up, bristling with stiff, stubby little feathers, to which the down still adhered—just as you see a dandelion, half puff, half bristles. Of course the boys saw them; they stood and gazed up, and tried to reach them with stones; but all in vain. Besides, the meadow belonged to a lady with a grand Welsh name, and a wonderfully extensive pedigree, and they had no business in the meadow—nevertheless they would creep in through a broken gate. A Tenby boy is not easily daunted; he perseveres where there is a prospect of mischief in a way that would excite the admiration even of a pickpocket.

One morning I had been as usual watching my opposite neighbours, observing how the little ones drew back into shelter, knowing, as it were intuitively, the approach of their parents, long before I could see them, when the servant of the house opened the drawing-room door.

'I beg pardon, ma'am; I thought you was out.'

'What did you want?'

'I wants a nothink; only Jimmy Cadwallader wants to have a try at taking a *néstie*, that he says is in the oul' tou'r; and he could get hur, he says, out'en winda'; hang over the tou'r, he says, and take hur easy.'

Jimmy Cadwallader was close behind, and I recognised him as the urchin who had been washed out to sea, and caused me more anxiety by his daring than all the Tenby boys put together. Of course, I read him a lecture on the iniquity of bird-nesting, and endeavoured to touch his feelings by asking him how he would like to be torn from his parents. I shall never forget his grin of delight.

'I'd be precious glad—they flap me so, and keeps me to schooling.'

His broad sunburnt forehead overshadowed his little sparkling eyes; his head was surrounded by tufts of what looked like scorched grass; his nose was nothing, but his broad mouth turned up at the corners, so as to give his face the expression of a juvenile Momus. I told him he was a very bad boy.

He answered, with his dirty finger in his mouth, that 'everybody said that.'

I told him it was very likely that some day he would fall and perhaps break his neck and die, and what did he expect if he died in such wickedness.

The corners of his mouth ran up under his eyes, and he answered, 'Double lessons.'

I could not get on at all with my visitor, so said at last that he should not go near the tower; and if he made any attempt to take those young birds, I would have him punished.

He answered that 'he'd seen me watching at 'em many times; that he knew I wanted 'em, but I could never take 'em myself; but he'd gie me the fourr for "tupence," or "tue" for "nothink," if I'd let him have 'em.' There was something so Puck-like and comic in the little fellow's impertinence, that I forgot to be angry, but still lectured and reasoned with him; however, he did not heed a word I spoke, but looked round the room, his eyes returning to the prohibited window. When I had said all I could think of, he observed: 'Sure no one only a lady would think so much of a handful of sparas!'—and with an expression of supreme contempt on his absurd little round-about face, he stumbled out of the room. In less than ten minutes he was breast-high amid the wavelets that were frolicking on the sands, advancing one after the other, stealing on surely, but imperceptibly, so that in another hour I saw him scrambling up the rocks, while the wavelets, swollen into waves, dashed and foamed at their base.

As to my opposite neighbours—we left Tenby before their family were 'out,' although 'the season' was rapidly advancing. Had their nest been in a hedge, they would have permitted their young ones to try their strength amid the branches days before; but the undefined instinct which guided their comings and goings, which gave them such wonderful strength of wing, and taught them who were their friends and who their foes, prevented their suffering their off-spring to leave the nest, as soon as they would have done had their home been differently situated: an unbroken fall from such a height would have been certain death. One young bird had achieved the parapet, and was loudly congratulated by his parents, and certainly that day they gave him double the food they gave the others, who gaped and twittered in vain. I watched the little fellow return to his dwelling in the evening, with some of his parents' anxiety. The three sat together on the parapet for several minutes, talking in their twittering fashion, and giving their heir-at-law sundry little pokes and shoves, the purpose of which intention could not be mistaken. He very frequently stretched his wings, and crouched, as if determined to make his spring; but his courage failed. I fancied the mother coaxed, and the father scolded; then the young bird sidled along the wall, and crept down a little way—one of the old birds fluttering round—but evidently it would not do: he could not reach the nest after that fashion; so looking very grave, he

crept back again, and sat a little longer on the parapet—the old lady flying backward and forward, to shew him how easy it was. At last, he darted forward, and achieved his object. I fancied he tumbled headlong over the domestic hearth, for his arrival caused a terrible uproar, the old birds talking loudly all the time; but this soon subsided; though long after the moon had risen, as I watched the distant sea, far, far out, I could hear little murmurs from my opposite neighbours, as if they lacked room, like children who had outgrown their cots. Although they were 'nothink but sparas,' I know that observing their movements increased my reverence for Him who implanted so much forethought and tenderness in little birds!

FRANCIS VON GAUDY.

THIS man is dead now, but he has left us his works, and his name is of high standing amongst the German authors of this century. His writings are not only translated into English, but into many another language; and many are the hearts that have been gladdened by his sparkling wit, and by the noble strain of his high thoughts. On the 9th of February 1840, they buried him in the Dorotheen cemetery at Berlin; and the epitaph underneath a simple vase, with a marble laurel-wreath at top, overshadowed by the drooping branches of a weeping willow, tells us where to look for the mortal remains of Francis von Gaudy. As to his soul, it is with us still, in the works he has left us. '*Son cœur est ici, mais son âme est partout.*'

Poetry and soldiership being ill matched, it is not to be wondered at that Francis von Gaudy, who undoubtedly was a good poet, was a very bad soldier. He might have made a good one in time of war, for nothing could ever daunt his courage; but, unfortunately for him, after the battle of Waterloo, there was no more war in Europe. In time of peace, however, the qualifications by which the denomination of a 'good soldier' is earned are vastly different from those which are required in war-time, and Francis von Gaudy could lay no claim to their proprietorship. To follow, year after year, the same old beaten path, to submit to the drudgery and annoyance of absolute subordination, resigning the very shadow of independence, even to the freedom of thought itself—were demands he found but little to his liking.

No wonder, therefore, that he soon got tired of the eminent situation of a lieutenant in his majesty the king of Prussia's 46th infantry, and that he discharged the important duties attached thereto with a heavy heart and a growing impatience.

As it happened, however, that he was not rich, and that his pay as an officer constituted chiefly his means of subsistence, he was forced to hold out for many a weary year, in spite of his reluctance, till at last the event occurred described in the following narrative, which induced him to throw up his commission at all hazards.

German officers are subjected to this kind of control exercised by the commander of their regiment; he is bound to transmit annually to the superior authority a certain minute report concerning the general conduct, the character, and the qualities of each of his subaltern officers. These reports—characteristics, as they are called—exerting of course much influence on the further advancement of the criticised individual,

are a matter of no small annoyance to the officers, and the more so, that they are always kept secret.

Now, from what we have already stated with respect to our poet, it was likely that his annual characteristic should contain certain appendices which were but little adapted to favour his prospects in the military career. Indeed, the general commanding the division had been somewhat surprised to find, every year, over and over again, the same passage repeated in the aforesaid document, asserting that Francis von Gaudy, though an amiable companion in society, and a thorough gentleman, was a very bad officer, who cared but little for the benefit of the service.

The general, a man of mild temper and easy habits, whose maxim was, to live and let live, had been indulgent for some years, hoping perhaps that the transgressor might improve; but when the same passage, couched in the same terms, was again repeated with such remarkable obstinacy for the fifth time, he began to think that there was little chance of such an event, and resolved to interfere at the first convenient moment.

The regiment to which our hero was attached was garrisoned in a small country town in Silesia, and the general commanding the division had to inspect it once every year. It was therefore for his next visit that he reserved an investigation of the matter by sounding personally the careless warrior and thorough gentleman.

Early on an autumn morning in the year 1835, the small country town of Brieg, in the Prussian province of Silesia, wore a very active and lively aspect. Adjutants and other mounted functionaries, all looking very consequential, were seen galloping up and down the streets, though without any very appreciable reason. Drums were beaten, signal-horns and trumpets sounded through the town, inquisitive crowds of sympathising people, intermixed with numerous female amateurs of the military profession, floated up and down the streets, or crowded round the entrance of the barracks, full of expectation of the coming spectacle.

At last the barrack-gates were thrown open, and out marched, preceded by the band, the gallant 46th, in full gala-dress, with its colours fluttering, and its band playing the Prussian hymn; all glitter and brightness—a magnificent spectacle, which could not fail to elicit loud cheers from the enthusiastic population of the country town. The colonel, who rode at the head of his regiment, appeared utterly unmoved by this display of friendly and loyal feelings on the part of the civilians, male and female, and only looked exceedingly grave and dignified. It was a highly important day; in fact, the most important of the year, and looked for with no small excitement, especially by himself: his men had to pass in review before the general commanding the division.

The regiment marched through the town, and took the road to the parade-ground, followed by a large train of civil enthusiasts. When it had reached its place of destination, it was drawn up in file; and by means of much swearing on the part of the colonel, whose excitement went on increasing proportionally to the approach of the decisive moment, everything was soon made ready for the reception of the superior officer.

The general had sent word that his arrival would not take place before eleven o'clock in the morning; it was therefore only a matter of course that the regiment was held in readiness by the colonel at eight o'clock A.M.; a kind of punctuality—very

common in the profession, by the way—which not only delivered him from any apprehension of delay or neglect, but which, at the same time, gave his inferiors a useful lesson in the art of patience and waiting.

At last, when the sun was about half an hour from the summit of the arch of noon, and the greater part of the civil enthusiasts had lost patience and gone home, a dense cloud of dust, whirling up from the highway, announced the approach of the general's carriage. A few minutes afterwards, he was seen alighting with the officers of his staff, mounting on horseback, and galloping straight towards the middle of the regiment.

'Present arms!' The muskets clattered, the band fell in with the solemn tune prescribed for the occasion, and the colonel's heart beat very fast.

The general rode along the front of the regiment, accompanied by the colonel, to whom he was heard to address a few questions now and then. When they reached the spot where Lieutenant Gaudy stood motionless before the middle of his platoon, with his sabre lowered in military salute, the colonel was seen whispering a few words into the general's ear, who forthwith threw a searching glance of evil foreboding at our hero.

When this first muster was over, the regiment was urged by the colonel through a numberless variety of evolutions, all of which were intended to strike awe and terror in the ranks of some imaginary enemy, but which, in reality, had no other effect than to render the men much fatigued, and the colonel very hoarse.

These practical exercises being gone through, the regiment was formed into an open square, the arms were piled, the general and the other mounted officers alighted, and it became the turn of the theoretical department to undergo a similar investigation.

In Germany, instruction in the various branches of military service is given to the men by the commissioned officers themselves, who are consequently personally responsible for the state of intellectual education in their respective companies.

'Who is the officer intrusted with the instruction of the fourth company of the second battalion?' asked the general.

The question was a mere formality, the colonel having previously favoured him with the desired information.

Lieutenant Gaudy stepped out of the ranks, and saluting the commanding-officer, avowed that he was the person to whom this important affair had been confided.

The general glanced at him in a manner by no means very affectionate. 'I wish you, sir,' said he after a pause, speaking very slowly, and with an intentional accentuation in his voice that did not escape the notice of our hero—'I wish you to examine the men in the different branches of instruction in which you have educated them, so that I may be able to convince myself whether the tuition has produced a good effect.'

Our poet knew at once what the meaning of all this was. The request, though entirely in harmony with the general's visit, was nevertheless rather unusual and obsolete, and could scarcely be proposed without a particular reason, which was made the more obvious by the fact that the general was well known to be no friend whatever to such proceedings, and especially, as in this case, before dinner.

The accumulated bitterness of many a year, ardently suppressed till then, was about to give vent, and to break through the bonds so long hated and despised by our friend. He knew that, whatever the result of the examination might be, he could not escape a public rebuke if the general had made up

his mind to find fault with him; and he resolved, therefore, to anticipate him, and to bring on the catastrophe himself.

Saluting the commanding-officer once more, he asked respectfully in what particular branch of knowledge he was to examine the men; whether in tactics, military deportment, nomenclature, regulation of service, science of arms, and so on.

He might do as he pleased; the general had no wish to restrict him to one particular subject only; he was at liberty to select his theme.

The company was marched into the middle of the square; the general, the colonel, and the rest of the officers of the regiment drew near to attend to the spectacle. When everything was in readiness, the general touched his hat with his right hand, in token that he was waiting for matters to begin.

Lieutenant Gaudy stepped up to the file-leader of his company, and asked him in a loud voice what was the greatest vice which a soldier could indulge in.

'Drunkenness!' answered the man without hesitation.

'What is the name of the commanding-officer of your company?' he went on, addressing the next man.

'Captain von Rüdesheim!' was the immediate answer.

On the faces of the ensigns, something like a suppressed smile became visible. The captain, whose partiality towards the bottle was proverbial in the whole regiment, tried to look unconcerned.

'Which is the next vice most blamable in a soldier?' was the following question, addressed to the third man.

'Gambling!'

'Who is the commanding-officer of the second battalion of the 48th infantry?'

'Major Charles Pharo,' answered the man with praiseworthy accuracy.

The hilarity of the ensigns became somewhat irrepressible, although they strove hard to conceal it. The major, who presided over a certain club which was in the habit of sitting, with locked doors, twice a week, seemed by no means well pleased at hearing his name thus mentioned. The colonel looked very grave. With regard to the general, it was impossible to say whether he felt annoyed or amused at these singular questions; his countenance remained utterly impassive.

'Who was the inventor of gunpowder?*' This next question, started in a very abrupt manner, was addressed by our hero to a square-built man, with a cocked-up nose, who was apparently not prepared for a quick reply, and who looked somewhat perplexed and exceedingly stupid.

'Be quick!' urged the examiner.

The man seemed to reflect. He was turning over in his mind the answers given by his comrades; and finding that the 'captain' and the 'major' had already been approved of, he reasoned that it must needs be now the turn of the colonel. Happy to have arrived at this logical conclusion, he replied with much self-satisfaction, 'Colonel Dunce!'

'You are mistaken, my friend,' said the officer with earnestness. 'That is the name of the commanding-officer of your regiment; but he is not the man that has invented the gunpowder.'

This question was the last. The general, beginning to have some apprehension of his own turn coming next, made a sign to stop the proceedings.

On the following morning, Francis von Gaudy, the lieutenant, was given to understand that he had better

apply for his discharge, as otherwise it might come to pass that the same would be forwarded to him without his intervention. He did so accordingly, and henceforth was known only as Francis von Gaudy, the poet.

THE BONE-CAVES OF GOWER.

Few of my readers, I fancy, have not visited a cave at some time or other of their lives, and still fewer ever went into one without experiencing a good deal of curiosity, or perhaps some slight fear. There is always a certain amount of mystery in the narrow entrance and deep gloom of the interior—a mystery which must be considerably enhanced on the first discovery and exploration of a place never before trodden by man. Our ancestors, under such circumstances, would probably have been afraid of encountering something worse than 'loathed Melancholy, in Stygian cave forlorn, 'mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,' and would expect to find them the resort of warlocks and witches; but we, being better educated, visit them with a determination to find, not their present, but their former inhabitants.

Caves are nearly always found in the same formation—that of the mountain limestone, which is the lowest member of the carboniferous group, and one which is generally associated with the most broken and romantic scenery in Great Britain; the reason being, that in geological times, ages and ages ago, these rocks have been thrown up to considerable heights by repeated convulsions, so as to be exposed to the after-effects of water and the atmosphere. As examples of this, we may mention the localities of Matlock and the Peak, Clifton, Cheddar and the Mendip Hills, which are familiar to every English tourist. The geologist, however, interesting as the subject of caverns is, from the many changes and theories involved in their formation, has another point to determine in his examination—and that is, to see whether there were any, and if so, what inhabitants tenanted them in past ages—a subject of intense interest, as it throws light on extinct races of animals as compared with those existing now, and also on the conditions of the countries in which the cave-animals lived. Several bone-caves have now been discovered, and their contents exhumed and brought to light; the largest being those of Barrow in Somersetshire, Kirkdale in Yorkshire, and Oveston and Brixham in Devonshire: the latter, very recently explored, was the subject of a paper by Mr Pengelly at the late meeting of the British Association at Leeds. Probably, however, there is no district in the whole country where there are so many caves within a short distance of each other as in Gower, which is a peninsula on the western coast of Glamorganshire, surrounded on all sides but one by the waters of the Bristol Channel and the estuary of the Burry River. Seaward, it is ironbound by lofty limestone cliffs, affording some of the finest coast-scenery in England; but on the Burry side it is flat, marshy, and comparatively uninteresting. They who like a thoroughly good excursion, will be much pleased with Gower, for there is ample entertainment for the geologist, antiquary, and artist—the whole peninsula teeming with relics of the past, in the shape of ruined castles and Druidical remains, not to mention those older relics entombed in the rocks around, compared with which those of the human era are as a drop of water in the ocean of time. Although Gower is in Wales, the natives are anything but Welsh, having descended from a band of Flemings who were imported by Henry I., to occupy the ground which was so constantly the scene of dispute by the Welsh and the Normans. Ever since that time, their posterity has occupied the peninsula.

* A proverbial saying in Germany. 'He has not invented the gunpowder,' means as much as 'He is no great luminary,' or as we say, 'He will never set the Thames on fire.'

to a certain extent keeping intact and aloof from their Welsh neighbours. As a consequence, the language spoken is altogether English, of a peculiarly pure and somewhat old-fashioned character, containing many words that one would scarcely expect to find in use save amongst the upper classes.

But we must get on to our caves, though much that is interesting might be told of this primitive district. Swansea—the nearest town to our destination—is, strictly speaking, itself in Gower, but a walk of some eight miles is requisite before we reach that part of the coast on which the first cave, the Bacon Hole, is situated. Neither this nor any of the others are easy to find, and indeed a stranger to the locality will waste many precious hours, perhaps, before he has succeeded in making out the path, as the cliffs are exceedingly precipitous, and the mouths of the caves all face the sea. The Bacon Hole was opened in the year 1850, and measures taken for the thorough exploration and removal of the bone-deposits found there, great care being required in the latter object, owing to the crumbling away of the bones when exposed to the air. An excellent paper on the subject was written at the time by Mr Starling Benson, of Swansea, and afterwards published in the Transactions of the South Wales Institution. The entrance of the cave—which is about thirty feet above the level of high-water—has the roof, of solid limestone, projecting beyond the stalagmite floor, which gradually slopes from the exterior towards the inner portion, where the roof suddenly rises to twenty feet, masses of stalactite almost connecting the two. Perhaps some of my readers may not be aware of the difference between stalactite and stalagmite, though the former now is common enough in the descriptions of the Derbyshire caves. A stalactite is the separation of some earthy matter—very generally carbonate of lime—from solution by water, and its solidifying when in the act of dropping. A stalagmite is the same material spread out over the surface, the drops having fallen. The floor of the cave, then, was excavated for a depth of eight or nine feet, cutting through the layers of stalagmite, limestone breccia, and deposits of cave-earth and sand, until the floor of solid limestone was reached; and the following remains were found at successive intervals through the whole distance. Immediately resting on the limestone was a layer of stalagmite and sand, containing sea-shells—but few in number—with bones of birds and water-rats; proving that at the first commencement, the cave was on a level with, or below, the water's edge, and that the mollusca which inhabited the shells had actually swum over the floor. The question will probably be asked, how, then, are they found thirty feet above the water? And the reason is this, that, at some subsequent period, the whole line of coast was elevated to this height—a wonderful change, which, however, is very familiar to the geologist, and by help of which he solves many a difficult problem. In the layer of black sand above these shells and bird-remains, bones were found of the gigantic mammoth, the size of which would be almost incredible, were they not there to speak for themselves; indeed, a portion of a tusk was carried away, which must have measured twelve feet in length. The mammoth, or *Elephas primigenius*, an extinct species of the family of Elephant, has been found in a state of remarkable preservation, particularly in Siberia, where a specimen was exposed in an ice-cliff, which proved to be twelve feet high and sixteen feet in length—not only the skeleton, but actually the flesh and skin being tolerably fresh, owing to the nature of the refrigerator in which it was enclosed.

In the Bacon Hole, a nearly perfect skeleton was exhumed, though with the bones considerably dis-

placed. Above them, in the next layer, were further remains of the same animal, mingled with those of rhinoceros, hyæna, wolf, bear, ox, and deer, succeeded by a considerable thickness of limestone breccia—or unworn fragments of rock—cemented by stalagmite. At the surface was a layer of black mud, containing recent shells—brought in by birds—and bones of ox, roebuck, fox, and red-deer, together with some species of ancient British pottery. What a history is here written, from the far-distant time when the floor of the cave had not even appeared above the water! What successive races of animals used this cavern as a retreat, before man made his appearance! The mammoth-bones may have drifted in; but it is more probable, from the perfect state of the bones, that it had lived and died there. Coeval with it were the carnivorous animals, which most likely brought in many of the bones of the ox and deer, although, in some of the caves in England, the antlers of the latter have been found regularly shed, proving that they must have lived there. Finally, we have the recent shells, bones of animals still in existence in this country, and traces of man; so that this narrow layer of mud at the surface may represent the human era. Notwithstanding the long period which must have elapsed for all this to take place, so enormous is the time that geologists have to account for, that even the history of this cave is considered recent.

Other bones somewhat similar were found in the Mitchin Hole, about half a mile to the eastward; but the most interesting and best known caves are at Paviland, near the promontory of the Worm's Head. The worst point about them is their difficulty of access, for low-water at spring-tides is the only time at which anybody can approach them by land with anything like safety: there certainly is a path over the cliff, but only fit for a sailor or a monkey. These caves have been known to the geological world for a good many years, and were visited by Dr Buckland, who published an account of them in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*. The antiquary will share the interest with the geologist, for, in addition to the animal remains, human relics were found, in the shape of bones, articles of ornament, and coins of the reign of Constantius—all of them from the larger of the two, the Goat's Hole, in which the floor ascends, and is covered with diluvial loam, mixed with fragments of limestone and spar, recent shells, and teeth of elephant, rhinoceros, bear, hyæna, wolf, fox, horse, ox, deer, sheep, rats, birds, and fragments of charcoal. The recent shells and bones of birds were most plentiful in the interior extremity, and the material in which they lay was earth cemented by stalagmite. The skeleton was that of a woman, the bones stained dark red, and covered with a coating of ruddle coloured by red oxide of iron. On the cliff, immediately above the cave, are traces of a British camp, with which doubtless the skeleton has some connection. In the second hole, a little distance off, were more bones; and from the position of the opening with regard to the other, Dr Buckland conjectured that the two were once united, but that the action of the waves has long since washed away the main cavern, and left only the respective passages at the end. Here is an instance of the power of denudation, a force which, even more than elevation, has contributed to the present configuration of the crust of the earth, and one which even now is constantly altering the coast-lines of this very county.

The last bone-cave on our list is a few miles from Paviland, at Spritsail Tor, near Llanmadock, a village on the other side of the peninsula, in which remains of rhinoceros, hyænas, and horses were found, the latter appearing to be plentiful both here and at Paviland, but very scarce in the Bacon Hole. Here, then,

in a coast-line of about fifteen miles, are five bone-caves, affording work and speculation enough to the geologist. As they are all about the same level above the sea, it is probable that they were all raised at the same time; and as an additional proof of this, the blocks of limestone at the same height on the sides of the cliffs at Caswell Bay, between the Bacon Hole and Swansea, are all deeply water-marked, shewing evident signs of having been exposed to the same wave-action that is now going on below them. The question may be asked, why Gower appears to be so much more prolific in caves than other limestone districts? There is no reason for supposing that it is so, as I imagine that it is solely to the denuding powers of the sea that we are indebted for the discovery of these; and it is more than probable that many such have disappeared altogether under the influence of this long-continued action. It is a very suggestive fact, that on the opposite sides of the Bristol Channel are also caves in the same mountain-limestone formation, and with pretty much the same deposits of animal remains. It is likely enough that these were all united at one time or other without the interposition of the Bristol Channel, which, compared with the age of these rocks, is a very recent intruder. How wonderful are the speculations which such facts as have been detailed in this article necessarily suggest to the thinking mind, that the reflections about a bone should bring in their track theories involving changes throughout the whole world. Well might David say: 'Verily, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?'

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It was eight o'clock of an evening towards the end of July—a July long, long ago. The sun was sending in his westerling rays at the windows of a substantial-looking house, the country residence of a professional gentleman, whose head-quarters were in Edinburgh. It was known as Clydeview Villa, and the locality in which it stood was somewhat famed.

From the era of creation, the river that ran by it had come quietly on, as if gathering its strength, and hushing its breath for the wild and desperate leap it took with a roar as of life and consciousness. For six thousand years, the trees of the forest had shed their annual glory of leaves by its brink. On calm days, the leaves would fall gently on the bits of foam, eddying about the edges of the dark waters; but when a storm came, they would be swept, branches and all, down to the very bosom of the Atlantic.

By the side of this river painted savages had stood and sharpened their arrows of flint; but at the times of which we write, parties of ladies and gentlemen came, with camp-stools, parasols, and wide-awakes, and while they ate sandwiches, said how 'nice' it was—instant. Some, further gone than others in literature and the fine arts, quoted Byron on the cataract of Velino, and said it would be a fine subject for so-and-so's pencil; and some looked and said nothing. In the presence of natural grandeur and beauty, silent homage is always grateful, and charity demands that the best construction be put upon it. This neighbourhood had also, in modern times, been the scene of one of those experiments which benevolent and well-meaning men, who want a short-cut to universal happiness, have sometimes tried, and always failed in. But we have not to do with Utopian theories at present. As has been said, the evening sun was

looking in at the windows of Clydeview Villa. The drawing-room fronted the west, and the blinds were all down. There was not much to see inside; merely a well-furnished apartment, and a lady lying on a sofa reading—reading only to pass time till her husband came home, and not so much occupied but she could say to herself: 'I wonder if the children are in bed yet. What can Miller want out again to-night for?' Having lost the sense of the last paragraph, she went back upon it, and by the time she got to the foot of the page, being in a comfortable position, and the hush of evening coming on, both inside and out, she fell into a gentle doze. Meantime, the children were all in bed. Jeanie Miller, or 'Miller,' as Mrs Black, since she had been rising in the world, called her children's nurse, had heard them flip their evening-prayer, and received the last sweet kiss, wondering, in her simplicity, that Mrs Black did not like to do this office for her children herself. If her mistress could have penetrated her thought, she would have answered thus: 'Miller, as a mother, I might wish to do it occasionally, but my engagements put it out of my power.' So Mrs Black keeps her engagements, and loses her children, for by the time they can compete with mamma's engagements, they will be young ladies and gentlemen.

It must be acknowledged that, on this particular evening, Miller rather hurried the ceremony—she had an engagement too—and she moved about on tiptoe, putting on her bonnet and shawl before all the weary little creatures had fairly closed their eyelids; but down they went at last, in the sleep of childhood, and a regiment might have marched through the room without awaking the little sleepers.

The moment they were safe and sound, she hastened from the house, and striking across the fields, made for the corner of a fir-plantation, where, for nearly half an hour, a young man had been hanging about very impatient. For no other person would he have waited so long, and he was anything but pleased at having to wait for this one. He had walked back and forward, and scanned the earth and sky, and decided that all the gates about needed painting, and thought many other things better and worse, before Jeanie came in sight.

Now, although she had been running, and knew she was behind her time, no sooner did she see George Armour, than, from whatever cause, she took to walking in a very slow and deliberate manner. We have it on the authority of Mr Milton, that when Eve saw Adam, she slackened her pace; and we have all, men and women, remnants of the Garden of Eden hanging about us to this day.

'You're late, Jeanie,' was the greeting of her lover. 'I came as soon as I could,' she replied; and arm-in-arm they turned into the shady path up the water-side.

When Mr Black came in, his wife roused herself, and after ascertaining that there was nothing of much interest taking place in the city, she said: 'Miller asked out again to-night—the second time this week. She didn't use to take up with any of the people about. Next time she asks out, I will consider it proper to question her.'

'Couldn't you guess, Mary, what her errand is?' 'Guess! If she were a light-headed creature, I might guess it was some love-affair.'

'And not be far wrong. We're all light-headed some time, you know. As I came up, I saw her walking with one of the painters who were here in spring—the one that did the ornamental work.'

'That was the man I remember remarking for his good looks. Is it possible she can be thinking of marrying?'

'Shouldn't wonder—it's curious what notions people take.'

'Curious! I call it ungrateful. Here did I take her into our nursery, a poor orphan girl, and have kept her for six years. She suits me exactly—speaks well, and has no vulgar tricks or words; and she has taught the children to read almost as well as I could have done myself. They like her, and she likes them. Surely she does not know when she is well off.'

'I'm sorry you are losing her: I'll give her a gown, and you can give her some crockery.'

'If she is going, one thing will be quite enough, Robert.'

'Now, Mary, on your own showing, I think we are bound to be a little grateful.'

'She has had a very good place of it here, Robert, and there is no need for overdoing a thing. I wish I knew where to get one in her stead. It really is provoking!'

Nevertheless, be it recorded, Jeanie got her gown and her cups and saucers, and something more, when she left Clydevilla to become George Armour's wife, and was much and justly regretted by all the household.

It was a fair sight to see this young couple. Not that Jeanie had much to boast of in the way of good looks; on the contrary, George's choice had been matter of surprise to their joint feminine acquaintance. What did he see about her? What he saw, we can't say; but what was to be seen was an open honest face, expressive of good sense and feeling, and a general air of determination. As for George, no one needed to glance twice at him without being struck by his really handsome face and form: so far as those were concerned, all the blood of all the Howards might have coursed in his veins. When we throw into the scale the fact, that he was sober and industrious, and a capital workman—not to mention that he had saved money—the general remarks on Jeanie's wonderful good-fortune are accounted for. In a small house, furnished with things new and neat, and having a morsel of garden in front like a dainty apron tied on, there they were, these two, with youth and health, and the probability of a long and happy life before them.

It is an old saying—very old, probably, and true to the letter—that it is not all gold that glitters. Jeanie had not been very long married when she began to say to herself: 'I am happy—very happy; I have everything to make me so.' Now, it is to be observed that when people keep assuring themselves that they are happy, and further, when they repeat the statement to others—which, however, Jeanie did not do—there is reason to suspect some flaw, something wanting. A man in the pure air does not say: 'I breathe, I breathe exceedingly well; I have oxygen and nitrogen, and carbonic acid—what more can I want?' He goes about with his lungs inflated, and his blood purified and enriched, and his spirit buoyant; he does not need to tell that he has pure air—the thing is evident. What was it? Nothing very tangible, nothing that the young wife acknowledged to herself. But 'over all there hung the shadow of a fear.' A little boy came: his father took to the child, and the shadow waned for a time. In the fulness of her heart, the mother decked her baby daintily. For the first time, George charged his wife with extravagance. Her face grew white as she answered: 'They cost me nothing. Mrs Black gave me the things, and I altered them to fit Georgy.' 'That may be, but mind I'm no the man to keep up the like o' that.'

If there was a thrifty, economical housewife in the country, it was Jeanie Armour; but she could not be thrifty enough for her husband's taste. It was an unnatural thing in one so young, this overweening propensity to save. It struck a chill to the very heart of his wife, although she tried to persuade

herself that it was far better than if he had gone to an opposite extreme.

She reasoned with him; but George was one of those persons—Heaven help those who have to deal with such—upon whom reasoning has just as much effect as if addressed to the wind. She tried joking on the subject, and here he was more vulnerable, and consequently received it in a way that effectually prevented its repetition. She often wondered what he did with the money saved, but was afraid to ask.

Thus you see poor Jeanie, while still believed to be a most fortunate woman, and putting a brave face on things externally, found that she was indeed unequally yoked. Perhaps George found this, too, for he began to stay out at nights with society more congenial to him, and came in generally flushed with drinking. His wife took no further notice of this than to attempt, in a quiet, gentle way, to induce him to stay at home. Neighbours began to speak; some of them told her where George spent his nights, and, as she said afterwards to a friend: 'I had tried the fair way wi' him, and I thought o' trying the flyting; but thankfu' was I that I hadna, for I had naething to reproach myself wi' after.'

It was one morning, when her second child, a girl, was about six months old, that George went out as usual to his work: no look or action, not the slightest, denoted that he crossed his threshold with other purpose than going to his ordinary employment. The little boy was playing about the door as he went out, and cried 'Father!' after him. If he did hear that cry, he heard as if he heard it not—let us hope it did not reach him. The child went in for comfort to the source where he always found it—his mother; and she soothed him by saying that his father was in too great a hurry to speak to him now, but he would hear all he had to say at dinner-time; then, propping the baby in a chair, and setting the other to amuse her, she went about her usual household work, dropping a word and a smile upon them every few minutes. Punctual to the time, dinner was ready, well cooked and comfortable. A quarter past the hour, and George did not come; half-past, and there was no appearance of him. She gave the children their dinner, and waited another half-hour. He must have been detained—such a thing had happened before, and she did not feel surprised or uneasy; so clearing away the things, she sat down to her sewing, with the little ones playing on the floor beside her. It was just the old employment at Clydevilla over again; and a stranger coming in would have said what a pretty picture the room presented; but any one who had known Jeanie then, and seen her now, would have observed a change. She was still young, but the roundness of youth had passed from her features, and its light buoyancy from her step. Three years of half-life under a kind of pressure acutely felt, though not just apparent on the surface, had taken effect. She sat thinking, as she worked, how her husband's passion for saving, and his rapidly developing taste for drinking, would co-exist. What could she do or say?—what could be done to break the spell of these terrible vices, before his very being was crusted over against every good influence?

Evening came, and no word of him; night, and still nothing of him. The children were laid to rest, and, poor things, slept wholly unconscious of their father's wickedness or their mother's care. Well it has been said, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

The solitary woman sat down behind the little curtain that shaded the window; she would have lifted it, but that she did not wish to attract the attention of passers-by. The window looked out on the high road that passed through the village, and as there were no houses opposite, she could see over the hedge that bounded the small garden into the fields

beyond. It was a calm summer night, or rather, it seemed that the day lingered and lingered to meet the morning. With eyes glued to the glass, and ears painfully stretched, she listened to the stillness, which was deep, except when footsteps, echoing on the beaten road, would come on, pass, and die away in the distance. Towards the small hours these ceased entirely, and the silence was unbroken, except now and then when the corncrake sounded its ricket from the opposite fields. Still she watched. The gray dawn of morning came on calmly and holily, filling the mind with awe, like the dim religious light of a vast cathedral, till the sun rose and threw the elements of gladness over the land. Smoke began to curl up from a house here and there, and early workers turned out to begin their daily labours, and still the weary woman sat on, one conjecture after another thronging through her mind, but no guess of the truth for an instant coming across her. Now the faint whimper of the baby drew her from the window, and she soothed it to quietness, and listened again, for momentarily she expected some one to enter with tidings of calamity. She prepared breakfast for the children, moving as softly as if she had been stealing, for she grudged every sound that interfered with the intense watch she was keeping. By ten o'clock, she could stand it no longer. She dressed herself, and leaving Georgy to play about the doors, took the infant, and went to her husband's master to inquire about him. When Mr Brown heard her question, he looked surprised. 'Mrs Armour,' he said, 'your husband left my employment yesterday morning: he drew all his money which was in my hands. He is,' he continued, in a tone meant to convey some kind of comfort—'he is a saving, industrious man. It amounted to L.49, 16s. 6d.'

Jeanie, with her habitual prudence, controlled her feelings, and thanking him for his information, went hurriedly home. Could it be that he had deserted, her and the children? It looked like it. She formed her resolution. All the money she had was exactly nimpence. She went to a neighbour, and saying that she had to go to Edinburgh, asked her to take care of the little boy till she came back, and at the same time she borrowed a shilling. With 1s. 9d. in her pocket, and her infant in her arms, she set out in quest of her husband.

Very fast she walked—excitement carried her on; and when she was more than half-way, a coach coming up, she paid 1s. 9d., and made the rest of her journey on the outside of it.

Arrived in Edinburgh, she went right to the shop of a decent man with whom she was acquainted, and whose kindly nature induced her to go to him in her present strait. She had no relatives in the city—indeed, she had but few anywhere, so she was constrained to rely on the good offices of an acquaintance.

'Mrs Armour, how's a' wi' ye, an' how's the gudeman? I'm glad to see ye, woman.'

This greeting nearly upset Jeanie, who requested a private word with Mr Boyd, and in a few sentences explained her errand.

'Ye dinna say sae—the scound— But it's no possible.'

'That's what I think, Mr Boyd, and I am glad to hear you say it; but what can it mean?'

'That's what we maun try an' find out. I'll step away doon to Leith, an' see if there's ony word o' him there. If he's leaving the country, it's as like he wad tak ship there as anywhere.'

So, leaving his shop in charge of his shopman, he took Mrs Armour up stairs, and put her under his wife's care, telling her to keep her mind easy till he came back—an advice more easily given than taken in the circumstances; however, it was a relief to have taken a decided step towards solving the

mystery; and the kindness of Mrs Boyd was very soothing, while she got the rest and refreshment she was so much in need of.

Before Mr Boyd came back, she was on the watch for him; and catching a glimpse of his face as he crossed the street, she gathered no good news from it. When he entered the room, he looked everywhere but into Jeanie's face: he was at a loss how to convey the information he had got.

'Now, Mrs Armour,' he began, 'keep up your heart; we've a' our trials; an', after a', it's no one bad as it might hae been. Ye'll do fine your lane; an' ye'll no want friends.'

She rose, and grasping his arm, said: 'Did you see him? For any sake, what is it? Is he dead?'

'No; he sailed this morning for America.'

All colour went from her face; she pressed the infant closer to her, and murmured: 'Left us—left us!' and one or two big tears fell on its face. As for Mr Boyd, he went down stairs and relieved himself by calling George Armour no end of ill names.

CHAPTER II.

If Jeanie had been a fine lady with ample means, her feelings would not have been more acute; but she would have had nothing to turn the stream, or to prevent her from nursing her anguish. As it was, alongside the one fact that stood out before her—her husband's desertion of herself and children—was the question, how were they to live? When a great sorrow is intruded upon by a great call for exertion, the healing process is well begun.

If things could be seen in their true light, the poor have oftener less reason to envy the rich than is supposed. Next day Mrs Armour took her way home, comforted by the kindness of her friends, and with money—which she had accepted as a loan—sufficient for her immediate wants.

Mrs Armour had two second-cousins residing in Glasgow—elderly maiden ladies, differing a good deal in character and disposition, but alike in this, that they had both little independent incomes; both lived in cozy flats; each had a narrow circle of her own, segments of which frequently met at five o'clock teas and nine o'clock suppers.

One of these ladies had loved and lost, which, the poet says, is better than never to have loved at all—the case of the other. The latter had been born, had lived, and was likely to die, in the same house. Twice a week she had read the same newspaper all her life, and always read first that list of events, the middle one of which she herself had missed.

The former had 'gone through' a good deal; but struggled with poverty; had, as has been said, loved and lost; and we think it depends upon the way in which such a loss comes about, whether it is better than never to have loved at all. Here had not been effected by the hand of death, which at once and forever hallows all it touches.

Well, very soon—for bad news travels fast—the ladies heard of Jeanie Armour's calamity, and next lay their heads together as to what was to be done. Both expressed a high degree of indignation against George Armour. Both said with emphasis that men in general were very far from being what they ought to be. The one said she had never seen the man whom she could intrust herself and her property to; the other said, women were so ready to be deceived by poor things (with a sigh), and to believe all the speeches made to them. After mature deliberation, they came to the conclusion of offering the young relative L.10 a year each—which, in addition to anything she might do for herself, would, they thought, make her pretty comfortable. And so it would. Very kind of them it was, for they were

quite in a position to make it an act of no self-denial. One of them was appointed a deputation to wait on Mrs Armour, and explain to her a clause attached to the terms of the donation, which they regarded as of the last importance. The one who had 'known trials' cheerfully undertook the commission, although it was something of an exertion, and even of an event, in those days to travel so far. However, she reached her destination without accident or adventure; and she had not been long with her relative before the two women sat down and had a good cry. Then Miss Elder took courage, and explained her errand. She could have felt in her heart to give the money unconditionally, but then what would Miss Bogle say? Besides, it would be foolish, and there was no doubt it was for Jeanie's good.

'Jeanie,' said she, 'we will give you twenty pounds a year, if you will promise never to have anything more to do with George Armour.'

At first, Jeanie had almost been driven blind and stupid by her husband's desertion; the very mid-summer green of the trees and grass seemed turned to blackness; but the necessity of getting through her daily work, and of planning for the future, and the consideration of her husband's great cruelty, in leaving them to doubt, and anxiety, and destitution, without a word or a sign, brought about so strong a reaction, that sometimes she thought that such a man was not worth grieving after. In this mood of mingled pride and indignation, she readily gave the promise which the ladies required; and Miss Elder went home to rejoice Miss Bogle with the account that their cousin's eyes were opened to see things in a right way. But for all this, Jeanie could not unsex herself, and the original tenderness often returned and overflowed in tears.

The story let loose in the village, flashed through its houses and shops, its smithy and post-office—nay, even its manse and its hall, in a way that might have made the electric telegraph, had it then been in existence, blush for its deliberation.

The amount of pity that was expressed for Mrs Armour was great, but it fructified in a way which shewed that the blossom must have encountered frost in the setting. In a day or two, people had ceased even to speak about it; and Mrs Armour went quietly away to a moorland village some twenty miles off, and inquired as to the probability there was of collecting a little school. There seemed to be an opening there; before she left, she took a very small house which chanced to be empty; and in the course of a month, she had her furniture removed, and herself established as village-schoolmistress.

The 'branches' which Mrs Armour undertook to teach—and which she was quite capable of teaching—were reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing. Her school was well attended; children liked to go; she had a 'way' with them. Indeed, every one had a kindliness for her but the parish schoolmaster, who rather thought that she poached on his manors. If she had only been a widow, he considered, he could and would have quashed the opposition effectually; as it was, he could only look glum, and he did it.

The little people who then frequented Mrs Armour's school are now the parents of the village; and it was only the other day we noticed them advertising for 'a lady who could impart the harp and piano, French, Italian, and German, with drawing and wax-flowers: a knowledge of singing and botany would be a recommendation. Guaranteed salary, £100 a year.' We quote this merely to shew what immense strides have been made in some directions within the last score of years. At that time, there were only two pianos in the district; now, they are as common as tables. Then, neither in Mrs Armour's school, nor in that of her masculine competitor, did the pupils quote

Milton, or read memoirs of Shelley—they do both now; and it is not uncommon to find Macaulay's ballads done into crochet-work covers, reposing on tables under the shadow of bead-baskets.

As, by perpetual attrition, water wears the rock, and as the grand fantastic splendours of the stalactite cave are reared by the residuum of the dropping water, so time obliterates the memory of a grief, or, at least, wears the edges away, and sends its daily round of cares, greater or less, to build new hopes, new interests, new memories; and many a scathed and crushed creature has thanked the God of Providence that it is so.

Mrs Armour went on her way quietly, and, in process of time, cheerfully. Her children were well and happy; and her little school, and little annuity, answered remarkably well; but never a word of her husband, direct or indirect, did she hear. At nights she would lie awake, pondering over what he could be doing, or where he could be. Sometimes she would think of him as comfortable and doing well, but wholly forgetful of her and his children; sometimes as destitute and an outcast; and during sleep, when imagination escapes from control, she followed him in dreams to the ends of the earth. In the broad light of day, a form in the distance having any resemblance to his would cause her to start and tremble. She often feared she might discover him in a beggar at her door, for she had heard and read of such painful recognitions. But the years passed on, and no clue came to her hands to afford any enlightenment on the subject, until the seventh year of his absence came round.

The principal draper in the village had a brother, who had set out in early life, like many of his countrymen, to push his fortune, and found, like some others, that fortune rather pushed him. He had journeyed from continent to continent, and wandered in many lands, only to come back to his native place not much richer than when he set out. He heard Mrs Armour's history, and suddenly it flashed on him that, during his travels in America, he had met a man answering to the description, and bearing the name of George Armour. They had travelled the same route for two days, and were crossing a river on the third, when suddenly the ferry-boat capsized. They were all thrown into the water; two men drowned, the rest saved: the man bearing the name of George Armour was one of the two that perished.

When the report reached Jeanie's ears, she immediately sought an interview with the individual who brought it, and whose wandering instincts were just about to lead him to set off again.

He did his best to satisfy her anxious inquiries, but, as he had not taken more than a general interest in the drowned men, he could not give so many particulars as she could have wished; but she left him, convinced that, without doubt, it was her husband whose life had been thus brought to a sudden end. She put on a widow's dress, and mourned in her heart as sincerely and more acutely than if he had been all he ought to have been. Her health failed somewhat under the shock of the intelligence, but a little change and relaxation soon restored her.

Miss Elder and Miss Bogle, though, as Christian women, sorry for the death of a bad man, felt a degree of satisfaction in the certainty that now he would not come back, as they always expected he would, to be a burden to his wife.

It was the best thing George Armour had ever done for her—if he could be said to have done it—this making her his widow. It secured her position; it improved her standing in the public eye; and it set her mind at rest. Any one who has ever been long tossed between hope and fear, knows that certainty

even of the worst is greatly preferable to suspense. Widowhood is a legitimate channel, into which sympathy can flow without meeting an obstacle; but the neglected or deserted wife occupies very different ground, both in her own eyes and those of others.

PAIN A BLESSING.

Sir Humphry Davy, when a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab which bit his toe when he was bathing, and made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. If he had maintained instead, that pain *was* a good, his doctrine would have been unimpeachable. Unless the whole constitution of the world were altered, our very existence depends upon our sensibility to suffering. An anecdote, which is quoted by Dr Carpenter in his *Principles of Human Physiology*, from the *Journal of a Naturalist*, shows the fatal effects of a temporary suspension of this law of our nature. A drover went to sleep upon a winter's evening upon the platform of a limekiln, with one leg resting upon the stones which had been piled up to burn through the night. That which was a gentle warmth when he lay down, became a consuming fire before he rose up. His foot was burned off above the ankle, and when, roused in the morning by the man who superintended the limekiln, he put his stump, unconscious of his misfortune, to the ground, the extremity crumbled into fragments. Whether he had been lulled into torpor by the carbonic acid driven off from the limestone, or whatever else may have been the cause of his insensibility, he felt no pain, and through his very exemption from this lot of humanity, expired a fortnight afterwards in Bristol hospital.

Without the warning-voice of pain, life would be a series of similar disasters. The crab, to the lasting detriment of chemistry, might have eaten off the future Sir Humphry's foot while he was swimming, without his entertaining the slightest suspicion of the ravages that were going on. Had he survived the injuries from the crab, he would yet have been cut off in the morning of his famous career, if, when experimenting upon the gases, the terrible oppression at the chest had not warned him to cease inhaling the carburetted hydrogen; nor, after a long struggle for life, would he have recovered to say to his alarmed assistant: "I do not think I shall die." *Without physical pain infancy would be maimed, or perish before experience could inform it of its changes.* Lord Kames advises parents to cut the fingers of their children "sunningly" with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the same glee that they cut a stick, and burn them in the candle with the same delight that they burn a piece of paper in the fire. *Without pain we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frame, or our exertions to its powers of endurance.* In the impetuosity of youth, we should strike blows that would crush our hands, and break our arms; we should take leaps that would dislocate our limbs; and no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles needed repose, we should continue our sports and our walking tours till we had worn out the living tissue, with the same unconsciousness that we now wear out our coats and our shoes. *The very nutriment which is the support of life would frequently prove our death.* Mirabeau said of a man who was idle as he was corpulent, that his only use was to shew how far the skin would stretch without bursting. Without pain, this limit would be constantly exceeded, and epicures, experiencing no uneasy sensations, would continue their festivities until they met with the fate of the frog in the fable, which was ambitious of emulating the size of the ox. Sir Charles Bell mentions the case of a patient who had lost the sense of heat in his right hand, and who, unconscious that the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its proper

place, to the destruction of the skin of the palm and the fingers. This of itself would be an accident of uncommon occurrence if the monitor were wanting which makes us drop such materials more hastily than we pick them up. Pain is the grand preserver of existence, the sleepless sentinel that watches over our safety, and makes us both start away from the injury that is present, and guard against it carefully in the time to come.—*American paper.*

SUMMER GONE

Small wren, mute pecking at the last red plum,
Or twittering idly in the yellowing hough
Fruit-sampled, over thy forsaken haun,
Birdie, that seems to come
Telling, we too have emptied our year's store,
Summer is o'er:

Poor robin, driven in by rain-storms wild
To lie submissive under household eaves,
With beating heart that no love understand,
And scared eye, as a child
Who only knows that he is all alone,
And summer's gone:

Fall leaves, sent flying wide—a frightened host,
On which the wolfish wind outbore, at last
The tender forms that lived in summer air:
Till taken at this shock,
They, like frail hearts whose sudden gladness by,
Whirl—sink—and die:

All these things, earthy, of the earth, is told
This earth's continual story: we bring
Unto another country, and our song
Shall be no mortal knell,
Though all the year's tale, as our year ends in
Mourning, 'Summer's past!'

O love immortal! O eternal youth;
Whether in budding nooks it sits and sings,
As hundred poets of a hundred spring;
Or slaking passion-droth
Out of the wine-press of affliction, you
Godward, through woe.

O youth undying! O perpetual love!
With these, by winter fireside we'll sit down,
And wear our snows of honour like a crown,
And sing as in a grove,
Where all the fall nests ring with vocal cheer—
'Summer is here.'

Roll round, strange years: swift come, and soon
go;

Ye brand upon us only an outward sign,
Ye cannot touch the inward and divine
Which God knows—and we know:—
Sealed, until summers, winters, all shall come
In His great peace.

Therefore, uprize, ye winds, and howl your will;
Beat, beat, ye sobbing rains, on pane and dew,
Enter, slow-footed age; and then, obscure
Grand angel—not of ill,
Come thou but once, and then, where'er thou comest,
Glad, we'll go home.

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BEING AND PROFESSING.

THROUGH what principle in human nature is it that people so often do themselves injustice in their outward semblances and their professed opinions? We generally hear of our fellow-creatures being addicted to making their outsides fair, while their secret thoughts, designs, and wishes, are far otherwise. But the converse is also a common experience.

You will meet a Calvinist and an Arminian on the same day, and be surprised to reflect that the former is the more amiable man of the two. Yielding to what he thinks an irresistible logic, he, so far from carrying it out regarding his fellow-creatures in his own behaviour to them, has a face of geniality to all, and is a universal benefactor. One could almost suppose that, just because he does profess a stern creed, he the more feels himself called upon to prove that it does not chill his heart—whereas the Arminian is under no such call. Or it may be that, secretly having some misgivings as to that universal pardon which his own heart would extend, he feels as if there were some balm for him in supposing that another and higher Power will be less relenting. It may be partly in both ways that the strange contradiction arises. Perhaps the phenomenon of the 'best-natured man with the worst-natured muse' is of the same character—a remorseful and self-reproaching complaisance 'taking it out' in a little occasional quiet satire.

One of the most remarkable contradictions between personal behaviour and theory ever known, was in the case of the celebrated Mr Malthus. The harshness of his doctrine (however true) towards the affections of poor human nature, was what we all know. Men used to figure him, in consequence, as a sour, stoical old bachelor, who could have calmly looked on while starvation and pestilence were checking off the supernumeraries of creation. But the real Mr Malthus, as we know from the reports of those who knew him, was an amiable, gentle-natured country parson, who grew old in the sunshine of a fireside which his worth and kindness had blessed. He would have been precisely the last man in the world to interfere harshly with the tastes and enjoyments of others, or to order any one away from nature's feast, or any other feast, as a person for whom there was no platter. He whose name has been worked into the language as expressive of the undesirableness of children, was fond of children, and beloved by them, as usual, in return. It would have been a curious study for any one who knew him intimately, to trace what it was in his mind that suggested to

him, and enabled him to maintain so pertinaciously, a dogma which mankind in general have viewed with a kind of horror. Perhaps the very unconsciousness of unkind feeling towards his fellow-creatures was what enabled him to take up his unkind doctrine; a colder man might have distrusted himself, fearful it might be an emanation of his severity of temper, for which he would get into discredit.

State parties, and individual politicians professing patriotic views ought, in consistency, to be the most kind and beneficent in their personal acts; while the partisans of strong government might be expected to prove tyrants in their own circles. But there is a notorious remark to precisely the contrary purport—namely, that the professors of patriotism and philanthropy are often more exacting, arbitrary, and harsh in their private conduct than the most high-flying Tories. Is it that the former can satisfy the calls of conscience in the case by the profession and the advocacy, and, feeling as if no more were wanting, do no more accordingly, but rather feel themselves entitled to be a little sour now and then; while the Tories, sensible that their doctrine would subjugate the people (for their own good), are under a call to shew that, with this severity on their lips, they can be practically beneficent—willing, shall we say, to do every imaginable thing for their fellow-creatures but trust them with the power of doing anything for themselves?

There again is that strange, deep remark of Swift, that nice people are people of filthy ideas. It is a satire on refinement, surely in the main unjust; but there are certainly some people of great external nicety, whose inner minds, as occasionally appears in their conduct, are far from being cleanly. Probably it is that, sensible of the fault, they fly for solace to the exemplification of the opposite. They are nice through mere antagonism to their want of true purity.

In one of the personal narratives of the siege of Lucknow, it is stated that many of the persons formerly most noted for their courtesy and good-manners, proved, in the exigencies of the time, uncommonly selfish; while amongst people who had been thought rude and rather rough, there were many bright examples of self-sacrificing kindness. Is it to be believed that men put on virtues *because* they have them not, only speak of sincerity when they are shamming, and will even be deceivers in their faults?

I must confess to a disrelish for perfect characters, or persons who are always straining up to some uncommon pitch of correctness in some particular point. When I find an uneasy, restless, unsatisfiable

eagerness about being good, I always fear that the goodness may not prove solid or lasting, or that it may be accompanied by error in some other quarter, more than down-weighting it. The really worthy people are those who make little din or fuss about either their own conduct or other people's. The truth is, to be over-conscious of sin is itself sin—with genuine innocence you might live an age and never hear of iniquity. So also I feel it to be a kind of reproach to speak much of a country as a very moral country. It seems to imply that there is some unusual sense in that country of propensities to be struggled with, or of rewards to be gained by suppressing or appearing to suppress them. Such a country may always reasonably be suspected of being in reality worse in some points than its neighbours. Our friend, Major Truefitt, is so much impressed with this view, that he is always solicitous of defending his native country of Scotland from the charge of being a specially moral country. He insists that it shews as much reckless imprudence in commerce, as much erratic amatory enthusiasm, as high a degree of bacchanalian extravagance, as any country under the sun. He calls on you to look at its Darien expeditions and Stuart rebellions in the past, its Western Banks, its returns of births and of 'gallons entered for home consumption' in the present, and say whether that country can be fairly accused of any suspicious amount of either prudence or external morality. There may be a few people constantly crying out, Let us be moral; but you must not on that account fix a stigma upon the whole population.

A tremendous problem every now and then occurs amongst us; a man turns out to be a frightful cheat and defaulter, or a dreadful profligate, who had for a long course of years appeared as a person of profound piety and entire worth. The ordinary—we might say the vulgar pronouncement on the subject is, that the man was all along a feigner of good qualities and sound opinions and duties—a successful hypocrite. A more candid and analytical view would admit some shade of sincerity even in this wretched sinner. We must remember how much we can impose on ourselves; what struggles there are in us between good and evil inclinations; how natural a resource it is for the erring to try to make some consolation and atonement out of good intentions, blind gropings at rectitude, desires to see that advanced which may at least save others. There really is no authentication for one-third of the hypocrisy or insincerity which we commonly speak of as existing in the world. In other words, the possibility of a life-long speciosity, or keeping up of appearances opposite to the reality, has never been proved. Human nature would break down under any such appearances in a very short time, if there were not a support in that palpable unmistakable power we have of self-deception, of believing that we believe, of apologising for the want of deeds by emotions, and disguising the selfishness of our opinions under fair pretences.

Ordinary people are so much in the habit of judging of historical persons by the bearing of the acts of these persons on their own convictions, that it is difficult for them to read history in any other light. Thus, one whom we call a persecutor will always appear as a monster of wickedness, while any one whom we call a martyr will equally seem to have an indefeasible claim upon our admiration. Yet it is perfectly certain that many persecutors have been excellent men. It is a remark of Neander, that the best Roman emperors, as Marcus Aurelius and Julian, opposed Christianity, while the more profligate bearers

of the purple refrained from molesting it. And it is easy to see how this might be. It being granted that a certain doctrine is of the highest consequence for the ultimate happiness of men, and a departure from it equally fatal, it irresistibly follows with a well-wishing man, unrestrained as men heretofore have been by any foresight of counteracting evils, that it will appear worth while to destroy a heterodox few in order to save the faith of the many. Thus it is, indeed, that persecution is always a strictly logical crime. But it is more. It always has a good end in view, and may therefore well be the fault of good men. It is only when its bad results are seen, or men begin to fear for the responsibility they incur in acting out such dreadful things on merely an assurance of themselves being right and others wrong, that persecution is allowed to cease.

A few ideas are here thrown out with a view to suggesting fruitful trains of thought in the reader. If he will only follow them out, I do not doubt that he will come to see cause for taking a great number of things in a different light from that in which they first strike the eye of the observer. Let him find a useful exercise in looking below the seeming and the professed for the real, even though it shock a few of his most respectable old prejudices.

A VISIT TO THE CHOCTAWS.

Down the Mississippi moves the steamer; onward, onward, never resting, never tiring. In vain the primeval forests on the banks stretch towards us their hundred arms, as if to draw us into their dark mysterious depths. Onward speeds the restless vessel, neither stopping to afford us a fuller view of those gigantic hickory-trees and sycamores that lift their heads so high above their brother-giants of the forest, nor of those lovely groups of cotton-wood that throw the shadow of their long branches far across the stream; nor to let us pay a flying-visit to the cozy log-houses which here and there peep forth from amid the verdure on the banks of the little tributaries, which gush forth to mingle their waters with those of the 'great father of rivers;' nor even to let us call one flower from the beautiful islets which stud his broad bosom. Not until we reach Fort Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas, do the splashing wheels relax. Here, those who, like ourselves, are bound for the 'far west,' descend from the majestic Mississippi steamer into humbler craft of the same kind, which, grown too old for active service, are moored off the little town, and serve not only as landing-wharfs, but as warehouses and hotels.

With such poor accommodation to tempt us, we will not dwell long in this hot, swampy place, swarming with mosquitoes, but embark again on the swelling waters of the Arkansas, and follow its course upwards towards the west. With surprise we witness the rapidly increasing depths of the water in this river. Yesterday, the loamy banks might be seen rising high above the level of the stream; to-day, the waters, which have assumed a darker and more reddish hue, lave the roots, and even the stems of the trees that fringe the banks; and rushing onward with unfettered speed and energy, have bank up enormous heaps of snags; there break down barricades of a similar kind, which it has taken ten years to build; or uproot trees still standing, and carry them off triumphantly, as a tribute to the Mississippi. Soon, however, the decreasing quantity

of drift-wood shews that the waters are again receding; and in a little while the banks again rise high above them; and the stream becomes so shallow, that it requires a steady hand to guide the vessel safely past the numerous shoals and snags that obstruct its path.

Who shall describe the wondrous beauty of the primeval forests on these banks; the sublime majesty, the exalted repose of nature, as yet untouched by the hand of man; the legions of grasses and of herbs, of shrubs, and creeping plants, whose myriads of flowers form a chaos of colour that dazzles the eyes of the enchanted beholder; the numberless forest-trees, grouped together in families, whose leafy crowns, varying from the tenderest to the deepest green, present an unbroken picture of delicious freshness; for ancient moss-covered stems, that lift their branches high above the impenetrable underwood, and have seen hundreds of summers, seem as full of life and vigour as the young saplings, sprung from their seed, which grow under the protection of their shadow. As yet, the sound of the busy paddles but rarely disturbs the silence of these solitudes, and the various denizens of the forest have not yet learned to dread the approach of man. With fearless curiosity the stag gazes at the passing steamer; while the parrot, undisturbed, climbs chattering from branch to branch; the purple head of the wild turkey is thrust forth inquisitively from amid the foliage of the low brushwood; and the black bear, bathing in the stream, raises himself on end, and blinks his little eyes good-naturedly at the approaching leviathan, until, annoyed by the large waves raised by it in its passage, he shakes his shaggy coat, and trots grumbling into the thicket.

Between four and five hundred miles the steamer passes up the Arkansas amid this imposing scenery, a few small clearings, at far-distant intervals, shewing where alone the hand of man has touched the primeval forest; and not until we reach Little Rock, the capital of the state of Arkansas, do we come upon evidence of that constant progress of the white race westward, which is almost yearly adding new states to the territories of the stripes and stars. But our visit is not to these new rulers of the American continent; we are in quest of the red man, the ancient lord of the western world—of the red man, not in the degraded state to which too many of his race have been reduced by the civilisation, which for nearly three hundred years has been hunting them like noxious animals from place to place, giving them nothing in return for the lands of which it deprived them, but the vices bred in its populous cities, and the 'fire-water' that maddens the Indian, and gives tenfold intensity to all his worst passions—but of the red man such as he has become when at last left in quiet possession of some of the loveliest tracts of his native land, free to borrow the aids of civilisation as he may require them. Therefore, not at this little capital will we dwell, but continuing our course up the Arkansas, we will speed past the Dardanel rock, on which still towers the tall tree that of yore served the Indians as a watch-tower—past the Bee Rocks, in whose clefts and crevices myriads of wild-bees have found a home perhaps for thousands of years—past the friendly little town of Van Buren, spread out in an open smiling valley, till we reach Fort Smith, where the Potomac falls into the Arkansas. Here we land on Indian territory, though not yet among the Indians, for Fort Smith is an American town, full of American ideas and notions, and though situated in the midst of an unpeopled but blooming wilderness, is already coalescing upon forming an important station on the railway which ere long shall unite the gold-fields of the Pacific with the commercial ports on the Atlantic.

Lovely, indeed, is the spot in which Providence has allowed the Choctaws at length to find rest for the soles of their feet, and to prove that the race of the red man is, as little as any other of God's children, absolutely incapable of civilisation. Above Fort Smith, and more especially from the point where the Canadian falls into the Arkansas, the country becomes diversified by numerous small prairies, which break the monotony of the forest scenery, while mountains rear their heads around. Sugar-loaf Mount, the Cavanian Mountains, and the Sans Bois Mountains, enclose narrow valleys of surpassing beauty and fertility. Fields, spangled with flowers of the most gorgeous hues, invite the sower to confide to them the seed that produces the staff of life, and promise a hundredfold in return for his labour. Numberless rivulets that run to meet the larger streams diffuse a delicious freshness through the air in summer; and the neighbouring mountains and impenetrable forests shut out the cold blasts in winter. And amid these lovely scenes the traveller needs no longer start back at the sound of the rustling foliage, fearing to see an arrow or a tomahawk speeding to arrest his life, or the blood-thirsty eyes of an Indian or a panther glaring at him from the bushes. The tomahawk has been exchanged for a sickle, the wild warhoop for the joyous call of the huntsman; and where bears and panthers used to roam as monarchs of the forest, now browse peaceful herds, that furnish wholesome food for an industrious population. As a welcome guest, the stranger may wander from farmstead to farmstead, sure to find a red hand held out to greet him, a plenteous meal to satisfy his hunger, and a comfortable bed to repose in, and in many cases an intelligent companion to converse with; for well-being and even riches are not uncommon among these agricultural tribes of Indians; and in localities where the tattooed warrior not very long back knew no better how to record his vague thoughts and wild imaginings, than by grotesque hieroglyphics traced upon tanned hides, there the civilised Indian now reads newspapers in his native language, and sends his sons to the schools of the far east.

The territory occupied by the Choctaw Indians, who, according to Catlin, number at present 22,000, stretches southward from the Arkansas to the Canadian river, and borders on the east on the state of Arkansas; on the south, on the territory of the Chickasaws; on the west, on that of the Creeks; and on the north, on the lands of the Cherokees—all of which tribes have attained a similar degree of civilisation, and at present differ very little from each other. Previous to their settlement in these regions, the Choctaws inhabited the rich hunting-grounds in the states of Alabama and Mississippi, which were purchased of them by the United States government, for a sum to be paid in yearly instalments, spread over a period of twenty years; which term is now nearly expired, the money having returned into the hands of the white men, without having conferred much benefit on the red. But, according to their own traditions, the migrations of the Choctaws began long before the arrival of the white men in the western world. 'Many, many winters ago,' they say, 'the Choctaws dwelt far away towards the setting sun, far beyond the great flowing water (the Missouri), behind the snowy mountains (Rocky Mountains). A great medicine-man was their chief. He led them forth each day, walking in front of them with a long red staff in his hand. Wherever he struck his staff in the ground, there they pitched their tents; but each morning the staff was found inclining towards the rising sun. This, said the medicine-man, was a sign that they must continue their wanderings; but when they came to a place where the staff remained upright in the ground, that would indicate that there the Great Spirit

would have them dwell; that there they should have their home. For a long, long time, they continued their wanderings, until at length they came to a place called Nah-ni-wa-go (sloping hill), where the staff remained upright in the ground. There they settled, and built a large camp, one mile long and one mile broad. The men dwelt on the outside, the women and children in the middle; and Nah-ni-wa-go is to this day considered the centre of the old Choctaw nation.

To the fertility of the country, which gives rich harvests in return for very little labour, and to the softening influences of the climate, more than to the endeavours of the white race, is to be attributed the transformation of these nomadic savages into civilised agriculturists; yet it must be allowed that the American government has of late years shown itself truly solicitous to promote the welfare of the Indians; and it is around one of the agencies founded to protect the various tribes from the encroachments of the white squatters, that has grown up what we may denominate the capital of the Choctaws, the little town called Hei-to-to-wa by the Indians, and Sculleville, or simply 'the Agency,' by the Americans. Hei-to-to-wa is fourteen miles from Fort Smith. The road, passing through the beautiful valley of the Arkansas, leads us first to Fort Coffee, very prettily situated on an eminence on the bank of the river. This fort, built thirty years ago as a defence against the Indians, has now been converted into a school for Indian boys, who, to the average number of fifty at a time, are educated here under the superintendence of a Methodist missionary, paid by the American government. Well-cultivated fields of corn and maize surround the fort. Negro slaves are busy at their various occupations, and merry, black-eyed, copper-coloured archers are at play in the gardens. The distance from the school to the Agency is five miles. At first, the road skirts a great prairie; then, after a time, turns into the forest-land again; and here we soon come upon clearings in which the carefully tilled fields and comfortable log-houses, surrounded by vigorous young fruit-trees, announce the approach of the Indian town. Hei-to-to-wa, however, though called a town, consists of but one broad street, formed of log-houses, with gardens attached, and rather bears the appearance of a happy bustling village, in which Indians, negroes, and whites—the latter mostly married to Indians—are seen moving about in perfect harmony. The sound of the thrashing-falls from the barn-yards, the noise of numerous forges, the bellowing of cattle, and the barking of dogs, tell of happy industry and general well-being, while the numbers of persons in the street indicate that something unusual is going on. Our visit indeed happens to be coincident with a gathering of the chiefs at Sculleville, which has made the Indians flock in from the neighbouring farms, and has filled to overflowing the boarding-house, which, in true American fashion, has been got up in the town, more especially for the accommodation of Indian fathers and mothers who may wish to visit their daughters who are at school in Hei-to-to-wa, where there is an establishment for Indian girls similar to that for boys at Fort Coffee. Indian women, no longer held among the Choctaws in that degrading bondage which made them the slaves rather than the companions of their husbands, have accompanied the latter to the meeting, for games and pastimes of all kinds diversify these assemblies, and you may see these ladies—for we suppose we must no longer call them squaws—in numbers in the streets, like their better-halves, clad in European attire, but in colours the excessive gaudiness of which indicates a half-civilised taste, and with a quantity of that pretty bead-work and straw-work ornamentation

about their dress, which shows that, with the savagery of Indian life, they have not abandoned its arts.

At the western extremity of the town is a warehouse, in front of which runs a slightly elevated gallery, which serves as the public tribune of the Choctaws. Round this tribune, under the lovely summer sky, assemble, towards evening, all the Indians who have flocked together in Hei-to-to-wa to listen to the wisdom of their congregated chiefs. The first who takes the word has evidently come from a distance. He is not a half-naked tattooed viceroy, with his head encircled by a crown of many-coloured feathers, but a stalwart farmer, clad in a travel-suit, fantastically shaped cotton garment, with a broad-brimmed brown hat on his head; but what is wanting in the splendour of his attire he makes up for by native dignity of manner and by a *swode* that makes an American who is standing by, and who understands not one syllable of what is spoken, exclaim in perfect sincerity: 'Well, hitherto I have thought the English was the most beautiful language, but hereafter I shall give the palm to the Choctaw.' Chief after chief stands up in similar manner to deliver his opinions on the subjects mooted, and to indulge in that love of speechifying which is characteristic of their race; and with unflagging attention, the assembled multitude listens until dawn of day. In the same primitive manner as certain public affairs were discussed on the present occasion, the courts of justice are at all times held, the criminal being present, and, when sentence of death is pronounced, being despatched on the spot by means of a bullet.

In public assemblies of this kind the women take no part, though they may collect at a respectful distance outside the ring of male auditors; but at the public games, which are celebrated with a kind of religious reverence, they are interested spectators, and sometimes take part in the betting. These games, which are generally carried on in some great open prairie, have been handed down from generation to generation since times immemorial, and form a subject of so much national pride, that whatever the degree of civilisation he has attained, the Indian, on occasion of their celebration, throws off his cumbersome apparel, and painting himself from head to foot like his fathers of old, enters the arena to contend for honours which are ever dear to his heart. The principal and most widely diffused among these Indian games is that of ball or ring, to which some notion of 'medicine' or magical power is still attached. The mode of proceeding, when a public contest is to take place, is as follows: Two men, renowned for their dexterity, challenge each other for a trial of skill. The day of meeting is appointed, and messengers are sent out by each champion to enrol partisans on his side. These messengers proceed from settlement to settlement, and from house to house, mentioning the name of the chief combatants, and the day appointed for the contest; and those who promise to join, signify the fact by touching a highly ornamented staff, with a ring at one end, carried by the messenger—a ceremony considered so binding, that to fail after having performed it, is to cover yourself with dishonour. As every participator in the game is accompanied by all his relatives, half the nation or tribe may sometimes be found assembled on these occasions—those who do not take an active part indulging at least in the excitement of betting. When the contending parties have arrived in the prairie selected for the sport, tents are pitched, the ground is measured off, and each party erects on its side, 250 feet from the centre of the playground, two poles sixteen feet high, placed at a distance of six feet from each other, and connected at the top by a cross-pole. These arrangements are superintended by four elected umpires, to whom also are given in charge the various stakes and prizes.

consisting of horses, rifles, blankets, wearing-apparel, household furniture, &c., &c., and who spend the night in watching over them, singing dismal songs, and smoking pipes in honour of the Great Spirit. At sunset, the next day, the combatants appear upon the ground. With the exception of a short petticoat and a gaily embroidered belt, with a horse's tail dyed in brilliant colours attached and pendent behind, they are quite naked; but the absence of clothes is made up for by the paint, of every imaginable colour, with which their bodies are besmeared from head to foot. In their hands they hold sticks of some light kind of wood, with a ring at the end large enough to hold the ball, but not to let it pass through; and the game consists in trying to catch the ball in this ring, and to fling it through the poles. The party who first succeeds in making the ball pass a hundred times through the poles erected on its own ground, has won the game.

When the sun has set behind the forest, torches are lighted, and the players advance in procession towards the poles. Singing and howling, clattering their sticks against each other, and striking their drums, they dance around them, while the women, likewise moving in procession, take up their place in two long rows in the centre of the playground, where they also lift their voices in chorus, and rock their bodies to and fro, now resting on one foot, now on the other. In the meanwhile, the umpires sit smoking their pipes on the line of demarcation; and the night passes in revelry. At sunrise, a gunshot gives the signal for the games to commence. The ball is hurled high into the air by one of the umpires, the players rush forward from both sides to catch it in their rings; and with short intervals of repose, the game is kept up till sunset, perhaps to begin again the next day and the next.

Many of the Choctaws have accepted Christianity, but many still cling to their ancient faith, and more especially to its doctrine of the life hereafter—a fact which proves that the love of the wild forest-life is not yet quite extinct among them. According to their belief, the dead have to make a long journey westward until they reach a deep and rapid stream, beyond which are the hunting-fields of the blessed. This stream they must cross by a bridge made of the stem of a tall pine-tree, stripped of its bark, and smoothed and polished. The good proceed with firm and steady steps across the slippery bridge, and reach the blessed hunting-grounds, where the heavens are never clouded, where the air is always cool, and where they are endowed with new and everlasting youth, and spend their time in endless joy hunting and feasting. But bad men, when endeavouring to pass the narrow bridge, see the steep banks giving way, are seized by unconquerable giddiness, and precipitate themselves into the depths below. There the waters fall thundering from the rocks, and the whirlpool spinning them round and round, ever brings them back to the same spot, where the air is poisoned by the exhalations of dead fish, where the trees are dead and leafless, where snakes and toads revel in the slimy mud, where eternal hunger gnaws their entrails, and whence they endeavour in vain to climb up the steep banks to catch a glimpse of the abode of the blessed.

In the comfortable log-house, as in the rude wigwam, one of the chief delights of the Indian is to sit round the fire and listen to the legends of the past as they drop from the lips of the aged. Here is one of these legends, which, no doubt like many another myth, owes its origin to a name. Among the tribes incorporated with the Choctaw nation is one called the Crawfish Band. The story of its adoption the Choctaws tell as follows: 'In the beginning, the Crawfish Band lived in great caves, where for many

miles around there was no light. They had to find their way to the daylight through mud and morass, and to get back the same way. They looked like craw-fish, walked on hands and feet, did not understand what was said to them, and were very timid and fearful. The Choctaws often watched for them to speak to them, but they escaped into their holes. Once, however, the Choctaws cut off the way, and then they ran towards the neighbouring rocks, and disappeared in the clefts. The Choctaws then laid dry wood and twigs outside, and made a great fire and a great smoke, and in this way they drove out some of the Crawfish men. These they were kind to; they taught them to speak, and to walk on two legs; and they cut off their long nails, and plucked the hairs off their bodies, and then adopted them into their tribe. But many of the Crawfish men remain in the earth, where they live to this day in deep dark caves.'

Such is the lore with which the Choctaw diverts us while under his hospitable roof, and we would fain linger longer with these interesting children of the forest, who are gradually being converted into quiet dwellers in cities, but our time is out; and those who would know more about them and the neighbouring tribes, we must refer to Mr Möllhausen,* who has been our own guide.

A CHILD'S HOLIDAY.

I WAS seven years old, and hitherto, as I thought, I had lived a life of too much seclusion. A Boy of my age, forsooth, and to have seen so little of the world—it was discreditable! We lived in London, and yet—would it be believed?—with the exception of Pantomimes, the performances of Conjurers and Ventriloquists, and other childish exhibitions of the like nature, I was wholly ignorant of Metropolitan enjoyments. Even to the scenes I have mentioned, my Father and Mother had accompanied me—a circumstance which materially detracted from that pleasurable sense of self-importance, which made itself by that time felt within me pretty strongly. I had been to the Tower without them, to be sure, and had experienced considerable satisfaction from an interview, upon equal terms, with a Beefeater, and an undisturbed and protracted contemplation of some phlegmatic horsemen in complete armour; but even then, our Butler was behind me; and I think I caught him once in the very act of a derisive smile. The fact was clear, that I was not allowed sufficient liberty. I, the heir of the house, was scarcely less in leading-strings than my little brother, a small boy of five years old. It became obvious to me that such a state of things was not to be endured. It was absolutely attempted upon one occasion (I relate it with shame), to induce me to accompany that youth, with a couple of nursemaids, in a walk in Kensington Gardens. A dishonourable spectacle, which the good people, however, (I refer to my parents,) had the prudence not to insist upon my exhibiting. I protest I would almost as soon have been seen in Regent Street, inside a Perambulator.

On my seventh birthday, I entertained a select party of young gentlemen—at Dinner? Nothing of the sort, my Public, I assure you. At *Tea and Cake*, and a supper to follow, principally composed of bonbons. A mere Juvenile Party, whereat my small

* *Reise von der Mississippi nach den Küsten der Südes von Baldwin Möllhausen. Leipzig: 1858.*

brother and some of his little friends made themselves most uncommonly ill with certain ornamental devices which looked in their childish eyes to be good to eat. It was on the morning which succeeded this very mild entertainment that I determined to throw off the yoke in earnest, and assume that independence to which my years entitled me. The epoch was peculiarly fitting; while the circumstance of my having received the sum of five shillings from my grandmother upon the preceding evening, gave me the pecuniary means of commencing life upon my own account.

I determined to pay a visit to the then newly opened exhibition called the *Panopticon* (stigmatised classically, since its total failure, as the *All-my-Eye*), and to do so independently of Father, Mother, Butler, Nurse-maid, or any other such degrading companionship. I had heard people discoursing of it, and understood that it was a long way off; but how far, or in what direction, or even what sort of a place it was when one got there, I was profoundly ignorant. Therefore, for convenience' sake, I thought I would do a bit of patronage, and take some person with me who should be better informed. The idea which first crossed me, of treating the Policeman who patrolled our square to this entertainment, I put aside at once, as savouring of protection and dependence: the Crossing-sweeper, I felt convinced, would never part with his Broom, and I had a sense of propriety which revolted at the notion of being connected with an instrument of that kind in the public streets: the same reason prevented me from making overtures to the Baker's young man, whom I had never beheld divorced from his gigantic basket: while the Butcher-boy, who dressed in blue, and wore an unseemly weapon outside that garment, was of course even still more open to objection.

At last, I remembered that when our boots required any coddling, short of a new sole or upper leather, we had sometimes been taken into a back-street in the neighbourhood to a certain humble son of Crispin, in order that he might see what they required before he sent for them to the house; and this person had a very good-natured son. I was certain of that, because the young man, upon an occasion of my having been knocked down by a passing cab, had carried me in his arms in the most delicate and feeling manner possible; and had been so wrapped up in my misfortune—just as if I had been a mere child—that he had quite forgotten to take down the number of the cab, with a view of 'summoning' it, which was the idea, when I returned to consciousness, that immediately occurred to me.

It was to this person, therefore, I determined to apply. But before I left our house, which I did about five minutes after my father had set out for his chambers, I left a few lines—by help of a chair—upon the Dining-room mantel-piece, for my mother (where I knew that she must needs find them in a few hours), to state briefly, the circumstances of my self-emancipation, and also the place where I was gone.

'MY DEAR MAMMA—I AM NOW in my eighth year and grown up. You will not be therefore astonished, or, I hope, displeased, that I am gone out to-day, as Papa does, without anybody to take care of me. It is quite impossible to say where I may be going; there are so many things to be visited, you see, my dear mamma; but I intend in the first instance to turn my steps towards the *Panopticon* (or something like that). Your affectionate son, ROBERT (not BOWEN).

'P.S. If I am not back at the children's dinner-hour, they are not to wait, please.'

I left that letter on the mantel-piece; put on my Sunday hat and my best gloves; selected from the stand one very enormous green umbrella, which I judged would give a sort of finish to my appearance, and establish me as one of mature years in the public eye; then I opened the street-door with great difficulty, and leaving it open—since I could not by any means shut it—took the first street to the right hand, with the lounging air of a thorough man about town; the only drawback being that I had to tell that green umbrella behind me, which, of course, was far too big for me to carry otherwise. I found the old bootmaker at home, who seemed surprised as well as delighted to see me. He was sitting cross-legged upon his chair and with no shoes on, as was his habitual custom; but he made a pretence of shifting his feet about as though he would have found his shoes—in token of respect—although he and I both knew that they were not in the room. I said, in a condescending but off-hand manner, that I did not require his services, but those of his son, whom I had taken it into my head to treat that day with a visit to the *Panopticon*. While some one was despatched for this young gentleman, I passed the interval, instead of compromising my dignity by conversation, in endeavouring to introduce the large knob of the umbrella into my mouth, a feat which was at length crowned with success, and afforded me much pleasure. There I stood—and I think I can see myself at it now—with this enormous green excrescence growing, as it were, out of my interior, unable to speak, and scarcely to breathe, but filled with a sense of self-importance which would have sustained me under even more trying circumstances; and there sat the cobbler and his myrmidon, evidently enraptured by my appearance and manner, and hardly proceeding with the business they had on hand.

I was presently released from this ignominious position by the arrival of Crispin the younger. He was a faded, washed-out, rather unhealthy-looking young man of about seventeen, with a silver brooch in his lilac cravat, and a soiled yellow waistcoat, festooned with an enormous chain of mosaic gold. His mother, who was very fond of him—and he was a good son, I am very sure, and more dutiful than some I wot of, who dress with better taste—treated him to those little elegances with a pride equal to that with which he wore them. His eyes were very weak, but good-natured looking; and his legs, which were very thin for so big a lad, were wicker enough.

He declared himself to be quite ready to accompany me to the *Panopticon*, and suggested, as he knew the way to it, that he had perhaps better walk before instead of behind me. I waived my social superiority, however, altogether, and insisted upon our walking side by side. I daresay our conversation was not less interesting to ourselves, if less intellectual, than that of any other couple of persons parading that day, in the same direction. I confided to him the harrowing secret of how I had once inadvertently smothered a dormouse which I kept in a lozenge-box, by putting him—with the best intentions—too near the fire. So he in return described how his mother had packed in that very brooch which he then wore, at an auction in Tottenham Court Road—a bargain.

We soon arrived at the Moorish Palace in Leicester Square, and I paid with pride the two shillings out of my own pocket which admitted us both within the Hall of Splendour. I listened with grim delight to the lecturers upon Conjuring, who exposed the arts of those charlatans who had cheated my infant years.

And afterwards, when young Crispin endeavoured to make me believe that the little man at the keys of the huge organ produced with his fingers all that delicious thunder, I bade him be quiet, because that time was past when I was child enough to credit such a thing. I did not care much for the glass-blowing, and still less for the patent sewing-machines: but I was enchanted beyond measure by the man in the diving-helmet in the long glass Box full of water. How I longed to smash one side of it with the ferrule of my green umbrella, and see how the water would rush out at the hole, and leave him stranded at the bottom in a twinkling; but of course such a proceeding was not to be ventured upon except in imagination. Young Crispin and I had spent hours in this place, and yet I don't think we were either of us weary. Only we had had too many Banbury Cakes and glasses of cherry-brandy at the refreshment-stall, not to feel a little bit drowsy, and inclined to sit down. So we chose a seat in the uppermost gallery, from which we could look down upon all things, and up to which there came from beneath all manner of pleasant sounds: the hum of the huge Organ, the splash of the falling water of the Fountain in the centre, the distant whirr of machinery, and the murmur of conversation from the crowd who perambulated the beautiful building. Young Crispin, under these dreamy influences, succumbed so far as actually to go off in a sort of doze. His weak legs having found a resting-place, his weak eyes took advantage of the fact to close in slumber. I myself, I thought, was far above any such degradation. Tired at two o'clock in the afternoon of my first day of independence? Never! I leaned forward upon the rail, however, which overlooked the scene beneath, and having hung my enormous green umbrella upon the same, outside—not knowing where else to put it, out of the way—I sucked and sucked at the great knob of it, and watched the people crossing and recrossing beneath, or looked down into the depths of a magnificent glass vivarium, which lay immediately beneath, but at a vast distance, filled with all sorts of gleaming fishes and wenders of the deep. I stared at these till I scarcely knew where I was. Presently the Fountain began to leap to a less lively measure, the Organ to have a tone less distinct and more soothing, the machinery to be set to a more monotonous air, the people to converse more like bees than human creatures. Gracious goodness, what was that! All on a sudden, I was set wide awake, and plunged in an ecstasy of horror, by the consciousness that the knob of that green umbrella had somehow wobbled out of my mouth, and that the whole thing was then descending straight upon the vivarium.

The total catastrophe could not have taken above half a minute, but it seemed to me to comprehend an age of agony. I watched the hideous incubus, like some monstrous and ill-omened bird, wend slowly upon its errand of destruction; I saw the people's upturned eyes concentrated upon me like one burning glass; I heard a scream of horror burst from the awakened Crispin, and then a tremendous crash, and outburst of a torrent of water, below. Hurrying feet upon the staircase, threats, imprecations, vows of vengeance, succeeded in a whirl of horror. Then I saw Crispin offering his silver brooch—that tremendous bargain—and mosaic gold chain in payment for the damage, and both these valuables refused with indignant scorn. At that sight I felt that I must needs have done a world of mischief indeed. At last—Beatific Vision!—I saw our own fat Butler with arms extended, and joyful face. He had been despatched by my distracted mother on the instant that my little note had been discovered, in the faint hope that he would find me safe at the Panopticon. She herself had gone to my father's chambers, and he to the police.

Notwithstanding my advanced age and independent

position, I was most unfeignedly glad to see this emissary, and to find myself—it's so long ago that I don't remember what became of Crispin—safe in the arms of my good people at home.

AN OPENING FOR BRITISH ENTERPRISE.

THE 2d of September inaugurated a new era in the history of British India. The government passed into the hands of the Queen. All honour to the East India Company! They had vanquished oriental potentates; they had given us an empire; in a few years they would have learned to vanquish their own prejudices, and in this latter conquest to have more closely knit India to Great Britain.

It is singular how inveterately the Company and their agents adhered to the antipathies of their earliest predecessors towards the Europeans who went to India for the purpose of earning a livelihood, or possibly achieving a fortune, without having previously covenanted to serve the Company. This, in its results, was the great blot upon the administration of India. In the midst of many great doings, it caused others of mighty consequence to be left undone. It tended to retard progress, and justifies the hope expressed in the first line of this article, that the 2d of September 'inaugurated a new era.'

There is such a thing, however, as a distinction without a difference. The new council is very like the old directors. What the Company did, the new council may be apt to approve; but there is this hope for us all, and we should rejoice to think it a guarantee—the new government of India is directly responsible to the House of Commons, and, in the fear of raising the ire of the legislature, may be disposed to change its policy towards what a Scotch member of parliament is fond of calling 'the independent element.' The scope for improvement in India is very wide. It will be a sin and a shame if the fullest encouragement be not given to Europeans to resort thither with their capital, their intelligence, their thwags and sinews. Down to 1838, adventurous men were scared with the apprehension of being deported to England if they offered the slightest offence to any member of the local governments. The story of Mr Buckingham, who was sent home, *vid China*, for presuming to censure some acts of the governor-general or the governor of Madras in the columns of his newspaper, the *Calcutta Journal*, is well known to the reader of the current history of India. But offences of a much milder dye than the alleged crime of Mr Buckingham were threatened with the condign punishment of deportation. A coachmaker at Bombay was contumelious in his bearing towards a secretary to government, who would not pay his bill. The secretary appealed to the governor and council for protection from the 'common European.' The Bombay gods trembled on their Olympus; but Jupiter Elphinstone, the governor, was magnanimous—he deemed interference *infra dig.*, and the tradesman was spared. Every man residing in India was, down to 1832, a misdeameant before the law if he had not proceeded thither armed with the indentures of a 'free merchant' or a 'free mariner,' reluctantly granted at the East India House; and these indentures or licences being liable to withdrawal by the local government, the 'nicest' offence jeopardised the liberty of the 'interloper.' Without the licence, he was obnoxious to banishment to England at a few hours' notice.

When the charter was renewed in 1833, the restriction upon the general resort of Europeans was removed. But every kind of encouragement to agricultural improvement was withheld—road-making was retarded—laws were enacted which rendered the

tenure of property uncertain; so that, after the lapse of twenty years, the Europeans settled in the Mofussil or interior of India are not more numerous than they were when the door was opened to their admission! 'A new era has been inaugurated.' The country craves such improvement as will enable it to enrich England, and enhance her importance and strength. The voice of the soil cries out for the labour that shall render every acre fruitful; the people are athirst for that elevation in the social scale which can only be wrought by European contact; and these demands will be complied with. The House of Commons, alive to its duty, has elicited, through the medium of a committee of its own members, a number of facts which, operating as the train communicating with a mine, have exploded and blown to atoms the fallacies which constituted the intrenchments and *châteaux de fer* of the old government. The native of Great Britain now should know that there are 'fresh fields and pastures new' open to his spirit of industry; and it behoves the press to direct his attention to a source of wealth so much more certain to yield good results than the richest mines of New Caledonia, although it may possibly demand a more patient effort. It will hardly be credited, but it is nevertheless an established fact, that in many parts of India the climate is *perfectly European*, and the land of wonderful fertility. In one part, 'the climate is infinitely superior to anything we have in England.'

We admit the general insalubrity of the plains of India; we grant there is no available arable land, even in the mountainous districts of Kumaon, the Panjab, the Deccan or Chota Nagpoor, the Coasiah and the Jynteah Hills; we do not refuse to believe that the valleys of the Panjab, the Eastern Dhoon, and Pegu, are injurious to the European constitution; we concede that in the Meerut division of the North-west Provinces, in Mysore, and in Lower Bengal, Europeans cannot safely labour in the open air. We assent to all these propositions, on the faith of the representations of *employés* of the East India Company; and yet, after this magnanimous string of concessions, we are prepared to show that myriads of acres of excellent land, in salubrious localities, invite the European to India.

Take, for instance, the Neilgherries, or Blue Mountains, north of the presidency of Madras. According to the testimony of a most experienced and conscientious officer, Captain John Ouchterlony, of the Madras Engineers, the climate, which is the first consideration, is 'infinitely superior to anything we have in England.' Its quality was tested by a Highland regiment—the 74th—which passed many months in the hills, the men being always engaged in the open air, assisting to build barracks, cultivating gardens, and brewing their own beer. Sickness was quite unknown among them. There are 200,000 acres of land in the Neilgherries available for farms or residences, and the soil is adapted to the growth of almost any European and every Asiatic kind of produce. Cotton, coffee, and tea may be grown in great quantities. There is a deficiency of wood-fuel; but peat is generally distributed over the entire range of the hill tract. It was discovered by an Irishman, who had an eye to the bogs. He reaped no reward for his discovery, but to the inhabitants it is a great benefit and blessing. A cart-load of nearly half a ton may be bought for a shilling. Of European productions, the most abundant are precisely those which are most needed, and their cultivation may be immensely extended. Potatoes, wheat, barley—for malting—hops, grasses for hay, and dairy produce for thousands of settlers, constitute the staples of the hills.

Next to the Neilgherries are the Himalaya. There is not much level ground in any part of those lofty

regions. A system of terracing is, however, resorted to, and the cultivation will admit of being greatly extended. At the lower part of the mountains, easily accessible from Calcutta, Dr Hooker reports that there are 'very great capabilities indeed' for the growth of tea. He describes the climate as 'exceedingly healthy' for Europeans, and is of opinion that their presence would tend to the creation of an immense trade between Tibet and India. Dr J. E. Martin, a man of great renown for his treatment of tropical diseases, is also much prepossessed in favour of the climate of the Himalaya, at an elevation of 4000 or 5000 feet above the level of the sea, and especially if the mountains be isolated. At the base of the Himalaya, and in plains of easy access to the mountains, there is wide scope for farms and settlements, over which Europeans could exercise control for several months in the year, basking themselves to the hills during the very hot weather, when other operations are suspended. Major-general Tremblay of the Bengal army is equally favourable to the climate, and speaks very confidently of the wonderful field presented in many parts of India for mining operations; and in this respect he is amply supported by Captain Ouchterlony. The country yields iron, tin, copper, coal, gold, and diamonds; but as yet it has been very little worked. In addition to the hilly districts above named, we may instance Nepal, Mynopot, the Pulooya, Shomoya, and Coorg—all presenting openings for capital.

In the plains of Hindostan, as well as the mountains, there appears to be a fine avenue for enterprise. The growth of cotton and sugar, coffee, hemp, wheat, and fifty other commodities, may be largely promoted by the aid of European capital applied to the introduction of a better system of agriculture. The application of science to agriculture has made such progress in Europe during the last half-century, that the extraordinary results produced are, says General Tremblay, 'a standing rebuke to all authorities connected with India, where not even a foot has been made in that direction.' The personal appearance of the indigo-planter is quite sufficient to establish the healthiness of an out-of-door life even in Lower Bengal, where hundreds of Europeans might be employed as overseers and agriculturists.

But it is not only as capitalists that Europeans will now find an ample field in India. The policy and incompetency of the natives of India have become so glaring, that the government, from a sense of duty to itself, as well as to the country, will henceforth readily accept the services of respectable natives of Great Britain. Their employment in the courts of law, and the superintending of the police over the country, will go a great way towards improvement in the administration of justice; and the union of native and European will become so much thoroughly identified by a large infusion of the latter wholesome agency in the direction of an extended system of internal communication. There is no denying that, rich as the soil of India may be, and cordially as it may invite the enterprising European to devote his time, his money, and his talent to the development of its resources, a great number of the number of roads and railways must rapidly take place. Nor is roads only; canals are needed, and a system of irrigation upon an extended scale. In many wide districts, irrigation is necessary to the cultivation of cotton, and cotton, to England, we know, everything. With these improvements, of which demand European labour, and some amendment in the administration of justice, India will soon offer to the intending emigrant of the middle class an almost boundless field of enterprise. He has only to arm himself with a resolution to lead a temperate life, avoiding spirituous liquors as much as possible.

and his chance of success in the country, under the new régime, will, in all likelihood, be very considerable.

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THE next two years of Mrs Armour's life were singularly peaceful and cheerful. Her school was thriving, her children well and happy, while, for the first time since she was married, there was nothing on her mind—no secret anxiety wearing her down.

And now it was that the schoolmaster thought of maturing his plan for crushing opposition, and for triumphantly bringing the enemy over to his own side.

Civil wars have been brought to a close, rent kingdoms restored, deeply seated feuds have been healed by a process similar to that contemplated by Mr Holiday. The rival Roses were blended in the persons of Elizabeth and Henry; Ferdinand and Isabella joined kingdoms when they joined hands; and the young and interesting members of the houses of Montague and Capulet meant to extinguish their ancient enmity in the same way, had not a tragic fate stepped in to prevent it: so that the man of authority had many precedents to encourage him, and went forward nothing doubting. Surprised, therefore, was the schoolmaster when the lady said 'No.'

Perhaps it was the man who was not attractive in Mrs Armour's eyes, perhaps the state of matrimony, perhaps both; but it was as we have written, and the poor man returned to his dwelling looking more glum than ever. It would not be matter for astonishment if Mr Holiday was a few degrees sharper and shorter than usual with his young friends for the next two or three days to come.

Ten years had revolved, and the anniversary of the day on which George Armour last crossed his threshold had come round. It was a Sunday—a mid-summer Sunday morning, still and hushed. Except perhaps a labouring-man taking a turn round his garden, and for once bending his back, not of necessity, but to admire his flowers, so rich and fragrant, or a horse being taken to a pond to drink, all was quiet and tranquil. The soft air made a gentle motion among the corn in the blade, and blew the dust from the green glossy leaves of the roadside hedges; the insects were out in the sun; and the birds—what glad, gleg, little, light-headed creatures they are (so handsome, and one would think they knew it), with their throats full of song, and their pin-head eyes glancing hither and thither like specks of living jet.

By and by, the country-people, as the villagers call them, come dropping in; young blooming women with showy ribbons, and flowers round their faces of a hue which cast even the carnation of their cheeks into the shade; sobered-down matrons, whose dressy days are over, with chubby tanned children keeping close behind them: these enter the church, and take their seats; while their fathers, husbands, and brothers stand about outside, talking, till they see the minister go in. One or two carriages, several gigs, and two or three carts—the last with cushions improvised by stuffing sacks with straw—drive into the village, and send their occupants to join the stream slowly flowing churchward. From corners of the village creep forth the aged poor—always more conspicuous in a country church than in a town one—the men with lyart affets and staff, and the coats which have gone in and out of the chest and the fashion for so many long years; and the little bent round-shouldered old women, with big black bonnets—affectingly decent—of a long-gone-by date, worsted shawls, and bunched umbrellas. From below thick white borders, the tile face of age peeps, seamed and withered. One

wonders how it has fared with them on their long rough pilgrimage; whether they have softened and mellowed, or grown hardened and embittered, since the time when they found their feet fast in mortal shoes, which there is no putting off except in that dark and narrow passage they must enter so soon.

At last the congregation are all in. The rich have got settled in their cushions—God knows they don't always recline on roses either, much as they are sometimes envied; the gentlemen have disposed of their hats, and drawn their fingers through their hair; the ladies have spread their skirts roomily, opened their richly bound Bibles, and have in hand their cut-crystal gold-stoppered smelling-bottles ready for a case of drowsiness; it being bad manners to sleep in church.

The poor have unwrapped their Bibles from white handkerchiefs, and laid their roses, sweet-william, southernwood, on the book-board, posies which (barring the southernwood) shed a perfume such as no bottle on the Queen's toilet-table could rival. There were plenty of middle-class people also, intelligent and sober-minded. Mrs Armour was present too. It would have been something extraordinary if she or her children had been missed from their accustomed seat. The windows of the church were all down, and the psalm—sung heartily, if not scientifically—floated out to join the universal hymn of nature.

The text was read and the sermon begun, when an unusual incident occurred.

The beadle was seen stepping up a passage on one side of the church, in the manner which he supposed least likely to attract attention, but which set all the children below, and still more those in the opposite gallery, who had him fully under their eyes, wondering whether it was a cat or a bird he wanted to catch for the purpose of instant ejection. But no; when he arrived at Mrs Armour's seat, he nudged the person sitting at the foot of it, and whispered a few words; that individual nudged and whispered the next, and so on till the message reached Mrs Armour, when, the seat being narrow, five people rose and stood in the aisle till she got out, much wondering what she could possibly be wanted for.

'It's a gentleman wantin' tae speak tae ye, Mrs Armour,' said the beadle. 'See!' and he pointed to Mrs Armour's house, 'there's a post-chaise at your door. I'm thinking he would come in it.'

And as he stopped speaking, Jennie saw her old Edinburgh acquaintance, Mr Boyd, make his appearance from round the corner of the church. He came up to her, looking rather sheepish.

'I daresay, Mrs Armour,' he began, 'ye'll wonder what's brought me here on a Sabbath forenoon; but the fact is, an auld friend cam in upon us yestreen very unexpected; he's been long abroad, an' this is his ain country; sae naething wad ser' him but he maun be out the day. He's no in very gude health, an' that maks folk restless, ye ken.'

Mr Boyd had run on thus far with a kind of nervous rapidity, and Mrs Armour felt surprised that he had called her out of the church for such a reason: they might have waited till the service was over, she thought.

Mr Boyd went on again: 'It's ten years sin' he's been at hame, Mrs Armour'—glancing at her black dress—'an' it's just ten years sin' I didna ken how tae tell ye that your gudeman had left ye; an' now'—he motioned his hand towards the chaise.

'Somebody that knew George,' said Mrs Armour; 'if he has anything good to tell of him, he will be welcome indeed.'

They had got nearly close to the carriage-door, when a head was put out, and there, haggard, thin, and blanched, Jennie again saw her husband's handsome face! She stood fixed to the ground.

He said: 'Jeanie, will ye take me in?'

All that she could gather strength to say was, 'Yes.'

The elderly ladies, her kinwomen, her promise to them, and her own wrongs, were all alike forgotten at that moment. Here was her husband probably destitute, apparently dying, and she did not see any other course open to her. Mr Boyd was close beside her. He had expected that she would faint, or scream, or do something out of the ordinary way; so, greatly relieved, he patted her on the shoulder and said: 'That's a woman.'

This remark of his, or rather exclamation, embodied the entire philosophy and explanation of the thing: none of us men could have done it; but women, as Mr Boyd said to himself, as he took a turn along the road after seeing them into the house—'women are curious beings; it's a question now but she makes more of him than if he had stayed at home all the time and done his duty.'

However, greatly pleased with the issue of his journey, he soon re-entered the chaise, and left them to themselves.

Now, our readers—at least the feminine portion of them—are sure that we have nothing more to say than that George Armour returned home a wiser and a better man; that native air and good nursing restored him to health; and that he did all that in him lay to atone to his wife and children for past misconduct. We shall see.

But how had these ten years been spent?

CHAPTER IV.

During eight years, he had been tossing from one state of the American Union to another, sometimes working industriously, and hoarding his wages penuriously, then herding with the vile, and losing both his senses and his money in intoxication and riot; having to stand the wild and wicked jests of the crew he was among, upon the latter loss, which they knew gave him sore distress. This troubled him, but his conscience did not. Regret for anything he had done, or was doing, he did not know, except when sin brought suffering on him in his own person. On the contrary, he valued himself upon the fact that he was not so bad as some others.

Then came the news which roused all the more intelligent and adventurous blackguardism of the world.

There was gold in California, gold to be had for the lifting. At the first blush of this intelligence, George Armour, in company with bands of the reckless and the wicked, set out for the land of gold. Gold! gold! already he felt his hands clutching it, his fingers closing on it. The floating scum of every city of Europe set in for the golden centre. The multitudes dwelt in tents. Tents are suggestive of an age of innocence and wandering shepherd-life, or of a well-drilled and disciplined military array—but these tents sheltered crimes of every dye under heaven. George Armour was not behind. He gathered gold, he drank; he gambled, and went gold-seeking again. This life of alternate exposure and riot began to tell on his constitution, originally strong, and which, in a different course of conduct, and with ordinary care, might have served him to the utmost limits of man's life.

It was rough nursing any one got at the diggings; and even the necessities of life, in no long time, rose to an enormous price. So, shaken as he was, George Armour resolved to try his luck once again; and if he succeeded, to keep his own counsel and his gold, and make for home. He was lucky, even beyond his expectations; and he no sooner landed in England than he embarked his capital in freighting a ship with the stores most needed at the gold-fields. By this venture, he became rich.

He hung about England for a time, but not getting better—but, if anything, rather worse—he came to Edinburgh, and consulted medical men there. They told him that, by strict temperance and regularity, he might have a chance for his life; but that otherwise, it was all over with him. If it is come to that, thought he, I may as well go home. This thought led him to seek Mr Boyd, and inquire of him as to his wife's whereabouts; and hence his arriving, as we have seen, at her door on that Sunday forenoon.

If he had any feeling of shame at all, when he entered his wife's home, it was very faint indeed. He still believed in himself as being a much better man than many he had known; and when he asked Jeanie if she would take him in, it was more by way of saying something of an introductory kind, than that he thought it was a necessary question. He had no doubt that she would only be too glad to see him again; and he gave her a sketch of his history, not containing any of the more glaring facts, which we have only hinted at, but filled in with sundry cock-and-bull stories, calculated to leave the impression that he was rather an exemplary character than otherwise—which indeed was his own conviction.

She believed his account; but in a few days found that, whatever of hardship he had undergone, he had returned the same selfish and exacting man; and that if, as he said, he had made money, he was determined to part with as little of it as possible.

The school had to be given up; he could not hear it. Miss Bogle and Miss Elder mutually stopped their annuity. Miss Bogle insisted on it, although Miss Elder, left to herself, would gladly have continued it; so Jeanie was reduced to the discomfiture which her husband doled out to her as if it had been his life's blood; living in a place like that night, he said, to cost next to nothing.

Even in his weak state, he felt the life he was condemned to lead irksome to a degree. His children, although told that he was their father, did not feel natural affection for him—they rather actively disliked him: he saw this, and imagining them to be spies upon him, generally sent them from the room, and they were glad to go.

Neither was he looked upon by the public with an over-friendly eye; he found people generally shy of his approaches. There was one exception, however; a man of the name of Mc'Coll, whom he had known intimately in early life, and whom he now found established in the locality as a lawyer in a small way. He did not bear a high character in the district; was mean of soul, and grasping. But George, even if he had been inclined, could not afford to be particular; and when he got a pony, Mc'Coll accompanied him in his rides, and exerted himself in many ways to beguile the time which hung so heavy on his back. The entire change from his former habits to temperance and regularity, brought about a fall in his disease, although it was short-lived.

Jeanie bore with his bad temper, watched his slightest wish, and devoted herself to him by day and night, with small thanks on his part, for he never said, and probably never thought, that she did enough. He clung to life, but at last his malady assumed an aspect that he could not disguise from himself that life was ebbing from him; he had been accustomed to shut his eyes to consequences so long, however, and look at things in such a distorted light, that it was not likely his senses should begin to serve him correctly now, when the vacuity of mind and torpor induced by disease seconded his efforts in cultivating that total apathy which he called resignation to fate. Sometimes he upbraided his wife for not looking more cheerful; 'but for Mc'Coll, he did not know what he would do; as for George and Betsy, she had brought them up to forget they had

a father; if she wished to go out, she need not punish them by sending them to look after him, he could get M'Coll when he wanted company. M'Coll knew what a man wanted; he did not come in with a face as long as the steeple; and so on.

But to do him, or perhaps rather his disease, justice, an outbreak of this kind was only occasional; for the most part, he was quiet and passive.

The greater his debility became, M'Coll's attentions grew the more constant, till at last he was a daily visitor, and even, when it became necessary, insisted on relieving Mrs Armour by taking turns of sitting up at night with him. Jeanie did not much like M'Coll, but she had no choice, and so far as fatigue was concerned, the relief was most welcome. Although, how this man should tie himself, hour by hour, to the sick-bed of a weak, querulous man, evidently dying, who had not even the claim of relationship on him, was more than she could account for; certainly, she thought, he must be a kind-hearted man in reality, although she could not like him, and would have preferred another sort of companion for her husband's last days.

It was not long, however, before the riddle was read to her very plainly and rather unexpectedly.

One day, George seemed to be more excited than usual, and told his wife that he expected M'Coll in the evening, and that she might go to bed as early as she liked, for he would not want anything, and she would be the better for a sound sleep.

It is amazing how faint a breath will blow into life the embers of dying affection. These latter words of George Armour's fell upon the weary, crushed spirit of his wife like dew upon the withered grass. Her love for her husband was just about expiring of sheer starvation, and she grasped at these words as if her ingenuity could make a meal of them. Poor creature, so little was she accustomed to any consideration from this quarter, that these few words, which anybody might have said from mere humanity, actually brightened her eye, and made her step lighter. It was a brief flutter of hope—that night she sounded the depths of her husband's heartlessness.

True to his appointment, M'Coll came, and Jeanie observed in him that slight, and, on the part of the individual, unconscious difference of manner which distinguishes the person having business in view, from the same person with thoughts wholly free. Jeanie was not what is called a sharp, clever woman, far less a jealous, suspicious one, yet she could not help thinking there was something more than usual to take place between these two men.

Her husband, for the sake of thorough ventilation, occupied the largest room in the house—not very large after all—she herself slept in what was little more than a hole in the wall opening from this apartment, and was in the habit of leaving her door half open, that she might hear readily, and be instantly on the alert if wanted.

As had been proposed, she had gone early to bed; but owing to her thoughts wandering over many things, it was long before she slept; however, sleep at last she did. She was a light sleeper at any time, and now it was not long before she suddenly awoke, owing to the glare of a candle being shed over her face; it was just at the moment, however, that it was being withdrawn, and she saw M'Coll in the act of moving away with it in his hand. He crossed the room to George's bedside, and she heard him say: 'She's as sound as a top.' Her curiosity was excited, and raising herself gently on her elbow, she listened, the door being turned round on its hinges, she could see through the interstice. George was sitting up in bed with an inexplicable expression on his thin wasted face. Jeanie gazed at him with a feeling of profound and unutterable pity. Many times, as she had sat

watching him, her heart had sprung to her lips, and her feelings nearly burst forth; but knowing the stinging repulse she was likely to meet, she kept them to herself. But the afternoon's gleam of kindness—perhaps it might be the beginning of a change. M'Coll, too, came within the range of her vision as she watched. She saw him steady a small stool on the edge of the bed, spread a sheet of paper on it, set ink close by, and move the candle nearer.

Then George asked: 'Have you got witnesses?'

'All right,' replied M'Coll; 'when we are ready for them, I can have them in, and get their names down in a second.'

'Begin, then,' said Armour.

And M'Coll, taking the pen, began to write, to George's dictation, what Jeanie instantly discovered to be his will. She listened to the end, and heard him bequeath all that he had to his loving and faithful friend, Simon M'Coll, as if neither she nor her children had been in existence. This, then, was his kindness, his consideration! She saw M'Coll assist him up into a position to sign the document, and give him the pen for that purpose, when, for her children's sake, although neither grasping nor very courageous, she rose, and, in her long white night-dress, glided across the floor. The men were so occupied, that neither of them observed her till she laid her hand on her husband's arm, and said: 'George, if you have no regard for me, think of the children, your own flesh and blood. Will you go direct to the other world with a piece of iniquity like that to answer for?' and she pointed to the paper his hand hung over. Then, turning to the other, she said: 'M'Coll, you want witnesses. I am here to witness that you mean to rob the widow and the orphan.' The pen dropped from George's hand, and M'Coll grew pale. Her appearance was so unexpected and so ghost-like, and her voice so soft and solemn, that these men, hardened though they were, cowered before her. A few moments passed, and M'Coll, lifting the useless paper, said: 'I suppose, Armour, I may as well go.'

'Yes, go now,' replied George; 'and come back to-morrow night, and we'll see what's to be done—I'll think over it.'

M'Coll slunk away; he had still enough of manhood left in him to be ashamed. When he returned the following evening, Mrs Armour led him to her husband's bedside; and there he saw those handsome features fixed and ghastly in death. He turned quickly away—he did not like to look in dead men's faces. George Armour had been quite in his usual state of health till four o'clock that afternoon, when he fell asleep, and never woke again.

Now, my story is really done, except that I may say that Jeanie found that what her husband had left would make her independent in a moderate way; and that her children grew up to be a comfort and an honour to her.

THE WORM-WORLD.

UNTIL a period comparatively recent, the freshest tyro in zoology would have experienced little difficulty in defining the difference between an animal and a plant. Either the distinction of Linnaeus, which, while admitting organisation and vitality to the vegetable world, reserved voluntary motion and sensation as the peculiar endowment of animals, might have been adopted; or the more practical distinction of the greatest of all comparative anatomists, John Hunter, which assigned a mouth and stomach as invariable characteristics of animal life. But as the study of microscopic anatomy revealed an unexpected degree of organisation extending throughout the most minute

divisions of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, these distinctions were gradually abandoned. Plants, it was found, possessed, in their absorbent pores and cells, organs analogous to the mouth and stomach of animals; while not only did a greater number of the latter appear destitute of the power of locomotion, but several species of plants possessed it to a considerable degree. The question was then attempted to be resolved by a chemical distinction. Animals were said to exhale carbonic acid, and plants oxygen; but this test, although correct as regards the more highly developed representatives of either kingdom, completely breaks down when applied to their inferior species. There are plants that eliminate nothing but carbonic acid, while certain animals exhale only oxygen. This unexpected complexity led to a more careful investigation of the subject, and the result has been the conclusion, that, to use the words of Professor Owen, 'animals and plants are not two natural divisions, but are specialised members of one and the same group of organised beings.'

Certain practical distinctions exist, however, for our guidance, even among the confused occupants of the boundaries of either order. Where the form of organisation is merely a simple cell, requiring a strong microscopic power to reveal its presence, an animal nature is presumed, provided the object displays contractility, and maintains itself insoluble in acetic acid. The diminutive being that corresponds to this humble test is known as the *gregarina*, and was first observed about thirty years ago, a parasitic inhabitant of various insects. Its animal character was far from receiving immediate recognition. By some zoologists, it was held to be the egg of an insect; by others, a stray unvitalised globule; while a third party considered it purely vegetable. Its true nature was at length admitted, and although destitute of mouth and stomach, circulatory, respiratory, or nervous systems, and only nourished by absorption, its contractility and insolubility, combined with a close resemblance to animal embryos destined for a higher development, justify its elevation out of the vegetable kingdom. The *gregarina* is not only of interest as representing the most rudimentary example of an animal, but also from forming the lowest type of the *entozoic*, or, as we have familiarly called it, the worm-world.

The extensive distribution of entozoa, or parasitic animals, throughout the various divisions of the animal kingdom, has been only recently appreciated. Every animal is now believed to be infested with some variety or other. In man, no fewer than eighteen different kinds have been observed—a number not so much due to any special liability, as to better means of observation in his case.* They are met with in insects (for instance, the bee), fishes, reptiles, and birds, and in mammals both tame and in a state of nature. They are not limited to a particular locality, but push their way into such secluded and sensitive regions as the brain, lungs, liver, heart, and eyes. Their vitality is very powerful, and enables them to resist the effects of extreme cold and extreme heat beyond any other class of animals. The species which infest the Baltic herring preserved

in ice, have been made, upon the application of heat, to exhibit readily symptoms of life. The wheat parasite which produces the diseased condition of that grain well known as cockle, revives under moisture, although dried and apparently dead for a series of years.

From a knowledge of the law that the functions of every species are adapted to its destined locality, we should not have looked for a high degree of organisation among entozoa. Solely nourished by the digested food of other animals, their assimilating power is naturally simple. Excluded from air, they require no respiratory organs, and always maintaining the same position, they are quite independent of any means of locomotion.

They are usually divided into two classes, the solid and hollow. The members of the latter division are the most numerous, the more highly developed, and the most frequent, if least troublesome, subjects of medical treatment; but instead of pursuing the subdivisions of either order, we shall select such characteristic examples as may best illustrate those features that impart most interest to the species in the animal economy. First, of the *Cestoid* or tape-worm order. There are two great representatives of this family, and so definitely do these maintain their respective distinctions, that advantage has been taken of them in a manner we should never anticipate—namely, in an ethnological relation; for the worm that prevails among the natives of Britain, Holland, and Germany, is never met among the inhabitants of either Russia or Switzerland. A tape-worm consists of a series of rings or segments varying in diameter, but whose united length not unfrequently reaches ten, twenty, and even thirty feet. The superior or most internal ring, forming the head, is the most remarkable one. Correctly speaking, the head constitutes the body, as the rest of the joints are merely temporary appendages. The anterior part of the head is armed with a double row of hooklets, which, together with three or four suckorial ducts in their immediate vicinity, serve alike to introduce food and to maintain the position of the animal. The digestive, circulatory, and nervous systems, all on an imperfect scale, are best developed in the head. It is only in the neighbourhood of the oral suckers that nervous ganglia occur. The alimentary canal consists of a double row of tubes, grooved along the successive joints, to facilitate transmission of the food. The four vessels composing the circulatory system run parallel with the divisions of the digestive tube. The animal is not, however, exclusively dependent for support upon food introduced by the mouth, for each individual segment has a power of appropriating a certain amount of nutriment through direct absorption. This process is interesting, from its resemblance to a similar arrangement in the nutrition of plants. The head of the tape-worm absorbs nourishment from the animal it infests, as the roots of the vegetable from the soil. The analogy is further borne out by comparing the partial assistance afforded to the nutrition of plants through their leaf-pores, with that given to the worm by its permeable joints. Each joint is, moreover, a reproductive organ, and, like its analogue in plants, breaks off at certain seasons.

The worms of the *Trematode*, or the Suckers Proper, differ in many respects from those of the *Cestoid* type. They are short—not averaging above an inch in length; ovoid in form, and generally flat. Unlike the tape-worm, they possess no hooks at the mouth; but their sucking-tubes are more numerous and more distinct. They are scattered over various parts of the animal, and, with the exception of the most superior, which forms the mouth, serve as processes for adhesion. Each sucker is supported by a small muscular slip, beside which is a nervous ganglion.

* The popular association of the presence of entozoa with disease is not in all cases correct. The *Trichina Spiralis* has been found so extensively developed in human muscle, as to produce a mottled appearance, while its unconscious possessor remained in perfect health.

The alimentary tube is forked almost from its origin, very strongly resembling the veins of a leaf. In these, as in the variety already considered, the reproductive function is the most highly developed. But the most extraordinary fact regarding all species of entozoa is their introduction into the interior of living animals. This phenomenon long formed one of the most difficult problems in natural history; and until very lately, no more satisfactory explanation could be offered than that of Aristotle, which explained it on the theory of spontaneous generation. The true process is hardly less curious.

Each joint of the tape-worm was represented as being a reproducing organ, in which myriads of eggs are deposited. As soon as these eggs attain maturity, which generally happens about midsummer, the joints are detached from the head; or, as we should say of a plant, the ripe fruit is thrown off. The abandoned head remains behind with only two or three adherent segments. The outermost of these begins immediately to divide into two portions. These soon after break into four, and no long period elapses before the damage occasioned by so extensive a loss is effectually repaired. Meanwhile, the detached segments are speedily abandoned by their ova, which immediately enter upon a larval (caterpillar) state. No difficulty was found in tracing the liberated young of the worm thus far; but the problem of their entrance as large and mature individuals into the cavities of other animals, remained unsolved. It continued in that state until the discovery of larvæ, adherent to the liver and other internal parts of snails. Possibly the snail would become a victim to some warm-blooded animal—as, for instance, a bird—the wandering worm being then safely conducted to its destination—probably the sole survivor of the millions that issued from a similar abode some time before.

The development of the Trematode or sucker-worms is even more curious. Perhaps one of their extruded larvæ chances to become the inmate of a slug. In such a situation, it speedily outgrows its larvous form, and assumes that of the lowest of all animals and entozoa, the gregarina. It then abandons the snail, and is seen at no distant period to be tenanted with numerous young. These do not at birth assume the maternal or gregariniform shape, but are fashioned after the tailed animalcules. They are from the first able to swim, and exhibit a lively appreciation of this power, until such time as the ever-active laws of their nature necessitate the next and ultimate transformation. This is indicated by a loss of the caudal appendage; and then—supposing the worm still attended with good-fortune—it attacks some animal that can afford a suitable nidus for its complete development.* To the perils of the tedious journey before an entozoon at every stage of its growth, the extraordinary fertility of its reproductive function must be ascribed. It is not surprising that the intricacy of such processes should have led to their having been at first regarded with doubt. The result of more general observation has, however, tended to establish their correctness. The worm fully developed in a certain kind of carnivorous fish, is in its larval condition an inhabitant of the cuttle-fish, known to form a favourite prey of the other. Again, the vermicule that attaches itself to a mouse, only

arrives at maturity by transference to the tissues of a cat.

It may be asked why nature permits such an enormous destruction as happens to entozoa. The common *Ascaris lumbricoides* produces no fewer than sixty-four millions of eggs, of which possibly only a unit attains development. But the rest are by no means without a use, although they do not reach maturity. They serve as food to myriads of those animalcules, abounding in air and water, upon whose activity the health and enjoyment of higher beings is immediately dependent. The importance of this secondary purpose of the entozoa may be illustrated by reference to a similar adaptation observed in the case of the ordinary cereals. These, in their annual growth, are primarily intended for their own perpetuation, but the use to which they are put as articles of food is vastly more important in the economy of nature.

TWO HOURS WITH THE CUSTOMS.

THE old song tells us that there is no place like home. However true this may be, home is not a place one is always glad to return to. The man hard-worked for eleven months in the year, who comes back after his four weeks' holiday, with the morrow's desk, ledger, and musty office in prospect, may very possibly enter his own door with other feelings than those of perfect satisfaction. He comes into his room, and finds it damp and dismal from having been unoccupied; he remembers the high spirits with which he quitted it. Two or three things are lying about, evidently out of their places; he recollects that he put these things away in a hurry, at the last moment before he set off, and contrasts his feelings at that time of excitement and anticipation with those he now has, with another eleven months before him to wait for a similar moment of pleasure. There are fifty things which, on entering your room, after returning from enjoyment, put you in mind of hours of pleasant expectation, and raise a variety of sensations not all in accordance with the loyal fealty which every true Briton is supposed to owe to his own fireside.

There are few places where the qualmish feelings of return are more prevalent than on the various ways leading between this country and the continent. It may be safely said that, of those who go hence to the continent, one half at least are in pursuit of enjoyment, and, moreover, with very sanguine expectations of obtaining it. On the other hand, few foreigners come here to enjoy themselves; and of Englishmen returning home, the greater number have just left their holiday behind them. In consequence, we are sorry to say, the road which leads from home is apt to be more joyous than the same way when it is trodden in the other direction.

For this reason, the little annoyances of travel only seem to amuse people when they are going out; but few can bear them with perfect patience when they are coming home. Foremost among these annoyances are custom-house examinations. How many a young traveller, arriving in France for the first time, has anticipated this examination merely as a bit of fun, and, what is more, has found it so. But we imagine that no one ever found anything very funny in examinations on this side the water. The *douaniers* abroad, with their puzzled air, tumbling over our insular wares without well knowing what to make of them, are often more amusing than annoying, if the traveller happens to be in good spirits. Still more entertaining

* These respective processes illustrate two scientific terms, the use of which is frequently misunderstood, metamorphosis and metagenesis. Of the former, which is a more limited change, and refers to the alteration of form undergone during its successive stages of development by one individual, we had an example in the history of the tape-worm. Metagenesis, a more complicated process, applies to the changes of the representative of an animal in its progress from a larvous origin to maturity, such change requiring a succession of individuals. This process is illustrated in the development of the trematode worms.

are their uneasy glances over our books; the poor fellows scarcely know what to be at, between their dislike of rousing an Englishman's bristles, and their dread of the consequences of letting treason pass the frontier. We well remember the puzzle of a whole band of Austrian douaniers over an English Bible, upon which they were going to lay an embargo, not because it was a Bible, but because it had the royal arms, with the *Dieu et mon Droit*, on the title-page. They took the motto for a republican watchword. There is, in this respect, much to amuse in continental examinations. But the man must have singular powers of extracting fun out of anything, if he can find any in the proceedings of an English customs-officer. Abroad, politics find their way everywhere; and there is always the ridiculous side of foreign politics to persons such utter strangers to political fears and apprehensions as ourselves. A foreign officer never looks into anything without some idea that he may find a plot in the corner. But an English examination is a dry, matter-of-fact business, about which the only consideration is, how to get it over soonest. Add to this that, in passing English custom-houses, one is always in a hurry, and very often in bad humour, and one may therefore make some allowance for the occasional tartness of our officials.

An English custom-house examination is conducted, by arrangements made between the custom-house and some of the steam-boat companies, on board many of the vessels arriving from the continent by the Thames, thus avoiding the delay of an examination on landing. It is, in consequence, carried on in the full view of all the passengers, who, having nothing else to do, amuse themselves with prying into their neighbours' secrets.

The arrival on board of the custom-house officers is the signal for the assemblage of the passengers from both sides of the vessel. Here, for the first time, the poor squalid woman who has been fetching her sick child from the French coast, where she could get the sea-air cheap, jostles against the fat lady with two servants and four tremendous children, who have been on the continent to buy bonnets and learn manners—in the first of which objects, by the way, they have succeeded much better than in the second. Two knots of the other sex are to be seen emerging from the opposite staircases. The one is a band of Belgians, sadly deficient in overcoats, and who, for the last half-hour, have been submitting to every kind of insult from the steward and the cabin-boy, rather than pay the former his fee of sixpence. They are ordered off the tables, on which they are squatting; they are told that they ought to be ashamed of themselves; they get their shins kicked and their brandy-flasks upset without relaxing a muscle from the stoical smile which they have evidently set up for the occasion. The other knot consists of a set of Oxford youngsters, who have been astonishing waiters and porters—if anything could astonish a waiter or a porter—by the enormity of the fees they have been scattering over half the towns of Europe, and who look about them as if they had purchased in hard cash the privilege of being insolent to every one who is in the position of a receiver of money. These two sets of men are the types of their respective classes: the foreigner in England, and the Englishman abroad—the one travelling with the determination not to pay a farthing beyond the absolute exigencies of the law, and quite prepared for the consequent insults they receive; and the other, ready to submit to any extortion,

provided they are allowed to insult the natives in return. As it is a fixed notion among foreigners, that an Englishman will be impertinent whether he pays for it or not, they prudently resolve, in every instance, to put the highest possible tax on the licence.

The entire baggage of the inmates of the second cabin does not equal that of the single fat lady who has just made her appearance upon deck from the first. She values herself on her skill in getting through travelling difficulties. She has paid the steward half-a-crown to make interest for the precedence of her baggage—the steward, in consequence, has just now whispered in the ear of the gentlemanly-looking man with light hair and a stylish overcoat, who is the head of the party of three which is come to make the examination. The other two are a curious cross between clerk and sailor, with white neckcloths and pilot-jackets—a combination never to be seen except on these occasions. But the fat lady is destined to be forestalled, and by a second-class passenger too. This is a tall thin man, in a coarse white, but thoroughly comfortable overcoat, who has been the cock of the second berth since the beginning of the voyage, where he has been drinking brandy and water, and patronising the foreigners; and is now promoted to a confidential conversation with a first-class gentlemanly passenger, who owns that unsteady, unquiet look which men have who consider it their duty to be always on the look-out for information. Our friend in the white coat has the management of a dozen horses the steamer is bringing over, and he has been boasting how he buys them in Belgium for twenty-four pounds apiece, and sells them to Suffolk farmers for fifty; how he once tried to dispose of a cargo in the west of England, and lost ten pounds per horse, with a variety of equine statistics of the same kind. He has not appeared to make any effort to be earliest in the examination business; but somehow or other, his portmanteau is the first that turns up. Some old travellers have the trick of getting before their neighbours in a mysterious way, which the cleverest juggler might envy. It is a single, worn, battered, leather portmanteau, which, when opened, displays a marvellous amount of warm clothing, and an assortment of culinary utensils which would have provided a dinner for a whole picket of Zouaves. It is evident that the man has a noble idea of creature comforts, and that such comforts are only to be obtained after the English fashion; for there is not a thing there which you could not declare to be English at half a mile's distance. This class of men, who live three-fourths of their time on the continent, are, without exception, the most determined Englishmen in existence—they pass their lives in money-transactions with foreigners without understanding a syllable of their language, and in living with them without adopting the slightest portion of their manners. This man would be miserable if he did not cook his own steak, boil his own potatoes, and carry with him half-a-dozen gallons of English gin. That little portmanteau tells the whole story of a whole class—the ingenuity of its arrangements, the absence of every thought but that of the mere animal being, the thorough English prejudice, the strange mixture of business and carelessness, the capacity for packing enjoyment into the smallest possible compass, and carrying his own pleasures about with him; all of which is more or less characteristically English, and the last part eminently so. The foreigner always expects to find his pleasure as he does his bed, purchasable in each new locality.

It is now the turn of the old lady, whose hundred-and-one boxes have all been placed in readiness by the obsequious steward. They contain every single useless article sold in every one of those towns, which people, who go out to come home again and say that

they have been on the continent, find it necessary to visit: saints in ivory, and devils in wood; china in all sorts of extravagant shapes; coloured prints, which look as if they had been washed in a cloud, and then rubbed against the blue sky to polish them; false jewellery in every shape and form; stones made bright by being licked and rubbed against the coat of a Tyrolean mountaineer; bottles of Bohemian glass of a dingy red, which the lady was assured was the true ruby colour, only to be got on special occasions; stuffed cats; paper ornaments for legs of mutton; blue soap; scents in frightful quantity; stuffs of glaring colours, which would make up into anything except clothing—unless, indeed, the manager of a suburban theatre will buy them for his next pantomime—but which the lady has bought because they look travelled, and unlike anything in England: all of these forming an assemblage which the veriest huckster at a bazaar would have tossed under the table as valueless and unsaleable, but which the fair virtuoso in petticoats—there really ought to be the word 'virtuosa' now-a-days—regards with an eye of intense satisfaction as they are brought forth one after another. Who could not foresee the two drawing-rooms at Peckham Rye bedecked with all these gleanings of travel, as Mr Jesse would call them; the old English china hedgehogs and wicker-work banished into the lumber-room, and the whole neighbourhood invited for the purpose of tea and admiration. The inspector is getting somewhat impatient after the first dozen cases have been exhibited. Some of the articles are liable to duty, and he refuses to pass them. The lady remembers having been told by some experienced friend on leaving England, that by a little bullying she may soon get the better of the customs-officers. She tries the experiment accordingly, but is very quickly undeceived; nay, becomes speedily so chop-fallen and fluttered, that she would pull out the money to pay duty for the cap and gown she has on, if the inspector could venture the joke. Thank Heaven, she has done at last!

Next comes a man who has likewise received advice from his friends when he went abroad, and, what is more, followed it. We all know his face—that of the sleek business-manager of one of the great City banks. The advice in question was, to offer exactly half the price demanded for every article that he had a mind to purchase. The continental dealers, well used to this sort of thing, recognised their man in a twinkling. In consequence, they asked precisely three times the sum they would have charged to any one else, and when they had reduced their demand to one-half, were still the clear gainers by twice their ordinary profit; while the customer has left them delighted with the idea of having shewn the foreigners that an Englishman is not to be imposed upon. The things themselves are singularly well chosen, and one is pleased to see how many flowers, shawls, and knick-knacks he has brought home for his wife, who was too nervous to cross the Channel. The only wonder is, that he should have been done so completely in the only part where he fancied himself the strongest—the money part of the business. However, to have made a bargain, or to think that one has made a bargain, is precisely the same thing to human nature.

Next came a couple of young ladies, whom the fat female citizen took, during the voyage, under her especial care, because they looked pale and interesting; as a set-off, probably, to her own complexion, which was that of a full-blown peony. She has been teasing the poor girls throughout the voyage with questions about themselves—where they were going to, and whence they were coming from; much to the annoyance of the poor things, whose hearts were full, and who desired nothing so much as to be let alone. She

tried to force all manner of things down their throats at breakfast, when all the while it was evident that they could not eat; and was only stopped by the interference of an old gentleman, who was their fellow-voyager, from compelling them to swallow a whole tumbler of stiff brandy and water, because at one moment they tended towards sea-sickness. Her patronage has been so far of advantage, that they get an early turn to pass their examination. The truth was, the old lady wanted to have a glance at the inside of their trunks. She did not find much she could appreciate, although the collection so far resembled her own, that it was a collection of trifling matters from a variety of places. But in this case it was here a bunch of Rhine flowers, there two or three little German story-books, little ladies' sketches, little pieces of needlework, little bits of jewellery, and a hundred other things—all of them evidently tokens or souvenirs of many a happy hour passed in enjoyment and friendship. One of the girls fairly burst out crying, to the extreme astonishment of her fat friend, as one after another of these recollections of her pleasant summer were tossed about. She was going home notwithstanding. Her companion, whose box was full of sweetmeats and wrappers, was going to school. Her parents had evidently imagined that England was a kind of Nova Zembla, to judge of the mass of furs, shawls, and comfortables which her box disclosed. They have the most curious notions abroad of a winter in England, which is infinitely milder than in the north of France or in the whole of Germany, and less trying than even in the south of France, as we escape the terrible winds which are the pest of that part of the world. But the most characteristic portion of the girl's property was her literature. None but a Teutonic mother would have thought of permitting such an assemblage, still less of putting it up herself. There was a Bible, some essays of Martin Luther, and half-a-dozen books of sermons, by the side of philosophical treatises anything but orthodox, sentimental poetry, and comedies of a freedom which would make the hair of Miss Martha Brown, mistress of the Myrtle Academy, stand on end; if she had the chance of finding them in the first place, and understanding them in the second.

It was now the turn of the batch of foreigners, who had been blocking up the gangway till it was evidently the interest of every one to get rid of them. Upon the officer asking them for their keys, the smile which they put on was inconceivably bewitching. They looked as if they were about to offer to the British government their entire stock of movables. Each had his single carpet-bag, and waited his turn, keeping up the smile aforesaid with an astonishing rigidity of muscle. The first bag opened exhibited an old coat, a hair-brush, a checked shirt, and an empty flask. The next exhibited a checked shirt, an empty flask, and a hair-brush. The third contained an empty flask, a hair-brush, and a checked shirt. Then came a bag which actually contained a large portion of dirty striped linen, which one of the men employed in the search began rummaging with a minuteness and curiosity which, after the very general way in which the other things had been looked over, seemed quite surprising. The truth was, the man had smelt brandy in the clothes, and was looking out for the bottle. His search for it was very much like that of Page for Falstaff in the buck-basket, and, as it turned out, was as little successful. The only article of value which any of these men seemed to possess was a box apiece, filled with a collection of small bottles, containing some nostrum for colouring wood or linen. Half of the foreigners that visit our shores come over with some small idea of this kind, to see to what account they can turn it. One man has a receipt for making palm-soap without

palm-oil; another has some new sizing matter for paper; a third has a new dye for the hair, which he extracts from pearl-ash. These men are all from the lowest orders of educated society on the continent—men with a smattering of general knowledge, inquiring by turns into everything, mastering nothing, but hitting every now and then upon an idea, which they amuse one or two years of their life in endeavouring to make money of; delighting themselves in the meantime with expectations, and when they fail, going, with a shrug and the whimsical good-humour with which Germans take disappointment, to look out for something else, which commonly ends in the same manner. No wonder that their wardrobe is so scanty, and that they grudge the steward his sixpence. But the visit of this class of men, contrasted with the class of Englishmen who go to the continent, has a very material effect on the opinions which the two sections of mankind have for each other. It is a most forcible illustration of the gold and silver sides of the shield. We rarely see any but the shabby classes of foreigners, dirty, subtle, and scheming, and the great mass of the British people form their ideas accordingly. Very few English schemers go abroad, and the *mauvais sujets* of English birth who take refuge on the continent are confined to a few towns. The great mass of British travellers belong to the class who spend money, and require respect, if not servility in return. We have noticed men walking the streets of Paris—Englishmen of some rank—who at home are perfectly quiet and modest, but who put on a stately air, and look defiance in the continental city. The reason is simple enough: at home their position in society is recognised, and they have no necessity for throwing back their heads, and curling their upper lips, in order to enforce it.

Next came our batch of travelled youngsters, who kept up their spirits to the last, and looked as gay as when they set out, whatever they may have felt. The first box they exhibited looked exactly as if it had been filled from some neglected corner in an old turnpike-road. They had thought it their duty to climb every celebrated mountain in Switzerland, and, by way of vouching for this fact, to bring away a stone from each, which ended by forming a collection of rubbish, which certainly none but an Englishman would have thought of travelling over five or six thousand miles to fetch. The mammas and sisters, however, will be delighted to put away in their drawers an ugly piece of rock, because it is stated to come from the Finster-Aarhorn, of which they kick aside the fellow every day of their lives met with in the lanes.

By this time we were tired, and went below. For an hour after, our friend the inspector was still at work over a parcel of poor accoutrements belonging to persons whom we had not seen before, and of whom we cannot even now imagine whence they came. Poverty certainly has singular modes of hiding itself away. The last of all was the poor woman with the sick child. There was not a single article turned out which did not tell of the struggle to provide comforts, which in those sad cases in which comforts become necessities, is one of the most grievous tasks of human life. Even to the toys, which had been wrung from the day's meal to provide some little relaxation for the weary hours of the forced idleness of sickness; the whole mass of shifts to ease discomfort, and make pain tolerable at the least possible cost, came before us with so painful an impress of the most real of all sorrows, that we were too glad to escape from it.

We had seen the year's existence compressed into an hour, of characters the most various, and positions the most different. A moralist might have read a deeper lesson than the loose ideas which then suggested themselves to our less thoughtful mind.

THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

FROM CHEMISSE.

Thou see'st her busy with the linen,
The oldest there, with silver hair,
The heartiest of the washerwomen,
And in her six-and-seventieth year.
She's struggled hard through daily toil,
And laboured with a cheerful mind,
And meekly striven in life's turmoil
To act the part her God assigned.

And in her bygone youthful years,
She loved, and hoped, became a wife,
Has known full well the many cares
That crowd round woman's daily life.
A mother's pains 'twas hers to know,
The sick man's couch in love to tend,
To see him in the grave laid low,
Yet Faith and Hope in heart retained.

Her children must be clothed and reared;
With cheerful heart to work she went,
She trained them well, to toil inured,
And working hard to be content.
And when her dear ones, older grown,
From her, to earn their bread, must part,
She gave her blessing—and alone,
In years remained, but strong in heart.

And she has sat and worked at night,
And spun the flax her savings bought
To finest yarn; with heart as light,
The yarn she to the weaver brought;
He's woven it to linen fair;
She sat and sewed, when time allowed,
And made herself a treasure rare—
She made a faultless coffin shroud.

And she has laid it by with pleasure,
Nor does she shudder at the thought,
It is her first, last, greatest treasure—
The treasure that her savings bought.
She puts it on each Sabbath day,
To read God's word, with *thine* impress,
She lays it carefully away,
Until within in Peace she'll rest.

And oh! that I, at life's close too,
Might feel—as she, so light of heart—
Had done the task assigned to do,
And with such trust performed my part!
That so I'd known through life to pass,
And to God's will so meekly bowed,
And at the end such happiness
Could feel, in gazing on my shroud.

X.

HOW TO IDENTIFY STOLEN FRUIT.

When the thief gets clear off, undiscovered, with his booty, the finest peaches, nectarines, or apricots on the wall, it is usual to give them up for lost. Who could identify fruit? Who could say, these things were stolen from me, and not from somebody else? Any person can do so who will take a very little trouble beforehand, in anticipation of the chance of robbery. Let him set a mark on his most promising pieces of fruit, when in a green state, by affixing to them, on the side next the stem, an adhesive label of his initials, or any other private mark. When the fruit is ripe, the labelled spot will still remain green; and when a capture is made, the thief will be petrified at finding that there is conclusive evidence against him, even in the peach itself. This precaution is described in *Notes and Queries*.

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THE MYSTERIOUS FACE.

I AM an old-fashioned old boy, and when I was a child, I was an old-fashioned young boy; so of what fashion I really am it is hard to conjecture. I have tried to read Mr Thackeray's works, but I do not think I quite understand them, not being literary, and feeling puzzled by satirical remarks, especially when I know beforehand that the author is a wit, and that I ought, therefore, to find a hidden meaning in every line: yet from what I have been able to make out, I should say that I was a *foggy*. I do not belong to any club, though my means are comfortable; I live in London, and have often been asked whether I should like to join the Polynices or Artaxerxes. Well, I *should* like; and yet, you see, I could never exactly make up my mind, because I never *have* belonged to a club. No; there is a tavern I frequent, where the cook is most excellent, and where I dine daily at the same minute, in the same corner. *Once* that corner was usurped: I tried to dine at another table, in vain! I was unwell the next day, and had to take medicine; but the waiter, Charles, has been very careful ever since; and I believe, that rather than allow me to be subjected again to similar inconvenience, the proprietor would feed a succession of beggars, *gratis*, in that place for the entire afternoon, to keep it for me, just as noblemen with younger sons at college present octogenarians to their livings. *Why* must I dine in that particular corner? *Because* I always have done so. That unintelligible remark about noblemen's sons and livings is not mine, but my nephew Tom's; Tom, whom I have employed to write out this account, from my dictation, insists on putting in his remarks, will 'touch up' my narrative, as he calls it, and I do not quite like it; no more do I like his slapping me so hard on the back, and rubbing down the calves of my trousers when I have been standing for some time with my back to a large fire; and I do not know why I should let him and everybody play upon me, but I always have. There is also a cigar divan to which I go every morning at ten o'clock, and read the newspaper till half-past twelve, smoking during that time two cigars. One paper always lasts me the whole time, as I peruse every column; and yet, somehow, if any one in the course of the afternoon asks me about the news, I find it has all slipped out of my head. No, Tom, I am not asleep all the time; if I were, my cigar would go out, which it does not—often. I remember my childhood: we always had roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding on Saturdays, cold meat and fruit-pie on Sundays. I can also call to mind my boyhood and school-days, for never have I in after-life been able to discover

such toffy as that sold at the dame's round the corner, or such open tarts as appertained to the pastry-cook's higher up the street. I was about eighteen when I first discovered that earth possessed a charm, not indeed equal to eating and drinking, but only secondary to those pleasures: the name of *woman* began to stir my heart; I indulged in reveries and poetical fancies; and often in the midst of the joys of some unusually piquant dish, have I thought how sweet it would be to see a fair form gracing the opposite seat, enhancing the flavour by her sympathy and, when there was enough for both, participation.

When in the presence of ladies, however, I was bashful, embarrassed, awkward; I trod on their dresses, spilt scalding coffee down their backs, pulled all their music off the piano, split their fans, dropped and broke their smelling-bottles, and made myself generally disagreeable; so that I retired early from the field, and made up my mind to die an old bachelor. Still, I could not stifle a yearning towards beauty, which, after a while, took the settled form of a fancy for painting and sculpture; at least as far as those arts took the female face and form for their study. I never bought, but I potted about sales and exhibitions, and spent hours daily in staring in at shop-windows, and turning over second-hand prints. The society of women's pictures is certainly not so thrilling as direct communication with the real article; but then it is more comfortable—the bewitching smile in a painting never turns to a frown; the expression of the features fades not into bored apathy immediately you are left alone with it. You have not got to tickle its vanity—you feel no jealousy when others gaze on it; on the contrary, the admiration of friends enhances your pleasure; and if you are poetically gifted, what charming scenes, tender and domestic—oh, how far above reality!—may the imagination conjure up. Even I, who hate poetry—that is, I can't read it, can't make out what the writer is driving at—even I can fancy all sorts of things, and encounter all sorts of adventures while gazing at a good picture of a beautiful woman. I never came to understand anything about the art as an art, and it was some time before I picked up picture-slang. For instance, one day a friend came up to me at a sale, and interrupted my musings over a painting, by whispering: 'Are you thinking of bidding? Be warned, my dear fellow, and do not go high—quite a take in! not a Titian! by no means a Titian!' 'Perhaps not,' I replied, 'but very pretty; I doubt whether Titian herself had a better leg and ankle.' Of course I came to know better than that, but still I am not yet a first-rate amateur.

It was when I was about thirty that I was very much struck one May-day by a face in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It was that of a full-sized Judith, who was standing in a striking, if not strictly feminine attitude, with a bloody sword in one hand, a dripping head in the other, and her eyes turned up to heaven. That face fascinated me; I waited patiently till a seat opposite the picture was vacant, and then plumped myself down, and, heedless of the connoisseurs, country-cousins, and flirting couples, who trod on my toes, and hustled me on every side, there I sat and gazed my— (No, Tom, that is not so elegant; scratch it out)—gazed to satiety (that is better).

I was fascinated. Day after day did I return to feast my eyes upon that picture; and the R.A. was making quite a nice little competency out of me in shillings, when I began to find myself lying awake at night thinking of those upturned eyes, and, horrible symptom, my appetite showed signs of feebleness. Having no fancy to become a second Pig, Pig (What's his name, Tom?), Pigmallyon, I left off my visits to Trafalgar Square; and as Ovid tells us the best remedy for love is to multiply the objects of our admiration—proving thereby that Hahnemann was not the first homoeopathist—I patronised the exhibition in Pall Mall, determined to find a rival for Judith. In the first room there was nothing particular to arrest my attention; but the moment I entered the second, I was struck all of a heap by a Stron. No!—yes! it was! The attitude was different, the expression was different, the dress was very different; indeed, the present lady only wore her hair, which was fortunately very long and plentiful, but still there was the identical nose, the very charming chin, the same bewitching mouth. It was a fate, then; for how could two artists have struck out the same idea by chance? I left the room confused, bewildered; and the waiter at Bob's that day looked astonished when I told him I was ready for the Stron; nor was his surprise mitigated when I ordered a pint of Judith. I now no longer attempted to resist my destiny, but gave myself up to rapt seraphic contemplation of the ideal (Ah, cabbage! Uncle has one of Bulwer Lytton's books in his hand.—Tom), visiting one or other of the exhibitions every day until they closed, and then I felt a void in my existence I had never known before. I grew melancholy and dyspeptic, and consulted a medical man, who prescribed complete change of scene; to obtain which I made up my mind to quit my native land, and take up my residence, for a fortnight, at Boulogne. I pass over the horrors, the perils, the miseries of the voyage, which lasted upwards of two fearful hours, and proceed to chronicle my extreme good-fortune in discovering a boarding-house where the hostess was English, the guests English and Irish, the servants English, and, oh! the cookery English. Here I took up my abode, and sought once more the distractions of society—that is, I played Pope Joan with the old ladies for counters at a penny the dozen; I walked on the pier, and saw the people bathing, and the packets come in; and I subscribed to the *Etablissement des Bains*, and sat in a corner on the ball-nights. Plunged in this vortex of dissipation, the face which had so long haunted me began to fade from my remembrance, when one day, the third after my arrival, as I stood on the pier and watched the debarkation from the London packet, I saw a lady advancing alone, along the plank leading from the vessel to the shore. Her veil was down, yet I could distinguish the outline of her features, and my heart throbbed with emotion. With a stately step, she pursued her way to the custom-house door, and then, ere she entered, turned, and to see more clearly where her luggage was being carried to, raised the envious

veil. It was she! the Judith! the Stron! the ideal of two artists, and mine. I put the burning end of my cigar to the back of my head to see whether I was awake or not, and an instantaneous blither proved the fact indisputably. Who shall describe my bewilderment? I felt like the ho-dancer as a bull when the principal she-dancer bursts at unexpected moments out of cupboards, linen-presses, island-bushes, flower-beds, and tombstones. Was it angelic? Was it diabolic? Was it a coincidence?

I went home with an oppressive presentiment that something was going to happen to somebody somewhere, and mused till dinner.

We sat at meals in the order of our arrival, and got promotion when those above us departed; and as I had hitherto been the last, I was surprised to see a clean napkin laid next to mine below me. We did not have clean napkins daily, but folded up our dirty ones, and stuck them through a ring with a number on it, which we invariably forgot; so the clean napkin attracted attention, and Mrs. Jean, our hostess, explained that we were to have an addition to our circle, a Mrs. Plantagenet, widow. My host gave a bound in my bosom—what if it should be her! Pooh, nonsense; it was most probably some dumpy old woman with a red nose, who took snuff, and next to whom it would be very unpleasant to sit. Be she whom she might, the stranger was late, the soup, the fish passed away, the extremities were heated round before the door opened, and—it was she! I thought I should have swooned, collapsed, died of apoplexy, of rush of blood to the heart, and before that one or all of these calamities would have happened to me, had not a heaven-directed mouthful of quinquina gone down the wrong way.

'Have a glass of water?' said she in the most natural way in the world, as if we had known each other for months.

Could she have seen pictures of me? Was I her ideal, as she was mine?

'Anything going on here?' she asked, when I had somewhat recovered. 'What's at the theatre?'

I replied that I had not been there, not understanding the language.

'Oh, you must learn it,' she said; 'it's so easy, if you are plucky enough to talk, and not mind being laughed at when you make mistakes.'

'There is the Etablissement, where they teach.'

'That is all right. I adore dancing, don't you?'

'Yes, a little; that is, I am rather clumsy at it.'

'Oh, soon learn—practise in the evening, the lessons in the morning. Is the champagne good here?'

I hastened to order a bottle and offer her a glass. I had never got on so well with a lady before. I was like the simple Simon (Query, Cymon.—Tom) of antiquity, Love had polished me. When I sought my pillow that evening, two things astonished me: one was, the manner in which my destiny had taken my education in hand; the other that, as a widow, she must have been some one else's destiny before; but doubtless that was a forced match, an ill-assorted union. Rashful and unenterprising as I naturally was with the fair sex, my present advantage might have been lost from the mere want of being talked up, had not a series of minor events—being individually the same startling and supernatural character which distinguished those employed to bring us together, but still bearing the stamp of destiny still considered as a whole—combined to draw Mrs. Plantagenet and myself into closer intimacy. Thus, the morning after her arrival, I was smoking my after-breakfast cigar in the paved court at the back of the house, when the Venetian shutters of a window of the ground-floor were opened, and she appeared in a delightful fresh morning-dress. She

smiled, and bowed. I apologised for the cigar. It was the scent of all others she most preferred, which emboldened me to remain near the window. What a beautiful day it was! how she would enjoy a walk, if she only had a companion. I offered to attend her; she demurred a little, and saw no harm—we were not known. In a quarter of an hour we were quite familiar. Had I had a dancing-lesson yet? No! She herself would teach me a few steps. In two hours we were walking arm-in-arm up to the Napoleon column; in two days we were dancing together at the Etablissement; in a week, we called each other Leonora and Edward; in ten days, I was an engaged man.

In consequence, as she informed me, of a distressing lawsuit at that time depending, it was not convenient for Leonora to return to England just then; and as I had certain affairs to arrange, and certain relations (a word rhyming with expectations) whose advice it was desirable to ask, and, so far as it coincided with my own views, follow, it was decided that I should cross the Channel, settle everything, and return to Bliss; while Bliss remained at the boarding-house at Boulogne, and occupied herself in looking out for comfortable lodgings in the upper town. It certainly saves one a good deal of trouble to marry a widow.

By Leonora's advice I went straight from Boulogne to London, for though the voyage that way is of longer duration, you can go to bed and sleep all the time, or at least you can try to do so; so I took a berth on board the *Stumakpoomp*, and, in order to secure it, undressed and turned in before the vessel left the quay. The experiment was to some extent successful, for though the motion caused me to feel giddy, bewildered, and helpless, I was spared that horrible sensation of approaching dissolution, accompanied with tickling in the sides, which I had before experienced, whenever the packet shot rapidly down the side of some unusually big wave, and indeed escaped all the worst symptoms of the malady.

'After I had lain quiescent on my back for about three hours, two gentlemen came into the cabin whom, from their long hair, beards, and general cut, I rightly conjectured to be artists.

'Well Jack, as it is raining cats and dogs on deck, and the saloon is full of temporary invalids drinking brandy-and-water, I suppose this is about the cosiest nook in the whole ship. Upper or lower?'

'You have the longest legs. Lower.'

'All right; here goes;' and the taller of the two swung himself up into the berth immediately opposite mine, the other rolling into that underneath him.

'Jack!'

'Yes!'

'Can one smoke?'

'No!'

'What a bore.' And they plunged into general talk. They discussed politics, cookery, operas, preachers, everything; but their principal conversation was of paintings and painters; to all of which I listened in a dreamy way, passively, not paying attention, when suddenly a word caught my ear which startled me like an electric shock—'Judith.'

It was the end of something said by the under man, and the upper directly answered:

'O yes, I remember now; she sat also for Blower's Siren, didn't she?'

'That's her. Pity she is so extravagant. Over head and ears in debt. Can't put her foot in England, they say. I saw her yesterday on the pier.'

'Speak to her?'

'Not I; she had the prize in tow; it might have spoiled sport.' Besides, she tipped me a little frown.'

'Ah! and you say he is well off?'

'Very, they say. He won't be long so, poor beggar!'

'And he is really going to marry her?'

'Safe.'

'What a consummate ass! It is rather a bore though; perhaps he won't let her sit.'

'Not while his money lasts, perhaps; but that cannot be long, in her hands; and then he cannot be a very particular sort of chap to marry her at all.'

Only Dante could describe my feelings; suffice it that on arriving in London I made searching inquiries into the antecedents of Mrs Plantagenet, the result of which was to determine me to break off the match.

It is pleasant to have a wife who is a model of virtue, sobriety, industry, good-humour; but not one who is a model of 'Venus rising from the sea.'

An enlightened British jury, however, saw the matter from a different point of view, and when the action was brought against me, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—damages L.500.

THE PROVINCIAL DIALECTS OF ENGLAND.

No district in Europe affords so many interesting philological varieties as those presented within the comparatively small area of the British isles. Besides the two great branches of the national speech divided by the Tweed, we have the Erse of the Scottish Highlands, the Cymric of the Welsh mountains, the Gaelic of Ireland, and the Manx of the Isle of Man. The natives of the Channel Islands retain to this day a Norman-French patois which has much in common with the language of the troubadours; and scarcely a century has elapsed since the Cornish variety of the aboriginal Celtic still lingered about the rocky shores of the Land's End, and vestiges of the old Norse were still to be found among the further Orkneys. England itself is split up into almost as many dialects as there are counties, many of which, in spite of the levelling influences of education and steam, still continue well defined and strongly marked. The peasant of Worcestershire understands not him of Westmoreland, and the talk of a Lancashire weaver is utterly unintelligible to an Exmoor shepherd. Even in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, if you talk good English to a labouring-man, he touches his hat, begs your pardon, and passing on in evident reluctance to continue the conversation, avows himself to be 'no scholar.' In order to understand these differences, we must bear in mind that our northern forefathers, though all included under the generic term Saxon, were in reality comprised of various tribes, differing considerably in language. Bede mentions Jutes, old Saxons, and Angles; and there were probably others. A nice observer may detect great diversities of grammatical and orthographical forms in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts according to the province of the author or transcriber. Alfred's works are written in the pure Saxon of Wessex, his native district; but the Saxon chronicle composed at Peterborough is intermixed with many Mercian peculiarities; and several fragments of Cædmon that we know to have been copied in monasteries north of the Humber, partake of the broad character of the Northumbrian dialect. In the manuscript literature of a later age, we find similar variations. Robert of Gloucester's chronicle is written in a western dialect not unlike that of Devonshire at the present day, while *Piers Ploughman* is essentially Anglian. The differences observable in the literary language would of course be still more marked in the speech of the masses, who were entirely uneducated, and had little or no communication with the inhabitants of other provinces. The same causes operating from age to age, would lead still further to isolate the various groups of populations; and it is only fair, therefore, to suppose that much of the peculiarity of language prevalent in Anglo-Saxon times is

retained even to the present day in the popular speech of the same districts. Hence our provincial dialects, instead of being the barbarous jargons represented by the lexicographers of the last century, are in truth the real wells of 'English undefiled,' and their investigation of great importance to the philologist, as well for the numerous archaic and otherwise obsolete words which they have preserved to us, as for the light they throw upon the origin and structure of our written language. The influence of the Danes must also be taken into consideration. Giraldus Cambrensis tells us that in his day the inhabitants of the northern counties spoke a very barbarous language, which the southern people could not understand; and this he attributes to the colonies of Northmen who settled there. Nasman also relates a story of a Dalecarlian boy brought to England in the retinue of a Swedish ambassador, who was able to converse easily with a lad from Yorkshire. Any one who takes the trouble to compare Brockett's dictionary of northern words with a glossary of any of the western dialects, will at once see the great preponderance of the Scandinavian element.

At the present day, the English dialects may be divided into four principal groups—the northern, eastern, southern, and midland, nearly answering to the old political divisions of Northumbria, East Anglia, Wessex, and Mercia. Any more elaborate classification, though such has been attempted, must be purely arbitrary, as the various forms graduate one into the other in a manner which makes it difficult to say where one ends, or another begins. Verstegan, writing in the seventeenth century, says: 'We see that in several parts of England both the names of things and pronunciations of words are somewhat different; for example, according as one should say at London: "I would eat more cheese if I had it;" the northern man would say: "Ay sud eat mare cheese gin ay had et;" and the western man saith: "Chud eat more cheese an chad it." Lo, here three different pronunciations in our owne countrey, whereof many the like examples might be alleaged.' This observation yet holds good; the western and the northern still remain the most strongly marked of our dialects, although in point of interest both must yield to the midland idiom, which formed the undoubted sources of our present literary language. We propose to give specimens of the leading varieties, beginning with the counties nearest Scotland, and proceeding southward.

The dialects of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, may be considered identical in all essential particulars. They all, more or less, resemble the dialects of the southern Lowlands, and become deeply imbued with the Scotch accent as we approach the border. The celebrity of the lake district has given this dialect quite a little literature in itself; and many of the ballads and songs written to illustrate it have achieved more than provincial fame. A few stanzas from Anderson's *Impatient Lassie* will exhibit its principal features:

Deuce tek the clock! click-clackin sae
Ay in a body's ear;
It tells and tells the tyme is past
When Jwohnnny sud been here.
Deuce tek the wheel! 'twill nit rin roun.
Nae mair ta neet I'll spin,
But count each minute wid a seegh
Till Jwohnnny he steals in.

How neyos the spunky fire it burns
For twee to sit beseyde;
And theer's the seat where Jwohnnny sits,
And I forget to cheyde.

My fadder tui, how sweet he snwores—
My mudder's fust aslip.
He promis'd eft, but, oh! I fear
His wud he wunnet kip.

What can it be kips him frae me?
The ways are nit sae lang,
And sleet an' snaw are nought at aw
If yen were fain ta gang.
Some udder lass, wi' bonnier face,
Has catch'd his wicked ee,
And I'll be pointed at at kirk—
Nay, suiner let me dee.

There is another specimen from a song of the same writer; it is a bit of advice to a discarded lover:

Mun, thou'll nobbet lwose tee gud neame,
Wi' gowlin an' whingin sea mickle.
Cockswunters! min, beyde about heame,
An' let her e'en ga to auld Nickie.

Thou's spoilt for aw manner o' wark,
Thou nobbet sits peghan an' pleanan.
Odswucke, man! doff that dirty sark,
An' pretha gi'e way git a clean an!

An' then gow to Carel wi' me;
Let her gang to knock-cross wid her sewornin;
Sec clanken at market we'll see,
A'll up'd ta forgit her or mwornin.

The Lancashire dialect, which is also that of Cheshire, and a part of Derbyshire, differs from this very considerably. The most striking peculiarities are perhaps the retention of the old termination *en* in the plural of verbs, and the narrow and almost indescribable pronunciation of the diphthongs—*thou*, *how*, *mouse*, are spoken as if written *thear*, *heaw*, *meawse*, &c. *Hoo* is generally used for *she*; and the Saxon guttural, which delighted the ears of the Laird of Monkbarrow, is often preserved in words ending in *ing*. The dialect has been admirably illustrated in the works of the facetious Tim Bobbin, and we select as a specimen an abridgment of his apology of the Tailor and the Hedgehog, premising that it is intended to be a hard hit at his critics:

'A tealyer i' Crummil's time war thrung poo'ing turmets in his pingot, an fund an urchon ith hadlous rëaw; he glender'd at t' lung, boh cou'd mey neet an't. He whoav'd his whisaket owt, runs whoam, an tells his nebbors he'd fund a thing at God never made eart, for it had nother hëad nor tele, hond nor hough, mist nor eend. Then they'd'n a keawnsil, an th' eend aver at tey'd'n fotch a lawm fawse owd felly bet an eider 'at cou'd tell oytych thing. When they'd'n tosd him th' kease, he stroak'd his beard, sowghd, an onter'd th' wheelbarrow to be fotcht, an they beaw'd'n him avey to th' urchon. He gloard at t' a good wish, droyd his beard deawn, an wawted it owt wi' his crutch. "Wheel me abeawt agen o'th' other side side," said he, "for it sturs; an by that it su'd be wick." Then he dons his spectacles, steared at t' agen, an sowghing, said: "Breether, its summot; boh feather Adam nother did nor cou'd kerson it—wheel me whoam agen."

An old Cheshire hunting-song begins—

'Thear's slutch upo' thoi coat, mon—thear's blood upo' thoi chin;
It's welly toim for milkin, now wherever 'ast 'e bin'
'Oiv bin to see the gentelfolk o' Cheshur roid a run.
Owd, wench! oiv bin a hunting, an oiv seen some raitin fun.'

In the secluded Craven district of West Yorkshire we have another variety, which Chaucer has given specimens of in the language he has put into the mouth of his north-country scholars. It has been very fully investigated in the *Craven Dialogues*

Glossary of Mr Carr, from which we extract the following. The interlocutors are deploring the ignorance of some grouse-shooters who did not know what to make of Yorkshire oat-cakes:

'Gibbs.—Thou sees plainly how th' girt foulin didn't ken what havver cakes war.

'Bridget.—Noa, barn; he teuk'em as they laid o't fëak for round bits o' leather. I ax'd him to taste it; an' seed taks up't beesom start, potters yan down, an' keps it i' my apron. He then nepp'd a lile wee nooken on't, not t' validum o' my thoum naal, an' splutterd it out ageean, gloring gin he wur puzzom'd; an' efter aw I could say, I couldn't counsel t' other to taste nyther it or some bannocks.'

This is more like the Cumberland than the Lancashire dialect, but sufficiently different from either. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* gives us the shibboleth of the three varieties of the word *house*, which the Northumbrian pronounces *hoose*, the West Riding man *hā-ose*—nearly like *au* in the Italian *flauto*—and the Mercian in a manner usually represented in print by *heawse*. There are several other varieties of provincial speech in Yorkshire; and the native of this county has even had a newspaper published in his native dialect—the *Yorkshire Comet*, established in 1844, but soon suppressed on account of its broad personalities. A paragraph from the editorial prospectus will afford a good specimen of the language of the central districts:

'Wun neet, as oor Bet an' me wur set be't fire-side, shoo turned hersen suddenly roond, an' said: "Thoo's a foil, Dick!" "What! Bet, does thoo really meean ta say aize a foil?" "Ah dew," shoo said; "thoo's a real foil." "Hoo does ta mak that oot, Bet?" said ah, for ah wur noane hauf sulted aboot it. "Ah'll say it ageean an' ageean," says shoo; "thoo's a real foil; an' if ta's onny way partikelar ta know, ah'll tell tha hoo ah maks it oot. In't first plaace, luke what brans thoo hez; as starlin' as onny 'at iver theese gurt men hed, an' yet, like a foil, thoo taks it as easy as a pig in't muck." "Weel, weel," ah contind, "what wod ta ha' ma ta dew, lass? Tell us, an' ah'll dew t." "Then," says shoo, "start a paaper i' thee awn native tongue, an' call it t' *Yorshar Comet*!"'

As a specimen of the North Riding peculiarities, we give an actual notice of the bellman in a small town near Roseberry Topping:

'This is te gie noutice Jamz Pickersgill yats his yune te morn t' morn, t' morn t' nēan, an te morn t' neet, an nare langer, es lang as storm hoāds, coz he caen't get eldin.' (This is to give notice that James Pickersgill heats his oven to-morrow at morn, to-morrow at noon, and to-morrow at night, and not longer, so long as the storm lasts, because he can't get fuel.)

In Derbyshire and Shropshire, the speech has more affinity with that of Lancashire. Mr Howitt, in his *Rural Life in England*, gives a specimen of the Peak dialect:

'Farmer at table to his Guest.—Itē, mon, itē.

'Guest.—Au have itē, mon. Au've itē till I'm weelly brussen.

'Farmer.—Then itē, and brust thee out, mon! Au wooden we hadden to brussen thee wee.'

The Nottinghamshire variety is hardly so broad. In Charles Hooton's clever novel of *Bilberry Thurland*, the dialect is painted to the life. Here are the last words of an old Sherwood farmer:

'Feel o' my forehead: gie me houd o' thy hand,' said Zachary. 'It canna be—I mun go. Dunna grieve about thatten, Jim, my lad! T'ou knows whereabout my good old woman lies. I toud her on her death-bed—poor blessed creatur!—I toud her nobody should come there but me. Ay, I've done as well as I could. I've used everybody right, as far as I knowed; and

when I didn't, God'll have mercy. I know how it'll be. When I am gone, and there's nobody i' this farm to do to 'em as I've done, ar lads and lasses'll come into th' churchyard, and they'll say: "Here lies ar old mester; he was a good old mester."'

In Leicestershire, the popular speech loses many of the distinctive forms of the northern dialects, still retaining, however, many marked peculiarities. The sound of *a* is almost invariably narrowed to *e*; hence *hee*, *dee*, and *wesh* are constantly heard for *hay*, *day*, and *wash*. *U* is lengthened to *oo*, as in *dook* for *duck*, *hoosband* for *husband*, &c. *Have* is very commonly used for *am*, as in the phrase, 'Oi've in a hurry.' Verbs form their present tense by the addition of *en*; thus, they, say, we *loven*, we *haten*, we *pullen*, for we love, hate, &c. A Leicestershire farmer was complaining of a Cockney sportsman who would persist in riding over his land in spite of his refusal to allow it. So, said he—

'I oop to him street awee, an says oi: "Whoy dunna yeawow go roun by the ramper? (*turnpike*.) What, in the neam o' the Vargin, d' yeawow think o' yeawow sen, to roid ovver moy closen a *thissens*, nigh hand yeawow'll turn me oot o' me own house, I suppose. Yeawow come here to bully me; yeawow as arn't got a yacker o' lond i' the county. Yeawow bully oi—yeawow!" an so I yeawowed him out o' the field; an just as he war thro' the gat, the *surry dog* says: "Oi thought it wor open lond." "Open lond!" says oi; "then you thought a lig like Hobby's pig." "An what did he *thought*?" says he. "Whoy," says oi, "he thote he war goan to be killed, an they ony putten a ring thro' it noase."'

As we approach the Avon, we find the language considerably modified by the proximity of the southern or west-country dialects. The speech even of the most uneducated part of the rural population closely assimilates to standard English; and this feature, however we may be disposed to account for it, is most strongly marked at the blending point of the two dialects along the line of march counties which, in the days of the Heptarchy, formed the debatable land between Wessex and Mercia. Fuller, the church historian, writing in the seventeenth century, tells us that in his day the people of Northamptonshire spoke 'tho best English of any shire in England,' and adduces in illustration the fact, 'that the last translation of the Bible agreeth perfectly with the common speech of the county.' This is still strikingly true of the central portion of the county; and the same remark holds good of those districts of Bedfordshire and Herefordshire where the rival idioms come into contact. In Northamptonshire, the old Roman Watling Street forms a tolerably correct line of demarcation. Twenty miles north of this road, the dialect is nearly allied to those of Leicester and Lincoln; while within the same distance in a southerly direction, we find the narrow drawing utterance of the western counties. For example, in the phrase, 'I must be going myself in the morning,' a Peterborough man would say: 'Oi mun be gooin mysen i' the moorn;' while a man from the southern division would pronounce it, 'A must be gwain meself come marnen.' Nor is the difference confined to pronunciation. In the progress from north to south, not only do we meet with many curious variations in the verbs and other terms of colloquial intercourse, but the substantives—names of natural objects, birds, plants, agricultural implements, &c., undergo a marked and decided change. A bridge becomes a *brig*; and a *shock* (of corn) is transformed into a *stouk*. Yeast is turned into *barm*, and *bittles* are re-christened *clocks*, an affinity of the German *chuleich* and the Scottish *clock-bee*. Again, in the southern districts, the process of collecting corn after the reapers is known as *leasing*—a good old word, from the Saxon *lesan*; in the north, it is called *pecking*, or *poikin*; while in the central district,

or *Lingua Franca*, no other term is recognised than the orthodox *glossing*.

We have now traced the principal varieties of the northern dialects, from the border to the heart of mid-England. On another occasion, we propose to consider those of the western and eastern counties.

THE SISTERS.

It was on one of those warm, bright, still summer mornings that always seem to me to belong to the Sabbath, that I, accompanied by my sister and her husband, for the first time entered the parish church of the pretty village of Beconsfield. The appointments of the interior pleased me, and I took my seat with a calm, home-like feeling. I was much charmed with the singing, as the service proceeded, and the preacher was an earnest, eloquent man.

I am not conscious of having been inattentive to the duties of the morning, but the eyes will wander sometimes. Our pew was on the left side of the centre division; and in one on the other side of the aisle were two ladies whom, from the exceeding plainness of their dress, I set down in my own mind as sectarians. The ladies appeared young, that is, relatively—about three or four and twenty. The youngest was marked, but not at all disfigured, by the small-pox, and by the continued closed eyelids, evidently blind. She was fair, and had a pleasing expression of countenance, frequently improved by the smiling which flitted across her face. I was much interested in her. But her sister, as I presumed her to be, I could not understand, and yet her face was one of those which instantly captivate—a fair, oval, almost faultless face, with dark eyes, and plainly braided brown hair. The imperturbability, however, with which she listened to the music and the sermon surprised me. Once or twice, a colour rose to her transparent cheek, but it could not have been caused by either the singing or the eloquence, for it happened at times when there was apparently nothing to excite.

My visit was to extend only to a fortnight; three days had already elapsed; and as my sister was particularly engaged on the next day, I went out for a stroll by myself, or at least only accompanied by my nephew, Master Frederick Rawlins, a fine little fellow of four or five. I had wandered through green lanes and over grassy meadows until I began to feel rather tired, and was looking at inviting stumps of trees, and green hillocks, when we suddenly came into a bye-lane, in which about a dozen cottages were clustered. Although I knew we must be near home, I looked first at one house, and then at another, purposing to ask for a moment's rest and a glass of water, for the day was very warm.

But one door was closed; at another, a mother was scolding some children; at another, two or three boys, together with an aged man, seated in a wicker-chair, were busily talking, and as busily plaiting some coloured straw—everybody plaited about that village; and so I passed on until I came to the last, and here I stood still. At the open door of the little abode, the blind young lady of the church was seated, a plain muslin cap over her fair hair, and in a dark cotton dress, rapidly plaiting some fine white straw. I was almost glad that her infirmity prevented her seeing my embarrassment; but perceiving that her quick ear had caught the sound of strange footsteps, I said aloud to my little nephew: 'Perhaps, Freddy, this lady would be kind enough to let us rest for a few minutes.'

'Lady?' repeated Frederick; 'why, it is Miss Rebecca.'

'Ah! Master Rawlins, I am glad to see you; how is mamma?' she asked, rising quickly, and taking his little hand.

'Mrs Rawlins,' I said, in as gentle a voice as possible, 'is quite recovering from her little illness, and was in church yesterday.'

'How glad I am to hear it. You will pardon me, but are you not a relative of Mrs Rawlins?'

'Her sister.'

'I thought so: your voices are so much alike.'

During this colloquy, Freddy and I having seated ourselves, I looked, with a slight bow, at the imperturbable elder sister, who, similarly attired, was sitting at a small table at needle-work. I asked her to oblige me with a glass of water; she coloured, and, I thought, looked confused; but before she could have complied, the blind sister approached, and, by her fingers and gesture, explained my request. She ran instantly, and my heart sunk within me, as, with a sweet smile, and a really elegant inclination of the head, she presented the water. Could she be *deaf*? The tears started to my eyes, and my hand trembled as I took the glass. What a fatality! As I looked upon the sweet face, that now seemed to me strangely intellectual, my fatigue was gone. I drank the water, and rising, pressed the deaf lady's hand, thanked her for the moment's rest, and then turning to the younger sister, took one of her hands in both mine, and said, in rather a tremulous voice, that I should trouble her soon again with a visit, as her house was so pleasantly situated; and then, taking the hand of my little nephew, who was singularly silent, wandered my way thoughtfully to my sister's house.

It was a day or two before I had an opportunity of questioning my sister about those afflicted sisters.

'Ah!' she said, 'it is a sad story. Their father was a highly respectable solicitor, and Dr Rawlins's father attended the family as their physician. Poor Rebecca, that is, the younger Miss Glenfield, had the small-pox when she was about twelve years of age, and the poor mother, in attending upon her, took it also. Mrs Glenfield died; Rebecca recovered, but was blind. Mr Glenfield, it seems, took it sadly to heart; he had loved his wife, and cared little to look upon his blind daughter. He took to speculation, and of course neglected his business. Thus he was seized with the typhus fever; and poor Amelia, that is, the elder Miss Glenfield, in attending upon her father, was attacked in her turn. The father, in this case, died, and Miss Glenfield recovered, but to incurable deafness and absolute poverty; he when the claims upon Mr Glenfield's estate were settled, the helpless girls had scarcely a shilling left.'

'But had they no friends?'

'They had some relatives, and, I believe, at first were kindly treated. They have still some *small* annuity, and their seat in church; but I suppose nobody cared to take charge of them.'

'And so these poor girls were left to God, and their own endeavours. Has Dr Rawlins given my attention to their case?'

'O yes; he has done a good deal for Miss Glenfield, so far as health is concerned; but the deafness he considers incurable; and as to poor Rebecca, there is no hope.' And thus the conversation ended.

During the remainder of my stay at Beconsfield, my visits to the sisters were neither few nor far between, scarcely a day passing on which I did not call at the little cottage in the evening, for we soon became very familiar. It was really gratifying to observe the bright smile that would light up Rebecca's face, and the sweet intelligent welcome Miss Glenfield's eyes, that accorded so naturally to the few words she spoke, as my foot crossed the threshold.

On the afternoon previous to my leaving Beconsfield, I of course went to bid adieu, but this was not my only motive. Rebecca's cheek turned pale as I took her hand, and the tears started to her

Glenfield's eyes as she tried to smile a welcome. This was to be my last visit, and the solitary creatures had become used to my society. This time I could not stay long; so, after a little conversation about our parting, and the hope I had of our again meeting, I drew Amelia a little aside, and asked her whether she thought her sister would feel much disappointed if a doctor pronounced her deafness incurable.

'It has been already pronounced incurable,' replied Rebecca quickly; 'Dr Rawlins said he could do nothing more. In fact, Miss Hill, we have dismissed every idea of the sort; yet, if she could recover her hearing even to a slight degree, what a comfort it would be, for you can't think how lonely I am, and so, of course, is she, poor thing: but then she can see.'

This was a new revelation, for it had never occurred to me that Amelia's deafness was a deprivation to any but the deprived; but so it must have been, for she scarcely ever spoke except for some general or necessary purpose. During this colloquy, as I saw that Amelia was looking at us inquisitively, I requested her sister to explain my question.

'You are very kind, Miss Hill,' observed Amelia, and a faint colour rose to the poor girl's cheek; 'but it would be folly in us to think of impossibilities: we must dree our weird.'

Notwithstanding this, after my return home, I could hardly sit down till I had paid a visit to a well-known aurist, Mr Morton of Brook Street. He was a plain-spoken, plain-looking man, rather above the middle height, and with singularly intelligent and expressive dark eyes.

He listened patiently and attentively to my statement; and in reply to the question, as to whether there was any hope:

'It is impossible to say, ma'am,' he replied slowly, and as if deliberating, 'without seeing the lady. Twenty-three years of age, and has lost her hearing through fever, about four or five years ago: it is a pity I had not been consulted earlier.'

'I knew nothing of the case,' I replied. 'I have only become acquainted with the young lady these last two weeks; and besides, my brother-in-law, Dr Rawlins, attended her.'

'Dr Rawlins of Beconsfield—a very clever man. But you see, Miss Rawlins, I have devoted myself exclusively to the ear—that is, to the organ of hearing; and a very interesting subject it is. I assure you, Miss Rawlins, that very many patients who have been submitted to me as incurably deaf, have had in reality no organic defect or disease at all.'

As he seemed about starting a hobby, I at once resolutely asked when Miss Glenfield could see him.

'Miss Glenfield! She does not belong to the Glenfields of Beconsfield?'

'She is the late Mr Glenfield's eldest daughter.'

'Well, that is strange. Why, my brother served his articles to Mr Glenfield: you see, he was a delicate youth, so it was thought the country would be best.'

'But Mr Glenfield is dead, and the two poor girls are left in comparative poverty.'

'Dead! Ah! I remember the fever. But the other daughter—she is not deaf?'

'She is not deaf; but, by a strange fatality, she is blind.'

'Blind! Poor things, poor things. Well, bring the young lady any morning you choose—that is, before twelve.'

'But, sir,' I replied, 'Miss Glenfield resides at Beconsfield, so it will be necessary to appoint some particular morning, when we shall be happy to attend you.'

'At Beconsfield! Why, I am going to Beconsfield to-morrow. Mrs Smith of Oaks Lodge has sent for

me; she is subject to deafness at her confinements. Hers is only physical weakness. But as I am called in professionally, of course I attend; and perhaps, after all, it is as well. I think your brother attends the family.'

'Very likely, sir. But what about Miss Glenfield?'

'Do you give me her address. I shall have to attend Mrs Smith for two or three weeks: it will be no trouble to me, you see; and during that time, I shall be able to ascertain whether I can do anything for your friend.'

While he was speaking, I had drawn out my card-case and pencil, and on the back of one of my own cards, had written, 'Miss Glenfield, Woods Cottage, Woods Lane;' and when he had finished speaking, presented the card and a guinea—the usual fee, I believe, of a morning visitor. He took the fee and the card, and after glancing at them, placed both in the pocket of his waistcoat, and then rising as I left my chair, he said: 'I take this fee, Miss Rawlins'—(Miss Rawlins! when he had just read, as plain as the engraver could write, Miss Hill!)—'I receive this fee in testimony that I have undertaken the case; but I take no more. Whatever attendance or medicine Miss Glenfield may require, I will see to myself, and rest assured, I will spare no pains. Good-morning, Miss Rawlins;' and bowing me out, he closed the street-door.

That very morning I wrote to my sister, requesting her to apprise Miss Glenfield of the aurist's purposed visit, and, if possible, to be at Woods Cottage herself the next afternoon; and also to inform me of the result of the interview. In compliance with my request, Caroline wrote that he had come, according to promise; that he had given no decided opinion; that Miss Glenfield had borne the visit remarkably well, but that poor Rebecca had been much agitated.

Well, time passed on, Mr Morton answering somewhat dubiously my occasional inquiries, till I received a letter from my sister, which rather surprised me; it ran thus: 'DEAR LOUISA—I wish you could ascertain positively whether Mr Morton is married or not. I have asked Frederick—to be sure, only, as it were, casually; and he thinks he is unmarried. But I want to know positively. He comes very frequently to the cottage—more frequently than I am sure a case like hers can require. It is a sad thing to be deaf; but it would be a much sadder thing to have her heart blighted—though, perhaps, it is already too late. If Mr Morton is married, he sees Amelia no more, except at my house.'

I was thunder-struck, and yet not a little amused at the idea of a young girl having her heart blighted by an eccentric surgeon more than twice her age. I determined, however, to run down at once to Beconsfield—run down as I had promised—and see the aurist and Amelia myself. But it so happened that on the next day, when I went to the station, I discovered I had made a mistake: it was the arriving train I was in time for, the other would not depart for two hours. As I stood on the platform, vexed at my stupidity, and hardly knowing whether to wait or return home, I was accosted by a gentleman, whom, if I had not been addressed as 'Miss Rawlins,' I should never have recognised as Mr Morton. He looked ten years younger than when I first saw him; his dress, too, was improved, and altogether he seemed to me a happy, and quite a handsome man.

'Just come from Beconsfield, Miss Rawlins?' said he, taking my hand, and pressing it warmly. 'I wonder I did not see you before, but I suppose you must have been in another carriage. All well at home?'

'Quite well, sir; thank you,' answered I, rather distantly. 'But how is Miss Glenfield?'

'Very well indeed—getting on nicely. But I see I

am detaining you from your friends,' as a group of strangers approached to where I was standing; and again pressing my hand, he bowed, and hurried away. I was vexed; but as I had seen the doctor, what use was there in my waiting two hours to go down to Beconsfield?

In the evening, as we were sitting at tea at home, I introduced the subject of Miss Glenfield's possible cure; and after alluding to Mr Morton's skill, asked boldly whether he was married.

'Married!' repeated my mother, looking up in surprise. 'No, Louisa, no. He is one of those old bachelors who would grudge himself a wife. Why, Anne lived there as housemaid, and she says he keeps the servants on board-wages, and almost starves himself.'

'I don't know,' said I, vexed to hear the doctor depreciated, 'what business Anne has to talk of those who employ her. He seems to me a kind and benevolent man.'

'He may be so, Louisa, in his profession,' remarked my father, looking up from his evening paper; 'but depend upon it, he is not generally benevolent. Why, I once applied to him myself about the poor Poles, and he refused to subscribe one shilling: he never gave to public charities, he said—nor to private ones either, in my opinion.'

All this was nearly conclusive, but I resolved to hazard another inquiry. The next morning, I went to a milliner, a friend of ours, who resided in the vicinity of Regent Street. After admiring her elegant novelties, and attending to a little affair of my own, I spoke of my young friend and Mr Morton, and then smilingly asked whether she worked for *Mrs Morton*.

'I work for Mrs Morton and her family too,' replied my friend; 'but not the lady of the aurist, but of his brother, a respectable solicitor. In fact, the Mr Morton you mean has no wife, and if he had, I am afraid the poor lady would scarcely employ me'—she went on smiling and shrugging her shoulders—'for Mrs Morton tells me he is terribly stingy.'

As this confirmed what I had previously heard I felt satisfied, but before replying to my sister, resolved to call on Mr Morton myself.

He was at home, and evidently very glad to see me; but when I said that my sister, Mrs Rawlins, was very anxious to know *when* he could pronounce a decided opinion as regarded Miss Glenfield, I remarked that he coloured, and seemed rather embarrassed. He paused a moment.

'To tell you the truth, Miss Rawlins,' said he hurriedly, 'I should like to finish the cure at home.' He hesitated. I looked at him, but knew not what to reply. I suppose I must have appeared much delighted, for there was no mistaking his meaning. His own countenance brightened, and he went on, with little circumlocution, to say, that he had conceived a great regard for Miss Glenfield; that he was sure she was the only woman who could make him happy; and that he was very desirous of making her his wife.

I could scarcely restrain my feelings at the idea of poor dear Amelia's good-fortune; however, I managed quietly to congratulate him on his choice, to speak in the highest terms of Miss Glenfield's ladylike demeanour, and her amiability and affectionate disposition; 'but then,' I added, 'you know she is poor and friendless, and has a dependent sister.'

'As to her sister,' replied the aurist, 'I like Rebecca almost as well as—Miss Glenfield; and as to their being friendless, between you and me, Miss Rawlins, I don't think that much of a loss: I shouldn't like to be troubled with a wife's tribe of relations.' Again the word *wife*! but I preserved a calm countenance; and as he hesitated anew, I ventured to ask when the wedding was to take place, 'for

I suppose,' I added, 'Miss Glenfield and you have already settled it.'

'Why, no, Miss Rawlins; indeed, Amelia has not settled anything; but I don't think she would object. I wanted to have spoken to you or Mrs Rawlins: I think Mrs Rawlins must be ill, for I have not seen her for some time; and, indeed, I did go to Mrs Morton, my brother's wife, and requested her to visit Amelia, telling her that she was a daughter of the gentleman my brother had served his articles to. And what do you think she said—that she had no idea of visiting a mere adventuress! That woman shall never cross my threshold again. Miss Glenfield is a gentlewoman, and could not have used such language. Could not you and Mrs Rawlins manage the affair? I will write to Amelia this afternoon, to prepare her, as to the time, although the essential part I consider settled already; and pray, Miss Rawlins, let the matter be arranged as soon as possible, so that I may be able to attend to business as usual. There will be some little matters of dress required,' he went on: 'there are two fifty-pound notes for Amelia; if she wants more, you will be so good as to write. Of course, when she is in her own house, she will have everything at her own disposal. And there is another fifty for Rebecca; she will be an essential companion for her sister when I am from home.'

I took the notes in a perfect bewilderment. There was I, a young maiden of twenty or so, preparing for my own bridal, which was to take place in a fortnight, quietly arranging with a stranger the preliminaries for the wedding of another.

'But I forgot to tell you, Miss Rawlins,' resumed Mr Morton, 'that I am going this evening to Mr Glenfield, the proctor, Amelia's uncle. He has shamefully neglected her; but as he is her uncle, and is a respectable man, I will ask his consent to the marriage, and invite him to attend, if it was only to vex my brother's wife.'

I walked home in a dream. Why do romancers puzzle their brains to bring about their consummations by means of extraordinary events and coincidences? Could anything be simpler than the present concatenation, anything wilder than the result? These two poor, lonely, helpless girls, whom I had left sitting by their cottage-door, working for bread—the one in utter darkness, the other surrounded by a dread silence which thunder itself could not break—behold them now coming forth from their solitude into comfort, competence, and society; the blind clothed in smiles of happiness, and feeling no want of eyes as she leans on her sister's arm, and the deaf with love in her full heart, and the music of all nature in her ears! It was delightful to think that I had myself a part in bringing about this consummation; and yet, as I walked, my eyes filled, and in spite of all my efforts, the tears came rolling down my cheeks.

Soon after, my own marriage took place, and I removed to another part of the country. In due time—that is to say, in less than a month—I received a letter from my mother, giving me all the news. My mother stated that she had bestowed as much attention, and felt almost as much interest in Miss Glenfield's bridal, as she could have done in that of one of her own daughters. She added, she was not at all surprised at the interest I had evinced in Mr Morton's choice; 'and I really begin to be of your opinion, Louisa, as to his kindly disposition; and as for his being parsimonious—so far as I have seen—is rather Mrs Morton, who will limit the expenditure of the family. I wish you had seen Miss Glenfield in her bridal-dress—she looked so beautiful, so calm, so ladylike. Poor Rebecca scarcely knew what to do; but I had her by my side, and she wept her tears on

my bosom. Poor girl! she whispered to me that she thought it was the first time she had ever really regretted her loss of sight, she should so like to see her sister.'

A DAY AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

'GONE the half-hour, Mr Smith,' says the voice of our indefatigable head-servant, about half-past six on a cold November morning. The individual thus addressed turns over on his side with an 'All right, Tom,' and is asleep again in half a minute; but is at length roused effectually, some quarter of an hour afterwards, by his next bed-neighbour removing his upper stratum of bed-clothes, and another affectionately shying a pair of slippers at his head. By this time all the members of the room are stirring, chiefly induced thereto by the efforts of the fags, who take it by turns to get the sleepers up in time in the morning. A great scramble now takes place for the boots and other articles of dress, which were scattered about in the scrimmage of last night. One poor fellow is in hopeless despair at the unaccountable disappearance of his trousers; another discovers that his jug has been broken in the battle of bolsters, and has leaked over his coat. At ten minutes to seven the great bell begins to toll, and the *præceptor* of the bedroom, roused partly by the noise, and partly by the friendly entreaties of the fags on duty, thinks it time to rise. Then comes the furious rush down the steep dark stairs, in which the fall of one determines the fate of many, followed by a sharp burst through the quadrangle to the door of the great school, just as the first stroke of the hour begins. By the door stands Headly, the school-marshal, who, as the hour strikes, makes desperate efforts to shut the door in the face of the string of boys. He is usually unsuccessful at first, but taking advantage of a break, manages to bang it in the face of a few, who walk disconsolately back to their boarding-houses. Prayers are now read by the head-master to the assembled school of four hundred boys, all standing. Then commences calling over, the boys going out by their forms, and the names of the absentees receiving a tick in the lists of the master. Each form then separates to its own school-room for first lesson. While this takes place, Jones, who has been assisting at a supper the night before, seizes the opportunity of getting a construe out of a more industrious comrade. Our master enters, and we take our seats round the desks, and a certain number of boys are put on—that is, stand up to construe. All get through well with two exceptions. One poor fellow who has prepared his lesson by means of a crib, is completely floored in his derivations and parsing. Jones is, unluckily for him, put on just where his acquired construe leaves off, so that in the middle of his translating he comes to a dead stop, and floundering on, translates 'robur,' a robber, amid a general titter. He is sternly bidden to sit down, and will be provided with sedentary amusement during the half-holiday which takes place in the afternoon.

After about an hour of this work, we adjourn to our different boarding-houses to breakfast. Our hall is a large and lofty room, with numerous tables scattered over it, on which are arranged the provisions of tea, rolls, and butter. Fags are now sent down town for supplies of marmalade, eggs, sausages, &c., which latter are cooked by old Sally, who in her cottage, with its large chimney, has officiated for many successive generations of boys. The fags, after their run in the cold, have now the opportunity of warming themselves, by making the *præceptors'* toast at the great fire. While enjoying our breakfasts, Potts rushes into the hall crying out: 'Muggerhanger is going to be coached.' Flogging is so rare an

event, that it always excites a deal of interest. Breakfast is left immediately, and we rush *en masse* to take our station under the school-room, where the offender is to suffer execution. We listen to the wheezes of the birch-rod, and speculate as to the effect it produces, and when it is over, trot back again to our breakfasts. We mostly form little coteries at this meal; and although not so to us, it would seem to others a very noisy and uncomfortable one. The boys drop in according to the time at which their forms are over, in a very desultory way, and those who have finished, often salute their neighbours with pellets of bread, or lumps of sugar; till at last some boy high in the school, who is trying to get up his Euripides at breakfast-time, catching a glimpse of one of the assailants whose pellet has lit on his nose, angrily rushes from his seat, drives him from the hall at the point of the boot, and a cessation of hostilities takes place.

Breakfast is over by nine o'clock, and we either have a game of fives in the fives courts, or take a stroll in the country for half an hour, and then we adjourn to our studies to prepare our second lesson. The studies are in rows opening into passages, in which are fires, round which we chat, or prepare coffee and eggs in the evenings. The studies are queer little holes, more like the state-rooms of American steamers than anything else. I do not believe a fashionable lady in the present style of dress could get in; certainly, if she was in, there would be no room for anybody else. Yet the studies can be made exceedingly snug and comfortable, if one chooses. Mine is six feet by five, and holds no end of furniture: a sofa, lounging-chair, and tables, besides a bookcase, and lots of pictures, especially hunting subjects, which I look longfully at these cloudy November mornings, mentally resolving, if possible, to go on foot and see the hounds meet at Newton on Thursday. Near the ceiling of my study is a cupboard, where I keep my coffee-pots, kettles, &c.; and a stock of cricket pads, bats, and stumps behind the door, and a moderator-lamp on the table, complete the equipment of my study. All the members of my form in the house collect in my study to prepare our second lesson, which happens to be a tough bit of a Greek play; we just finish it as the clock strikes the quarter past ten, and then rush down to our school-rooms. Second lesson lasts another hour; and as to-day is a half-holiday, we have another lesson at half-past twelve, which lasts till dinner. This is rather a more orderly meal than breakfast, and commences with a long grace. The buzz of talk never ceases, and is chiefly about the events of the morning lessons, and the great football match that comes off in the afternoon, with various speculations and prophecies as to its probable result. After the half-hour allowed to dinner, we rise; another grace follows, and we loiter about to spend the time till three o'clock as best we can. Some read books in their studies, or the daily newspapers in the dining-hall, or stroll down to Millington's, the school bookseller, to look at the new books; while others peregrinate the town, looking in the shop-windows, and perhaps find their way to Mrs Mesh's, the pastrycook. I, with a friend, wander about the meadows, or the Bunchurch Road, talking of a variety of subjects, and suddenly resolve to give a supper that evening to some of my particular friends. We return just in time to dress for football before 'calling over' at three. Calling over now ensues in the same way as in the morning. Most of us are bits of dandies about the football-dress, which is really quite picturesque—our side in duck trousers and jerseys of spotless white; our opponents with blue stripes on their jerseys. Each player wears the cap of his own boarding-house, of the brightest coloured velvet, with gold or

silver braiding, and tassels which flash in the sunshine, surmounted by the crest of the house.

The match to-day is what is termed A to H, that is, those whose names begin with the first letters of the alphabet play against those whose names begin with the remainder. Each side, of about eighty players, takes up its position at opposite ends of the largest half of the spacious close, leaving the junior portion of their side to guard their goal, made of two posts, about twenty feet from one another, with a cross-piece about ten feet from the ground. The object of each party is to kick the ball over their adversary's goal. Above us the fine old elms raise their lofty heads, now almost bereft of leaves; on the topmost branches are seated grave old rooks, which caw their opinions of the game. Between the trees appear the conventual-looking mass of school-buildings, with the beautiful chapel. Around are groups of spectators, who survey our proceedings with great interest. Between the two parties lies the quiescent ball. A shout comes from the opposite side, 'Are you ready?' to which we answer 'Yes,' and their leader rushes at the ball, and with one kick sends it over our heads; but our back-players are on the alert, and the ball is quickly returned towards those who sent it, and we eagerly follow it up. Then comes the tug of war. On our side, Williams hugs the ball, and makes a rush towards the enemy's goal. But he does not advance many steps, for he is grasped by a host of foes, who maul him, and try to wrest the ball from his hold. He is well assisted, however, by his own side, and at length the whole mass of struggling players rolls down on the slippery turf, while from those undermost come shrieks and groans expressive enough. A pause ensues till the belligerents have got upon their legs again, and then ensues a fearful battle for the ball, in which human legs are both the assailants and sufferers, for in this game more of the passions of real warfare are excited than in any other. It would require the talent of a Homer, or the fervour of a Macaulay, to describe the fortunes of the day—what kicks, what falls were received, how at first we were driven back, how later in the fray we succeed in kicking a goal.

As the quad clock strikes a quarter to five, 'No side' is shouted by the head of the school, and we repair to our boarding-houses in a very different style from that in which we emerged from them. Jerseys are torn, and trousers and belts bear numerous marks of intimate acquaintance with the soil of the close, while our resplendent caps, that at first glittered in the sunshine, have suffered rough usage, in the being often knocked off and trodden under foot. We slouch along lazily, discussing warmly the merits of the day—what a splendid drop of Mulloch's that was, and how well Long Barnett ran into the enemy's goal; and pity plucky little Short, who was so mauled in that scrimmage under the three trees; and decide that our side played capitally, and won the match well, as really they had some first-rate players among them.

Supposing that this had not been a half-holiday, we should have had two lessons of an hour each in the afternoon, and had the rest of the time to ourselves. During the few minutes that elapse before locking up at five o'clock, Williams and I hurry down to order provisions for our supper this evening. We are rather long in making our purchases, and running up the High Street, see the servants shutting the quadrangle gates. We make a furious charge, and are aided by some comrades inside who see our danger; they hang upon the servants, and prevent the gates being shut. In we creep, and get into the hall in time to answer our names, which are being called over by one of the prepositors. Tea is the same description of meal as breakfast, but we, wishing to save our appetites, do not partake of it. We retire to our studies, and prepare the first lesson for to-morrow morning. When

that is over, we set about the pleasant task of making ready our feast. As my study is to be dining-room, I clear the decks for action, by throwing everything movable out into the passage, and borrowing two or three chairs from neighbouring studies, while I bring out all my private crockery and the remains of my last hamper from home. Williams has got a saucepan, and procured some of the supper-beer, which he is making into egg-flip, over the passage fire, and boiling the coffee. The smoking viands come in from Old Sally's, smelling very savoury—veal cutlets, kidneys, some vegetables, and a tart. We and our three guests sit down round the tiny table, and are extremely jolly, enjoying the meal as only school-boys can who have been playing football all the afternoon.

We are roused at half-past nine from fighting over again the battles of the day by the bell for prayers. The names of those in our house, between fifty and sixty in number, are again called over in the hall by one of the monitors, who then reads prayers. After this, we go off to bed, but not to sleep. As our prepositor is hard at work down stairs reading up for an Oxford scholarship which comes off next week, we are our own masters, and take advantage of the liberty by making a furious inroad into No. 3 bedroom; where, although we meet with tough resistance from bolsters and every other sort of bedroom weapon, yet we succeed in turning the room topsy-turvy, and leaving the occupants something to do in the shape of bedmaking. Elated with our success, we attempt a similar foray into No. 6, but are somewhat taken aback by finding their prepositor, Old Briggs, up, who first throws his stock of boots, kept under his bed, at the heads of the foremost, and then *cherries us back* with his cane to our bedroom. However, being a good-natured fellow, he gives up the chase, and we reach our room in safety. We then think it expedient to retire to bed, and, after a good ghost-story from an Irish fellow, who is a capital hand at the supernatural, are soon asleep, as sound as tops. I am, however, once awaked by the arrival of a boot, which hits me in mistake for Pat, at whose head it was hurled by our prepositor, who cannot bear the *nightly solo* of snoring in which Pat indulges.

'Beg pardon, Old Smith! Do punch that fellow's head; one cannot sleep with such a row going on!'

Pat silenced, we are all soon asleep again; and thus ends one of the enjoyable days of that very happy school-life on which, now that I am launched forth into the world, I look back with such pleasant reminiscences.

THE FÊTE OF MADONNA DELL' ARCO.

It is curious to see how serious the nations of Europe are growing, one after another. In those wondrously good old times when the pope and princes managed everything, the whole world was a masquerade, with a death's-head in the middle. The Reformation first brought seriousness into life. Merry England ceased with the civil wars, and busy, thinking, serious England took her place. No people are more merry at times than the American negroes, or are less so always than their masters. Goldsmith found the French of his time piping and dancing, a time when every one under a noble paid away two-thirds of his income to a dissolute court—when a man was hanged for shooting a partridge, and sent to the galleys for buying a pound of salt out of his parish. The French of to-day, with all respect to Mr Albert Smith, are generally a grave people. Paris may be, as he calls it, a pot boiling over with fun, but this only on Sundays, when the half-million of overworked and underpaid *ouvriers* expand into fun like the slaves on a holiday, and for the same reason. Who does not feel inclined to sing after the toothache? but the relief is

after all, not worth the pain. The French peasant of the country, who works all the week on his own freehold ground at his own will, is as grave as a judge. His Sunday, after mass, is generally spent in strolling over his fields and picking out the weeds.

Italy was a merry country still under Maria Theresa, who kindly relieved her subjects from any share in their own affairs; but under the twenty years of Napoleon, who first taught the Italians that they could fight, as she grew manly, she grew grave. It is curious to compare the accounts of any intelligent traveller, Beckford, for instance, who was at Venice before the French invasion, with those of Eustace and Forsyth after the peace of Vienna. All the old shows and sports with which the doges and senate coaxed and juggled their slaves died with them. Then perished the gilded farce of the Bucintaur, with its gay procession and phantom sovereignty of the Adriatic. Once a year the government went in state to see the fishermen of the Lido and Malamocco poke each other with oars and poles into the water. In 1809 the French governor put a stop to this, telling the people to reserve their blows for the Austrians. Then, too, perished the great procession of the car at Padua, which the people used to tug about, sixty feet in height, and covered with lights and flowers. The carnival still holds its ground, but is the ghost of what it was. It was worse than a funeral to see it at Venice a few years ago; the grim revellers obliged by the police to put on the mask of merriment, pacing about with painted faces and rage in their hearts, like the little ballet-girls whom one may see at the morning-drill of the opera hopping about to the merriest of tunes with the tears running down their faces. Railways and the battle of Novara seem to have killed the soul of joy in the hearts of the Italians. The whole country is become a police-barrack, where pope, kings, and generals, are everlastingly calling to the people to move on. No wonder their faces, like their hearts, are sad. Even Naples is sad. Even the fête of Madonna dell'Arco is dying out; and we will therefore describe it before it has utterly perished, more as it was than as it is.

The fête of Madonna dell'Arco is the national festival of the Neapolitans. The people have it, and enjoy it as their peculiar property; by people meaning those three hundred thousand brawny, dark-eyed, lazy, but lovable sons and daughters of Neapolis who make up the most useless and picturesque community in Europe. As for the bad imitations of Parisian beaux and belles that call themselves the aristocracy, they would die rather than be there. So the poor folk, for once in the year, have a day to themselves to be happy in their own way; and they certainly do not miss the opportunity.

We had done our Naples, as the phrase is, thoroughly; had bathed at Baïæ; been twice at Capri and its beautiful grottoes, where pendent crystals form the roof, and the azure mirror of the Mediterranean the translucent pavement; we had sketched and painted at Pæstum; panted up Vesuvius, and spent absorbed and wondering hours in the silent city of the dead. After three months richly enjoyed, even Naples may become monotonous. My companion, a thorough Frenchman, and one of those devoted sons of art who seem first to germinate fully under an Italian sky, felt none of this—a painter never does, where there are scenes to be copied and heads to be sketched. 'You have seen nothing at all,' he said, in answer to my complaint—'only places and great people, who are the same everywhere. We will take a calesso, and go to-morrow to the Madonna dell'Arco, and see a little what the Neapolitans are really like. To-morrow, 4 A.M., *temps militaire*.' So on Easter Monday, half an hour after the time specified, and two hours at least before the Londoners

begin to rouse themselves for their dreary rout and riot of Greenwich fair, we were out of Naples, and driving fast down the Portici road.

Beautiful hour, in every clime, that follows the sunrise, but most beautiful in the regions of the south. Air, earth, and sea exhaled a dewy fragrance, while the steamy mist over the bay betokened the scorching heat that was to follow. Early as it was, the road was alive with people—all Naples seemed to have poured itself out, some on foot, but most in that wonderful variety of vehicles which one sees nowhere else. The fast calessi and corricoli gallop by in a cloud of dust, covered with flowers and boughs, twenty crammed into the place of ten, for to-day every vehicle carries double. Then comes a heavy ox-cart drawn by a pair of patient beasts, with garlands on their wide-spread horns, labouring under the weight of a household. Even the humble donkey has his load, for the genuine son of Naples cares little what his vehicle is, provided he has not to go on foot. Another mile, and other forms and faces are in the crowd—bands of villagers dancing hand in hand with castanets and tabours, and green boughs waving in their hats; boatmen from Capri and Amalfi; the beautiful girls of Ischia and Sorrento, with their hair twisted into turrets like Cybele of old; of every village, town, and island along the coast, the sons and daughters came pouring in a crowd which thickened at every step, till, at the Ponte Maddalena for a time, it was a complete jam. The heat and dust were intolerable; so, dismissing our calesso, we turned up a narrow path among the vines, and after an hour's stroll through the leafy arcades and delightful shade, emerged upon an open green before the little church of St Marco.

A Roman Catholic church without a miracle is an inn without a sign. St Marco, of course, has its miracle, which, at any rate, has the merit of peculiarity. In the middle of the church hangs the miraculous picture—a very old Byzantine painting, in which all is effaced except the face of our Lady, which has a most indubitable black eye. And *this* is the miracle; for when it hung, as it used to do, in the open air upon a tree, some sacrilegious *lovel* threw a stone at it, and hit the Virgin a most substantial knock on the right eye. Immediately the blood began to flow, the eye swelled up, and the whole face looked as angry as paint would permit. The criminal forthwith repented and turned virtuous, or became a priest, which is the same thing; a church was built on the spot, and now, in danger of any sort, no one dreams of applying for help except to the Madonna dell'Arco. Accordingly, the interior of the church is most curious. Along the ceiling and walls are whole fleets of little ships and fishing-boats, the offerings of endangered mariners; hundreds and thousands of waxen images; disgustingly minute representations of diseases; wooden models of burning houses, upset carts, and overturned carriages; combats and battles in little square pictures, where the sufferer is invariably kneeling and staring upward with his mouth open, and a very bright blue, red, or yellow Madonna sitting on a cloud and peering benevolently downward.

At first, however, coming out of the glare and heat, the effect of the silent and half-lighted chapel, paved with kneeling figures, was very solemn. As some rose and went away, others were dropping in; but the only other sound was the voice of the officiating priest and the subdued noises of the multitude without. The mass ended, but the characteristic part of the devotions was to come.

No one can feel what the Roman Catholic system really is in its popular working without coming to such places as these. To the Italian peasants, the Virgin is a stewardess, an amicable mediatrix

between them and the Supreme, whose good offices are to be gained by entreaties and bribes; and when their presents have no effect, they feel themselves aggrieved, and grumble accordingly. When the service was over, men and women, young and old, thronged around the altar, pouring forth praises, prayers, complaints, and adjurations. There was a woman with a scrofulous child, streaming with tears, and shrieking out: 'O divine lady, who dost so much for others, why wilt thou do nothing for this?' An old man, paralysed, held up by his two sons, was making the best bargain for himself: 'Two candlesticks I promise thee, of the best silver; and if the harvest be good, a gown at least worth ten carlini.' In a corner apart, a man lay prostrate on the ground, his frame quivering with his emotions, and evidently weeping bitterly. 'You see that man?' said L—. 'I know him, for I saw him only three months ago—where do you suppose? At Naples, on trial for his life, for an atrocious murder at Resina. He escaped only by a flaw, and meantime has, no doubt, committed a dozen crimes, and will commit a hundred more, till stopped by the fate of all his tribe, a bullet or the galleys. Meanwhile, he is winding up his score with Heaven, and to-morrow he will be again on the mountains with a comfortable conscience.' A little noise at the door made us turn; a train of pilgrims appeared blindfolded, with each a handkerchief round the arm, the end held by a friend. Down the middle of the aisle ran a strip of gray marble, which the people scrupulously avoided treading on. The foremost pilgrim now knelt down, and proceeded to crawl along the marble from end to end, licking it as he went. The rest forthwith knelt down, and did likewise. The length might be about sixty feet, and there were eighteen of them who went through this nasty superstition.

From the church into the open air, was stepping at once into the deluge. A sea of figures covered the open space, and spread out far and wide between the trees, and from the crowd ascended a universal hum and tumult of voices, broken by shouts of laughter and the reports of occasional crackers and guns in honour of the day. Wherever the shade was thickest, a group was on the grass, spread out around their meal; and wherever the ground was smoothest, the dance was going on with unwearied activity. Here first I saw the tarantella danced, and, till then, never knew what dancing really was. These brown, vigorous, handsome women, and swarthy, strong-knit men, as their deep eyes flashed and sparkled, and the rattle of the castanets rung louder and sharper, seemed to have a new life in them, and to fling their whole life into their limbs. The tarantella is, in fact, a wonderful piece of pantomime, and one that will not bear transplanting. Then, as they stopped at last, utterly exhausted and panting for breath, the glass of iced-water or lemonade was at hand, and they would recommence as perseveringly as before. The consumption of macaroni that day must have been something enormous. To see a Neapolitan eat it at any time, is a fact in one's life. Coils upon coils descend into his fathomless interior; and when he has stopped—apparently from sheer repletion—a glass of lemonade starts him as fresh as ever. This day, the few who stopped in Naples must have been badly off for their food, for all the macaroni-sellers seemed congregated here, and the smoke of their little tin stoves went up under every tree; but those vendors of spirits and strong drinks that are the pest of an English fair, were not to be seen. The Italians are habitually and constitutionally temperate, and perhaps, for this reason, a stranger wandering through the crowd is sure not only of civility, but kindness. If you draw near the dancers, they give way to give you the best place. To stop near a

party at their meal, is to insure an invitation to join them; and if the invitation is accepted, they are genuinely delighted. There must be no mean qualities in a people which continues kind-hearted and amiable after eight centuries of the very worst government in Europe.

The fun had been fast and furious up to this point, but as the sun sunk in the west, there was an evident slackening. Carriages began to move off one by one; the sons and daughters, wives and husbands, who had been dancing and flirting apart till now, gathered themselves together, every one bearing a bough from the neighbouring trees with an image of the Madonna suspended from it. Tired and pleased, we retraced our morning's path through the vines, and entered the Portici gate as the last rays of the sun were fading over the murmuring city and quiet bay.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MANY a one is glad that the holidays are over, and to be once more fairly at work. The scientific and learned societies have all commenced another session—the Royal, with something very abstruse; the Linnæans, with something very dry; the Antiquaries, with something very dusty; the Geographicals, with something very amusing; the Chemicals, with something very acid. From such beginnings the brightest hopes may be entertained of the discoveries to be made, and the work to be accomplished by the time the session shall be over in June of '59. The Geographicals here and there, however, find time for a serious paper, and had one on the laborious search made in Australia for Leichardt and his exploring party; as hopeless a search, unfortunately, as that after Franklin. Mr Gregory, the author of the paper, is already favourably known as an earnest traveller and explorer. He is, as the phrase runs, the Geographical Society's medallist, not because he makes their medals, but because he received one; which is about as clever as to call the man who listens to a good story, a humorist.—The Civil Engineers have awarded a long list of prizes in the shape of medals and books, in encouragement of their own special branches of art and science: for improved methods of submerging telegraph cables—for hydraulic mortar—for an improved construction and arrangement of railway stations—for the building of docks, and the laying down of water-supply; and they announce that they will be ready with similar rewards next year for whomsoever may have the genius or industry to deserve them.

As regards mechanical subjects—we have heard of Alger's patent furnace, which is so constructed as to produce from 400 to 600 tons of pig-iron a week, and with a saving of 25 per cent. in fuel and labour; and viewing the cost in proportion to the quantity of iron produced, it is said to be one-half of that by the present method.—We hear, too, that certain manufacturers in Sweden are producing iron and steel by Bessemer's process; and that in works newly established at Sheffield, equally successful results have been achieved.—Now that the noisy talk concerning the Atlantic telegraph is over, much quiet discussion is held thereupon; on the causes of failure, means of reparation, precautions to be observed; besides the puzzling questions of magnetic phenomena. A few signals have been forced through the

wire by the aid of a Daniell's battery; but too few and feeble to make the projectors very sanguine. Professor Thomson, writing to his friend Joule, says that in his trials upon the wire, he has discovered some curious facts with respect to insulation, and the freaks of electric currents, some of which admit of explanation, while the most remain unintelligible. The rationale will no doubt be brought to light some day; meanwhile the professor is busy studying what he calls the pathology of faults. There is telegraphic progress to be recorded nevertheless. The *Gorgon*, on her return from that triumphant demonstration at New York, took soundings for another line of telegraph, from the banks of Newfoundland to Fayal, and thence to the mouth of the English Channel. A cable, weighing ten tons to the mile, is to be laid across from Suffolk to Holland; one from Cromer to Emden, and another to Cuxhaven. And our countrymen at the antipodes are about to connect Victoria with Tasmania by a cable of 300 miles across Bass's Strait.

Wrecks on the eastern coast have again occasioned a revival of the question about harbours of refuge on that side of the island. Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire each claims foremost consideration, and we can only wish the Harbour of Refuge commissioners who are now inquiring into the subject a happy deliverance.—The much-debated question of coal for the steam-navy is decided by the committee in favour of north-country coal in preference to Welsh. It is preferred, they say, because, while effectual means exist for the consumption of smoke, it injures the boiler-tubes less than the coal from Wales. This accords with the experiments made in Lancashire with coal and coke as a fuel for locomotives, which give the advantage demonstrably to coal, and for the same reason: the mischievous incrustation deposited on the tubes is avoided; they collect only an oily soot such as forms on a tea-kettle, and last as long again as with coke. This reads fairly enough in print; but we happen to know that the annoyance to passengers on some railways from the smoke of coal-burning locomotives, is a constant grievance—one which they ought not to be expected to tolerate.—Up in Caitliness a considerable deposit of bituminous shale has been met with, which, on analysis at the School of Mines in London, is found to contain 45 per cent. of fish-oil. How came the oil into the shale? is a question we should like to see answered. Will it do for gas? There is a village in Ireland now lit with gas manufactured from the peat of a neighbouring bog.

The merits of Mr Wethered's 'combined steam' are more and more recognised by practical men, and not without reason. Mr Wethered, proceeding from the fact that ordinary steam is far from pure, and therefore less energetic than it might be, causes it in his machines to combine in certain proportions with a very dry steam, and then utilising the waste heat by an arrangement of tubes in the chimney, he shows that the steam can be worked at from 300 to 400 degrees; and he makes it appear that, with this 'combined steam,' engineers have greater economy with great increase of power.—In Paris, M. Séguin aims at the economy in another way: by his 'pulmonary steam-engine,' constructed on the principle, that as heat and force are correlative, it is possible to get the force without the prodigious waste of heat that takes place in engines of the usual construction. All that we as yet know of its mode of action is, that the same steam is used over and over again, returning in full vigour to the generator to repeat its work. It is clear that we are yet far from the end of the

advantages to be derived from steam-machinery. The Peninsular and Oriental Company have caused diligent experiments to be made on the shape of screws, to discover, if possible, that which will secure the quickest voyage. Their fleet now comprises twenty-seven screw-steamers of from 350 to 2620 tons burden.

Few persons but have heard of the advantages promised from the use of thick iron plates or slabs as shields for ships or batteries in naval warfare. Government has been trying the question in a practical way at Portsmouth, and set the *Excellent* fring away at an iron-banked frigate, and at the *Erebus*, one of the iron-batteries built for use in the Russian war. The result appears to be conclusive. A discharge from thirty-two pounders made slight hollow scars upon the surface; but the ball from a sixty-eight pounder went through the four-inch iron, and shivered the oaken beams behind. It seems safe to infer from this, that the superiority of iron to wood for defensive purposes is not yet established.

A machine-making firm in Surrey have brought out a 'blast-drill,' over which agriculturists ought to chant praises, because turnip-growing is to become therewith a matter of absolute certainty, seeing that it makes short work with the fly. Drawn up and down a field, it dusts the young leaves of the turnip-plants with a mixture of lime and soot, not on one side only, but on both sides; and while the fans are performing this salutary operation, they create a strong indraught, which sucks in and annihilates the fly. What will the entomologists say?—Heer Ochener of Rotterdam—and who so likely to accomplish such a feat as a Dutchman?—has demonstrated the possibility of walking on water. He does this by means of his newly-invented podoscaph; and recently astonished his countrymen by appearing on the Maas, wearing a podoscaph fifteen feet long on each foot, and holding a pole, flattened at one end as a paddle, in his hand. Thus equipped, he walked up the Maas to the Rhine, and on to Cologne in seven days.—In Philadelphia, the Franklin Institute have approved a brick-making machine, which, fed with clay, squeezes out bricks quite as fast as they can be lifted away. The moulds are fitted to the rim of a wheel; hence the supply is rapid and regular.—We may very properly end these notices of machines and minerals with a passage from the recently published Report of the Chamber of Commerce of Wolverhampton, a town that knows something about coal and iron. They—the Chamber—are not afraid to refer the late commercial crisis to its true causes, chief among which was the forcing of manufactures into the market far beyond the natural and legitimate demand; and this system of forcing, they say, was 'rendered possible, and in many cases, stimulated by a system of open credits granted by mercantile houses in favour of foreign correspondents; by banking facilities afforded to men of little or no capital, and by the discounting of fictitious bills of exchange.' Let manufacturers and money-brokers lay these things to heart, and we shall hear no more of ruin arising out of what was fondly called 'unexampled prosperity.'

We find in the chemical arts a few noticeable facts: a red dyeing material derived from coal-tar, specimens of which were exhibited to the Franklin Institute above mentioned.—At Montreal, two able chemists, to baffle the dishonest designs of those who take photographic copies of bank-notes, have discovered an ink which is to render that trick impossible for the future. The ink, made of calcined oxide of chromium, the colouring matter of the emerald, is in colour a good green, and is distinguished as the 'Canada bank-note tint.' With this a geometrical pattern is to be printed as a groundwork, and on that the denomination in the usual way, and such a note, we are assured, is safe from the attempts of knavish photographers.—

M. St Claire-Deville, whose mission to the volcanoes on the part of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, we noticed some time since, has just concluded his examination of the gases thrown out from the *fumerolles* or small vents around the base of Vesuvius, and states that there is a considerable variation in the quality of the gases in proportion to the time elapsed since the eruption, and with the distance of the vents from the principal crater.—The researches of this experimentalist upon boron, made in co-operation with Wöhler, are among the most remarkable of recent chemical inquiries. Boron is a substance classed between silicon and carbon, yet with the anomaly that it is not crystallisable, as these two are. But the researches in question prove it to be producible under three polymorphic forms, and crystallisable. Specimens were laid before the Academy, of various colours, from honey-yellow to garnet-red, the crystals in some instances being perfectly limpid and transparent. One kind, distinguished as adamantine boron, is formed by a combination of aluminum with boric acid, and possesses most remarkable properties. It is harder than diamond. Boron-powder will cut and drill rubies, and even the diamond itself, with more facility than diamond-powder. This fact will be a surprise to many; and though at present a fact in its infancy, it involves important consequences in art and science. Deville and Wöhler incline to the belief that the diamond is dimorphous, and susceptible in as yet unknown conditions, of assuming the form of boron. In one respect, boron corresponds with titanium—namely, that at a high temperature it absorbs azote, and azote only from the atmosphere, and will have nothing to do with the oxygen.

M. Jamin has done some good work, and of refined quality, in optical science, experimenting on the variations in the refraction of water under different pressures. The result, it is thought, will have a practical use, inasmuch as the phenomenon is a measure of the compressibility of water; and if a concordance should be discovered between water and other liquids, the measure will be arrived at without having to take into account, as at present, the size of the tubes or vessels in which the compression is carried on.

Referring to the statement in the September *Month* concerning the insecticide powder exhibited to the Academy by M. Millot-Brulé, we take the opportunity to mention here, that the sulphur-coal of which the powder is said to be composed, exists abundantly in England, and is known among geologists and miners as 'coal brasse.' Large quantities are raised near Halifax, and used in the manufacture of vitriol and coppers; as also in the adjacent counties of Lancashire, Durham, and Northumberland. In South Wales, the coal contains pyrites of a superior quality, which, after a roasting to expel the sulphur, are used in the manufacture of pig-iron. According to the returns prepared by Mr Robert Hunt, and published by the School of Mines, the quantity of pyrites raised in the United Kingdom in 1857 amounted to 74,000, worth £63,000. In this the pyritous coal, or coal brasse, figures for 11,000 tons.

New discoveries are recorded in photography. One is, that photographs having all the appearance of real solid relief, can be taken from engravings—a flat surface. And Mr Fox Talbot, to whom this interesting art owes so much, 'has succeeded,' to quote the statement put forth by the Photographic Society, 'in transferring the sun-picture direct from either glass or paper negatives to the engraver's steel or copper.' Some well-known objects have already been experimented on in this way, which, as Mr Talbot describes, 'is easy to practise, requiring the same qualifications

in the operator that ordinary photography does—namely, a certain tact and dexterity which everybody does not possess. All photographs can be engraved that make good transparencies; but feeble ones, without strong contrast of light and shade, are not so successful.'—The Society are making preparations for another photographic exhibition at their rooms in Coventry Street next January; they announce, moreover, the formation of a photographic library for the use of members; and place the rooms 'at their service for all purposes connected with the progress and recognition of the heliographic art;' and further, to prevent the record of their proceedings falling into arrears, the Society's *Journal* is to appear twice a month during the period of their meetings. With a view to the promotion and preservation of what is called 'high art,' painters are warned against copying from photographs instead of copying from nature: a warning well worth attention. Few real lovers of art would wish to see it degenerate into a laborious Pre-Raphaelitism. The diffusion of sound knowledge thereupon by the aid of primary schools, as in Austria, is a question on which many thoughtful minds are engaged. One of the best papers read at the late Social Science meeting at Liverpool, was Mr Ruskin's on *Education in Art*: it abounds in sensible remarks on the subject. People should learn to draw as a matter of course, as they learn to read, write, and cipher; if only that with the knowledge of drawing they have the same power over form, as with arithmetic over number. No fear that all the world will become astonishing artists: Mr Ruskin speaks the truth on that point where he says: 'We shall not succeed in making a peasant's opinion good evidence on the merits of Elgin and Lycian marbles; nor is it necessary to dictate to him in his garden the preference of gillyflower or of rose; yet I believe we may make art a means of giving him helpful and healthy pleasure, and of gaining for him servicable knowledge.'

CRYSTAL PALACE OF NAN-KING.

Sitting at our comfortable fireside, and reading any old-style book that speaks of the 'Porcelain Tower of Nan-king,' we at once conjure up in view a famous superstructure of china-ware—a leviathan cream-jug, flower-pot, or tea-cup of exquisite porcelain.

But let us hear what a late visitor says of it: 'A comparatively small portion is white. Green is the predominant colour, from the fact that the curved tiles of the projecting roofs are all of this colour, while the wood-work supporting the roofs is of the most substantial character, and in the peculiar style of Chinese architecture, curiously wrought and richly painted in various colours. The bricks in the body of the building are well burnt, and on the external surface are green, yellow, red, or white. The bricks and tiles are of very fine clay, and highly glazed, so that the tower presents a most gay and beautiful appearance, that is greatly heightened when seen in the reflected sunlight.' So that, after all, an Englishman at a distance is not far wrong in the conception he may have formed of the Nan-king wonder; and if any reader has a wish to see for himself a veritable 'China brick' of this far-famed tower, just let him step aside for a moment into the Missionary Museum, the next time he passes Bloomfield Street, Finsbury, London, E. C., and there, we doubt not, the porter or the clerk will feel flattered if called upon to exhibit the singular specimen of Nan-king porcelain.

The Nan-king prodigy has doubtless been a pet with the Chinese people themselves, for they have not failed to ornament it within and without.

For instance, the inner walls of each story are lined with polished tiles, a foot square, on each of which the figure of Buddha is moulded in bass-relief, and richly gilt. Each flat has, on an average, more than two hundred of these 'Dutch-tiles;' and over the whole of the interior, there is an aggregate of two thousand. The niches in each landing-place are graced with idols and miniature images. Short and pithy proverbs are inscribed here, there, and everywhere, to catch the eye of the stroller. Outside, over each balcony, there is a projected roof of wood, carved and curiously painted; and from these jutting corners there swing bells, which keep up a perpetual jingle with every passing breeze. The native account of the pagoda gives the calculation that, 'on the whole, there are 150 bells on the edifice.' To give additional attraction to it, this pagoda has its lamps and lanterns in its windows and at its angles. The work already referred to states that 'outside the nine stories there are 128 lanterns, and in the lower floor, twelve glass lamps;' 140 in all, which, when lit up, must produce a most striking illumination. A building like this, then, must have its attractions for various grades—the superstitious, the sight-seers, the gay, the curious, and the idle. To notice one of the names borne by the lofty mass—the *recompensing favour monument*. Some four centuries ago, the emperor Yang-loh removed his court from Nan-king to Pe-king; and on doing this, he looked about to see what tribute of gratitude he could raise to the memory of his august mother in that metropolis where his parent had nursed and trained him. The celebrated pagoda was in ruins; and his majesty conceived the idea of re-erecting the fallen structure. He did so; and, setting aside its connection with a form of meaningless superstition, the pagoda of Nan-king has stood for four hundred years in the centre of China, a glorious mark of the grateful love of a son for his mother's care, and a Chinese 'sermon in stone,' on the text, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.'

Amongst the names given by the Chinese to this famous tower are—*The Long Spear*, and *The Thirteen-storied Pagoda*. Either appellation suggests something of its great elevation, and to illustrate both requires a hurried outline from top to bottom of the huge skeleton.

Its site lies a little south of the city-walls, near the gate of 'collected gems,' within the precincts of some Buddhist lands that are of great extent, stretching northward to the banks of the Yang-tze-Kiang. There is a tradition that, on laying the foundation of this gigantic superstructure, several thousand pounds-weight of coal-dust were first of all laid down, to make the underground firm and safe. Over this, a brick-work platform rises ten feet high, up which there is, all round the base, a flight of ten steps, leading into the interior of the lowest floor. The circumference of the structure at this part is nearly 300 feet. The thickness of the wall here is computed at four yards. The material used in the construction is generally brick, stone, and mortar; the bricks in the body of the building being large and well burned—their exterior being vari-coloured. There is a huge, lofty mast that runs up from the bottom to the top through the middle of the entire structure, which possibly may have originated the name 'long spear' or 'shaft.' The exterior of the pagoda is octagonal throughout, but—except the lower floor, which also is eight-sided—the interior to the top is quadrangular. As you ascend to the summit of this tower, you have to wind up a screw-flight of 190 steps. You pass through nine floors or stories, all of equal height. At each

story there is a landing-stage, with two or three openings leading out to a small and unsafe balcony, from which, if one likes to venture, he may take a grand survey of the surrounding country. When you reach the highest floor, you find, of course, that the diameter of the circle has lessened considerably, and the thickness of the wall is four feet less than at the bottom. But what may probably disappoint you much, is the discovery that this so-called 'thirteen-storied pagoda' has, after all, only nine. It is invariably spoken of by the citizens of Nan-king, and believed by their countrymen at a distance to be of 'thirteen stories.' The inconsistency is explained by themselves, on the ground that in the original outline it was the design of the projectors to build up thirteen floors; but, having reached the ninth, apprehensions were excited lest the course of the clouds should be interrupted, or the wrath of the god of thunder should be awakened. So it was deemed prudent to desist from any further addition to a 'tower whose top might reach unto heaven.' In the original plan, the full height of the heaven-pointing spire was to be near 350 feet; but the latest foreign visitors, on measuring it, found it to be only 261.

Thirty feet over and above the topmost story, the cupola rises on the summit of the magnificent may-pole we have described as running up from the bottom, and forming a shaft to the whole edifice. This pinnacle consists of several coils of iron hoops; and, as report goes, under this valuable dome there are deposited gems of marvellous virtue and value, besides bolts of gold, strings of copper money, lumps of silver, tea, silk, satins, and sacred manuscripts. The rearing of such a monument as the pagoda of Nan-king must have cost a large sum; and the repairs alone, which were undertaken by the imperial government four hundred years ago, drew three million and a quarter dollars from the national funds, or nearly £1,000,000 in English money.

Another of the native names for the Porcelain Tower is *The Pagoda of A-yuh*; and this leads us to look a little into its early history. The form of the building clearly connects it with the introduction of Buddhism into China. A-yuh was an early sovereign in Central India, noted for the number of temples he caused to be raised in honour of Buddha. It is presumed, from his name being given to this tower, that it was erected by some of his followers on their migrating into China. The legendary account of the event is as follows:

An Indian priest of the Buddhist profession reached Nan-king about the year of our Lord 250. This city was at the time the capital of China, and the residence of the imperial family. That foreign priest soon became popular for his ability to perform extraordinary and unheard-of feats, all of which he attributed to the divine spirit he worshipped. The renown of the western sojourner reached the ears of his majesty on the throne, who commanded the stranger into his presence, and demanded what supernatural evidences he could produce in favour of Buddha. The Buddhist father, in reply, assured his majesty that there were numerous relics of Buddha to be found over the face of the earth, and that, if his majesty desired, he himself would go in search, and return with one possessed of supernatural qualities. The emperor then promised that, should the priest succeed in obtaining such a relic, he, on his part, would erect an edifice in which it should be meetly lodged. The priest started upon his cruise, and within a month returned with a jar or earthen receptacle, in which a relic of Buddha was lying. It was at once presented to his majesty, and immediately the splinter—it was said to be a bone of Buddha—began to exhibit its miraculous virtues. It lighted up the imperial

apartments; it smashed the copper vessel into which it was thrown; steel and diamond could not scratch it; fire could not injure it; and huge hammers could not make the slightest impression on it. Not only this; but the emperor ordered an attendant of powerful muscle to advance, and, with a heavy mallet, strike some tremendous blows on the piece. Still to no purpose, except to break the hammer, and to magnify the effulgence of the bone. The king's faith was confirmed. He at once commenced building the first pagoda in China; and this was the Nan-king pagoda.

At last, to conclude, which we do with great reluctance, we have to tell a sad truth of the history of our Nan-king pagoda during the past twelve months. We confess we approach the tale with disrelish. We have lingered about the 'spiritual fane' (another name for it) as if it was now and was to be. But, as on every other object of admiration in and out of the Celestial Empire, there is written on it 'vanity of vanities.' During its existence of 1600 years, storms have swept over it, and some have swept down its dome; thunders have rolled over it, and lightning struck its iron-coiled cupola to the ground; and the ruthless hands of brigands have defaced various parts of the structure: but to the eternal disgrace of the 'rebels' who have occupied Nan-king for the last five years, they first defaced the whole of the interior by fire, and then blew up the entire edifice with gunpowder, scattering its famous bricks and antique relics to the four winds of heaven. The Crystal Palace of Nan-king is no more.

CAN THIS BE CHRISTMAS-TIME?

Can this be Christmas-time?
The wind that scarcely shakes the spray,
Or bears the gossamer away,
Sighs warmly as on summer's day
In mine own northern clime!

And yet 'tis in December.
Ah, me! what furious war of wind,
And thunder-riven clouds I mind,
Laden with ruin, lightning lined—
What drear tales I remember!

Stories of misery,
Of grinding want, of hunger's throe,
And orphans' wail, and widows' woe;
Of men found dead in graves of snow,
And seamen lost at sea.

Yet fairer memories too.
However dark and drear the day,
The morrow may be bright and gay—
The storm-cloud ever wears a ray
Inside of silver hue.

Once more I seem to hear,
At eve, sweet voices welcome tell
To day when wondrous birth befel,
And joyous clash of many a bell
From church-tower chiming clear.

And lo! the morrow fair,
That sees the forms of old and young,
Joy in their hearts, to church-gates throng,
To hail the time with choral song,
And humbly muttered prayer.

Then, when the day is past,
And over snow-drifts cold and white,
The moon showers down her frosty light,
See, from each cottage-window bright,
The yule-tree's cheer is cast.

Hark! laughter's ringing cry,
The music of blithe hearts and free,
That hails the stolen kiss with glee,
Snatched 'neath the sprays of Christmas-tree,
Hung from the rafter high.

Now round the cheerful blaze
They gather for the wassail's cheer,
Or, trembling, to the grandsire near
The young list, with delightful fear,
To tales of olden days—

Of hapless ladye's doom,
Who fled, when weary of the dance
To hide her from her lover's glance,
In oaken chest, which, luckless chance,
Converted to her tomb.

Ah, time! whose memory
Bears me away to happier shore,
And home, and all I love, once more—
Where is the sweetness that you bore
For me in days gone by?

Can this be Christmas day?
The earth around is parched and dry;
The Indian sun, with fiery eye,
Shines hotly from a cloudless sky,
And scorches with its ray;

Each tender painted flower
Droops 'neath the noonday's glances bright;
The insect in its happy flight
Flashes his armour in the light,
And gaily lives his hour.

O God of every clime!
With whom all time is but a day,
Turn not from helpless souls away—
Hear us whilst we all blessings pray
In this most holy time.

AURUNGABAD, December.

H. C. R.

SUPERIORITY OF PREVENTIVE TO REMEDIAL MEASURES.

'In the operations of nature, there is generally a succession of processes co-ordinated for a given result: a peach is not directly developed as such from its elements; the seed would, *a priori*, give no idea of the tree, nor the tree of the flower, nor the fertilised germ of that flower of the pulpy fruit in which the seed is buried. It is eminently characteristic of the Creative Wisdom, this foreseeing and prevision of an ultimate result, through the successive operations of a co-ordinate series of seemingly very different conditions. The further a man discerns, in a series of conditions, their co-ordination to produce a given result, the nearer does his wisdom approach—though the distance be still immeasurable—to the Divine wisdom. One philanthropist builds a fever-hospital, another drains a town. One crime-preventer trains the boy, another hangs the man. One statesman would raise money by augmenting a duty, or by a direct tax; and finds the revenue not increased in the expected ratio. Another diminishes a tax, or abolishes a duty, and through foreseen consequences the revenue is improved.' So remarks Professor Owen in his British Association Address. Of course, it is easy to understand that the drainer of the town, the trainer of the boy, and the diminisher of the tax, act in a more divine manner, as well as with better likelihood of good results, than those who take the opposite courses.

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THE BANKS AND BRAES OF BONNIE DOON IN A NEW ASPECT.

THERE was a time in the history of this little globe—a very long time ago—long before any human beings lived upon it—when an enormous vegetation prevailed over many parts of its surface. Not only did no human beings then live on earth, but no mammalian animals of any kind—no birds even—nothing higher than a few reptiles, the chief population of our world then consisting of fish and other sea-animals. From the vast tangled woods huge loads of vegetable ruin were continually carried into the seas, and straits, and estuaries, there to rot, and in time fall to the bottom, and form a bed or layer; a process, however, which accident was constantly interrupting, for the same sea would now and then receive for a considerable space of time together only sand, or mud, which also would fall in beds to the bottom. So, in short, were formed those alternating *strata* of coal, and sandstone, and shale, which we see in what we now call a coal-field. This, however, was not all. Vegetation contains an infusion of iron. When the debris of the ancient forests was decaying in the sea, the iron became a solution in the waters. Now a small animal dying amidst such a solution, or even a leaf decaying in it, becomes a nucleus around which particles of the metal are gathered. Thus is formed a nodule or pebble, containing iron, mixed with clay, carbon, and other substances. And when many of these are formed at one time, they compose a bed by themselves—a *stratum* of ironstone, alternating with those of coal, sand, and shale already adverted to.

Inconceivable spaces of time elapsed. The great business of nature went on. There were no longer such vast forests; but other matters were strewn over the sea-bottoms; birds and mammals came gradually into the world. Sea-bottoms became dry land, and dry land was every now and then getting once more submerged. Great changes took place on the surface, chiefly by the action of seas and rivers. One of the last great operations—last in geological time, but still to us a vastly remote event—was the passage of a glacial sea, an immense ice-pack, over much of the present land-surface of the northern temperate region, sweeping off great quantities of the softer rocks, excavating valleys, and generally producing that flowing and undulating outline of the surface which we now see, leaving also a thick bed of clay and blocks—its spoils—strewn over the ground. Then came calm, ordinary seas, laying down beds of

clay and sand, and rivers depositing silt and gravel, and finally the present surface, and Man to occupy it.

Even after all this long history was past, there was another long one to enter upon—the province of the archaeologist and the historian. All is progressive in nature, and nothing is more progressive than man himself. Ages elapsed, during which he was only waking up into intelligence, and spreading his thin bands over the wide empty world. He at first could only fashion a stone or a flint into an implement for his hand. But one day a bright genius arose, who found a better substance for the making of tools—namely, copper: he saw that this wanted hardness; so he mixed in tin or zinc, and made bronze. Bronze was the first metal used by man. A long period of comparatively respectable barbarian-life passed, with bronze swords, and ornaments, and tools—much fighting, little gentle morality, social arrangements only dawning. But brighter minds were continually rising here and there in the mass; and one of these detected the existence of a far harder, yet equally ductile metal, which he could melt by heat out of what appeared a mere mass of hardened clay. This is iron. A long iron period succeeded, being, generally speaking, that over which written history extends—namely, the last three thousand years. In this time, as most of us know, great advances were made in arts; vigorous nationalities and political fabrics were established; intelligence increased; morality improved, yet without seeing human society brought to anything like a satisfactory point. All we can say is, we are better than we were, and hope to be a good deal better yet.

One thing very striking, very arresting, in this history, is the intimate connection which we see between that metallic solution which long ago gathered around the little dead creatures in the Carboniferous seas, so as to form a bed of iron clay at the bottom, and the advance of man in his grand mission of acquiring a mastery over the elements of nature. Without iron in the past ages of history we never could have had efficient tools of any kind; consequently we must have remained in a comparatively rude and mean estate. This is a most signal fact; but we now have another fact still more remarkable. Till the present age, iron has been a child: it is now a full-grown man. Somehow our fathers did not get at it very easily, and only got it in small quantities. We get it as twenty for one, and apply it to purposes of which our fathers never dreamed, to vast complicated engines for effecting labour, to the making of railways and locomotive engines, to the construction of ships, and even of houses. It may be

said that that addition of power which the savage obtains when he becomes possessed of a knife or an axe, is but a faint type of the addition of power which society has obtained within the last thirty years in its increased production of iron.

Now, Iron is a great bounty of the Creator; but it is not equally a bounty to all. Where it exists otherwise than in connection with coal-beds, and men are dependent on forests for the means of smelting it, it cannot be realised in large quantities. Where Nature's more happy arrangement exists, the ironstone and the coal laid in alternate layers, as if the one had been from the beginning intended to be used in connection with the other, vastly greater quantities can be produced. But the Carboniferous Formation is very partially distributed over the face of the earth. Fortunately, it abounds in Britain and America, the Civilising Metal is chiefly in the hands of those nationalities who are most disposed to the pursuits of peace and civilisation. In 1845, Great Britain produced 2,200,000 tons, being about equal to the entire quantity produced in the rest of the world. Rather oddly, valuable as the metal is, its discovery has proceeded with a surprising slowness, even in those districts in which it is most plentiful. Thus it was not till after 1830 that the rich seam called the *Black Band* was wrought in the west of Scotland; nor till 1845 was this known to extend beyond a space of eight or ten square miles. At the present time, this field ranks with the old ones of Staffordshire and South Wales, which were previously the most important in our country. It has been a source of astounding wealth to individuals, a great commercial support to the city of Glasgow, and a means of introducing a totally new aspect of things throughout a large province.

Even in what are called the Lowlands of Scotland, there are large tracts of country almost wholly unproductive, and consequently very thinly peopled. One sees a wide moor, with only here and there a poor cottage; or a valley with low rounded hills, in which there are but a few pastoral farms. The sheep and the curlew are the conspicuous animals, with now and then the variety of a grouse or a black-cock. It was in such wilds in Lanark and Ayrshires, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., that the sterner Presbyterians dwelt, who gave Claverhouse and Dunbarton's dragoons so much unpleasant duty. Now-a-days, if you chance to wander into one of these wildernesses, you will be apt to find it bristling with coal-works, and glaring with blast-furnaces, while long rows of stone-built cottages speak of a large industrial population, probably knowing very little of the 'covenanted work of reformation' beyond what the once lonely grave-stone of the martyr will tell them. Such is an Iron Field, a rough, and, in some respects, a repulsive scene, but one associated with some of the greatest doings now going on upon earth. Let us briefly look into the details of one such district.

Through the southern part of Ayrshire, the river Doon pursues a course of about eighteen miles, from a mountain lake to the Western Ocean; presenting in its lower part those lovely scenes amidst which Burns was born, and which he has celebrated as the 'banks and braes of bonnie Doon'; further up, showing us only the usual features of a pastoral valley. Eleven years ago, the sheep reigned undisturbed over these long swelling uplands. But it was found that in this valley there is a great depth of the Carboniferous formation, containing several rich seams of ironstone mingled with the previously known coal. The consequence has been the planting of a great work in the district. Far up the hillside, beside

the once retired little farm-stead, rises the machinery for digging coal and iron. At one convenient spot lower down, are five blast-furnaces continually vomiting forth their arrowy flames mixed with smoke. A plexus of railways for carrying the coal to, and the iron away from, the furnaces, pervades the ground. Groups of cottages are interspersed, affording shelter for a totally new population numbering two thousand six hundred, for no fewer than eight hundred men are employed in this work. Thus it may well be supposed that there are some new moral, as well as physical and mechanical, results to be looked to in connection with the Dalmellington Ironworks.

A blast-furnace is a conical tower, fifty feet high, with four apertures near the top, through which fresh supplies of coal and ironstone, in a certain proportion, and with a small quantity of limestone in addition, are every now and then poured in from a gallery of the same height connecting with a platform on which these materials are collected. Through an aperture near the bottom, the refuse clay, fluxed by the lime, is run off at frequent intervals in a vitreous slag, which being of no use, is carried away, and thrown over a spoil-bank. A lower aperture, opened once in twelve hours, emits the pure melted metal, which, running along a channel of sand, fills up a close range of furrows of about a yard long, making, perhaps, as much as twenty tons in all. Most people have heard of *pig-iron*, or *pigs of iron*, with little idea of the origin of the term. It arises from a resemblance borne by the longitudinal channel and its numerous close-set branches, to a sow and her many sucklings; the iron of the long channel is the *sow*, that of the cross channels the *pigs*. It forms a striking sight, one that would bear painting, to see a casting at night, when in one place the red lava-like stream goes sparkling on its way along the black ground, while in another, the dark figures of men pass about among the burning bars, turning them up out of the sand for hastier cooling. From each furnace there will be upwards of two hundred tons of iron produced each week; thus a thousand from the Dalmellington work in all; to be distributed, some of it to form railways in India, some of it to form railways in America, some to be used nearer home. At our visit to the work, we observed a great quantity of smaller bars lying about, and learned that they are sent to the south of Spain and Portugal, to be placed in the beds of rivers, where the copper in solution in the water takes the place of the iron; and so they end by being transformed into another metal. This amount of production is immensely beyond what was practicable in former times. Within the last twenty years, Neilson discovered that hot air blown into the furnaces saved coal and also time. Each furnace is therefore now provided with side-furnaces, containing iron air-passages, by which air, forced in by the pumps of a powerful engine, is raised to a temperature of 600 Fahrenheit before it touches the metal. The result is an immense stimulus to the trade of making iron.

The iron-workers, coming at first as strangers into a thinly peopled country, have all along continued in a great measure isolated. They therefore form an interesting problem in social life. The great bulk of them live in three hundred houses which have been built for them by their employers, the rest resorting to two villages at some distance. Now, these houses are neat, cleanly, comfortable dwellings, such as no person whatever would find it a hardship to live in. Most of them consist of two rooms, with a scullery and many are provided with small gardens. They are rented to the men at the rate of sixpence per room, being enough to return merely a moderate

interest for the outlay, the object being not to make a profit, but to subserve the convenience and comfort of the men. Our conviction is, that these houses are superior in every essential respect to the great bulk of the dwellings used by the middle classes sixty years ago. For the convenience of the people, the masters have also a store, where all kinds of necessaries of good quality are sold at fair rates for ready money—a singular establishment, which reminded us much of those of the *kiopmen* of Norway and Iceland. A light ale is among the articles dealt out here; but no spirituous liquor is sold; neither is there a public-house in the district of the works—none nearer than two miles in one direction, and four in another. From this restriction we did not find that any evil effects arise. The people are generally a sober people; indeed, one has but to look at the comfort of their houses, the sound, clean clothes of the women and children, and the decent appearances everywhere, to make sure that comparatively little of their gains goes along the black road which leads to the whisky-shop. A stoppage from wages of twopence per week for married, and one penny for single men, supports a good school, where the head-master has £120 a year, being 50 per cent. more than the average remuneration of the parish schoolmasters of Scotland. A further small stoppage fees a medical practitioner. The masters engage the services of a missionary, and the formation of a library has been encouraged. Thus the physical and moral wants of this little community are provided for, partly by arrangements of a liberal and judicious nature on the part of the employers, and partly by the contributions of the employed. The effects appear to be most satisfactory. From the desirableness of a position in these works, the masters are enabled to take select men, and so make their employment still more desirable; for of course it is important for a respectable working-man that he and his family should have worthy people to associate with. Hence it has arisen that when colliers were striking in neighbouring districts, no tendency that way appeared in the Dalmellington works. We felt much interested in learning to how great an extent the masters and manager attribute the happy terms on which they stand with the men to the good dwelling-houses. It appears that a good comfortable house to live in, is the very first element in the necessities of a working-man. He feels that no other external circumstance contributes so much to his happiness; and we must sadly acknowledge that there is no other thing he can regard as so uncertain of realisation, in the event of his making a change. Where good houses are, therefore, there may we expect—other things being equal—the best and steadiest men to be gathered together.

We spent three days in this singularly planted scene of industry, studying the mysteries of iron-mining and hot blast, and the condition of human nature generally in connection with the making of iron, and the whole subject left a gratification on the mind which but rarely results from a country visit. It appeared to us, finally, as if we sometimes attach more than enough of consequence to the observations of travellers on distant countries, and too little to what is going on in many districts of our own. Here is a little tract of ground, transformed in a few years from a pastoral valley to a great manufactory, sustaining thousands of people, and contributing largely to the national wealth. It is but a specimen of a whole province, equally metamorphosed in the last thirty years. Were there such a rapid development of wealth and population in any part of the United States, we should hear no little of it: occurring in our own country, no traveller describes it. The truth, however, is, that the west of Scotland is as American in this respect as America itself; and we

need not look to New York or Cincinnati as a marvel, while we have Glasgow nearer home, expanding in sixty-five years from fifty to four hundred thousand inhabitants.

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER I.—THE REVENGE.

'OPEN the window, wife, and let in some air. Phew! this place is enough to choke one.'

It was a close, sickening atmosphere, truly. The chamber was dark and low, and on the old tester-bed, hung round with checked curtains, lay something covered with a ragged counterpane.

The speaker approached the bed, drew aside the soiled coverlet, and started back as he beheld a ghastly face, with eyes unclosed, and rigid jaws.

'Come here, Hannah—come here. Uncle Zebedee's dead!' The man spoke in a low tone, then turned and looked at his wife. She was a neat and gentle-looking woman; he, a fine, broad-shouldered man.

'O Richard!' The woman's face and voice expressed her horror at the sight before her. It was death in its most repulsive form. An old man, with pinched and withered features, with beard unshaven, and eyes unclosed, lay on that wretched bed, staring upwards, as though, hovering over his couch, he still beheld the awful presence that had announced his doom.

It was Zebedee Peck, the miser, who lay there, stark and dead; and the man, in a stone-mason's dress, standing by the bedside, was Richard Mallet, his nephew, a working-mason.

'God ha' mercy on him,' said the man, after a silence, during which he and his wife stood gazing in awe on the face of the dead. 'He'll need it, poor soul! He hadn't much mercy for others.'

Through the open windows came a murmur of voices from the court below; then there was a noise of footsteps on the stairs.

'Here are the neighbours, Hannah. Come, look up, lass. There's lots to be done.'

Richard Mallet threw the sheet over the face of the dead, and went to the door to meet the new-comers. There was a goodly troop, principally women. Curiosity was written on every face. Peck's Court had been in a state of excitement for some hours.

For two days past, the old miser's house had been shut up, and nobody had seen anything of its owner. At first, it was supposed to be only one of Daddy Peck's whims, and his eccentricities being well known, no one troubled themselves about the matter. The next day, it was reported, early in the morning, that the old miser had had a fit; by noon, it was said that he had hung himself in his garters from a beam in the garret; and lastly, towards evening, it was asserted that he had been murdered by thieves, who had plundered the house, and escaped over the back-wall. Whereupon, a consultation was convened at the pump, by the matrons of the court, as to what ought to be done under the circumstances, and various resolutions were proposed. One lady advised trying the effect of a watchman's rattle, and a cry of 'Fire!' under the window; another advocated a long ladder, and a descent through the garret; a third was for having a policeman sent for, and breaking open the front-door with the strong arm of the law; while a fourth, an enlightened washerwoman, suggested sending at once for Richard Mallet, Old Peck's nephew and nearest relative. This bright idea carried the day; and a fleet messenger was at once despatched for the stone-mason and his wife—in a case of life and death, as the messenger was strictly enjoined to say.

When, therefore, Richard Mallet proceeded to inform the neighbours that his uncle had been found dead in his bed, and nothing more, there was something like disappointment written on their anxious faces. The court had made up its mind to a terrible catastrophe—a suicide at the very least; and now there would be nothing but a coroner's inquest after all. However, with that to look forward to, and the question of the miser's wealth to discuss, it had gained something, and so the court recovered its equanimity.

'He's gone then, at last!' 'Well, we're all mortal, you see!' 'His money's o' no use to him now!' were amongst the pious remarks uttered by the bystanders, as they crowded round the bed.

'Let's hope his money will go into better hands, marm,' said the intelligent washerwoman, addressing herself to Mrs Mallet. 'You mustn't fret, my dear; it's the ways o' Providence, and all for the best, you know.'

Seeing that Mrs Mallet had never spoken to the deceased a dozen times all the twelve years of her married life, it required no great amount of resignation on her part *not* to fret. She was only pale and frightened.

'Go home, Hannah,' whispered her husband; 'I'll see to things, and get these people away. Don't tell Jess.'

Mrs Mallet made her way out of the house, an object of much interest to various members of the court, awaiting at windows and on door-steps, her reappearance. It was a trying moment for the good woman. She was before a critical audience. If she carried her head erect, it would be attributed to her pride as the wife of the miser's heir; if she held it down, it would be taken as a hypocritical assumption of sorrow; if she made haste, it would be to avoid 'lowering herself' by talking to them; if she loitered, it would be to shew herself and receive homage. But Mrs Mallet cared little for the criticisms going on around her, and hastened home to get her husband's supper ready, looking neither to the right hand nor the left.

Richard came home before long. The hearth was swept, the supper ready, the boys in bed, and little Jessie, the lame child, sewing on her stool by the fire. The mason hung up his cap and coat behind the kitchen door, washed off the lime and mortar from his hands, and then, a clean—intelligent-looking man—came and sat down to his supper.

'Come here, Jessie,' said he, when the meal was finished.

The child hobbled to him on her crutch.

'You remember Uncle Zeb, don't you?—the old man we went to see once, eh?' Richard kissed the child's forehead.

'Yes, father.'

'Well, he's dead, my girl; he's dead. Do you remember what he said to you that Sunday as we went to see him?'

'Yes. He asked me if I'd like to be a rich woman, and have a fine house, and go abroad; and I said no, because I couldn't help mother to sew, or get your tea ready then.'

'What else did he say?'

'He said: "When old Uncle Zeb's dead, my dear, you'll find he hadn't forgot you;" and then—then I began to cry, because he grinned at me so.'

'Yes, it's true enough. That's what he said, Hannah,' remarked Richard, turning to his wife. 'I never said a word about it then, nor since, nor has Jess. It was better not. But he told me how as he had made his will, and hadn't forgot this child.'

Mrs Mallet almost dropped the loaf of bread in her hand, in her amazement.

'You don't think it's true, do you, Richard?'

'Can't say, my dear. He was cunning as a fox,

and deceitful as Old Nick. More likely he's 'a left it to a 'ospital. Anyhow, the will is found, and, as he'll be buried to-morrow, we shall know afore long.'

Richard Mallet seemed to take the matter very coolly. Not so, however, with his wife. The bare idea of their poor lame child inheriting any of the hoardings of Old Peck, the owner of nearly all the houses in the court, and the reputed possessor of an account at a bank in the city, was too much for her. The wildest hopes were excited in her mind; she could think and talk of nothing else.

'Well, Richard,' was her concluding remark that night, 'we've been very happy all these years, and yet we've never seen the colour o' his money; and, after all, we can do without it. If he should leave us anything, it won't be that we've been seeking for it; nobody can say that. We've had too much pride ever to demean ourselves by courting him for his money's sake; and ever since he abused you so, for marrying me, nobody can say you have cared to have his favour.'

'You're right there, Hannah. If any of it should come to us, we'll know it's come as it ought. Don't be too sure on it, though. Uncle Zeb was just the man to play us a trick at the last. He never forgave, he always said.'

It was well, perhaps, Richard Mallet added these words; they were some little preparation to his wife for the events of the morrow.

When the morrow came, and the miser had been laid in a grave hallowed by no tears nor tender memories, the will was opened in the presence of Richard Mallet and his wife, in one of the deserted rooms of the miser's house. Through the half-open shutters, a scant sunbeam streamed on the wig of the old lawyer reading the will, and made a track of dancing motes across the dusky air. Mrs Mallet sat on a worm-eaten chest (there was only one chair in the room, that occupied by the lawyer), and Richard, holding his hat in his hand, stood by his wife's side.

The old lawyer read the preliminary clauses of the will, to which both his hearers listened attentively; the one with respect for the big words, the other with a patient endeavour to grasp their meaning. The executors appointed were two gentlemen living in a village in Kent, where the deceased was born. Though Zebedee Peck had drawn up his will himself, it was all in proper form. He had commenced life as a pauper-child in a Kentish workhouse, risen, through the progressive stages of hop-picker and errand-boy, to be clerk in a lawyer's office, and, finally, bill-discounter and money-lender in London. Consequently, Old Peck knew what he was about, when he made his last will and testament. He had prepared a surprise, however, for whoever should read it.

The old lawyer suddenly stopped, blew his nose, and glanced down the parchment. There appeared to be something unusual in the document.

'All my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever'—repeated the lawyer with an uneasy sort of 'hem'—'I give and bequeath to—to—Jesse Mallet' (the parents both turned pale), 'the daughter of my nephew, Richard Mallet of Little Winkle Street, in this city, and this'—

The lawyer glanced over a few words further, and then came to a dead stop.

'This is quite irregular—quite out of the common. Really I don't know; I think, my friend, it would be better your wife should step into the next room whilst I continue.'

'No, sir; go on: she can hear it,' said Richard.

The lawyer, with a strange look at them both, resumed. 'And this is the *revenge* I have long promised myself. In leaving my money thus, may I be sowing the seed of estrangement between Richard Mallet and his child! May it place a bar between

them all their lives! May it divide their household! May it make the daughter ashamed of her father, and the father jealous of his daughter!

Mrs Mallet put out her hand to her husband with a terrified face. Richard stood quite still, but his brow grew black as night.

'May wealth be the curse to them it has been to me, and bring discord between kith and kin! It is with the belief that it can and will do this that I leave my money to Richard Mallet's daughter. "Ill-gotten gains never prosper," he once told me. Let him remember this—let him take it to heart now, when these same gains have become the legacy of his own child.'

The lawyer stopped, for Mrs Mallet had burst out weeping; but Richard was standing as before, though with great drops of sweat upon his brow, and his wife's hand clenched tightly in his.

'Them is words, sir, as nobody as a right to use,' said he, in a low, hoarse voice—'them is words as 'ull rise up in judgment again him one day. Sooner than have one penny o' his money now, I'd—don't pull my hand, Hannah; I know what I'm a saying—I'd see my wife and children lie dead in the streets. Look here, sir—look here; that was Uncle Zeb's work!'

The man had suddenly bared his arm, and was pointing to a ring of livid flesh that encircled it.

'When I was a lad, he hung me up by that arm, and beat me with a rope, because I wouldn't do his dirty work. I forgave him that though, years ago, for I got on in the world without him, and got married, and was happier than he had ever been. But now that he tries to set my own children agen me, as he once tried to set me agen my wife, I wish the Lord may—'

'O Richard, don't, don't!' His wife put her hand upon his mouth, and stayed the curse upon his lips. 'Don't say them bad words; don't, Dick, don't. Remember what you tell the boys always. O my poor man!'

She clung to her husband's shoulder, and wept there.

'You're right, my lass. I preach, but I don't practice.'

Richard Mallet drew a deep breath, passed his hand over his wet brow, and sat down on the chest, with the veins all swollen in his face, and his limbs trembling with the efforts to subdue himself.

'Is there anything more to read, sir? I'll know it if there be, if you please.'

'No; nothing but the usual clauses for giving proper power to the executors—mere matter of detail,' replied the old lawyer, apparently very ill at ease.

'Then, sir,' said Richard slowly and deliberately, 'I'd like to say once for all, in the presence of you and my wife as witnesses, that I'erby refuse to have, and renounce, for me and for my child, every farthing o' this man's money.'

Richard uttered the words as solemnly as though they had been a proper legal oath of renunciation, and then, with a look of relief, got up and kissed his wife. 'Don't cry, my woman; we'll be going our way home again.'

'Yes; better do so, perhaps—better do so, Mr Mallet,' said the lawyer. 'But I must remind you that—that the property of the deceased is left to your child, and not to yourself. It is in the hands of trustees. You cannot, therefore, renounce what is not your own. However, we'll talk matters over together to-morrow, at my office.'

The cloud that came over Richard Mallet's face at these words did not disappear again that night. He went home in silence, nor spoke one word to his wife all the way.

For the first time in his life, he drove Jessie away from him, when she brought her stool and knitting

to sit at his feet; and, for the first time since they were born, the boys went to bed without their father's kiss.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE REVENGE WORKED.

Richard Mallet never closed his eyes that night. He got up at six next morning, had his breakfast, and then, as though nothing had happened, went and did half a day's work before going to the lawyer's office.

His wife stood and watched his manly figure as he strode down the street in the blue light of early morning, with his tools on his shoulder; and then, as he turned the corner, she went back to her fireside, and sat and cried as though her heart would break, till the milkman came round with the morning's milk.

It was a long day at home. Jessie wondered what made her mother so sad and absent, and why she sat and looked at her so strangely at times.

'Are you angry, mother?' asked the child once, as she caught one of these looks fixed upon her.

'Angry, bairn? Don't talk—don't talk. Perhaps it would have been better you'd never been born, my poor girl. The Lord only knows;' and the mother turned away from her little daughter with tears in her eyes, and a foreboding heart.

When Richard came home, his wife saw by the expression of his face that the matter was decided in some way.

'Hannah,' said he, laying down his tools, and wiping his forehead with a handkerchief he took out of his cap—'it's as he said. Our child has got this fortune, and we can't take it from her. He tells me Jessie is worth twenty thousand pounds!'

'Twenty thousand pounds, husband! What? Twenty thou—! O dear, dear.'

The poor woman laughed and cried in the same breath. Twenty thousand pounds! It was impossible not to rejoice. Uncle Zeb's maledictions were forgotten for a moment, in the dazzling visions those words raised before the mother's eyes.

'Call Jessie here,' said Richard, sitting down.

And Jessie came to her father's chair, and looked up wistfully into his face. It was something new to feel afraid of father; but Jessie did feel so, as she beheld the way in which he looked at her.

'Jessie, my girl, I want to talk to you,' began Richard. 'Now listen to what I am goin' to say; you're a 'cute little lass, and can understand me, I know. Uncle Zebedee's will has been opened, and we find he's left all his money to you. You'll be a very rich woman one day, Jessie, and you'll have a big house of your own.'

The pale face of the child flushed, and her eyes sparkled.

'You're very glad, Jess, ain't you?'

'Yes, father, I am glad. Shall we have a home of our own, then, and a garden?'

'Yes, you will. And you'll wear fine clothes, and live with grand folks, who are a deal cleverer than father and mother.'

'But I shan't leave you,' said the child, with a quick grasp at her father's hand.

'Not for always, p'raps; but you must go to school, and learn of somebody who can teach you better than father can.'

Richard Mallet's face twitched as he thought of the old spelling-book over which he and his child had spent so many happy evenings. They were at an end now. But, looking at his wife, he went on:

'Yes, we musn't keep her like ourselves, Hannah. She must have good schooling, you know. She must be different from us.'

Jessie stared at her parents with her big brown

eyes, and her heart beat fast. She was a clear-headed reasoning little creature. The life which she had been compelled to lead in consequence of her infirmity—an infirmity more the result of a delicate frame, than actual disease—had quickened her intellect, and rendered her wise and thoughtful beyond her years. So she shed no tears, though her heart was full, but took her chair out of her father's sight, and plied her needles fast in silence.

That night Richard Mallet and his wife sat by their fireside till long after midnight discussing the fortunes of their child. At one moment, the poor mother thanked Providence for Jessie's good-luck; at another, she shuddered at the thought of the curse attached to the miser's wealth.

'O Richard, if his words should come true. If our child should grow to be ashamed of you and me!'

'Hush, Hannah!' Richard checked his wife angrily. 'It's only like a babby to talk i' that way. How can a dead man's words do any harm!'

Though Richard assumed indifference to his uncle's malediction, it troubled him in reality. The first thing on waking, the old miser's terrible words occurred to him. All day long, as he plied hammer and chisel in the stone-yard, fragments of the curse sounded in his ears. As he sat at dinner, under the shed, he found himself mechanically tracing in the dust, with the end of a broken tool, the words: 'May it place a bar between them all their lives.' Many a night did his wife hear him sigh in his sleep, and mutter and moan about 'the gold' and 'my own bairn.' But by day he would rebuke his wife for being affected by superstitious fancies, and tell her she ought to know better than to trouble herself about such things. He would not have owned for the world that these same fancies were haunting him, sleeping and waking.

Richard Mallet was a man of resolution and few words. When he had decided on doing a thing, he did it at once. So, having come to the conclusion that his child must be brought up as befitted her altered circumstances, he lost no time in lending his aid to carry out the necessary changes.

Ere six months, Jessie Mallet was the inmate of a handsome home in a boarding-school in Kent, near one of her trustees; and the stone-mason and his wife had returned to the life they were leading before the death of Zebedee Peck.

It was not the old life, though. Richard was as steady and industrious as ever, as good a workman, as kind to his wife, and as fond of his two boys; but there was a change in him. It was not that the new position in which he now stood towards his master, his fellow-workmen, or the world, perplexed him. He was not the man to disquiet himself on that score. He held up his head as before, worked hard, took a joke good-humouredly, brought home his earnings every Saturday, and never troubled himself about what the neighbours thought or said as to his affairs.

It was at his own hearth that this change was to be seen; at his own hearth, where, when he taught the boys their letters at night, he missed a gentle little voice in his ear, and a soft little hand in his; where his eye often rested on a chair that stood vacant in the corner, with a little crutch by its side. At such times, he would grow hard and stern. There was not the influence in these things that clings to tokens that remind us of the dead: they only recalled a separation founded on injustice and wrong. Uncle Zeb need have prophesied no further; he had already obtained a cruel revenge. The very fear of his curse ever being accomplished was enough to embitter the rest of his nephew's life.

'Hannah,' said Richard Mallet to his wife one Friday morning, 'I shan't be home to-night, nor

mayhap for these next three days. I'm going to see her.'

He kissed his wife, put on his best hat, placed a stout stick and a small bundle on his shoulder, and went away. Jessie had been gone nine months.

On Tuesday night, his wife stood at her door looking out anxiously for his return. It was nine o'clock, but warm and fine, and the month of June. Ere long, in the dusky twilight, she espied a toil-worn man coming slowly up the street. A neighbouring lamp shone on the man's figure, as he approached. Hannah started as she caught sight of her husband's face. It was so worn and jaded, she hardly knew him.

'Gi'e me a sup to drink, Hannah,' said Richard, when he had entered the house and sat down.

The dust upon his dress shewed that he had made the journey on foot.

'It's a long spell to Canterbury, you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do.' He was anxious his wife should understand that the cause of his fatigue was physical.

He took a long draught at the mug of beer, put it down, and then, with his elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand, said: 'I can't touch my supper yet a while. I'm dog-tired. I'll tell you all about my journey, now, and then we've done with it.' He took off his hat, loosened his neckerchief, and then, without raising his eyes to his wife's face, began:

'Hannah, I have seen our child. I have been down to Canterbury, and seen the place where she lives, and the company she keeps. But though I've seen her, she ain't seen me; I hadn't the face to shew myself arter all. When I got down yonder on Sunday afternoon, and see the grand old house she is livin' in, nigh by the cathedral, and the young ladies walkin' in the garden, I said to myself: "It will never do to shew yourself there, my man;" and so I made up my mind I'd come back as I went, without even a word or a kiss, and be satisfied if I could only clap eye on her for a minute. So I watched about the house till they all come out two and two to go to the cathedral close by, and then I saw my child, hand in hand with a lady in silk, who walked at the head o' the line. She seemed kind o' gentle with our little girl, and helped her on a bit, for she couldn't quite keep up with the others; and Jess looked up at her as though she liked her, and wasn't afraid. I kept my eyes on her, and followed after 'em up to the church-door, and when they went in, I seemed to be drawn on like, and went in too, as though I couldn't do other. It's a brave place is that cathedral, and lots to see in my line; but I could only look at one place all the time, where she was sitting among the ladies, looking just as quiet and as good as I've seen her look a score o' times sittin' in yon chair.' He paused a moment, then went on. 'You should have seen her eyes, Hannah, when the organ was playin'! She was happy then, I warrant. I minded to sit on a back bench where she couldn't see me, and there I watched her, whilst she played and sung, till, all at once, I felt I was going to choke, and then (God forgie me!) I rose and walked out of the church, with a curse upon my lips. I would have set off home then and there, but somehow I couldn't tear myself away. I saw them all come out of church again, and go back to the big house, and I loitered about the iron gates, hoping I'd see her again in the garden, or at the windows, but I didn't. A servant came out, afore long, looking very smart and tidy; and, thinks I, I'll just ask him how Jessie is, and what she's a-doing of now; but when I went up to him, he stared at me in a uppieh-sort-of way, and so I only asked him what o'clock it was. I'd half a mind to ring the bell, and go in, after all; but every time I looked at my dress and my bundle, my heart failed me; so I turned away at last, and came back as

I went, without ever hearing the sound of my bairn's voice. Perhaps I was a fool, and ought to have gone in without fear or shame, as an honest man should; but the Lord knows I'd rather have come back as I have, than seen her look ashamed o' me, or brought a blush to her cheek. I couldn't ha' borne that, Hannah!

Richard Mallet's voice sank as he uttered these words, and his great hand trembled as he bent his head over the table. The spirit of the man seemed bruised and broken down.

For many days Richard Mallet repented of the sacrifice he had made, and upbraided himself for ever having allowed his child to be removed from him.

'Why did they ever permit this unnatural separation to take place?' the parents asked themselves.

'Jessie would never be theirs any more now,' said the poor mother. 'They had better forget their own bairn. By the time she had finished her schooling, she'd be no company for such as them.'

Richard was the first to regain right feeling on the subject.

'Hannah,' said he one day, 'we've done our duty, and it's no use talking. Jessie must be brought up as she should be, and you and me ought to be the last to stand in her way. I promised her trustees we'd be no hindrance to 'em, and we ain't goin' to break our word.'

When Richard spoke thus, he looked more cheerful, outwardly, than he had done for many a day.

Whatever fears and anxieties he might have, they were henceforth to be confined to his own breast.

To be concluded in our next.

BILL FUSTIAN'S RUNNING COMMENTARY ON THE DOINGS OF THE RESPECTABLE CLASSES.

THE sins of the respectable classes do get now and then found out, and very bad they appear. I suppose we might have all gone on eating peppermint lozenges for ever without knowing what a horrible mixture they are, but for that shocking case at Bradford the other day, when nineteen or twenty people lost their lives by eating such lozenges in which arsenic had been mixed. Well, nobody meant to put arsenic into the lozenges. The arsenic was an accident, on which I care not to comment at present. But see what was really meant to be done. The intention was to mix in with forty pounds-weight of sugar—the proper material—twelve pounds-weight of a stuff called 'daff,' which is nothing but a white earth; arsenic, in short, having been, through carelessness, substituted for 'daff.' Thus it comes to light that these respectable people are accustomed to make us buy lozenges more than a fourth part composed of mere dirt! So do they not scruple to fill our stomachs with trash, that they may fill their own pockets with money. Always the same story among that sad set of people—cheating, lying, poisoning, anything for gain! Always professing, too, to be so shocked by the habits of those wicked lower orders; adding insult, I may say, to injury. I wish they would learn to take the beam out of their own eye, and see that it is not a false beam.

They would all cut each other's throats at any time for twopences. See the conduct of that great omnibus company, which, having six hundred omnibuses constantly going in the streets of London, from which it draws a revenue of six hundred thousand pounds a year, cannot endure the existence of one poor little rival company, which has only fifteen buses, but of an improved description. Wherever one of the Saloon omnibuses, as they are called, appears, four or five others belonging to the older

company beset it closely on all hands, to prevent the public from entering it. This is called *nursing* the Saloon Company's 'buses. Fine nursing truly—it should rather be called overlying. Another means of destroying the rival company was to bribe small shareholders to vex it with legal and other difficulties. One states that he was thus engaged for a consideration of fifty pounds (never paid) to file a bill in Chancery for the purpose of getting this poor little Saloon Company wound up—a scheme, however, which did not succeed. A shareholder in the big company who had been particularly active in these proceedings, congratulated his friend that the Saloon Company could not keep on—their horses were dying like rotting sheep, and they had not a penny in their coffers to help themselves with: he was working day and night, he said, against them, and he would sell his coat off his back to get them crushed. Amiable feelings these for one of the respectable classes to indulge in. One would have thought that a body drawing six hundred thousand pounds a year would have been at such ease in their minds as to profit, that they could have afforded to allow the small fifteen-bus company to live. But no. Great as may be the gains of these respectable people, their necessities are always greater. And, while professing that there is nothing like a fair competition, they would all prevent competition in their own case, and by any sort of means, if they could.

Nearly three hundred years ago, in what we consider barbarous times, a gallant knight dying on the field of battle, had a draught of water brought to him to quench his raging thirst. As it was rising to his lips, he saw a poor soldier who was dying also, and who cast a longing look towards the draught of water. The knight immediately sent the water to the soldier, saying: 'Poor fellow, his necessities are greater than mine.' Men will ever bless the name of Sir Philip Sidney for this act of lofty self-denying benevolence. How refreshing, how encouraging to all in Christian unselfishness, is this tale! Contrast the conduct of a modern trading company, trampling down their fellows in the pride and might of an overwhelming greed. What a pitiable state for middle-class respectable human nature to be reduced to. Oh, my horny-handed brethren of the workshop, let us all pray to be saved from necessities, real or fancied, which prompt to such feelings and such actions.

The effrontery of some of the great money-consumers and appropriators of the middle classes is most remarkable. There were seven Glasgow firms—infirm they should rather have been called—who drained the Western Bank to the extent of one million and thirty thousand pounds, all to carry on business upon false principles, in the desperate hope that something would cast up in their favour. These men, while yet standing, destroyed the means of livelihood of hundreds of honest people in their own several lines, because there is no competing with men making a desperate use of other people's money. When they fell, they involved hundreds of other people, bank-shareholders, in misery. There is but the crust of dependence to-day to many who were living in comfort a year ago, in consequence of the superb selfishness of these speculative traders. But men of this sort, when they become bankrupt, only think themselves unfortunate. It probably appears to them, that the only cause of the mischief is their not having got quite enough of 'accommodation.' Only have given them a continuance of the proper 'banking facilities,' and they would have kept their ground. Creditors are overawed by the very grandeur of the ruins which such men make, and are easily forced into settlements advantageous to the debtors. Indeed, an insolvent of this species is rather like a

free and independent man negotiating a transaction in his own favour, than a bankrupt called to account for his shortcomings. It would be a strange thing, indeed, if he were not able to clear out with a tolerable wreck of stock wherewith to begin the world again.

Accordingly, it is not surprising to be told, as we are, by a local print, that these men have been living since the crisis of November 1857 'in first-rate style, in elegant mansions, with trim servants, and plenty of them, travelling every day in first-class railway carriages to their country-houses,' and that the greater number of them 'have resumed, or are about to resume, business in Glasgow, just as if they had been innocently knocked over in a commercial storm which they had no hand in raising.' One is stated to be rearing a new building for business purposes at a cost of £8000. Verily, these respectable classes are very merciful to each other in misfortune, especially when this is deepened by a shade of guilty extravagance and folly. I wish they were as tender to us, when we pick up a hare or go to the union for temporary relief.

I am told of another set of respectable people, men driving gigs, or better than gigs—decent family men who seem duly anxious to get to a good instead of a bad place hereafter—who are known to have sold out of this bank at dates remarkably near to that of the stoppage, when some knowing people were beginning to be tolerably well assured that there was danger in the wind. Clever dodge this, getting all the rich dividends, and when no more were to be got, but retribution was about to be called for, handing over the concern, like the bottle-imp, to a neighbour. It would be interesting to get a return of the number of widows and other helpless ignorant people who thus received a heritage of ruin. It is, I presume, looked upon as quite a proper kind of transaction in respectable middle-class society; but I know that Tom Corduroy, Dick Moleskin, and myself, are all of a mind in thinking that we should be unfit to be spoken to in future, if we had acted in such a manner. It is all taste; but really I feel a sort of pity for these respectable people, who love money so much that every action by which it may be made or saved seems allowable, provided only the law has nothing to say upon the subject.

TWO LETTERS FROM THE LEVANT.

LETTER I.

Scio, Monday 14th.

We have sailed over the long blue waters thus far, and are anchored off the old Genoese fort at Scio. We landed this morning at a rude sort of mole or breakwater, the harbour inside being hardly deep enough to receive the caïques of the natives themselves. A small Greek population has here established itself, and rebuilt a portion of the beautiful city, with warehouses for the island's exports, consisting principally of olive-oil, silk, and gum-mastic. Previous to the calamity which fell upon this devoted spot—the entire destruction of the place by fire and sword, in consequence of its connection with the Greek patriots of 1822—the whole of a space of six or seven miles in extent, lying between high and rugged mountains of a whitish rock, and the winding beach of the strait betwixt Scio and Anatolia, was thickly populated, and the resort of the chief merchants of Smyrna. To Scio, where lay their domestic treasures, they repaired to enjoy such leisure as business left them, and the fruits of a life of labour in old age. There stood their

luxurious habitations amidst fields of flowers, shaded by the peaceful olive, and perfumed by the orange and the lemon-tree. Scarcely a sign of this magnificence remains; but in a convent not far south of the town, where 7000 of the flying Scioots were put to the sword, the bones of the dead still whiten the ground, and the deep sabre-cuts in the decaying skulls still witness against the Turkish tyrants. In revenge for this destruction, the Greek admiral, Canaris, found means to sink the ship of the Capitan Pacha, with all the plunder of Scio, before she left the roadstead. Although the divers have descended again and again, and company after company has been formed for the recovery of the treasure, the gold and the silver, and the guns of brass still enrich the floors of ocean, twenty-seven fathoms beneath the surface. Wandering through rich orange-groves and a still flowering wilderness, we came upon 'Homer's School,' where the blind old man of Chios is said to have taught his pupils about 3000 years ago. Some antiquaries prefer considering it as the Temple of Cybele; but, certainly, whether for poetry or religion, I never saw a place more fitted and peculiar. The Straits of Scio, and the isles that stud them, lay beneath it; the masses of white rock gleaming from far-off Samos inclined to azure in the haze; and, mystified by distance, rose the rugged Minias, precisely as it used to do in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. The air of Scio is the healthiest possible, and the climate perfectly luxurious. The labour of the female population at least, is confined to making silk purses, chewing the aforesaid gum-mastic (masticating), and distilling the sweetest of waters from orange-blossoms and the flower of the jasmine. Mastic is said to whiten the teeth and strengthen the stomach, and the groves which produce it are well worth visiting.

To-day (15th), we sailed into the Gulf of Smyrna, and made an expedition on its south coast to the baths of Agamemnon, mounted, like the sons of the prophets, upon asses. These animals in this country are either better taught and managed, or are not so obstinate and evil intentioned as in our own, where it always seems that some invisible power obstructs their way. Mounted on asses, then, we blush not to confess we were, for they are the chief riding animals now in the East, even as when one of Israel's judges had thirty sons who rode on thirty asses, and they who were thus mounted ruled over thirty cities. Near Vourla, here there are three remarkable hummocks, called 'the Sisters,' separated from 'the Two Brothers' of the same family by a deep ravine, through which runs a rivulet. Here are situated these famous baths. A fine tank has been constructed, about five feet deep, and broad enough to swim in; into this a copious stream of water pours continually, so hot that a bare hand or foot cannot endure it: the water is pure and quite tasteless. Into the bath, and close to this hot stream, a rivulet of water from a cold spring has been made to run, to moderate the temperature as may be required. A few ruins were scattered about; but the whole place was neglected, and, for the most part, disgustingly dirty. In any other country, this place would have been the resort of thousands, but here nature does her best, and man his worst, in all things. These baths derive their name from the wounded soldiers of Agamemnon being directed hither for cure by an oracle, while he was engaged in the conquest of Mysia.

17th.—For the last two days, immense battalions of 'embodied cranes' have been returning over our heads, after another campaign against the Pigmies, the diminutive inhabitants of the mysterious regions of Central Africa. One division has no sooner passed across the gulf than another makes its appearance: from their clamorous exultation, let us hope that they have been victorious. Though high in air, their conversation is distinctly audible; and could we understand it, we should know much more of the source and course of the Nile or Niger than from any of the followers of Bruce and Lander; for these cranes have come from the marshes beyond the Desert beneath the line, where hippopotami wallow amongst luxuriant reeds, where the Niger loses itself, and the Nile draws its waters for the inundation of the land of Ham. They have peradventure seen Luxor and Karnac, Syria and Palestine, and have returned to take possession of their old habitations, and to receive a welcome from their Mohammedan protectors. They warn us to prepare our summer clothing, and bid those proceeding to Odessa and the Cimmerian Bosphorus, to bend their sails and recommence their voyage. These birds are continually referred to by all the ancient writers.

The country about Vourla is very agreeably diversified with hill and dale, with rock and mountain; grassy plains and groves of olive and mulberry-trees, the arbutus and the myrtle; brooks and fountains, scattered villages and cypress-planted cemeteries. It is a country of eternal verdure and perennial beauty. Of Clazomena, which stood upon the island in the bay, there are now scarcely any traces. the birthplace of him who preferred a grain of wisdom to a heap of gold, now seems unconscious of ever having sustained a city, but still does honour to their judgment who fixed upon it for a city's site. Vourla is chosen by the French and British admirals, when in the Archipelago, to water and refit at; the plague, that is never out of Smyrna, comes not hither; and it is well to windward of 'the inbat,' which in summer blows all day strongly up the gulf, and against which no heavy ships can get to seaward. Now, however, as we are for Smyrna, let the inbat be our friend, and put our polacca before it: she sweeps along so steadily as scarcely to seem to move, while anchored vessels, 'towers, and towns, and woods,' appear to pass her westward-bound, and in hot pursuit of one another. Studding-sails and royals are now fluttering upon the heated gale; in they come together as though the wand of a magician had simultaneously wrought it; and now her topsails are down in an instant, and now she swings to her anchor as the interminable chain-cable thunders through the smoking hawse-hole: we are at Smyrna.

19th.—The rides about this place are intensely interesting; we traverse plains the finest in the world, skirting the bases of mountains the most famous in classic poetry, 'the solitary hills of shaggy Sipylus,' whence Niobe still pours her rivulets, Mount Tmolus ever fronting us; or we traverse the same route as that of Gyges, king of Lydia, or, in ages less remote, of the fierce Tamerlane.

Here we meet everywhere the black tents of the Turkomans; they shift about from place to place, according to the necessities of their flocks; carrying the young kids in their arms across the brooks, and such as are ill, in panniers upon donkey-back. We see caravans laden with iron about to penetrate the interior, and others, again, coming from that direction burdened with carpets and the merchandise of the East. These caravans are guided by women or men, each sex sitting in the masculine manner upon the ass, which always leads the string.

21st.—We have just returned from a visit to Ephesus, from a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin Mary at that once celebrated city, where the fathers of the church sat in council to settle the

mysteries of Heaven and the faith of men. We started in the early morning from the sleeping city—Smyrna—and through the narrow half-covered bazaars, while the bat was still busy at his erroneous whirlings in the uncertain twilight, and the peaks of the Two Brothers were scarcely burnished by the sun. Over the hill, and through the cypress grave-yard, we watched the gulf grow brilliant, and the day break as it seldom breaks elsewhere. We were under the guidance of a surrugee, who took the lead, and accompanied by an Armenian interpreter, who would have made the fortune of a painter of national costumes, in his turban and fur-trimmed robe of lavender-coloured cashmere, and mounted on his beautiful and gracefully managed steed. We met, too, groups of travellers almost equally picturesque; Turkish soldiers, bringing in hundreds of miserable creatures tied together, convict-like, with ropes, forced from their homes in the far interior to be disciplined for the service of the sultan, and converted into soldiers or sailors, as demand might require. Half an hour's canter further on disclosed a numerous retinue—officers splendidly attired in the old Turkish dress, and armed with scimitar, pistol, and yataghan; mounted also on strong and showy horses, richly caparisoned, they gave us a good idea of what Turks must have been in the palmy days of their ascendancy. They were the body-guard of a bright gem within its casket—a beautiful lady, reclining in a sedan, was borne by mules amidst this train; beautiful, I say, and doubt not, though we caught no glimpse of her fair face. The ark that contained this precious freight was covered with scarlet cloth, and the number of mounted attendants proclaimed her to be a pacha's favourite wife, journeying probably, *via* Smyrna, to Constantinople. Here, then, were two fine opportunities, had we but been Quixotically disposed.

We arrived, after some hours, at the ruins of Metropolis, whereof nothing now remains but some indications of an aqueduct, and the foundation-stones of enormous walls and edifices, aforetime doubtless the glory of their builders. Crossing the river Cayster by a ruinous old bridge, and after a long and fatiguing ride of nearly sixty miles, we came in sight of the castle of Aisaluk, the minaret of a mosque within its walls, and the lofty square abutments of that enormous duct which supplied the City of the Moon with the waters of Mount Pactyus, in times too remote to contemplate. As we approach nearer, we see the materials of which they were composed to be chiefly Roman bricks and cut stones, bearing evidence of having belonged to yet more ancient edifices. Here is a portion of the architrave of a temple, placed perpendicularly above a mass of the most various erections; there a Greek inscription *inverted* impresses us with the barbarity of the ignorant builders. Passing under the aqueduct, we followed a narrow pathway through the ruins of Aisaluk: broken pillars of marble and granite were scattered about on every side; stones with mutilated inscriptions, and such of the remains of a great city as by their strength bid defiance to time and vandalism, in surprising quantity and confusion were heaped up everywhere. Here we see a brick-built mosque, supported by four exquisitely carved Corinthian pillars, three of gray, and the fourth of red granite; there, amidst the labour of Greek sculptors, stands a trough and fountain with some Saracenic writing—a medley of Greek, Roman, and Turkish masonry—standing and prostrate pillars, some whole, some broken; imperfect capitals and fractured architraves thrown about in the confusion of chaos—a picture of utter ruin and desolation, such as the pen can give no adequate idea of.

The inhabitants of this once populous and powerful city are reduced to a very few families of miserably poor, harmless, and oppressed Turks. At a wretched hovel we left our horses; and, while the frugal supper

was preparing, visited the celebrated mosque. The two red granite pillars, supposed to have been taken from the Temple of Diana, are of extraordinary dimensions; three of the tallest of our party could scarcely enclose one of them in their extended arms; they must be, therefore, eighteen feet in circumference, and at least five-and-twenty above the ground they stand on, and yet their bases are quite buried in the rubbish. The dome of the mosque is still complete, and still retains some of its painting and gilding, but the crescent is gone, and the shattered minaret threatens to scatter its fragments on those who dare to enter the olive-planted court where the Faithful used to perform their ablutions before prayers. This is the great building called by the missionaries the Church of St John. We ourselves contrived to take a bath in a sarcophagus, which a fountain perpetually keeps full of the purest water in front of the little khan, or inn.

After supper, induced by the freshness of the evening and the silver light of the great goddess of the Ephesians, I went forth among the ruins to smoke my chibouque and deliver myself up to the influences of the solemn scene. Forlorn, indeed, were the objects by which I was surrounded: the silence was unbroken, save by the mournful cry of the jackal amidst the hills and the fitful flitting of the bat and the night-hawk; Hesperus was burning in the west, above Mount Corossus, with surprising lustre; and overhead, Orion was sparkling as though it were freezing; Arcturus and the Pleiades were still 'wheeling unshaken through the void immense,' as in the days of the old bard of Midian, still burning in the same relative position after the long lapse of ages, new, and bright, and glorious, whilst around me were scattered in fragments the most stupendous efforts towards lasting durability that 'the short-lived reptiles of the dust of earth' could compass. The night air was chill and damp, and I returned to the khan sooner than I had wished. I looked in at an old brick vault upon my way, and found our poor horses still unsaddled, and with nothing for fodder save chaff and old straw; nor could I get anything better for them, nor persuade our attendants to take any trouble about the matter. All the inhabitants of Aivaluk—about six or seven people—were assembled at the khan with pipes and coffee; their place of devotion was near at hand, and at intervals they performed their ceremonies with great apparent sincerity, prostrating themselves on small pieces of carpet, and singing a kind of hymn. They offered me of their tobacco, but would not taste my brandy, nor even permit me to drink it out of their vessels. Before I had done smoking with the Turks, my companions had laid themselves down upon the bench, and were soon at rest. This I cannot do at an early hour, however fatigued, so I took up a book I had with me, and endeavoured to read. The Turks supposed me to be at my devotions after my manner, and did not break silence until I closed the volume. Immediately above where we lay, the 'temple-haunting martlets had fixed their procreant cradles,' and, mindful of the fate of Tobit, I covered my face with my handkerchief, and was soon in the land of dreams.

Morning had no sooner dawned, than the same party proceeded to view by daylight the ruins of Aivaluk and Ephesus. Ephesus appears to have originally been upon Mount Priou, and in the time of Alexander the Great, or his immediate successors, to have descended into the lower ground at its foot, where we find what remains of its ruins—utterly desolate, and without an inhabitant, 'swept with the besom of destruction;' and it was even in that state, perhaps, whilst Aivaluk, to which a remnant of the Ephesians retired, continued to be a thronged city. First, we visited a Turkish fort of the fourteenth century, in a dreadful state of disrepair, its vaults and tanks abounding in scorpions and other doleful creatures, and shunned by all in its neighbourhood: it is, however,

beautifully situated, about a mile from the Cayster, amidst a grand half-circle of mountains. Besides the mosque, the ruins of the old aqueduct, and the fountain aforesaid, there is not much to note in Aivaluk except the general wreck, or to admire, except the natural beauty of its site. Quitting that place, then, and crossing a low and swampy flat, we found ourselves amidst the ruins of Ephesus itself.

Our endeavour to identify the remarkable places of the city was far from satisfactory. Passing along the side of a hill about thirty yards above the level, we looked down upon what was the gymnasium, but the destruction has been too complete for certainty. Proceeding between the mount and the valley's enclosure on the south-west side, the vestiges of great remains were everywhere about us; broken pillars and chiseled marbles, remnants of arches of brick and stone, gigantic foundations, bridge-like passages; but what they might have been, what now remains to tell? We next ascended the hill to see the Acropolis wall, and to look into the mighty quarries which supplied the Ephesians with their marble for the adornment of their temple and public buildings. It is frightful to look into those from the overhanging rocks above, which seem to have been shaken and separated from those with which they were once connected by a dreadful convulsion of nature, and to require but another shock to hurl them into the excavations beneath. These spread into enormous dripping-caverns beneath the hollowed mount. The remains of the Acropolis consist of enormous walls of the last or more regular order of cyclopean masonry, forming a citadel, perhaps, to the town at the base of the hill; one of these walls runs right across from east to west, built of huge square stones, smoothed towards the south, but within all rough and unshewn. We passed over many old foundations and blocks of well-cut stone, and on reaching the northern side of the hill, which is very steep, we looked right down upon all that remains of Ionia's former glory. Descending from this, we found ourselves in the Theatre, choked up with stones and brambles. The only living thing within it, which we shot, was a small ant-bear, whose skin was useless through its myriads of vermin. Here lay scattered many finely fluted pillars of white marble, incrustated with a short dry moss, which time had set upon them as they lay upon the earth: their capitals were very large and beautifully carved. We wound through narrow passages, between walls of thirty feet in height, of tremendous thickness, and descended by many steps into a considerable vault. After a time, we got tired of exploring it with torches, and, indeed, it seemed to have no end. It was in this identical place that the Seven Sleepers are said to have taken that long nap of theirs. Coming to light again, our attention was next drawn by a fair archway, leading up to a large circular eminence, flat at the top, with a rock in the centre, four or five feet higher than the level, and cut all round with niches. An oblong square, sufficiently enormous to contain any number of sightseers, with sloping sides, next discovered itself: this was the theatre for the games and combats of wild beasts and gladiators. It was here that Demetrius, the silversmith, harangued his fellow-citizens when he found his occupation waning through the preaching of St Paul. Immediately opposite, is the groundwork of some gigantic building far larger than any of the rest, built of large block-shapen stone: this is all that now remains of the wonder of antiquity, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. It rests upon great arches, and underneath are two large magazines, supposed to be places for keeping wild beasts in for the theatre hard by: they are of unknown extent. We went into some of the outside vaults, and were soon stopped by rubbish and darkness. I saw there were no inhabitants in Ephesus, but must reserve that statement; in one of these vaults, by a small

smoky fire, we found a solitary and very old man, who expressed neither surprise nor gratification at the sight of visitors.

THE CARBONARI.

THIS word, so significant of mystery, crime, and power, is the distinctive title of a secret society or order, of whom, notwithstanding their own desire to prove a descent from the Templars, we find no mention in history until the close of the fourteenth century; when we read 'that the necessity of mutual assistance induced the charcoal-burners who inhabited the vast forests of Germany, to unite themselves against robbers and enemies.' Isolated from the rest of mankind by the peculiar nature of their toil, which removed them, as it were, from the great confederacy of social life, these colliers or burners, though born with the same feelings as other men, were yet cut off from all the ordinary privileges of humanity. The faculties with which God had endowed them were left unfolded and untaught, and darkness covered their hearts and understandings, until it became a humiliation to contemplate the depth to which human nature may fall when man is bowed down to the earth in the power of his prime by fruitless labour; and his only possessions are the memories with which his heart is stored, of long and hard endurance, of wretchedness and toil, oppression and wrong. In the same forests with the charcoal-burners dwelt hordes of robbers, many of whose acts of fearful cruelty we find on record; but they and the colliers had nothing in common save their local habitation. The grave alone could have kept them more apart than did their mutual jealousies and dislikes. Notwithstanding this, however, an instance at last occurred in which the robbers, in their insatiable desire for plunder, forgot the cautious policy they had heretofore observed towards the burners, and breaking into their enclosures, carried off some valueless booty. This infringement of a tacit agreement of mutual avoidance aroused the bitter anger of the charcoal-burners, and every feeling of their perverted and degraded nature was gathered into one strong and keen desire for revenge.

It was on this occasion they formed themselves into an association, and bound themselves by an oath, known afterwards as the 'faith of the colliers,' to seize every opportunity of attacking and destroying the robbers, until not one should find a shelter for his head in all the forests of Germany. In a short time their repeated victories made them aware of their power; they felt that their fierce strength as a body was irresistible, and with the conviction came also the instinctive desire, not only to exterminate the plunderers, but to emancipate themselves from the dishonouring slavery of their condition. They had long pined under the hardships of severe forest-laws, the partial repeal of which they had often vainly petitioned for; now, they demanded their total abolition, declaring death the penalty in the event of a refusal. Their demand was granted. Naturally regarding this first triumph over a reigning prince as the first-fruit of what was to come if they remained united, they determined on framing a code of laws, to which all should swear implicit obedience. They next divided themselves into tribes, each tribe agreeing to meet at stated periods at a lodge; and they then assumed the title of the 'Carbonari.' Over the whole society one member presided; he was chosen by lot, and was bound to meet the heads of the tribes at stated periods in the lodge, which was situated then in the gloomiest depths of a forest. At first, these lodges were but assemblages of ferocious men, whose lives had been passed in degradation and oppression, and from whose weary hearts excess

of toil and poverty had dried up the well-spring of kindly feelings and affectionate desires, leaving behind only such fierce passions as incite the lower animals to supply the necessities of their physical wants and those of their offspring, and to rush upon and destroy whatever threatens them with danger.

In the course of time, however, the character of the Carbonari underwent a great change. The severe necessity for unremitting labour was removed by the abolition of the forest laws, and the men had a release from the chain which bound them to toil and sickness and a scanty morsel. The natural consequence was, that the more they felt removed from physical want, the more elevated became their moral character. The laws and constitution of the order were remodelled; and although they were then, and are still, deeply tinged with fanaticism, yet they are framed with such artful policy, that one can hardly wonder at the rapid progress the order made to wealth and power. In less than a century after we read of its first organisation in the forests, we find that it has spread over Germany, France, and the Netherlands, and enrolled among its members persons of the highest rank. But in the present century, the greatest field of the society has been Middle and Lower Italy.

The form observed on the reception of a member was very absurd, though, no doubt, the young aspirant considered it deeply impressive. The candidate was styled a 'pagan,' and was led blindfold from the closet of 'reflection' to the door of the 'baracca,' by the 'preparator' or preparer, who affected to knock with mysterious irregularity. The *copritore*, or coverer, on hearing these sounds, turns from where he stands inside the door, and addressing his assistant-copritore, says: 'A pagan knocks for admission.' The assistant repeats the same to the chief door-keeper, who in turn repeats it to the grand-master, and at every communication the grand-master strikes a blow with an axe.

Grand-master: 'See who is the rash being who dares to trouble our sacred labours.'

This question having passed through all the officials to the preparator, he answers through the opening of the door:

'It is a man whom I have found wandering in the forest.'

'Ask his name, country, and profession,' commands the grand-master through his officials.

The replies being instantly returned, the secretary writes them down.

'Ask him his habitation and his religion.'

The secretary notes each reply.

'Ask him,' again commands the grand-master, 'what is it he seeks amongst us.'

The preparator replies: 'Light, and to become a member of our society.'

'Let him enter,' are the words which next pass slowly and solemnly from lip to lip.

The pagan is then led into the middle of the assembly; he is again questioned, and his replies are compared with what the secretary had previously written down. The grand-master then puts the following questions directly:

'Mortal, the first virtues we require are frankness and courage. Do you feel that you are capable of practising both, to the utmost?'

The pagan replies; and the grand-master, if satisfied, continues by questioning him on morality and benevolence. He then inquires whether there is anything of which he would wish to dispose, or if there is any domestic concern he would desire to arrange, as he is at that moment in danger of immediate death. If pleased with the answers and demeanour of the aspirant, the grand-master continues:

'It is well. We will expose you to trials in which you will discover a meaning. Let him make the first journey.'

The candidate, who is still blindfold, is then led out of the baracca, and caused to journey through the forest.

At first, the silence is unbroken; he seems to be in a vast desert, alone. The grass beneath his feet is tangled and damp, and the air he breathes is heavy and noisome. He brushes, in his devious course, against the arm of a tree, and the next instant the wild cry of a bird, as she rises from among the branches overhead, fills the air. His feet are becoming entangled in underwood, and the crackling noise, as he breaks weakly through, sounds strange. At length, a light breeze comes whispering amongst the leaves of the forest, making low mysterious music. The candidate's mind is becoming oppressed with strange wild thoughts—in silence, in solitude, in darkness rendered thick by the bandage, he is groping his way alone. He no longer hears the rustling of the leaves, for there is a sound of rushing waters in his ears—the struggle is becoming fearful between his imagination and his judgment; for a moment the regular healthy pulsations of his heart cease, and then comes the thick heavy throb of intense suspense and anxiety. At this moment, the preparator—whose tread, though close, he had not heard—lays hold on him, and leads him back to the door of the baracca, where the same form as at first is again repeated before he is admitted to the presence of the grand-master. He is then questioned as to what he had encountered in his first journey, and having related all, the grand-master replies:

'Your first journey is the symbol of human life. The obstacles you have encountered, and the noises you have heard, indicate to you that in this vale of tears you will meet many difficulties and distractions in the path of virtue, and that you must struggle through and disregard all, if you would arrive at last at the goal of happiness. Let him make the second journey.'

The candidate is then led away, and having been made to pass through a fiery ordeal, is shown what appears to him a human head newly severed from the body. The bandage, which had been for an instant removed from his eyes, is replaced, and he is once more conducted to the baracca. Being admitted as on the former occasion, the grand-master tells him that the fire through which he had been made to pass was symbolical of the flame of charity, which should ever be alive in his heart towards every worthy individual; that the head was that of a perjurer who had just been punished. He then commands the preparator to lead the pagan to the foot of the throne, and when this is done, he asks in a slow, impressive manner:

'Are you willing to take an irrevocable oath, which neither offends religion, nor the state, nor the rights of individuals? Forget not, before you swear, that the penalty of its least violation is death.'

The pagan, having signified his willingness, is made to kneel on a white cloth, and to promise and swear on the statutes of the order, scrupulously to keep the secret of the carbonari, and neither to write, engrave, nor paint anything concerning it without having obtained a written permission. He also binds himself to help each member of the order under all circumstances, by every means in his power—never to attempt anything against the honour of their families; and, finally, he declares that he willingly consents, should he ever be guilty of perjury, to have his body cut in pieces, then burned, his ashes scattered to the winds, and his name held up to the execration of the carbonari throughout the earth. After this, he is led into the centre of the apartment, the members

present form a circle round him, and the grand-master demands:

'What do you desire, pagan?'

'Light.'

'It will be granted to you by the blows of my axe.'

The grand-master strikes with the axe, and the action is repeated by each of the carbonari. The bandage is then suddenly removed from the eyes of the candidate, who sees a circle of gleaming axes raised above his head, and hears thundered in his ears by the grand-master:

'These axes will surely put you to death, should you ever, even in the least degree, violate the obligations of your oath. Do not hope to conceal yourself—in the dens and caves of the earth, you will meet the carbonari. Do not expect to avoid your doom by flight—at the utmost bounds of this globe, a member will confront you. If you sin—die; you will then have sought the only refuge from which the arm of the carbonari cannot snatch you. On the other hand, if you are faithful to the end, these axes will be raised in your defence, should you ever need them; and you may pass through life with the conviction, that in every peril, need, or difficulty, you shall ever find yourself in, you have but to look to the right hand or the left, to meet friendly and efficient help. And now, in the name and under the authority of our founder, and in virtue of the power which has been conferred on me in this honourable vendita, I make, name, and create you an apprentice.'

The grand-master then instructs him in the secret words and touch, and being congratulated by all the assistants and apprentices present, the vendita is dissolved.

What the objects of this order were, when it was first instituted, we have already shown; what they afterwards became, we learn from the following oration delivered in a vendita at Naples, during the usurpation of Murat:

'Know, finally, that the object of respectable carbonarism is to restore to the citizen that liberty and those rights which nature bestowed on us, and which tyranny itself did not deny us. To attain to this object, it is necessary to try the virtue, and to consolidate the union of courageous and exemplary citizens: this is no trifling labour, since the cunning of political tyranny has interposed a thick veil between men's eyes and the sublime light of truth. Wretched mortals study those false maxims which, leading to prejudice and superstition, envelop them in darkness, and induce them to lead a life of slavery and submission to ill treatment, blind to the origin of their misfortunes. O men! do you not hear the clank of the chains with which you are bound? They are fastened upon you by the tyrant.

'By the law of nature, he who seeks to destroy, should be himself destroyed. And are not kings, who, forgetting that they are men, proudly regard themselves as superior beings, and usurp the right of disposing of the blood of their fellow-men, and of looking upon them as slaves, are they not the lords of the wives and children, and possessions of their slaves? And yet honour, and homage, and respect, are still paid to these infernal monsters! O blindness of man!

'But as the maxims of the carbonari are founded on the simple principles of nature and reason, and on the doctrines of the gospel, it belongs to them to overturn the throne, raised by fanaticism and ambition, and to expel from it the monster who pollutes the whole creation. The blood of so many innocents, torn by main force from the bosoms of their families, and sent to perish in capricious wars; the blood of so many illustrious citizens slaughtered for speaking the language of truth—this blood, I say, calls on us

vengeance; and the number of our friends now groaning in fetters claim our assistance. Yes, the carbonari, knowing what truth and justice are, and possessing humane and candid hearts, will one day vindicate the rights of man. Having found your conduct to be regular and zealous towards the order, we have admitted you into the chamber of honour; that is to say, among the sworn members of the republic. You are come here to tender your lives for *any* service, when the carbonari shall invite you to save your country from oppression.'

The *alta vendita* in which this oration was delivered was composed of honorary members and of deputies from each particular *vendita*. It was declared to be an administrative and legislative body, and a court of council and of appeal; and it was accordingly divided into different sections. It was the business of this *vendita* to grant charters of organisation to new lodges, or to confirm such as were submitted for its approbation. A regular system of correspondence was, in 1814, established between it and all the provinces of the kingdom; and it is said that the number of carbonari increased during that year with such astonishing rapidity that they were counted by tens of thousands. The whole population of many towns enrolled themselves, and entire regiments most willingly joined. Magistrates were compelled to enter, in order to obtain anything like obedience to their decrees; and all who were unprotected, were glad to become members, in hopes of support in the vicissitudes with which they were threatened. Those who were of a more enterprising turn rejoiced at finding themselves exalted into judges on the great questions of the nation; and imagined themselves the defenders of the injured and oppressed.

Murat was in some degree aware of the state of public feeling; but neither fearing personal danger, nor doubting the stability of his throne, he merely thought it necessary to endeavour to intimidate the carbonari by employing against them an active system of police. As it is a historical fact, however, that Maghelli, a native of Genoa, was at the same time director-general of police under the usurper, and organiser of the Papal States under the Carbonari, it will be readily believed that he did not divide his services, and that Murat was not the master to whose work he put his strength.

In 1815, the French dynasty in Naples was at an end; the Austrian army was advancing; Ferdinand was about to reascend the throne: it was the Carbonari who brought back the king.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

SOME years since, when serving with my regiment in Canada, I obtained two months' leave of absence, for the sake of enjoying some of the wild sports of the far west.

It was the commencement of the Indian summer, that 'moon' of glorious weather, when summer, seeming to regret the beautiful land she has left, revisits it for a brief season. Not a leaf had fallen from the trees but the brightest gold and crimson tints were flashing and glowing among their verdure; the wild vines and briars were covered with berries of scarlet, and ruby, and orange, almost as brilliant as their departed blossoms. Sweet-scented Indian-grass, studded with thousands of flowers, made gay the juniper copse; and their mingled perfume came floating to us across the smooth lake, as we threaded the labyrinth of the Christian Islands, which are said to number thousands.

Once clear of the archipelago, we raised our blanket-sail, and stretched out towards the head of

the lake, merely landing to cook and sleep, for, only less than myself did my two Indians long to reach the haunts of the deer and the moose, and the far-off land of the bison. How I waged war against them, matters not to my present story; suffice it to say that I was successful, and that my leave was drawing to a close ere I again turned my face towards the colony, laden with trophies sufficient to make me the envy of any sportsman.

Small and light as my canoe was, it had to be abandoned when we left the lakes, and my tent had to be left also, being too heavy to carry with us; in fact, our equipment soon dwindled down to a blanket and waterproof wrapper each, and a few cooking utensils. Thus, when we again struck Lake Huron, which was at its south-west extremity, we were without a boat of any kind; and had we still possessed our old canoe, it was too small to have been of service in the wild inclement weather which had now set in, for it was the beginning of November, and the ground was covered with snow; though the lake was not frozen over. I therefore resolved to continue our route on foot to the Sault de St Marie, at the entrance of Lake Superior, where I hoped to obtain a larger canoe and additional boatmen; but on our way there, we encountered a fur-trader's *bateau*, bound to the lower end of the lake, and I engaged passages in her for myself and my Indians.

A flat-bottomed lumbering barge was my new conveyance—very different from my swift, graceful canoe; yet she bowled merrily along when the wind favoured her; and when it was contrary, progressed heavily beneath the influence of long sweep-like oars, wielded by the stout arms of half-a-dozen Canadians, who beguiled their labour with soft monotonous songs, which, with the murmur of the waves, floated round us like the music of a sea-shell. When our day's voyage was over, and, in the darkening twilight, we brought our boat to land, and tied her to the boll of a tree, more boisterous strains rose round the gipsy fires that were thickly lighted along the shore, and continued unceasingly, mingled with the fizzing of frying-pans and the bubbling of coffee-pots, until all hands retired to the boat to sleep—all save myself; and to escape such a medley, I would willingly have submitted to greater hardships than, wrapped in my blanket, to sleep beside the fire left burning on the beach.

For the first two or three nights—probably in consequence of the unwonted inaction of the day—I lay awake for hours, enjoying the solitude and admiring the northern lights as they quivered above me in vivid coruscations. But, on the fourth night, I slept soundly; so soundly as to be unconscious that the presage of those brilliant streamers was being fulfilled, that the air was filled with snow, and that a furious storm was rushing through the primeval forest, breaking the young trees like saplings, and here and there casting down with a resounding crash some vegetable patriarch. Such an incident, occurring in my immediate neighbourhood, at length aroused me, and I was surprised to find myself warmly enclosed in a bank of snow. I looked around, but the snow-curtain hid everything from my view, save the fire, which had not yet succeeded in consuming the huge logs piled upon it; so I lay down again, and despite the tempest, slept tranquilly until morning.

When I opened my eyes again, the sun had risen, and was shining out from the clear blue sky. I started up, and shook myself free from the snow, hunter fashion; but what could equal my surprise and consternation when, looking towards the lake, I saw nothing but blue rippling waters! Not a vestige was visible of the *bateau*, which I had last seen lying by the shore, save a broken fragment of rope round the tree from which

she had broken loose in the storm, and then floated out from land with her sleeping crew, leaving me alone in the wilderness.

Alone—without resources, without a guide, I stood in that vast solitude, hundreds of miles distant, most probably, from any human being, ignorant even of so much of forest-lore as was required to tell me how I had best bend my steps. But for a hope that the bateau might return for me, I should have been overwhelmed by despair. That thought upheld me; and all the hours till nightfall—and that November day was the longest I ever knew—I sat watching with straining eyes for the returning boat. The setting sun left me still a watcher, though no longer hopeful; and by the time the stars shone out in the sky, I had begun to realise the fact that, under Providence, it was on my own exertions alone I must depend to save me from perishing in the wilderness.

That night I sat beneath the aurora, seeking not to sleep, but gazing moodily into the fire, reflecting on what was to be done, while I grasped tightly my rifle, the only friend left to me, save the knife and revolver in my belt. The only plan I could decide on was to turn to the eastward, and travel along the shore, contenting myself with the certainty that, however slowly, I should at least be advancing towards the colony; and as soon as the dawn spread over the sky, I rose to commence my solitary journey.

As I turned to leave the spot, something glittered darkly on the ground: it was a tomahawk; and I raised and placed it in my belt, with deep gratitude for this timely gift of Providence. It would have gone ill with me in the inclement weather which the storm preluded without that tomahawk to chop wood for the fires that warmed me in those nights of intense frost, and cooked the venison and partridges I shot for food, as I toiled wearily on my way, coasting the promontories and bays, lest I should get out of sight of the lake, and so completely lose my way.

For four days I travelled on, while each day was colder than the last; and on the sixth day, a violent snow-storm overtook me on an open plain. For some time I struggled blindly against it, in the effort to gain a place of shelter; but it was of no use; and in the end I was glad to crouch in the lee of a solitary dwarf-fir, and wrapping myself in my blanket, let the snow form a hillock over me. This covering, so cold in itself, imparted warmth to me; and I was soon in a deep dreamless sleep, from which I did not awake until next morning.

Oh, how stiff I was when I awoke!—so stiff and numb I could scarcely creep out of my snow-bower; and when I attempted to rise to my feet, I fell on the snow again in indescribable agony, which I soon found to be the result of both my feet being frost-bitten. Few are long in that climate without learning what is needful to be done in such an emergency, and I at once began to rub my feet with snow; but it was with a heavy heart, for if I was disabled, what was to become of me in that desolate spot?

At length, as if by instinct—for hope had deserted me long before—I went forth on my journey, a miserable cripple, leaning on my rifle, and on a stick that at each step sunk deep into the snow, and with my suffering feet wrapped in the fur of the hare I had killed.

In this way I dragged myself slowly along, until night came, when I sank down utterly exhausted, unable to bestow upon myself any of the care I stood so much in need of. All I could do was to seek a commodious sleeping-place—that is to say, a sheltered thicket, with an open space in front for my fire. One evening, I esteemed myself fortunate in finding a cave, which a mass of brushwood at the entrance had kept free from snow; the air inside was so warm that it was positively luxurious; and while

busy making a fire before it, I resolved on remaining there a day or two to recruit.

The very idea was refreshing; and in unusual spirits I skinned a hare I had shot during the day, and placed it, hunter fashion, on two sticks before the fire. Scarcely was it placed in this torrid zone, when something between a grunt and a groan seemed to intimate its dislike to its new position. I started; and in the horrible doubt whether I had not committed the barbarity of flaying and impaling a living animal, I stretched out my hand to withdraw it from the fire, when another grunt, unmistakably behind my back, caused me to look round. But nothing was visible in the deep dim cavern save the carpet of dried leaves which the autumn winds had swept into it; and concluding there was some cranny in my new domicile through which the wind came grumbling down, I addressed myself to my roast.

The next moment, an undoubtable growl, so deep and fierce that it echoed through the cave, startled me to my feet; and I turned to find myself closely confronted by an enormous grizzly bear, the most fearful animal of the American wilds. How ferociously his eyes glared on me from under his shaggy brows, as he opened them from the new-fallen sleep, which the warm beams of my fire had dispelled, and how convulsively his huge jaws worked and quivered in eager longing to devour me! Ere I had time to snatch the revolver from my belt, the gigantic beast rose toweringly above me, and opening his enormous paws, pressed me to him in close embrace—so close, that my arms were pinned to my sides, and my very bones seemed to crack in that vice-like hug. I believe I screamed with the sudden agony, but the sound was lost in the deep-mouthed growls, like muttering thunder, that filled the cave.

Weak and exhausted as I was, I felt myself unequal to cope with the powerful beast in whose grasp I was; but even if life were little worth to a solitary such as I, this mode of death was so horrible, that it nerved me to efforts beyond my ordinary strength, and somehow my hand managed to creep up towards my belt. But ere I could reach the weapon I sought, a movement of the bear had loosened it, and firing a single barrel, it fell to the ground among our feet. The report echoing through the cave, alarmed my adversary; and with a more threatening growl, he clasped me closer, and for the first time his claws penetrated my clothes, inflicting terrible wounds.

But my hand had met an unexpected friend in my knife, which I had unwittingly thrust into my belt, and with it I inflicted several random stabs on my antagonist. This, however, seemed only adding to my own sufferings; for, maddened by the pain, the bear threw himself on the ground, and rolled over with me in his agony, while his huge teeth munched and tore at the blanket which a fortunate fit of toothache had made me wrap round my head. Not that that or any other earthly matter seemed likely to concern me long, for the strength of excitement was already passing, a strange murmur was mingling in my ears with the fierce growls of my enemy; and the pain of his claws changed into a vague yet universal agony, as consciousness and life were being pressed out in that terrible hug.

Suddenly a sound echoed through the cave, so sharp that it reached even my failing faculties, and appeared to thrill likewise on the nerves of my foe, to judge by the increased emphasis of his embrace; but the next instant he relaxed his hold, and sank helpless on the ground beside me, his almost insensible victim.

My first sensations as I revived were of burning pains all over my body, and exceeding cold in my hands and face; and I opened my eyes to find a young Indian bending over me, and rubbing me with

snow. Passing near the cave, he had seen my fire, and heard the report of my revolver, and hastened to see what was the matter, just in time to save me from a miserable death and a revolting sepulchre. All night long this good Samaritan sat beside me, tending the gaping wounds through which life threatened momentarily to escape; and when morning broke, he left me for a short while to go to his village—which was scarcely a mile distant—for help. In one of the lodges of that Indian hamlet I passed the remainder of the winter, prized and tended as if I had indeed been the 'brother' that in their stately yet kindly courtesy they styled me. Thanks to their skill in forest simples, my wounds healed marvelously; and when the sweet breath of spring broke the ice-fetters of the lakes and rivers, I was sufficiently recovered to embark in my preserver's canoe, the skin of my defunct foe forming a luxurious couch.

My return to the land of civilisation something resembled that of a spirit to the land of the living. I will not say my place had forgotten me; for I had no longer a place, since my lieutenancy, my quarters, and my uniforms had other occupants; and very loath the tenants were, especially that of the first, to admit the fact of my resuscitation.

THE BOAT-FLIES OF MEXICO.

THE boat-fly or water-bug* derives both its names from its well-known habit of turning itself over on the water like a boat, and so swimming about, with its head downward. It abounds amongst our ponds and ditches, and may be readily observed, though not readily caught there, during the day; but at eve it rises into the air and flies away in search of food, which it finds either by making prey of smaller insects, or by parasitically attacking the larger animals, after the manner of other bugs. When you succeed in catching one—no easy matter—most likely it will thrust out its beak into your hand, and there leave an irritating poison, the effects of which, however, soon pass off.

The fact of these insects swimming upon their backs is a remarkable peculiarity in their history; indeed, no other entomological tribe presents this peculiarity, which thus serves to distinguish, at a glance, a member of the *Notonectidae* from any other aquatic or land insect; and, although the greater part of their life is passed under water, their bodies, like those of the water-fowl, never get wet, for they are more or less completely covered with very minute hairs or bristles, which imprison—at least, on the surface of the wings upon which they swim—a sheet of air, and effectually prevent the immediate contact of water with the body of the insect. Nature has provided for most aquatic insects in the same way.

Such are a few facts relating to our English species of boat-fly; but, in Mexico, we find other varieties of these water-bugs, which will furnish us with the occasion of noticing some very curious phenomena. But to do this, we must soar for an instant from the entomological kingdom into the domain of geology.

Our readers are doubtless acquainted with the oolite limestone. In the British Museum, and at the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, likewise in several provincial collections, are to be seen some magnificent specimens of this remarkable rock and its many

varieties. It is immediately distinguished from any other description of rock or stratified earth by the presence, in its mass, of innumerable spherical nodules, varying in size from that of a millet-seed to that of a marble, from which, indeed, the name *oolite* has been taken—Greek, *oon*, an egg, and *lithos*, a stone—as being a rock composed of eggs, or an egg-rock.

How have these oolitic rocks, which differ so much from all the others, been formed? This question has puzzled geologists, chemists, mineralogists, paleontologists, &c., ever since oolites were first observed. Some have seen a grain of sand rolling along the calcareous bed of a trout-stream, gradually cover itself with a crust of limestone, and, rolling still, soon present the aspect of an isolated oolite. To these sporadic nodules, the name of *Pisolites* has been given. Is it, then, in the agglomeration of these pisolites that must be sought the explanation of oolitic structure? Others have seen pisolites form in the interior of steam-engines, when certain substances have been introduced to prevent the calcareous matter contained in the water from depositing upon the sides of the boilers; and they have concluded that pisolites could be formed in thermal or hot mineral springs as well as in streams. It was observed that these nodules are easily cemented together by water holding calcareous or other mineral matter in solution, and it was consequently supposed, pretty generally, that pisolites may have given rise to the peculiar structure of the oolitic beds observed in nature.

But now comes another and very ingenious theory respecting the origin of oolite—here, at the commencement of the present year, we have two observers who look upon these rocks as having an *organic* origin! Mr Bowring and M. Virlet d'Aoust think—indeed, have apparently proved by direct observation—that the oolitic globules have been, and are still formed by an incrustation of carbonate of lime deposited upon the eggs of certain water-insects, belonging to the family of the *Notonectidae*, or boat-flies.

A paper has lately been read at the Academy of Sciences at Paris by M. Virlet, in which he endeavours to prove, not only that oolite must have been formed in very ancient, anti-historic times, from the eggs of similar aquatic insects, but that the same wonderful cause of rock-formation is extremely active in Mexico at the present time.

However extraordinary this origin of oolitic limestone may appear at first sight, we must not be too hasty in rejecting altogether the statements brought forward by the above-named author. Has not Dr Ehrenberg shewn that immense masses of the earth's crust owe their origin to a profusion of microscopic *Infusoria* and *Foraminifera*?—and, Mr Rupert Jones, has he not discovered that great portions of the surface of our globe are strewn with *Entomostraca*—small crustaceans (formerly taken for bivalve mollusca) resembling our little water-fleas (*Cyprida*)? Has not Dr Bowerbank ingeniously demonstrated that flints and moss-agates are nothing more than petrified or fossil sponges; and do we not know with certainty that a great part of the earth's structure is composed almost entirely of corals and shells? M. Virlet d'Aoust, in his turn, endeavours to shew that oolitic rocks owe their formation to myriads of minute eggs, the seed of some aquatic insects. Here are the facts observed:

Every one has heard of the great plain of Mexico, situated some 7500 feet above the level of the sea, and from whence Humboldt brought back with him what was called an *antediluvian man* (*homo diluvii testis*), being neither more nor less than a large fossil salamander

* The family of the *Notonectidae*, as the water-bugs are called, belongs to the hemipterous section of the insect order.

belonging to the most recent fresh-water formations. Near the centre of this vast tract of land are seen two large lakes. The first of these goes by the name of Chalco; the second, near which some salt-works have been established, is called Texcoco. M. Virlet remarked that the bottoms of both these lakes are formed by a sort of gray limestone of modern formation, containing small oolitic globules, which, in this author's eyes, are in every respect similar to those found in the limestone of the Jura. He immediately made known this fact to Mr Bowring, director of the salt-works at Texcoco, who informed him that these globules were owing simply to the incrustation of the eggs of water-insects by carbonate of lime deposited daily from the waters of the lakes.

In a second excursion to these lakes, it was observed that their banks were strewn, under water, with an infinite number of insects' eggs, about the size of a pin's head, and which appeared to belong to a species of boat-fly. M. Virlet is not only convinced that these modern oolites of Mexico owe their formation to the eggs of these insects, but thinks, also, that the oolite of the Jura and other ancient strata must be attributed to a similar cause. 'This would explain,' says he, 'the irregular distribution of oolitic grains or nodules in the rocks of the Jurassic strata. Where the oolite is found to be hollow, the egg which formed it has been enclosed before being hatched; where the oolitic globules are completely solid, the eggs have had time to hatch, and the cavities left by the exit of the grubs (*larvæ*) have been filled up by the incrusting calcareous matter.'

If these facts are confirmed by future observation, it will not be without interest that we shall recall the Greek origin of the word oolite. I would, however, on this occasion remind our geological readers that a small oolitic bed, bearing great resemblance to the Jura limestone, was formerly discovered by Leopold von Buch, near Teguisse, in Lanzarote, one of the Canary islands. This oolite-bed is also, like that of Mexico, of modern formation, and probably continues increasing at the present day. It would therefore be of great interest to ascertain if the oolitic deposit made known to us by Leopold von Buch owes its origin to causes similar to those stated by M. Virlet in reference to the Mexican oolite. Such an investigation, which could be made without difficulty by the English vessels which frequently visit the Canary Islands, would be more likely to decide the question than the examination of ancient oolites, with a view to discover some organic remains that might be attributed to the eggs of insects.

But the Mexican boat-flies, which appear to play so important a part in modern rock-formation, are important also in a truly practical sense, inasmuch as they furnish to man, and some of his domestic animals, a plentiful supply of food.

The Mexicans consume at their meals immense quantities of the eggs of these aquatic insects.

Many authors have written more or less indistinctly on this curious alimentary substance, which is sometimes termed *Mexican flour*, *animal flour*, &c., or known under the Mexican epithet of *haulté*. That it has been employed as food for a long time past, we learn from the fact that Thomas Gage, an ecclesiastic and a naturalist, who was travelling in Mexico in the year 1625, described the loaves and cakes that were then made of it.

Brantz Mayer, in a work called *Mexico as it Was and as it Is*, published in 1844, affirms that the Indians made use of this 'animal flour' long before the conquest.

From the account left us by M. Craveri, who sent to Europe a certain quantity of this Mexican flour, and samples of the insects which produce it, the latter appear to be very common in the waters of the lakes

we have referred to above. In the lake of Chalco, the native Mexicans find a sort of reed (*carex*) they call *toulé*, upon which the boat-flies lay their eggs in preference to other water-grasses. These reeds are made into bundles, and placed in the waters of the lakes; they are soon covered by millions of eggs. In about a month's time, the bundles are drawn out of the water, dried in the sun, and then shaken or beaten over cloths which are spread upon the ground to receive the eggs they bear. The latter, which in this operation fall from the reeds like rain, are ground down to a powder, passed through a sieve, and sold to the people in sacks, as we sell wheaten flour.

Recent observations made by several travellers, confirm anew the statements we already possess respecting this curious diet; and M. Guérin-Menneville, a French naturalist, has lately made known the exact species of boat-flies which produce the Mexican insect-flour.

The principal manufacturers of it are two insects belonging to the genus *Corixa* of Geoffroy. One of these is the *Corixa mercenaria*—a species established and described as early as the year 1831, by Thomas Say, who discovered some of these insects on the market-places of Mexico. The other is a new species described for the first time by M. Guérin-Menneville, a few weeks ago, under the name of *Corixa femorata*. The eggs of these two species are seen fixed in countless numbers on the triangular leaves of the *carex* or reed employed by the natives to collect them. They are small, of an oval shape, with a slight prominence at one end, and a minute stem at the other; by means of the latter, they are attached to a small round disc, which the mother-insect secretes on the leaves.

Amongst these eggs, which lie very close, and are even seen fixed sometimes one on the top of the other, are observed some of a different description, considerably larger than the former, long and cylindrical, and which belong to a third species of insect that M. Guérin has described as a new species under the denomination of *Notonecta unifasciata*.

Such are the remarkable facts we wished to make known concerning the boat-flies of Mexico. They would form interesting objects for the British Museum; and we hope M. Guérin-Menneville will not forget to send some fine specimens of both insects and eggs to London. These little creatures bear a certain resemblance to the less useful, but not less interesting inhabitants of our English ponds and ditches, of which we have already said a few words, and which are doubtless well known to our readers.

SONNET—THE SKY-LARK'S NEST.

Nor in secluded incense-breathing grove,
Nor tangled brake, nor coppice privacy—
Sweet haunts of nests fashioned so cunningly—
Weaves the bold sky-lark his retreat of love,
But on heath, marsh, or green, where cattle rove,
He scratches out a cupful of loose ground,
And straggling hay within the hollow wound
His humble nest completes. But oft above
From out the grass-fringed edge the daisy peeps,
And bends her golden eye o'er eggs or young,
And never seemeth half so fair as then;
So like sweet spirit to protect from wrong
The minstrel's home, exposed to eager ken
Of village boy, as through the grass he creeps.

J. E.

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RULING THE PLANETS.

SINCE one murder and several score of serious larcenies have recently taken place among us by means of supposed Planetary Influences, it really becomes high time to investigate their phenomena with some care. Even in these days, it seems—in this so much bepraised nineteenth century of ours—householders, men that have two coats, and women of the crinoline social status, are found to go, day after day, and week after week, with money in their hands, to Wise Women, for aid in their distresses; while maid-servants, by the hundred, are accustomed to exhaust their scanty finances upon the same ingenious persons; and when their own money is gone, to despoil their unbelieving masters and mistresses for rewards for these Searchers of the Stars. In every city, nay, in every smallest country town, a belief in Soothsaying is still found to be widespread and well rooted; while the Art of Ruling the Planets, besides having professors in abundance all over the land, has a Literature at least as extensive as any of those Sciences, of the popularity of which our social leaders are just now so boastful. It is not prominent, indeed, in Regent Street, nor even in Paternoster Row, although the specimens of it which we have now before us* profess, with a vague magnificence, to be published 'for the booksellers;' but it is to be seen and sold in every back-street of inferior neighbourhood in London, as in every other place. The shops which it affects mostly are not those where *The London Journal*, *Reynold's Miscellany*, *The Family Friend*, and other cheap periodicals, are exposed for sale, but establishments of a still more humble character. These treatises upon astrology and the mysteries of the future are content to stand in the same shop-windows, side by side with peppermint bulls-eyes, with boot-laces, with advertisements of 'a mangle within,' with artificial flowers, with marbles, and with exceedingly red and high-dried herrings. Their sale is enormous, in spite—or, perhaps, in some measure because—of the miscellaneous company which they are thus wont to keep. A young woman may be of opinion that artificial flowers become her, and also be desirous of knowing, by means of *The Bohemian* (or other) *Fortune-teller*, what sort of young man he is whose affections they may assist to captivate. A gentleman may want a boot-lace, and at the same time may be glad to learn

whether the journey which he is about to undertake, when that lace is tied, will be prosperous; in which case, *The New Forest Gipsy* is ready to his hand. It was, we confess, under pretence of purchasing a pennyworth of peppermint-drops, that we ourselves obtained, at different emporiums, the five remarkable volumes which form the subject of this paper; and our whole outlay, exclusive of the above refreshments, did not exceed fourpence halfpenny. All these works, save one, are illustrated, although not profusely, and one of them is coloured to that extent, that the paint of its single picture has run through and dyed all the rest of the pages. Diagrams of Futurity, Oracles of Love, Marriage, and Destiny, Tablets of Prophecy, and Trees of Fate, are also interspersed through each—a little embarrassing in themselves, perhaps, but made clear by copious references to the letterpress.

The Universal Book of Fate has even a preface in the form of a memoir, written, as it seems, by way of tribute to the memory of one of the fathers, or rather of the mothers, of the Art of Divination. The anonymous biographer who has undertaken this labour of love, is somewhat eccentric in his spelling, and altogether unique in his grammatical arrangement, but his facts are doubtless indisputable; and here we have them:

'TO THE READER.

'In ushering into the world such a performance as this, it may be necessary to give our readers some account of the life of the person who left the following little work for the benefit and instruction of the world, a person whose fame, though not recorded among the roll of those whose heroic actions have trumpeted them to the world, yet her discerning eye, and her knowledge in prescience, render her not unknown to the generality of those who devote any attention to this interesting study.

'Mrs Bridget, vulgarly called Mother Bridget, lived, in her peregrination through this life, in a kind of cave, or rather a hollow, formed by nature above ground, with the assistance of a little art, and comprising an exceeding warm shelter from the air: company of all sorts resorted to her, nobility, gentry, tradesmen, and mechanics—men, women, girls, and boys, of all degrees and classes.'

This lady was, it seems, 'born on the spot where she lived,' and gifted with 'an early propensity to prescience, which evinced she had it instincted in her by nature.' She would sit up whole nights when the atmosphere was clear, 'as intent on considering the stars, as the greatest astrologers with their glasses;' and she made use of the knowledge thus gained of the signs of the weather, to predict

* *The Bohemian Fortune-teller. The New Forest Gipsy. The Universal Book of Fate. The Golden Dreamer. The Universal Dream-book.*

concerning it. 'Not a farmer would go to plough, not a sower would put the seed in the ground, without first asking the young gipsy—for so they then styled her—her opinion, and following according to her dictates.'

From this small beginning her fame 'became the topic of conversation of the politest circles, many of whom came in their equipages to consult her; and she never asked for any particular sum, so the unbounded generosity of those who applied to her oracles, put her in possession of more money than was sufficient to maintain her.

'As she grew in years, like the generality of old folks, she became fond of dumb animals, which were her chief companions; and of these she always had numbers: people, indeed, have said hundreds, and others have declared she could tell as many on the earth as she pleased; but this is fabulous, for *I never saw more than ten at a time*. Dogs and cats were the principal companions of her retirement, which, being of the smallest breed, would, as she sat, *creep from different parts of her garments, and not a little surprise those that came to see her, and, indeed, frightened many*. . . .

'Though this famous old woman had never been taught to write, yet by long practice she had formed to herself a kind of hieroglyphical characters, in which she deciphered her observations, knowledge, and remarks: these I found concealed within the thatch of her cave, but as they were so unintelligible, I thought it would be impossible to make head or tail of such a heap of monsters, and other figures as were attempted to be drawn; but as I am rather of a studious turn, I thought as I had made it my business formerly to transcribe the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which, when they were as unintelligible to me as these, I might by perseverance get at the depth of this valuable manuscript, or, at least, it would serve to deposit in the British Museum, as the remains of a woman who was so famous, and whose name was so well known among mankind.

'I was therefore immediately determined on renewing my labours with redoubled ardour and unwearied application; and at length, as perseverance and resolution will conquer difficulties, I found it, and the whole mystery was opened unto me.

The first chapter of this inspired work—consisting, however, of only fourteen pages—is devoted to an explanation of 'the circles of the sphere and some other terms in astrology,' which, so far from being of a supernatural nature, might have been written by the Astronomer-Royal himself. But when we get to 'Of the planetary days and hours, and how to know what planet a man is born under,' we seem to have our feet within the Magic Circle indeed. There is a table by which every man may find out his own horoscope; and we ourselves, who were born on the first hour of a Thursday, and therefore under the influence of Jupiter, have the pleasure of learning that we are (or ought to be) 'of a ruddy or sandy complexion, fair hair, well-proportioned body, and of a lovely countenance; our face is rather broad than long; and we are also 'courteous, of a very affable carriage, moral, and deeply religious.' That the art of Mother Bridget is an old one, is evident enough from the continual references to minution or blood-letting, which was wont to be such a favourite recreation with our ancestors. The second and fifth days of the new moon are, it seems, extremely propitious for our being bled (whether we want it or not), but on the seventeenth and one-and-twentieth days, 'by no means let blood;' and if a child be born unto us in those days, let us not rejoice, since, 'though he may be witty and ingenious, he will surely be addicted to stealing.' Beside the canicular or dog days, which are fraught with the greatest peril and danger to everybody—and wherein, if you must let blood, be sure to do it before the middle of the day—

there are more or less unlucky days in every month, from eight in January to one in October. In 'a brief prognostication concerning children born on any day of the week,' we learn that Sunday is the most fortunate day, and Tuesday the least. We ourselves, who came into the world on a Thursday, are again elevated by the information that we shall 'arrive at the greatest honour and dignity;' whereas, if we had been but a day younger, we 'might have been of a strong constitution, but probably far too amatory.' It is worthy of remark, that the lucky days are the same in all these books; and the predictions almost identical; so that either a miraculous similarity of prophetic power must have pervaded all our authors, or else they must have plagiarised from one another to an extent unknown in any other literature.

The most curious part of Mother Bridget's work is that devoted to 'Judgments deduced from the nails.' Those who have broad nails are 'of a gentle disposition, bashful, and afraid of speaking before their superiors, or indeed to any, without hesitation and a downcast eye.' 'When the end is black,' says Mrs Bridget, 'the person loves agriculture.' Finally, 'if the nails be red and spotted, the individual will be choleric and martial, delighting in cruelty and war; his chief pleasure being in plundering of towns, wherein every ferocious particle in human nature is glutted to satiety.'

The New Forest Gipsy bears evidence of a higher culture, but of a less inspired character. Its style is not so good as Mr Macaulay's, nor yet so eccentric as Mr Carlyle's, and is subject to the ills to which mediocrity is heir, in the shape of tameness and overprudence. 'Astrology,' it says, 'is a celestial science that treats of the doctrine of the stars, which are placed in the firmament of heaven for the use and benefit of man; and it is proved by daily observation and experience, that the fate of every person is existence is not only written in the heavens at the time of each of their said births, but that the same is also stamped and marked out in the face and hands of every man—the one is called *Physiognomy*, the other *Palmistry*.' After which spirited commencement, who would believe that not one syllable about the stars occurs again throughout the volume? With regard to hair, we learn that 'a gentleman with dark-brown, long and smooth hair, is generally of a robust constitution; obstinate in his temper, eager in his pursuits, a lover of the fair sex, fond of variety, in his ordinary pursuits exceedingly curious, and of a flexible disposition. He will live long, unless guilty of early intemperance.' Again, selecting at random, we find, 'the gentleman or lady that squints, or have their eyes turned away, will be of a penurious disposition, but punctual in their dealings!' Again, 'a red, or what is vulgarly called a saucer eye, denotes the person to be selfish, deceitful, proud, furious in anger, and fertile in plots!' while, in conclusion, we find this remarkable statement, that 'if the hair falls of the forehead of the head, the person will be easily led'—which must, most obviously, be directly contrary to the fact. In Fortune-telling by lines in the Hand, be careful to 'chose always the left hand, because the heart and brain have more influence over it than the right; and observe further, that it is better to examine these lines when the body is in good health, for then they appear full. . . . The table-line, commonly called the line of fortune, begins under the little finger, and ends near the forefinger. The line of death is a counter-line to the line of life, and is by some called the sister-line,' which is probably, a corruption of 'sinister.' In the Table of Fate, in this volume, we had the curiosity to investigate our own future fortunes, and received, in doing so, this exceedingly unpleasant rebuff: 'Let the gentleman or lady who chooses this unlucky name

look well to their conduct; justice, though slow, is sure to overtake the wicked.'

But of all this select library of divination, commend us to *The Bohemian Fortune-teller*, which we have reserved, with our usual foresight, 'to finish with,' as the postboy reserves one gallop for the avenue. This volume plunges at once in *medias res*, without any sort of preface, heading, or explanation. Its opening words are these: '*The star denotes happiness in the clear and at the top of the cup; clouded, or in the thick, it signifies long life, though exposed to various troubles. If dots are about it, it foretells great fortune, wealth, respectability, and honour.*' The grounds upon which this strange prediction is made are not stated, and we have to refer, in another work, to the article 'Divination by means of Tea and Coffee Grounds.' Conceive how well known must this abstruse science be among the people to whom it is addressed, since a matter to us so mysterious, needs for them no explanation beyond that afforded by the frontispiece, wherein—as appears to the common eye—a young woman is being persuaded by a young man to take a little physic in a tea-cup!

'The Art of Fortune-telling by Cards,' to which several pages are devoted, is commonplace enough; and we merely remark of it, that the Ace of Spades—contrary to the opinion of whist-players—is considered the worst card in the pack; while the 'Tray of spades shews you will be unfortunate in marriage, and your partner inconsistent'—by which term, we believe, *The Bohemian Fortune-teller* intends to imply inconsistency.

The main attraction of this volume consists in its directions for obtaining or executing 'charms, spells, and incantations;' and it is observable that these are almost exclusively addressed to the softer sex, with the avowed object of procuring for them lovers, or for informing them what their lovers will be like.

'To see a Future Husband in a Dream.—The party inquiring must lie in a different county from that in which she commonly resides, and on going to bed must knit the left garter about the right-leg stocking, letting the other garter and stocking alone; and as you rehearse the following verse, at every comma knit a knot:

This knot I knit, to know the thing I know not yet,
That I may see, the man who shall my husband be,
How he goes, and what he wears,
And what he does all days and years.'

Beside this charm, there are, strange to say, only three others which are in verse; of which the following bears, perhaps, the most evident trace of antiquity:

'The Nine Keys.—Get nine keys; they must all be your own by begging or purchase (borrowing will not do, nor must you tell for what you want them); plait a three-plaited band of your own hair, and tie them together, fastening the ends with nine knots; fasten them with one of your garters to the left wrist on going to bed, and bind the other garter round your head; then say:

St Peter, take it not amiss,
To try your favour I've done this.
You are the ruler of the keys,
Favour me then, if you please;
Let me, then, your influence prove,
And see my dear and wedded love.

This must be done on the eve of St Peter's day, and is an old charm used by the maidens of Rome in ancient times, who put great faith in it.'

Here follows a doubtless excellent, but somewhat complex receipt for knowing *Whether a Lady will have the Gentleman she wishes*. 'Get two lemon-peels, wear them all day, one in each pocket; at night, rub the four posts of the bedstead with them: if she is to be

successful, the person will appear in his sleep, and present her with a couple of lemons; if not, there is no hope.'

If our maid-servants do indeed practise the device which forms our next extract, there is no wonder that robberies are sometimes committed with such incomprehensible ease: 'Any unmarried woman fasting on Midsummer-eve, and at midnight, laying a clean cloth, with bread, cheese, and ale, and sitting down as if going to eat, *the street-door being left open*, the person whom she is afterwards to marry will come into the room, and drink to her by bowing; and afterwards filling the glass, will leave it on the table, and making another bow, retire.' We fear that this mysterious Unknown, without imputation upon his polite behaviour, would scarcely vanish so easily satisfied, if any plate or other valuables were within reach.

To know what fortune (rank in life) her future husband will have, a young woman must observe the following precautions: 'Take a walnut, a hazel nut, and a nutmeg; grate them together, and mix them with butter and sugar, and make them into small pills, of which exactly nine must be taken on going to bed, and according to her dreams, so will be the state of the person she will marry. If a gentleman, of riches; if a clergyman, of white linen; if a lawyer, of darkness; if a tradesman, of odd noises and tumult; if a soldier or sailor, thunder or lightning; if a servant, of rain.' We do not know how highly a knowledge of the future may be valued by 'persons about to marry;' but we ourselves would not take nine pills, at one go, for the sake of obtaining all the partners as well as the fortunes of the Rev^d Brigham Young, of the Salt Lake. Finally, there is a device, *To discover theft by means of the sieve and shears*, which, in its form, very singularly assimilates to 'table-turning;' but whether it is of ancient or modern origin, we do not know: 'Stick the points of the shears in the wood of the sieve, two persons supporting it balanced upright with their two fingers, then read a certain chapter in the Bible, and afterwards ask St Peter and St Paul if A or B is the thief, naming all the persons you suspect. On naming the real thief, the sieve will suddenly turn round.'

Reader, however these misshapen children of ignorance and superstition may provoke your smiles, you must not forget that they are the acknowledged genii of no small number of your countrymen, and especially of your countrywomen; and so long as the question of popular education is left to the factious quarrels of sects, and to the supine indifference of those most in need of its benefits, they will always remain so. Poor, much abused 'secular enlightenment,' whatever it may fail to do, would at least destroy under its first foot-tread such miserable and evil fungi as *The Bohemian Fortune-teller* and *The Universal Book of Fate*.

DR JOHN BROWN'S 'LOCKE AND SYDENHAM,' &c.*

DR JOHN BROWN is one of a numerous class of men in the professional and middle ranks of life, who use their spare time in an unobtrusive cultivation of literature, writing an anonymous paper now and then, which the public 'does not willingly see die,' but seldom coming out into the blaze of literary notoriety. He has here collected his few occasional writings into an elegant volume, and placed them with his name before the public judgment. Natures of a refined and

* *Locke and Sydenham, with other Occasional Papers.* By John Brown, M.D. Edinburgh: Constable, 1856.

delicate cast, gentle meditative spirits, lovers of elegant phraseology, especially if they belong to the medical world, will relish the book highly, and give it a good place in their libraries. With the great mass of the public—notwithstanding the presence of one popular element, a rich quaint humour—we should think there will be less appreciation. Let them judge for themselves, however, after reading a specimen.

When a boy at the High School of Edinburgh, the author made acquaintance with a dog called Rab, the guardian of the wain of the Howgate carrier, in consequence of seeing him comport himself nobly in a fight with one of his own species. The acquaintance was kept up till Mr Brown was a medical student and clerk in the Minto House Hospital. 'We bad,' says he, 'much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratchings of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him, he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

'One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, saluted with victory and peace. After him came Jest, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up—the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James—for his name was James Noble—made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said: "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breech—some kind o' an income, we're thinkin'."

'By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet. I never saw a more unforgettable face—pale, serious, *lascy*, delicate, sweet, without being what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery smooth hair setting off her dark-gray eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, but full also of the overcoming of it; her eyebrows black and delicate; and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

'As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Allie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's friend, ye ken. We often speak about you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace-gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Allie, his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weatherbeaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Allie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breast, doctor; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be quite the reverse, on the same terms. Allie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, showed me her right

breast. I looked at and examined it carefully—she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say? there it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, "so full of all blessed conditions"—hard as a stone, a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

'I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "Ye may; and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I've warrant he's do that, doctor;" and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now; he belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and gray like Aberdeen granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been sixty pounds-weight at the least; he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night; his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's—but for different reasons—the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was for ever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud was very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the subtlest and swiftest. Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington; and he had the gravity of all great fighters.

'Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Allie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief—she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at James, and said: "When?" "To-morrow," said the kind surgeon—a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day at noon, the students came in, harrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known black board, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words: "An operation to-day J. B. Clerk." Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places: in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What's the case?" "Which side is it?"

'Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I: they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in their pity—as an emotion, ending in itself, or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessened, while pay as a motive is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

'The operating theatre is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Allie: one look at her quietude and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short-

gown, her black bombazeen petticoat, shewing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James, with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; for ever cocking his ear, and dropping it as fast.

'Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face shewed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on, blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled, and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick; all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

'It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies, and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon hopped her up carefully, and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tacketts, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying: "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer stryngie nurse-bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and on my stockin' soles I'll gang about as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small, shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

'Rab behaved well, never moving, shewing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was sombre and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to that door.

'Jessa, the mare—now white—had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

'For some days, Ailie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention;" as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin's ower clean to beil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

'So far well; but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groosin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek coloured; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret; her pulse was

rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said: "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman; then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and that terrible spectacle—

The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on its dim and perilous way.

She sang bits of old songs and psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

'Nothing more touching, or, in a sense, more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager, Scotch voice—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard. Many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, shewing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doting over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ina woman!" "Ma ain bonny wee dawtie!"

'The end was drawing on; the golden bowl was breaking, the silver cord was fast being loosed—that *animula, blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow into which one day we must all enter—and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

Poor Ailie dies, of course, and James instantly, though it was night, set out for home to bring his cart for the removal of the body, leaving Rab in guard upon the corpse. The young doctor fell asleep by the bedside, and did not wake till roused by a sudden noise outside the hospital. 'It was November,' he pursues, 'and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was in *statu quo*; he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning—for the sun was not up, was Jessa and the cart—a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jessa, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pair of old clean blankets, having at their corners, "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without—unseen but not unthought of—when

he was "wat, wat, and weary," and had walked many a mile over the hills, and seen her sitting, while "a' the lave were sleepin'"; and by the firelight putting her name on the blankets for her ain James's bed. He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and down stairs, followed by Rab. I also followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the light in my hand in the frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G."—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided alone behind the cart.

'I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands, and making them like on-looking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee"; and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuir, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Adie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

'James buried his wife, with his neighbours mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery, made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to re-open. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

'And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier who got the good-will of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely: "What's your business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said: "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die o'?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly die; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the trevies wi' the mear, and wadna come out. I temptit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurrin', and grup gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa' wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill; but 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?"

We cannot resist the temptation to add an anecdote which Dr Brown gives in a paper on Dr Henry Marshall and the health of the soldiery. 'All great and true generals,' says he, 'from King David, Hannibal, Cæsar, Cromwell, the great Frederick, &c., down to our own Sir Colin, have had their men's comforts,

interests, and lives at heart. The late Lord Dunfermline, when speaking, with deep feeling and anger, to the writer about the sufferings of the men, and the frightful blunders in the Crimea, told the following story of his father, the great and good Sir Ralph Abercromby. After his glorious victory, the dying general was being carried on a litter to the boat of the *Foudroyant*, in which he died. He was in great pain from his wound, and could get no place to rest. Sir John Macdonald (afterwards adjutant-general) put something under his head. Sir Ralph smiled, and said: "That is a comfort; that is the very thing. What is it, John?" "It is only a soldier's blanket, Sir Ralph." "Only a soldier's blanket, sir," said the old man, fixing his eye severely on him. "Whose blanket is it?" "One of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose this blanket is;" and everything paused till he was satisfied. "It is Duncan Roy's of the 42d, Sir Ralph." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night;" and, wearied and content, the soldier's friend was moved to his death-bed. "Yes, doctor," said Lord Dunfermline, in his strong, earnest way, "the whole question is in that blanket—in Duncan getting his blanket that very night."

Perhaps it is from our inveterate habit of trying to view everything in its just limits, colouring, and proportions, that we feel inclined to remark in Dr Brown a tendency to admire special things too exclusively and too much, and generally to overdo every picture he condescends to paint. The work goes beyond the material; phrase beyond ideas. Like all idolaters, he finds virtues and beauties in his idols which other people do not see, and which probably the idols themselves were unconscious of, and would have been surprised to hear attributed to them. We can say in all sincerity, we should be more afraid to be of his favourites than the reverse.

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER III.—HOW THE REVENGE ENDED.

TRUE to his promise, Richard Mallet never interfered, by word or deed, with the arrangements his child's guardians had made for her education.

A few years went by, and the labouring stonemason had risen to be first workman in his master's employ. With bettered means and good wages, Richard Mallet was able to quit the neighbourhood of Peck's Court, and rent a small house in the suburbs. Mrs Mallet still washed and ironed, and cooked her husband's dinner, but her labours were aided by a little servant; and the boys were sent to a good school.

People said Richard Mallet was not the man he used to be. He had grown churlish with his friends, haughty with his fellows, lost his old spirits and his pleasant smile, and only seemed intent upon making his way up in the world. But his wife and children could find no fault in him. In her heart of hearts, Hannah perhaps knew that her husband was not the same; but she would have died sooner than breathed an accusation against him.

And where was Jessie all this time?

In these few years, Jessie Mallet, the whilom crippled child, has grown into a straight, well-formed girl, whose presence would disgrace no drawing-room. Of a slight figure and delicate features, she still recalls the pale-faced little child who used to hobble about her father's house upon a crutch; but there is a bloom upon her cheek, and health and energy in her movements now-a-days. Under skilful treatment, and the healthy influences that have surrounded her of late, her infirmity has gradually disappeared.

It is an important day at the Canterbury school,

when next we see her. It is Jessie's seventeenth birthday, and her school-days are at an end. She has been writing a letter to her parents—those letters are the only links between the old life and the new one; Richard has them all, from the first childish scrawl, to the last well-penned epistle, safely locked up in an old desk—and Jessie sits thinking of her father and mother with tears in her eyes. Why are they not there to-day? Around the room are spread all the little gifts her companions have given her—mere trifles for the most part, but pleasant tokens of the good-will she has awakened there, and the good name she leaves behind. 'Everybody here remembers me, and is kind,' thinks Jessie. 'It is only my own family who forget me!'

Well, Jessie has plenty of new friends now, and, for aught we know, may have learned to do without her parents' love, since last we met her. There are many affections we count strong, that a six years' absence would try; and letter-writing, as we most of us know, is but a poor bond, after all.

So perhaps Jessie's love is of a less ardent nature than it used to be.

She has not much time, however, for reflection on this or any other score. There is a sound of wheels on the gravel-path, and a carriage rolls up to the door. It is Mr Hale, one of Jessie's guardians, who is come to take her away from school, and escort her to his own house at Hale Fields, where an archery meeting is to celebrate the day.

Jessie bids farewell to her companions of six years, and, driving away in Mr Hale's carriage, looks up at the schoolroom windows with dimmed eyes, and sees the old cathedral, all blurred by her tears, for the last time. But her eyes brighten ere long. There is a cheering influence in sunshine, green fields, and fresh air, hard to resist, and it was next to impossible to be dull, seated by Mr Hale's side. The wealthy hop-grower's genial face always did Jessie good. Such a smile as his would have been a small annuity to a young physician, as a cheap and efficacious remedy for low-spirited patients.

'Here we are,' cried he, as the carriage turned into his gates at Hale Fields; 'here we are, all ready, you see.'

Jessie beheld the tents and targets on the lawn, the servants hurrying to and fro, and the gardeners giving the last touches to their decorations.

'Don't fancy, Miss Jessie, this is all got up on your especial account. Other people can have birthdays besides you. Dick is nineteen to-day, and he means to share in the honours too. Here he comes. He'll take you in to speak to Mrs Hale and the girls.'

Mr Richard Hale raised his wide-awake, and shook hands with Jessie. He had taught her to ride one holiday, and play chess another, so they were old friends.

Mrs Hale was a stately woman, who kissed Jessie on her cheek, and bade her welcome with an air of polite patronage. Pride of birth was Mrs Hale's failing. She had the misfortune to be the granddaughter of a baronet, and had a weakness for good blood; hence she never took so kindly to Jessie as the rest of her family. Her husband, with a delicacy of feeling peculiar to him, had never divulged to any one the real facts of Jessie's parentage; but Mrs Hale had formed a shrewd guess on the subject.

To-day, there was even a more than usual amount of dignity in the good lady's demeanour; her head was carried more erect, and her dress rustled more imposingly, as she swept by. A young lord was to be her guest to-day, and, to meet him, some of the first families in the neighbourhood, and the *élite* of Canterbury, had been invited to Hale Fields; consequently, Mrs Hale's reception of Jessie was quite a solemn and impressive sight.

The daughters were rather more humble-minded, and being old school-fellows of Jessie, welcomed her right gladly. They were soon out in the garden together—all three glad to escape from the drawing-room, and have a few minutes' chat before the bustle of the day commenced.

Jessie almost trembled when she heard of the grand doings that were to take place, and the grand people who were expected. But before her friends had half finished their confidences, the confab was broken up by Mr Dick Hale rushing down to the arbour where they sat, and summoning his sisters to their mother's presence.

'Make haste, girls. There's mother becoming rigid with horror. His lordship has arrived, and nobody to receive him. Do, pray, go to her aid, or she'll be speechless in five minutes.'

The two girls flew away to the house, and left Jessie to their brother. He stood and watched them with a laughing face.

'Well, Miss Mallet, this is doing us honour, isn't it? You and I are lucky folks to have such a birthday-keeping as this.'

'I am lucky in having such friends, and such a home to-day. I little thought, though, when Mr Hale brought me over, that I should find such a gay assembly, or, perhaps'—Jessie hesitated.

'Or, perhaps, you wouldn't have come. Well, that's very polite. I think I had better tell my father that you'd like to have the horses out again, and go back to Canterbury. He's sure to oblige you.' Mr Dick turned very red.

'No; don't talk nonsense. I didn't mean, Richard, to—to'—Jessie stammered, and stopped again.

'To insult your guardian, eh?' said Dick, recovering his good-humour, when he saw Jessie looked distressed. 'You had better not let my mother hear you insinuate that you don't care to meet her friends, Jessie. Oh, if you only knew what she's gone through to get them together, and the management it has taken to avoid giving offence. Just imagine her position this morning, when the Romleys sent word they'd be able to come after all, and we (unhappy wretches), on receiving their first note to decline, had invited their mortal enemies, the Cheesemans. The families are at daggers drawn, because young Romley, I suppose, wants to marry one of the Miss Cheesemans, and old Romley spurns the alliance, and swears he'll never consent. A pretty thing for an anxious hostess!—I wish the Cheesemans were all at Jericho, I'm sure. I never wanted them to be invited here at all.' Richard Hale looked really half annoyed.

'Why not?' asked Jessie.

'Oh, because nobody knows who they are, or what they are. It's said he was a tallow-chandler, and had a large fortune left him. They have just that cut. He has taken a large house near us. I don't know them, you know. By the way, you don't, I hope.'

Jessie had grown suddenly crimson, and Dick feared he had said something indiscreet.

'No, I don't know them.'

'Oh, that's right. That sort of origin always makes one suspicious.'

Quietly as Jessie had disclaimed acquaintance with the Cheesemans, there was such a sudden tumult in her heart, and such a singing in her ears, that for the next five minutes she heard not a word her companion said.

'There goes my father!' suddenly cried Richard. 'He is looking for you, I know. Let's follow him; you have to be introduced to such a lot of people. I must be off too, or we shall have the Romleys falling foul of the Cheesemans, and there'll be blood spilt. Come along.'

They hastened away to the lawn.

Everything wore a gala air there. The visitors

were arriving fast; a splendid collation was laid out in one of the tents, and a band of music was playing under the mulberry-trees. The forthcoming archery fête at Hale Fields had been the talk of the neighbourhood for days past.

Jessie was an object of considerable interest to the guests. She was said to be a sort of ward of Mr Hale's, and very rich; also there was some mystery about her fortune. Had they known that it was a half-sovereign lent, years ago, by Mr Hale's father to Zebedee Peck, the bop-picker boy, that had laid the foundation of this same fortune, they would perhaps have manifested less enthusiasm; but, being ignorant of this prosaic fact, several persons were very eager for an introduction.

And now the festivities commenced. Jessie was no archer, but she stood by and watched the sports, well pleased when her old friend Mary Hale carried off the first prize of the day.

Then followed the luncheon in the tent, and Mr Hale's funny speech when he presented the oak-leaf crown to his daughter.

After that came a dance on the lawn, when Jessie was his lordship's partner, and when the band from Canterbury, under the influence of Mr Hale's home-brewed, played such exhilarating quadrilles, that it was enough to set the very cows in the neighbouring fields doing *L'it* and *La Poule*.

Blithe, however, as the music sounded to the merry-makers, there was one ear, not far off, to whom it brought no mirth.

In the lane leading to Hale Fields, a solitary man was standing, with a stern, downcast face. It was Richard Mallet, who for the last hour had paced backwards and forwards in the lane. Six years had passed since he had seen his daughter. During all this time, he had kept to his resolution of never interfering with her education, and had never presented himself before her eyes. He had a purpose ever in view from which he had never swerved.

He had come down to Canterbury by coach overnight, and finding, as he expected, that his daughter had that day quitted school, and gone over to Hale Fields with her guardian, he had followed them in order to carry out the purpose he had so long meditated.

It was only within the last hour that his heart had failed him.

Though Richard Mallet looked older and sterner, he was much the same man at heart. Time, however, had wrought some changes in him. Though still in the prime of life, his hair was tinged with gray, and his face had a harder look than of old. He wore a better coat now, and had a black silk neckerchief fastened loosely round his throat.

The horns and bugles of the Canterbury band swelled over the gardens, and the wind carried the hum and laughter of the guests to his ears.

For the twentieth time, he stopped before the gates, and for the twentieth time, he turned away again.

At last, with an angry exclamation at his own irresolution, he opened the gates, and entered the grounds.

'Mr Hale won't be able to see you to-day, my man—he's engaged, and can't attend to business,' called out the lodge-keeper as he went through the gates.

'My business ain't with Mr Hale,' said Richard, looking at the man, whose red face shewed he had taken good care of himself in the general festivity.

'Oh, it's the back-door you want, is it? Take that first path, then, to the right.'

The man spoke with an insolent air.

But Richard kept in the broad walk, and went on as before. Suddenly, he came to a stop. He had heard his own name pronounced by some one behind the high laurel-hedge at his side.

'Mallet? Ah, that's her name, is it? Well, she is certainly good-looking. But they say, poor thing, her family is not recognizable. Is it true?'

'Quite true. Mrs Hale has hinted as much to me herself. They do say her father is a common mason, and carries a hod on his shoulder to this day. But however that may be, they are vulgar people—that's certain.'

Richard's lips became white as death.

'What a mercy the child was removed from her friends in time!' continued the first speaker. 'Really, no one would now suppose her to be of low origin. With her money, you know, she may expect to make a good match one day, and so get free of her former ties. What a good thing she fell into the hands of the Hales—quite providential. Ah, here comes our host!'

The ladies moved away; and Richard, with his teeth set, and his foot crushing the gravel under his heel, strode on to the house.

One or two persons turned to look at him as he approached, but the majority of the guests were on the side-lawn, where the dancers were assembled and the marquee erected; so he escaped observation.

'Is my daughter in?' he inquired of the servant at the hall-door.

He had walked straight up to the principal entrance. The man stared in surprise, and then, with a satirical glance at a waiter near, replied:

'No, she ain't, nor won't be to-day, nor yet to-morrow. Your business ain't partickler presin'; I 'ope; and he winked at his companion.

'You 'll please to keep a civil tongue in your head, and answer my question. Is Miss Mallet in?'

'Miss Mallet? Yes, she's about somewhere; but you can't see her; that is, you—you'—The man stammered, changed his tone, and stopped. Something had warned him in time.

'You 'll have the goodness to shew me into a room where I can speak to her, and then send and seek her.'

Without another word, the man led the way across the hall, and ushered Richard into the library.

It was a handsome room—green and cool, with a large bow-window opening out into the garden, and an awning outside. Richard could see the gay company, and the band and tent, on the lawn. He caught sight of his own figure in a mirror opposite, but the contrast there did not trouble him. A strange self-control had come over him; there was an iron resolution written on his face.

He was standing gazing at the sacrifice of Iphigenia, in bronze, on the mantel-piece, and was striving to find out its meaning, when he heard footsteps approaching. He turned, and a young lady and a gentleman entered the room through the window.

It was Jessie and Mr Dick Hale.

For one moment they both stared at the unexpected visitor in surprise; the next, Jessie gave a low cry and sprang forward:

'Father!'

Richard Mallet's arms were folded on his breast, his face was cold and unmoved; but at that one word his arms opened, and he strained her to his heart.

Mr Dick Hale disappeared.

'Thou ain't forgotten my face, then!' said Richard, looking down at his daughter. 'That's well. I didn't know but how you might.'

Though he spoke coldly, his lip trembled so he could scarcely articulate.

'Thou art changed since we met, girl. Instead of my poor lame lass, I find thee a lady grown.' He scanned her over at arm's-length.

'I want to know, now, whether you are still my own child or not; I want to know whether they have changed your heart as well as your dress—'

Stay; don't speak yet: you may repent it. I have a question to ask you: I want to know whether you will leave these people, and come home to your mother and me—that's the proof I want as to whether you are still my own child.'

Jessie's eyes fell. There was something so cold and stern in her father's voice, it made her heart shrink.

'Think before you speak; there's much depends upon it. Are you ready to leave these friends, and cast your lot with me? Are you prepared to live with those who are not clever and polished, but rough uneducated people. There is a deal to lose, but I think there is something to gain. We can give you love, Jessie, such as you may never find else'—He suddenly stopped. 'Answer me, my lass, which is it to be—go or stay?'

'I'll go, father.'

He loved her still; his last words had decided her in a moment.

'You'll go? And will you go contentedly? Will you go, feeling you ain't ashamed o' them you'll have to live with?'

'Father! why do you put these cruel questions to me? I have prayed to God to bring us together every night of my life. Ashamed! oh, you forget I am your child.'

Jessie hid her face in her hands, and wept.

'You say you ain't ashamed of me,' said Richard, with a strange expression gathering over his face. 'Then I'll put your words to the test. Look at this hand; it's rough and hard with labour; my boots are thick and ugly; the linen on my back is coarse; my coat is badly cut; I don't look like a gentleman—anybody may see that. Now, if you ain't ashamed of me, common-looking as I be, take me out through that window on to the lawn amongst those people, and tell them I'm your father. Dare you do it? Dare you own me before 'em all? Speak out.'

Jessie turned deadly pale, and a spasm passed over her face. What was it her father asked? It was too much—too much. A hundred things forbade it: Mrs Hale's pride, the opinion of her friends, and—worse than all!—Dick's words that very day. She stood dumb and terrified.

Her father saw her irresolution, and his breath came quick. 'You've had time to think. Dare you do it?'

There was a moment's silence, and then the struggle was at an end. She had counted the cost, and had triumphed. She passed her hand over her brow, and said: 'Yes, father, I dare. Come!'

She had reached the window, when her step faltered. Before her was the gay and brilliant assembly. She stood spell-bound at the sight, and a shiver passed over her.

'You can't, then—you can't do it,' whispered Richard hoarsely. Without another word, he stepped back, and turned, and left her alone.

But ere he had gone five paces from her, Jessie was at his side: 'Father, forgive me; I have no fear.'

She put out her hand, looked up into his face radiant in her love, and led him straight to the window. The next moment they stood in the garden before all the people.

Every eye was fixed on the young girl as she crossed the lawn with her companion, and walked up to the tent where Mr and Mrs Hale and a party of their friends (Canterbury grandees, and quiet old folks, who did not dance) were sitting.

'Who has Miss Mallet got with her?' 'What a singular proceeding!' 'Is she escorting one of the gardeners to the tent?' asked the young people on the lawn.

Regardless of all comments, Jessie never stopped till she had reached the tent where her hostess sat.

Then and there, in a few simple words, she made known her father to Mrs Hale.

A buzz of astonishment rose up around. Mrs Hale looked bewildered and confused; but, ere Jessie had done speaking, Mr Hale was at her side.

'This is your father, Jessie, is it? Then I am glad to make his acquaintance.' Mr Hale held out his hand to Richard. 'I have only seen you once before, Mr Mallet (it was when your uncle died); but I have not forgotten your behaviour then.'

Mr Hale's prompt manner had spared anything like a scene, and relieved every one at once.

'Sir, I thank you; that's kindly said. But let me explain how I come to intrude myself here.' Richard stood erect, and unembarrassed, with his hat off. 'I ain't a man to intrude myself anywhere, but I had a reason for coming here, which may be a wrong un, but which I couldn't help follerin' out. For now goin' on seven years, sir, I have been pining for the sight of my child, and all this time I have never meddled nor interfered with the education I knew she ought to have. I come down here to-day, sir, to claim her, and see if she still loved me as she used to do; but I come, I'm afeard, in a sperit as might have led to no good. I had grown mistrustful, and thought she'd be changed, and ashamed of me. So, when she comes into your parlour, where I was waitin' for her just now, I steeled my heart again her, bonny as she looked, and felt jealous of her fine dress and lady ways. She said she was ready to go wi' me, but she seemed to be frightened-like, I thought, and I doubted her still. So I said to her (it was a sudden thought that come, I don't know how): "If you'll cross that lawn hand in hand with me, and own me afore all those people, I'll believe you love me as you ought." Whereupon, sir, before I'd time to consider o' what I asked (I wasn't myself just then), she step out of the window, and brought me straight into your presence, without a murmur or a blush. And God love her for it! And so He will.—It was a right noble act, though I hadn't ought to have asked it.'

Jessie hid her face on her father's arm, and he stopped.

Every one was silent. The simple earnestness of the man, and his erect yet modest bearing, had touched all present.

'Mr Mallet,' said an old gentleman coming forward, 'I admire and sympathise with your conduct. May God bless your daughter.'

The old clergyman, a high dignitary of the church, laid his hand on Jessie's arm, and led her to a seat.

'Let me shake hands with you, Mr Mallet. I honour both your head and your heart.'

It was his lordship who spoke. Yes; Mrs Hale might stare, and refuse to credit the evidence of her senses; but there was her noble guest actually shaking hands with a man without gloves! When a right reverend dean and a peer's son had thus openly acknowledged the stone-mason, no one was afraid of losing caste by addressing him.

Jessie and her father would probably have become lions, had they not stolen off, through Dick Hale's agency, to a quiet parlour, where they were left alone to themselves.

Of course, the archery fête at Hale Fields was long remembered in the neighbourhood, and gained considerable *éclat* from what certain ladies pleased to term 'the romantic incident' that terminated the day.

One summer evening, some few years later, a family group was assembled about the shade of a sycamore, in front of a pretty farmhouse in Devonshire.

The garden overlooked the sea, and, from the seat under the sycamore, the white, bird-like sails of the fishing-boats coming up with the tide, and the great

hull of a Plymouth steamer in the distance, with its smoke-plume trailing along the horizon, were visible.

It was Richard Mallet and his family who were assembled in the garden at the Cliff Farm.

The father, with a roll of paper on his knee, and pencil and compasses in hand, was planning some improvements for the farm-yard. His wife, busy with her knitting, sat at a little distance. One of the boys lay on the grass at his mother's feet, reading to her; the other was watching the Plymouth steamer through a telescope. Jessie, alone with her father, on the bench under the tree, sat with her hands clasped idly before her, and her face fixed on the sea. She looked very pretty in that thoughtful attitude.

'Father,' she said suddenly, 'I was just thinking how strangely good has come out of evil in our two lives. Uncle Zeb's wicked intentions seemed to have carried with them their own frustration. He has knit us closer together than ever. I think I should never have known how much I loved you, had I not been separated from my home all those years; and I certainly never could have known how much you loved me.'

Jessie took hold of her father's hand, as she spoke, and looked at him with unutterable affection.

'Yes, Jessie, good has come out of evil in our lives, as you say. And I think people would often have less power to injure us than they have, were we but true to ourselves. As long as you and me remained so, Uncle Zeb's curse could never have done us any harm. We want more faith in one another, Jessie, and in the goodness of our own hearts, and then we'd see less coldness and disunion than there is in the world. But I mustn't preach; it's only your mother who says I'm as good as the parson, or who thinks me as clever, bless her heart!' He looked towards his wife with a fond smile. 'Holloa, what are they up to there! See, there's Phil shouting like mad!'

There was evidently great excitement amongst the mother and her boys.

'There he goes, father. There's the gentleman who took us out fishing the other day, and jumped overboard when Ned fell into the water!'

A stranger was standing near the edge of the cliff beyond the garden-wall.

'Oh, do run and ask him to come in,' said the mother. 'I have seen him there nearly every night this week, and wondered who he could be. To think I didn't know him! You go too, Jessie; you'll know how to thank him. Here's your hat.'

Jessie took her father's arm, and they set off for the cliff. As they drew near the stranger, Jessie suddenly grasped tight hold of her father's arm. 'O stop, father—stop! Look, he's coming this way!'

Jessie had recognised the figure before her—it was that of Mr Dick Hale.

He had been prowling about the neighbourhood for some days past, in a secret sort of way, quite unlike his usual open behaviour. Wild-ducks had been the ostensible object of his wanderings, as the gun upon his shoulder gave evidence of; but the sea-fowl appeared only to frequent one part of the coast, and that was the immediate neighbourhood of the Cliff Farm.

It required no great amount of persuasion upon Mrs Mallet's part to induce Mr Dick Hale to enter the house, and to stay and take supper afterwards. And as, upon returning to his inn at midnight, he decided to remain another week in the neighbourhood, it is to be presumed he spent a pleasant evening.

A few years further on, and we again take a peep at a family group at the Cliff Farm.

But this time they are assembled by a winter's fire, with the wind rumbling in the chimney, and the waves beating on the beach below.

A gray-haired old man is going to tell a Christmas story to his grand-children. Grandfather has seen strange changes since his youth, and can tell strange stories too.

'Let it be something true, grandfather,' says a bright-eyed little girl on his knee.

'And let it have a terrible name,' says Dick, a fine boy of nine.

'Suppose, then, I tell you your mother's history,' says grandfather, looking at the young matron sitting by her husband's side.

'Yes, grandfather, tell them that,' replies the children's father.

'But mother's history won't be a story,' cries Dick.

'It will be as good,' says grandfather; 'and as you want a terrible name to it, Dick, suppose we call it *A Dead Man's Revenge!*'

A CHAPTER ON EYES.

THE organisations by virtue of which the five senses are enabled to convey their ministrations to the sentient part of us, are all interesting of their kind; but neither the mechanism of the ear, nor the organism of taste, of smell, or of touch, is so full of interest as the structure of the eye.

The fact is, that the organisation of the other four senses is too complex, too anatomical to awaken popular sympathy. One cannot sit down and dissect the nerves of taste; still more difficult for any but an anatomist is it to appreciate the organism of smell, hearing, and touch. The mechanism of seeing is more obvious. Nature, we may say—slightly inverting the truth—has so exactly copied the structure of telescopes and similar optical instruments in the construction of eyes, that even the most ignorant of anatomy may sit down and appreciate her adaptations.

The eyes of all mammals are pretty much alike, so that having examined any one, the construction of any other will be manifest. Certain minor distinctions, indeed, there are, such as in cats, for example—animals whose eyes are seen to have a slit-like pupil, closing in proportion as the light is strong, and opening at dusky twilight to the uttermost, so as to catch any little glimmering ray; whence the notion has arisen that cats see best in utter darkness—a mistake, nevertheless: much light, cats do not require to see with, but some they must have.

When we contemplate the eye of any mammal—of an ox or a sheep, for example—the following succession of parts is recognisable. Omitting a certain delicate membrane, the presence of which none but an anatomist could discover—first of all, in front comes the transparent horny shield termed cornea; next comes a cavity filled with transparent fluid, and divided into two compartments by a perforated transverse curtain. The curtain itself is called the 'iris,' on account of the play of colours always seen upon it; and the perforation, the functions of which are very important, constitutes the central spot so conspicuous in the eye and termed 'the pupil.' Behind the pupil is what anatomists term the crystalline lens—a sort of spectacle-glass, the intention of which is to concentrate rays of light to a focus on the net-work of optic nerve delicately ramified some little distance behind—separated from it, nevertheless, by a thick transparent humour. Upon this net-work, termed the retina, the images of things to be rendered visible are projected. The eye, of an ordinary mammal—is especially beautiful to contemplate, inasmuch as it shows an arrangement of which telescopes and microscopes are almost exact copies.

Every person must have remarked the facility possessed by all ordinary eyes of directing themselves hither and thither, the head itself remaining immovable. I despair of conveying to the reader a notion

of the beautiful mechanism by which this is effected. To acquire that knowledge, an eye must be skillfully dissected in its socket, from behind. All the various kinds of motion of which ordinary eyes are susceptible, are effected by muscles stowed away in the socket. The acts of turning to the right, upwards, downwards, as well as rolling, are all accomplished by specific muscles. Contemplate now the admirable mechanism for keeping the eyes moist, without which provision, the sight would wax dim and difficult. Carefully bedded away in the outer corner of each eye-socket, there is a little glandular apparatus, specially designed for the manufacture and supply of the moisture in question. This moisture is no other than tears. On all ordinary occasions, this tear-liquid diffuses itself over the eyeballs in a thin sheet, spread out in this manner by the constantly closing eyelids. When this constant alternate opening and closing of the eyelids is interfered with—as, for example, during sleep—the tears have to find their way from the external to the internal corner of the eye in a different fashion, to the explanation of which the reader's attention is now required. The upper and lower eyelids, notwithstanding they seem to be capable of actual juncture, only touch, nevertheless, at the edge of their extreme external rim. Internally, their edges diverge so considerably, that between the external touching edges and the front of the eyeball protected by them, a triangular canal is left, along which the tear-moisture passes from the external to the internal corner of the eye. There arrived at last, a little duct awaits it, leading quite down into the cavity of the nose. Through this duct the tear-liquid escapes, after it has done its lubricating duty.

Except under circumstances of deep and peculiar excitement, the tear-liquid is not supplied to the eyes faster than the little channels between the two lids and the aperture leading down to the nose can give exit to it. Occasionally, the development of tear-liquid is too rapid to permit this way of disposal; then the tear-liquid overflows its banks, escapes from between the eyelashes, and trickles over the cheek; then we have veritable weeping. Fishes cannot cry; of this, one may rest assured. Having no lachrymal gland, they cannot secrete tears. Of what use would have been a tear-generating apparatus to creatures whose eyes, throughout their whole system, are bathed in water?

Fishes, moreover, have no eyelids. They do not need them, having no tear-liquid to be distributed; and if by chance any particle of grit or impurity should fall upon the eye of a fish, the very best conditions to effect its removal are supplied by a copious ablution of water.

From fishes which have no eyelids, to birds which possess two for each eye, the distance is great indeed. Beside the ordinary or external eyelid which birds possess in common with mammalia, they have also a peculiar inner eyelid, termed the *membrana nictitans* by anatomists. Its motions are far more rapid than those of the external eyelid; in fact, its winking are almost lightning-like in their rapidity. The great use of the *membrana nictitans* is obviously to protect birds against the chances of getting floating particles of hard substances into their eyes, a sort of accident to which they are especially liable, owing to the rapidity of their flight through the atmosphere.

It must not be imagined that all living beings are supplied with eyes made up of complex humours and lenses—a contractile perforated iris situated in front. If, for example, we magnify the ocular appendages of a common house-fly, we should never discover—however considerable the magnifying power brought to bear—we should never discover the sort of eye-organism I have already described. We should find a very beautiful optical appendage nevertheless, the

nature of which is as follows. A multiplying-glass is a common toy enough—not a *magnifying-glass* or lens, which simply makes things look bigger than they really are, but a block of glass cut into facets, and which multiplies the visual representations of the thing observed by as many times as there are facets on the glass. Now, the ocular appendages of flies are of this very type. Although their eyes are fixed and immovable, the necessity still exists in them, as in other creatures, for looking about in many directions, and therefore a sort of multiplying eye has been given to them. The facets of this multiplying apparatus are many thousands in number, all tending in different directions; wherefore a common house-fly may be said to look habitually many thousand ways at once. Perhaps most people have experienced the difficulty of getting on the blind side of a fly; indeed, flies have no blind sides; the compound eyes with which they are furnished, though immovable, have a scope of vision to which our own more elaborate visual organs can advance no pretensions.

The multiplying eye may be called the distinctive insect eye. Though a common house-fly has been chosen for convenience' sake, nevertheless certain larger members of the insect tribe—dragon-flies, for example—display the multiplying eye to still greater advantage. To recognise thoroughly the beauty of a house-fly's visual organs, a microscope, or, at any rate, a magnifying-glass, is necessary. Otherwise is it, however, with the eyes of a dragon-fly. In them the multiplying facets are so large, and shine so resplendently in the sunbeams, that simple inspection of them without optical aid is all we require.

Let no person make a spider the subject of microscopic observation, to the end of discovering those multiplying eyes. The most inquisitive microscopist could not find them. Spiders, it is to be remembered, are not insects, though usually called so. Truly speaking, they range above insects, because of some well-marked peculiarities. They do not possess the insect or multiplying eye, for example; and they breathe by lungs, whereas the breathing of insects is performed after another fashion. Spiders are altogether more highly organised than insects, wherefore they possess a higher type of eye. The ocular apparatus of spiders is more like that of mammalian animals. Better provided than the latter, however, each spider possesses more than one pair of eyes, though the exact number differs in different species. No wonder a spider can observe so well; no wonder a poor fly once caught in the net, so rarely escapes its spider enemy.

The very simplest form of eye an animal can have is a little dot of optic nerve, without cornea, lens, or anything of the sort. Of this kind are the eyes of leeches and snails, animals whose visual perceptions must be very dull indeed, although doubtless sufficient for their necessities. Perceptions of light and darkness, such eyes are cognizant of; perhaps, too, of colour; but so far as anatomists can understand and interpret the mysteries of their organisation, these rudimentary eyes must be totally incompetent to realise the nice perceptions of form. That beautiful eye-appendage, the retina, together with its pupil, in addition to the function—the only one usually attributed to it—of admitting the amount of light proper for correct vision, has also another and scarcely less necessary function, that of rendering the outlines of bodies perceptible: in other words, of distinguishing forms.

As regards perceptions of colour, notices in many popular journals, and an ingenious treatise by Professor George Wilson, have given prominence of late to the defect commonly and appropriately known as *colour-blindness*; namely, the inability to perceive certain colours, or, at any rate, to individualise them. The late celebrated chemist, Dr Wollaston, furnished

an example of colour-blindness; and the still more celebrated chemist, Dr Dalton, an example of the same defect in a still higher degree. Dalton's peculiarity was in no respect more prominently demonstrated than in his inability to perceive red as red should be. It looked to him as being a sort of dirty neutral tint—*mud colour*, as he designated it; and writing from London to a friend in Manchester concerning the beauty of some metropolitan ladies he had seen, their faces were described as having a tint of sky-blue. Nevertheless, Dalton thought the ladies pretty!

LEGAL FACETIÆ.

There is nothing, we imagine, more refreshing in the close atmosphere of a crowded court of justice, and to the tired minds of its occupants, than the interruption of the monotony of some long dull trial by a witticism from the witness-box. Dull faces brighten up; horse-hair wigs, sleepily reclined over the bar-table, are raised; the weary jurymen freshen up; and the great emblem of sovereignty, the judge himself, condescends to expand his solemn visage into a wintry smile. In such a case, the counsel sees in a moment that he has hit upon a little vein of wit, which he proceeds to burrow and mine in every direction, extracting therefrom that most precious material 'amusement.'

But a careful man must the counsel aforesaid be in these mining operations, for scarcely a more dangerous being exists than your witty witness. A man, when elevated with the applause which greets a good saying, may follow it up with something else, intensely amusing to himself, but which has the effect of disconcerting his own counsel, and of materially damaging, if not of wholly destroying, his own chance of success.

The legitimate object of a witty remark from the witness-box, is generally conceded to be the flooring of the counsel who is conducting the inquiry—an operation which, we need scarcely say, requires peculiar skill and dexterity, and which is of course only advantageous during cross-examination.

Two of the best instances with which we can present the reader of this feat having been signally accomplished, occurred to two profound lawyers, both of whom now adorn the judicial bench.

At the Cambridge Spring Assizes 1838, a person was accused of stealing a watch from the bedroom of Mr George Paynter, at Wallingham, Cambridgeshire; and on the trial, the following little conversation took place during the cross-examination of the prosecutor.

Counsel. 'Where do you live?'

Witness. 'At Wallingham; but I am not a Wallingham man.'

'What are you?'

'An engineer. I was apprenticed to Henry Maudesley, partner to Sir Isambert Brunel, of Thames Tunnel notoriety.'

'Well, what else are you?'

'Why, I am a gunsmith, locksmith, and bell-hanger, iron arm and lathe maker; edge-tool maker; watch and clock maker, and repairer; mathematical instrument maker; weighing-machine, scale and steelyard maker; knife-maker and grinder; publican and licensed victualler; and an old man-of-war's-man; and was engaged in the glorious action between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*.'

'Are you not a conjuror as well?'

'O yes, that I am; and if you are willing, I will shew you one or two of my tricks.'

'What can you do?'

'Well, if you will allow me, and not consider I am insulting, I will tell you.'

'Oh, certainly; go on.'

'Then, if you will just take off your wig, and get the gentleman next you to grease your head, I will swallow you whole, and then you will be no more trouble to yourself, nor to any one else!'

Counsel. 'You may stand down, sir.'

The other incident we alluded to is of more recent date (1856), and rather singularly, the witness was a clergyman.

Scene, a crowded court; *trial*, an action on the warranty of a horse, commonly called a *horse case*. *Witness*, a clergyman, who has sworn in his examination in chief that in his opinion the horse was sound.

Counsel. Well, you don't know anything about horses? You're a parson, you know.

Witness. I have a good deal of knowledge respecting horses.

Counsel. You think you have, I daresay, but we may think otherwise. I wonder, now, whether you know the difference between a horse and a cow.

Witness. Yes, I daresay I do.

Counsel. Now then, sir, tell the jury the difference between a horse and a cow.

Witness. Gentlemen, one great difference between these two animals is, that one has horns and the other has not—much the same difference, gentlemen, that exists between a *bull* and a *bully* (turning to counsel). (Roars of laughter, judge joining.)

Counsel (very angrily). I daresay you thought that very funny, sir?

Witness. Well, I don't think it was bad, and several of the audience seem to be of the same opinion.

Counsel. Very likely, but perhaps you have before now heard the remark that 'one fool makes many.'

Witness. I hope, sir, you don't intend to include his lordship in that flattering remark.

Judge to Counsel. Go on, sir, in a proper manner with your examination. I am surprised at you.

Of course the counsel sat down, and the witness left the court with the happiness of having completely discomfited the opposite side, and escaped perhaps a rigid cross-examination.

We remember another nice little reply made by a witness, a chemist, called to prove the badness of the gas supplied by a certain gas company. One of his statements was that the ceilings in his house were so disfigured that he had to have them whitewashed.

Counsel. Well, sir, and was anything whitewashed beside your ceilings?

Witness. Yes, sir, two of the directors of your Company were.

Germane to the facetiae of witnesses themselves are laughable remarks made by judges and counsel, upon innocent answers to no less innocent questions. At such witty replies, perhaps the greatest adept was the late excellent judge, Mr Baron Alderson. Very seldom indeed did any trial of slight or of grave importance take place before him, in which the audience was not convulsed with laughter at some extraordinary remark emanating from the judge. We do not for a moment attempt to defend the learned baron from the charges which have perhaps very properly been brought forward against him of doing away with that dignity which is so great an ornament to the bench; but we consider that the jokes having been made, and being some of them pretty good, we are doing no harm in retelling them.

A prisoner was once tried before the Baron for stealing a saw, and in his defence urged that he only took it in joke.

'And pray, prisoner, how far might you carry it from the prosecutor's house?' asked the judge.

'Perhaps two miles, my lord.'

'Ah, that was carrying a joke a good deal too far, so the sentence of the court upon you is,' &c.

Another time we recollect a jurymen begging to

be excused from attendance, on the ground of deafness.

'Why, you can hear me speak,' said his lordship.

'That's true enough, my lord; but I have to turn my head round very awkwardly, for I am quite deaf with one ear.'

'Oh, then, certainly, sir, you are excused,' replied the Baron with mock solemnity, 'a juryman ought undoubtedly to hear *both sides*.'

The judge we are speaking of had, in general, a very profound dislike to scientific witnesses, especially of the medical profession, called upon to give an opinion upon the evidence they had heard in court; and he rarely failed in proposing some curious question to them, which eventually proved a floorer. At one time he took up the assertion of an eminent medical practitioner, that 'in *all* cases of death by violent means, a post-mortem examination would throw light upon the actual cause of the decease.'

'And pray, sir,' asked the judge, 'if I were discovered lying on the highway with my head severed from my body, what particular light would a post-mortem examination throw upon the cause of my death?'

At the end of a very long examination of another celebrated medical man, who had been called upon to establish the incompetency of a deceased testator to make a will, the witness unfortunately said that he believed 'all persons were subject to temporary fits of insanity.'

'And when they are in them,' asked the judge, 'are they aware of their state?'

'Certainly not, my lord,' was the reply; 'they believe all they do and say, even if nonsensical, to be perfectly right and proper.'

'Good Lord!' exclaimed Alderson, 'then here have I taken no less than thirteen pages of notes of your evidence, and, after all, *you* may be in a fit of temporary insanity, talking nonsense, and believing it to be true!'

Next in order to Baron Alderson, as a 'judicial joker,' we must place the late Honourable Mr Justice Maule, whose *bon mots* indeed generally exceeded in wit and pungency those of the learned baron, although every attempt at a repetition of them on paper must necessarily be most imperfect, owing to the absence of the extraordinary tone and gesticulation with which they were ever wont to be accompanied.

'Where do you live?' asked a counsel of a policeman in plain clothes.

'I, sir? I am in the *hens* (N division).

'Very good: then I'll put on my notes that you reside in the *poultry*!' quietly remarked the judge.

Of course, such a joke as this was far too subtle to be appreciated by half the people in court; and indeed the general inconvenience met with in this learned judge's remarks was, that they were rather above the comprehension of ordinary minds, and did not always accomplish the object for which they were specially intended. Such was the effect in his witty summing up of a certain Wiltshire case. A prisoner was indicted for cutting and wounding the prosecutor, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm; and other counts in the indictment varied the intents, bringing the offence at last to one of *unlawful wounding* only, the punishment for which is vastly less than for the graver crime. A most murderous assault having been clearly proved, the prisoner's counsel contented himself with arguing that no *malice* had been proved to exist in the prisoner's mind, and that the offence of 'unlawful wounding' was the only one of which he could be convicted. The learned judge, in summing up, said: 'Gentlemen of the jury, the *facts* are undisputed; the *law* laid down by the learned counsel is quite correct. If, therefore, you think that the prisoner

ripped up the prosecutor's abdomen, allowing his bowels to fall through the wound, without any intention of doing him grievous bodily harm, but merely by way of slightly annoying him, you will find him guilty of unlawful wounding.' The jury, wholly unperceiving the irony conveyed in this charge, acted upon what they considered to be the advice of counsel and judge, and acquitted the prisoner of the graver offence!

We may here mention incidentally Justice Maule's dislike at all times to clear the court of females when cases of an indelicate nature were being tried. 'Women had no occasion whatever to be in court,' he would say; 'and if they came there, he was not going to bother himself about sending them out!' Notwithstanding this seeming indifference, however, he at all times took very good care, by some direct or indirect remark, to let them know how much he disliked their attendance, at a time when modesty should have led them elsewhere.

'I am very sorry,' we once heard him say to a young female, who hesitated much in giving some very unpleasant evidence—'I am very sorry to have to enforce such an examination as this; it must of course be painful to any decent person, but the ends of justice require it; and not only so, but all the well-dressed females you see on either side of me, have come a long way to hear that which pains you so much to utter.'

We need hardly say the bench was clear in a very few moments.

On another occasion, he said to a policeman who disliked repeating some very disgusting conversation: 'Go on, go on, my good man, you need not mind *me*, and these ladies enjoy it!'

On a third occasion, during the progress of a trial of a very peculiar nature, an officer, noticing several ladies in court, and being ignorant of the learned baron's peculiarity, exclaimed: 'All females must be good enough to leave the court.'

'All *decent* females have left long ago!' exclaimed the judge.

Satire was, indeed, the distinguishing element in all the jocular remarks of Justice Maule, and the lashes from such a whip were by no means easy to bear.

To a young attorney's clerk, who, at his lordship's chambers, politely intimated that he thought the judge had no power to make a particular order, he said: 'O pray don't trouble yourself to talk about *my power*—that you know nothing about; if you don't like the order, and think it will relieve your mind to do so, go outside and call me a fool; but don't do it in here, or else I must have the unpleasantness of committing you.'

Another excellent remark has been so often repeated that we almost fear to 'dish it up' again. 'Maule,' said a somewhat vain, although profoundly learned judge, speaking to our witty friend as he was quietly taking his lunch of bread and cheese in the judges' private room—'Maule, why do you drink beer?'

'To bring my mind down to a level with the other judges,' was the immediate reply.

We remember being one day in the Court of Common Pleas, where an intricate point relative to the true construction of a plea was being debated, when, after 'bottling up' his indignation for some time, the judge we are speaking of thus delivered himself:

'It is the pleader's own fault, that we have in court one half the litigation that exists. Why, in this very plea, there is a sentence wholly unintelligible, owing to the presence of three very unwarrantable words—the plaintiff is said to have done certain acts "behind the defendant's back." Now, what is meant by this sentence? Of course you will say it means

"without his knowledge," but this is a most fallacious answer. If a 9-pounder gun were fired behind the back of the special pleader who drew this plea, would that be without his knowledge, I wonder! I should say not. I never like these fanciful terms in serious matters; I am pestered with them at chambers. Why, only the other day, I had to read an affidavit in which the deponent swore that "she was so frightened, she could have crept into a nut-shell;" my only wonder is she didn't follow it up with the assertion, that she "verily believed she should have done so, had a nut-shell been there to receive her."

The only other anecdote we have room for, is connected with a trial for a very serious offence, in which the prisoner, after conviction, being called upon in the usual manner before judgment was passed, answered: 'May Heaven strike me dead, my lord, if I know anything about it.' There was perfect silence in court for nearly a minute, every one looking at the judge, and wondering what was to come next. At last came this startling address: 'Prisoner at the bar, Providence not thinking fit to interfere in your case, the sentence of the court upon you is, that you be transported beyond the seas for the period of fifteen years.'

TWO LETTERS FROM THE LEVANT.

LETTER II.

BEFORE I give you an account of what remains of the ancient Sardis, to which we made an expedition a few days since, it would be well to describe to you our head-quarters, Smyrna. I took one of the army of guides who harass you from dawn to eve; and he first conducted me through the intricacies of the several bazaars. They are extremely dirty, and so narrow, that a string of camels passing through with their cumbrous bales of merchandise on either side completely blocks up the passage. When a stoppage thus takes place, the animals lie down and suffer the impatient passengers to walk over them and their lading, for the whole length of the train. These bazaars are all covered in, more or less imperfectly, and have gates at each end, which are secured at night when no one remains within. The shops or booths at each side are small, and quite open in front, to within about two feet of the ground; the great shutter by which it is secured, lifting up like a portlid, leaves the whole of the interior exposed, as well as the proprietor himself, sitting cross-legged amidst his wares, within reach of every article, ready to serve his customers, who stand without.

There are many bazaars, and each is devoted to the sale of the same description of article throughout. Thus, in one I found dried fruits and sweetmeats; in another, all kinds of silk manufacture; in a third, cotton stuffs of every description; in a fourth, pipes and pipe-sticks of all varieties, but no tobacco, for which I had to go to another place. Here were arms new and old, Khorassan sabres and Damascene yataghans; rifles inlaid with silver, and beautifully ornamented. There, in a bazaar with scarce room for two to pass each other, and ankle-deep in mud, were operatives in the costliest metals, squatted by their charcoal stoves, and smoking their *tchibouques*. Of the wealth of these no idea can be formed from their outward appearance. There is no show; nothing is produced till it is required by a purchaser, real or pretended, when they will bring forth from about their persons the richest chains and bracelets, and

ornaments of solid gold. Exposed, there is only a small case of jewellery, as if to shew their calling, containing nothing of much value. Diamonds, wherever they may come from, are very plentiful, and not badly set. The mixture of gold and silver in the same article of plate is much prized here, though not to my individual taste. The shopkeepers are manufacturers and mechanics, as well as salesmen, and carry on the business of selling and making in the same booth.

There is a bazaar for anything and everything, but it is hard to deal with the Turks and Armenians without interpreters; and there are Jews, 'cozening Jews,' who are certain to cheat the purchaser, receiving a percentage from the dealer upon the sum laid out as a matter of course. I saw some handsome Turkey carpeting sold at about a dollar per two square feet, and some beautiful Persian rugs of the most brilliant colour at about double that price. I visited the vapour-bath and the slave-market, the Greek churches, Catholic chapels, Jewish synagogues, and Turkish mosques, and I refreshed myself at a *café-al fresco*—with a *narghileh* and sherbet at the caravan bridge. Having thus reached the extremity and outskirts of the town, and the cemeteries which partly enclose it, I turned back, and crossed through a labyrinth of streets to the glass bazaar, where is an enormous quantity of the German kind, coloured and gilded to suit the Turkish taste.

The town of Smyrna is backed on the south by a fine grassy elevation. The declivity of this hill is still occupied by the healthier and better situated quarters of the Turks and Jews; and, on the summit, quite alone, stand the ruins of a fort built by a Greek emperor about the year 1224. These old walls, from which an excellent view of the city is obtained, enclose a considerable space, and have within them large subterranean magazines, beneath groined arches supported by square pillars. These places are choked with the rubbish of ages; but some stone-baths are yet visible, and a very remarkable colossal head fixed in a niche in the wall, supposed by some to represent Apollo, and by others to be the Amazon Smyrna, from whom the town received its name.

A few old rusty guns upon the rampart yet enable the Turks to 'make it sunset' during the fast of the Ramazan, when their welcome report permits the faithful to commence a repeat which they may prolong to any hour of the night, and conclude with tobacco and opium sufficient to stupify them, from sunrise until the cannon's roar again releases them from total abstinence.

'Smyrna the beautiful,' 'the glory of Ionia,' 'the right eye of Asia Minor,' appears a mass of red-tile roofing, with numerous white minarets rising high above it; with here and there clumps of cypresses that mark where intramural burial-grounds are not prohibited. To the right, above the head of the gulf, and inland of Smyrna, a beautiful plain spreads itself to the foot of the mountain by which the whole is distantly enclosed. This plain is thick strewn with vineyards and gardens, and is abundantly productive of vegetables and fruits. It is pleasantly shaded with olives, pomegranates, and magnificent plane-trees, and watered with innumerable streams.

Descending from this place with one Berge, Jew, who had attached himself to our company, accepted an invitation to his house. The appearance of his mean and ruined domicile gave little hope of such comfort as was within. He ushered me into an elegant divan, softly carpeted, and full of ottomans

here we found his brother, both their wives, and the widow of a third brother just dead of the plague; all young and handsome, but with unbecoming head-dresses tied under the chin, and concealing every lock of their hair; their complexions were remarkably fair and transparent, and their eyes dark and animated; thus are most of the Jewish and Turkish Smyrinese beauties in their youth, but in middle age they grow tallowish in face and coarse every way.

We were treated with sweetmeats, wine and coffee, and, while smoking our pipes, were entertained by the brothers, who played the guitar and a sort of violin with seven strings (a remarkably fine-toned instrument), and sung Greek and Turkish songs. When this was all over, however, our hospitable friends gave us to understand that they were open to take from us whatever we thought adequate remuneration; and receiving from me—I threw it at them—a handful of piastres, they struck up a merry sort of duet, and played us down stairs and into the street.

These Jews were very rich and well to do, but they could not resist the chance of doing a little 'stroke of business' even when entertaining their guests.

In perambulating the streets of Smyrna, nothing strikes you more forcibly than the extraordinary variety of costume. The flowing robes of the Turks, Armenians, and Jews, looking rich and gaudy despite of their filthy state of dirt, are there, in great variety and splendour; elegant turbans of scarlet and dirty white; the deep-dyed fez with a blue silken tassel, worn either with or without the turban by both Turks and Greeks; the Jewish yellow gabardine, the balloon-like kalpac of the Armenians; the pelisses of all classes furred and embroidered; the silver-mounted and inlaid pistol and yataghan worn by Turks and Albanians. All classes of every nation here—and they are Legion—shew a taste for ornament and colour; and even the black coat and three-cocked hat of the priests have infinite variety to recommend them; the streets are like a brilliant kaleidoscope; the red and yellow shoes and slippers, the universal amber-mouthed tchibouque and embroidered tobacco-bag, the nondescript uniform of the Turkish soldiers, the motley assemblage of Asiatic and European nations: all these figures astonished and perplexed my eyes, and I could not but think of the description of that great company on the day of Pentecost.

Ghostly figures of women, all in white, paddle through these dirty streets in slippers, from the bath to the cemeteries, their heads veiled in white, and with a black crape visor, which does not always conceal the custard-like countenance beneath it. They are as pale as if they had been periodically blooded, like fed veal, to whiten the flesh. This is the more remarkable, as the wives of the Armenians flourish delicately, and those of the Greeks luxuriantly, in the same soil and climate in which those of the Turks so quickly fade; the two former classes, indeed, are eminently beautiful, and are quite aware of the fact; with their braided hair, and embroidered scarlet caps, they remind one of a horticultural exhibition of peonies and ranunculuses.

A great feature of Smyrna is the caravans that are always passing along its streets, with their rich burdens of carpets from Persia, or with cotton or madder root, packed in great parcels, and swelling the sides of the camels. They follow in single file the sea that always conducts them, and extend a far greater distance than any trains on the Great Northern or Western Railways; they vary in number from two hundred down to forty, and arrive from distances as far as fifty days' journey.

Enough of modern Smyrna. I will say a few words of ancient Sardis—Sart, as it is now called—which we visited the other day. It is situated on a small hill, separated from a mountain by a deep valley,

through which the golden-sanded Pactolus flows. This hill is about an hour's walk in circuit, and composed of a loose crumbling red earth, on which account we may suppose it to have changed its form considerably in the course of ages. The ruins on the northern side, where it descends into the plain, first arose before us, and these are supposed to be a part of the city beneath where the Acropolis stood. At a mill, turned by the Pactolus, we alighted and got some few Greeks employed in grinding corn there to bake us some bread. We found it no easy matter to bathe in that remarkable stream; so shallow was it, and insignificant, that we could scarce persuade it to run over us as we lay flat upon its pebbly bed. We then explored what travellers have described as the Temple of Cæsus and the Church of St John. We found, indeed, old walls in abundance, and the ruins of what must have been stupendous buildings; but, alas, whether they were palaces or churches, can be only a matter of vain conjecture. It is now as it was described to be by Macfarlane thirty years ago, and doubtless will remain in the same state for generations to come: nothing short of such an earthquake as destroyed it in the reign of Tiberius is likely to alter its present appearance. 'Sardis, identified with the names of Cæsus, and Cyrus, and Alexander, covering the plain with her thousands and tens of thousands of men of war; great even to the days of Augustus; destroyed by earthquakes, and again and again restored; Christian Sardis offering her hymns of thanksgiving for deliverance from pagan persecution in the magnificent temples of the Virgin and apostles; Sardis again fallen under the yoke of a false creed, but retaining yet her myriads, only 500 years ago! What is Sardis now? Her foundations are fallen, her walls are thrown down; "she sits silent in darkness, and is no longer called the Lady of Kingdoms;" a few mud-huts, inhabited by Turkish herdsmen, and a mill or two, contain her whole present population.' That description—I think Arundell's—describes Sardis now also. A colony of storks have taken quiet possession of her ancient walls. The only very remarkable relics of her antiquity are two columns of a temple said to have been the temple of Cybele; their fall has been predicted often enough, but the distorted capital yet maintains its position, and the marmorean blocks which compose the fellow-pillars still lie scattered on the ground. Build a column with backgammon-men, and gently overset it, and you will have a good idea of how these were constructed, and of their present state. Each huge millstone-like piece is of such weight and solidity as to defy the power of Sardiens, Turcomen, and Greeks, did they wish even to commit the sacrilege of removing them; there they remain as they fell long since—there those two still stand as they stood from the remotest antiquity; but from the columns being Ionic, I am inclined to place their erection subsequent to the reign of Gyges and his immediate successors. One may climb to the Acropolis, and suffer imagination to amuse itself with the anecdotes with which the earlier historians have put flesh and blood, and skin and complexion, to the skeleton upon which they had to work: one may pronounce this or that part of the extensive plain beneath us to be Thymbria, where the victorious Cyrus deprived the Lydian Cæsus of his empire, and identify a hundred spots as the place of some storied action. Nothing of this is certain; but we knew that beneath us lay, indeed, the city—the resort of Solon and the seven sages; of the poet Archilochus of Paros; of the moral Æsop; that there was, somewhere, the mighty treasury of Cæsus; the palace of the Lydian kings who sprang from Atys; that there it was that the offended modesty of one whose very name is now disputed, the queen-consort of King Candaules, transferred his

crown and kingdom unto Gyges, and conferred upon him the magic ring; that in the vast plain beneath were once arrayed the hosts of Xerxes, and the barbaric splendours of the hordes of Alaric, the Scourge of God. The Pactolus is in no place deep or clear, and the sandy bed whereon it runs is scarcely auriferous; one branch flows round the ruined city to the west, and another, rarely mentioned, takes an eastward course; both almost lose themselves in the marshy plains of Hermus.

We were prevented from prolonging our stay in this ruined haunt of the sublimest memories by absence of all accommodation, and we took horse in a few hours for Magnesia. Our course lay through a country studded with enormous tumuli, where

Lie the Terrible in arms, who, born beside
The broad Gygean lake where Hyllus flows
And Hermus, called this fertile soil their own;

in fact, through the necropolis of Sardis.

Now, you will have had enough of ruins, and, indeed, of my writing altogether; so I will conclude with a brief account of a trip to the isle of Patmos, and so say my last of 'the Levant.'

Patmos is a very high and rocky island indeed, and has scarcely a level spot upon it. It consists of steep and craggy hills, and is indented by deep bays along its coasts; one of these forms a harbour, where six or seven ships may lie secure from every wind that blows in from twelve to seventeen fathoms of water; the entrance to this is on the east side. The island produces corn and wine, but neither in sufficient quantities for its own wants. Down upon the beach where we landed is a small fishing-village; from thence the inhabitants sail to the mainland, with their exports of manufactured caps and stockings, and bring back the necessities of life in their open caïques. The women are dressed in caps of enormous size, and of their own making; the men are almost all fishermen. The whole island belongs to the monastery, which is built upon its highest point; but the holy men themselves have to pay a tax, of a small amount, to the capitan pacha. We visited the consul's house, who had attired himself—though a Greek, born and bred—in an English coat, to do us honour; he professed great admiration of our countrymen, and of all that belonged to us; of our rum, gunpowder, biscuits, and pork and beef—which last articles he dexterously indicated he had less of than he wanted. The houses of Patmos are flat-roofed, and the streets too narrow for a donkey or a wheelbarrow; there are no shops except a wine-seller's or two, and cobblers' stalls. The monastery is dedicated to St John the Divine, and is said to be of great antiquity; the walls within are painted in a sort of fresco, with a series of wonderful animals; the beasts of the Apocalypse, according to the idea of the artist, whose imagination must have been as dis-tempered as the surface he bedaubed, without committing one breach of the second commandment. The chapel and other parts of the edifice were elaborately carved; there were several pictures of the Virgin, St John, and St George, much gilded, and a good deal smoked; and upon the altar were three golden candlesticks.

As we could only speak English, and the superior of the convent only Bomaic, our communications were rather curtailed, but he was immensely civil; he gave us pipes to smoke, and aniseed raki—a spirit such as the Russians were plied with during the late war—and having presented each of us with an aromatic sprig, he, politely and with considerable tact, turned us over to his librarian, a venerable papa, with an enormous snow-white beard. In the library were about 800 volumes, of chiefly Greek theology, and, like their wine, a little of it went a great length with us; the latter is red, with

a sweet and not palatable taste. In a cave, about half-way down the hill from the monastery, St John is said to have resided; it is a mere shelf of the precipitous rock, of which the upper part projects so as to form a kind of roof, and the front is faced with mason-work; it now forms a little chapel, especially grateful for a resting-place, wherein relics are exhibited and sold to pilgrims. The reverend recluse who inhabits it exhibited some specimens of antique pottery found in the island, one of which much amused us: a piece of superior fabric, of unquestionable but unknown age, disclosed upon its nether side the familiar name of 'Wedgwood.' Carefully preserved, here also were some fragments of paper, clearly poised off a tea-chest, which, being covered with Chinese characters, incomprehensible and probably unknown to people in this remote spot, were actually set down by them, and preserved with religious veneration as a fragment of the original Apocalypse.

Leaving these proofs of ignorance or deception, we once more ascended to the monastery, and walked out upon its terraced roof; before us lay the Sporades and the distant Cyclades, and beautiful sights on all sides through the calm gray air; the sea all round was quite unruffled, and rising out of it were islands almost without number. Viewing the world from this place, we might suppose that she was beginning to shew the topmost crags of her highest mountains after the first universal deluge, promising to expose still greater tracts yet fathoms below the light of the sun. We left this Patmos terrace regretfully, and envied the good friars their daily panorama.

THE SOOTHER

Thou little silvan brooklet,
That ripplest past my feet,
Come speak to me and soothe me
With whispers strange and sweet.

And charm away my sadness,
And bid my heart rejoice;
So gentle are thy fancies,
So musical thy voice.

Come tell me how the light winds
Do loiter as they pass,
With snow-drop and with hime-bell
Among the tender grass.

Some legend of the green-wood,
Or loves of water-fay;
Of fairies that come tripping
To dance the night away.

Daintily sipping the dew-drops,
Until the sun's return,
Then lulled by thee to slumber
Under the wavy fern.

Thou mossy-marg'd brooklet,
That gildest calm and free,
Wilt thou speak to the rushes,
And wilt thou not to me?

So gentle are thy fancies,
So musical thy voice,
Oh, speak to me and soothe me,
And make my heart rejoice.

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THE GREAT ST CADGER SWEEPSTAKES.

I AM not one of the 'knowing ones;' I am not a 'noble sportsman;' I have but vague notions associated with the locality known as 'the Corner;' I do not pretend even to be 'a judge of horseflesh;' yet was I to be found not long since in company with many thousand fellow-Londoners, journeying in an express excursion-train, to witness that important turf-event—the race for the Great St Cadger Sweepstakes. Now this, as every one knows, takes place at the Diecaster Autumn Meeting; and, as every one also knows, Diecaster is a pleasant, pretty town, situate in a northern county, and some one hundred and fifty miles from the metropolis. So, to be in time for the race, the train started at a very early hour, while cocks were just clearing their throats for crowing, while breakfast-rolls were in an immature and indigestible state in the oven, while the morning air was blowing about in a free, fresh, and genial manner, as yet unadulterated for the London market, and while the dew was very wet on the ground, and its little diamond eggs laid out in every place where room could possibly be found to deposit them. Quite a noonday hubbub at the station, however, if not something more. Extra porters, extra guards, extra pay-boxes. This way to the train now starting for Diecaster! Here's room. Ring bell, and scream whistle, and away we move. And now the sun fairly mounts on to the cloth of gold spread for his footsteps in the east, and, like a young heir come into possession, begins to fling about his wealth upon all manner of barren and unprofitable objects, gilding blank hill-tops, and grim and sooty manufactory chimneys, and being in no sort of hurry to seek out the good glorious little flowers down in the valley, opening their pretty lips in grateful readiness for his morning kisses.

Latest Betting.—7 to 4 agst. Pentapolis; 8 to 1 agst. Blunderbore; 11 to 1 agst. Archipelago; 12 to 1 each agst. Ali Baba and Semiramide; 100 to 7 agst. Sally-in-our-Alley; 100 to 3 agst. Hoopeddoodendoo; 40 to 1 agst. Camaralzaman; 100 to 1 agst. Dandy Jim; and 1000 to 1 agst. Hippopotamus.

'They are still at it, then,' must the sun have thought, if the sun ever does think—he has reflections, but has he thoughts?—as he rose upon the hum of talking at the railway station, where the above quotations were the staple of the discussion. 'Just as I left them last night.' Yes, and all the night through they've been going on very much in the same way; and some of us, I note, as I glance round at my brother-excursionists, look a little the worse for it

already. A glaze of bile dims some eyes near me, and, generally, the faces are rather pale and tumbled; and there is an undoubted odour of doubtful tobacco, and just a *souppçon*—a whiff of stale brandy and water, or whisky-toddy. Have we all been to bed? I wondered.

There are divers modes of estimating time's progress. As farmers ruddle sheep, so we all affix some distinguishing mark upon each year as it passes; and different men have different marks. I have heard soldiers single out the Chillianwallah year, or the Alma year. Collegians refer to the year when Dimple got the Newdigate. Lawyers date from Dobbs being Chief-justice, or Sheepskin having the Common Pleas; or allude to the 15th and 16th Victoria. We excursionists marked our calendars with racing *notabilia*. We spoke of the year when Artaxerxes won the Newgate Cup; when Our Mary Ann carried off the Corporation Stakes; and when Merry Andrew ran for the Pacha's Plate. We were intensely turfy; and yet, almost to my disappointment, we had not all that pronounced, equine appearance I had, in idea, been in the habit of connecting with sporting gentlemen. True, some of us rejoiced in the regulation close-shave, short-cut hair, narrow-rimmed hat, trousers tight as eelskins, and the curved parenthesis legs. But others, in appearance, betrayed no sign of stable predilections; and might, indeed, so solid, grave, and respectable they seemed, have been farmers, merchants, lawyers, or even eminent physicians. One—a stout elderly gentleman, whose chin was quite an important work in many volumes, and who was attired in sleek black, with a white cravat and a broad-brimmed hat—I was fast setting down as a bishop, or, at any rate, as a metropolitan dean, when I found him breaking out in language even less ecclesiastical than I have chronicled—

'I say, sir, it's an infernal shame, an infernal shame!'

His voice became thick with indignation; a very fine purple dawned in face, and his chins billowed about in a tempest. I thought he had been robbed, seriously maltreated, or charged double fare, being a stout man, and carrying so much luggage, as it were, in the shape of fat. I inquired the reason of his wrath.

'It's an infernal shame! They've taken Whatman off Methuselah! He's going to ride Semiramide.'

There was quite a yell of execration in the carriage. I did not strictly appreciate the grievance, but I cordially agreed that it was really a great deal too bad, and that it was just such things as that which disgusted

respectable people with the turf; and as all, of course, arrogated to themselves respectability, the remark was received with favour. And now we rattled along bravely on our iron path. Would the weather hold up? we were speculating. It just wanted a shower to put the course in nice order. Ah! but too much rain, and where would Pentapolis be? some one asked in a knowing way. Pen—for so, with affectionate abbreviation, we termed the animal—couldn't win on a wet course. For his part, the bishop was of opinion that it would rain like blazes before we reached Diecaster; that the strongest horse would win, and that the devil might take the hindmost. Then alarmist suggestions were heard: Did any one know anything about Ali Baba casting his shoe, and damaging his off-hoof? Was it true that Sally had beaten Hoopeddoodendoo at the trial on Monday? The bishop remarked, in reference to Arethusa, that he had looked well at her legs, and in strong language desired great mischief to himself if he thought much of them. He did not believe the least in Pentapolis; never knew a horse to win when the odds were seven to four about him; knew a thing or two, and it couldn't be done for the money; shouldn't be surprised if a dark horse played the trick, after all; and if any gentleman would like to transact business about Hippopotamus, why, he wouldn't balk him—he couldn't say fairer than that.

Half-way on the journey there was a plunge out of the carriages for bitter beer—a lapse of five minutes merely, and then we were shrieking through the country again. Why was Tomahawk scratched? That was what we all wanted to know. And was the owner going to stand to win upon Ali Baba or upon Semiramide? Why had Camaralzaman gone down suddenly, after having been as high up as he well could be? We were always upon such subjects as these. Once, it is true, the bishop led the conversation astray about the fight on Monday, at which he had assisted, between those distinguished members of the P. R., the Bradford Bantam and the Chelsea Nobbler, and described with glowing eloquence a 'one, two,' between the eyes, administered by the Bantam; but this lasted only a few minutes, and then we were on the main line again; and, the field against the favourite, would anybody make a bet?

Here we are at Diecaster station at last, and not merely the London train, but excursion-trains from all the neighbouring manufacturing towns are pouring out their thousands and tens of thousands; and through many arrangements of barricades, much temporary planing for the accommodating or confusing of crowds, through cordons of additional railway-servants recruited from all parts of the railway kingdom, and of policemen sworn in specially for this great occasion, we make our way into the town. Soon the bodies of excursionists lose their identities, and all seethe up together in a human mass, moving through the principal street all in one direction—to the race-course. Had the town capitulated that morning to a besieging enemy, it could not have been filled more rapidly, or by a more ample and heterogeneous army; horses, carriages, and omnibuses are bringing in more company from shorter distances whither railways do not run; and flies are swarming about—one-horsed, not entomological—beset with a mad anxiety to convey visitors to the course, and hurry back into the town, and generally, to make more trips to and fro than they can possibly hope to achieve within the given time. Were Diecaster an open museum for the display of vehicular curiosities, more striking examples of carriage construction could not have been collected in its streets. A special crowd cloaks round the betting-room, quite an imposing

building, and not unlike a chapel in its external aspect. Wading through this crowd, and following cleverly in the rear of a costermonger's cart, donkey-drawn, and conveying a heavy party of six, I, too, push on for the course; and now on its edge, I find myself in quite a market overt for commerce in brandy-balls, walking-sticks, nuts and apples, Albert rock, and 'cakes and boons, a ponny.' Here, too, I perceive much three-throwing at coconut-laden sticks, divers gambling arrangements for knocking sixpence off a lump of putty, and not getting it when you do knock it off; for pricking at a subtly folded garter, and for firing at a target with the advantage of obtaining 'nuts for your money, and sport for nothing.' Here, too, is a grand performance of acrobatic talent; a gentleman in exhibition doubling-up a little boy, also in spangles, into all conceivable and inconceivable shapes. The royal Punch and Judy is giving an *allegrette vivace* performance; a girl with fair hair and a dirty face is dancing in a sort of grasshopper wagon-stilts; a band of sable minstrels are dinning out 'Sally, come up—Sally, come down; an accomplished monkey, on an elevated round table, plays the tambourine, skips with a hoop, dances a hornpipe, performs a solo on the triangle, goes through the broadsword exercise, and eventually fires off a musket—achieving the whole round of his entertainment in about the space of three minutes. All these are swarming along to the race-course, but making occasional halts with the view of feeling the pulse of the crowd, and ascertaining if stray coppers abound. Here, too, are some old vagrant acquaintances. The British seaman who has lost his legs, as he states, from the bite of a shark, and who exhibits a hideous cartoon of the painful occurrence, and keeps too curious boys from treading on the work, or from precluding the inspection of passers likely to pay as well as gaze, by administering severe thumps on the toes with his crutch. Here are more British seamen—three, each having lost an arm, their appearance unprepossessing, and savouring a good deal of the land, as they group themselves round their Union Jack, and singing dolefully *The Bay of Biscay*, maintain a vivid look-out for halpence. Here is the dreadful man who elevates a pictorial placard, representing a house on fire, and an individual leaping from the two-pair window, with a statement beneath that he is the individual, and that in the disaster he bit off his tongue—exhibiting that lost member, a black, India-rubber-looking lump, preserved in spirits of wine in a glass-bottle suspended from his chin, while his wife dodges about the crowd in search of moved spectators. And here, wonder of wonders!—here is a blind man dragged raceward by his dog.

At length we are on the course. The air is gambling hither and thither in a delicious *abandon*, and a blue sky canopies over the wide-spread carpet below—bright, warm, green in colour, save where a thick crowd blackens it near the grand stand and winning-post, and snow-white streaks map out the boundaries of the course. And now I perceive the prism hues of the jockeys' jackets dancing above the throng; and hurrah! up go certain numbers to the top of the telegraph-post; and hurrah again! Daddy Longlegs has won the Town Handicap, value 100 guineas, for three-year old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillic, 8 st. 4 lb.—the second to save his stake. Annie Laurie, the favourite, has been beaten by a length.

But this is a small event—a sip only of the excitement to come in half an hour. The white lines dividing the course from the spectators are now rubbed out, for the crowd has tided over the barriers to inspect more closely the winner of the Town Handicap, and to view also as much as can be seen of the operations of saddling and weighing for the

'Gr-r-reat St Cadger,' as a wild-looking being (like a huntsman suffering from pauperism and insanity, and preferring nakedness to top-boots for his feet and legs), proclaims it, thrusting what he calls a 'c'rect card' in the face of any one he can approach sufficiently near for his purpose; and he is only a sample of a legion of other insane and poverty-stricken huntsmen, who, leaping, and bounding, and shrieking about, hoarse, hot, and hard-breathing from their exertion, proffer 'c'rect cards three-pence, and lead-pencil a penny,' to every one who appears not to want the articles in question. And now I am close to the palings of an enclosure in which are congregated very fine samples of that great institution, the British Swell. Grandly proportioned, muscular, clean-groomed and glossy altogether, with copious broad-cloths, well-waxed, well-setting moustache, bird's-wing whiskers, long white hands, superbly cool and grandly imperturbable altogether, the swell proper—and here is the genuine article—is unmatched and unmatchable. He is belted with a race-course glass, pendent behind him like a peaceable cartouche-box, and he is making notes in the most natty of note-books. He will drop his money, of course—it is one of the missions of the swell *pur sang*—and he is not supremely intellectual; but he is a fine production, and well worth examining. Note that the sun and breeze of the course have improved by warming up his usually somewhat too pale complexion; and here, in a smaller enclosure, are many individuals, by no means swells, but still making very rapid entries in their note-books. One of them, fishy as to his eyes, and mildewed generally in appearance, comes down to the front, near where I am stationed; he smiles in a bland, moist, inviting way.

'Can I make a bet with any gentleman? What do you stand on, sir? I'll go twelve to one against Archipelago—or will Blunderbore suit your little game? Eight to one—eight to one! The field against the favourite—at two to one. I'll give or I'll take you.' This was said in a general way. 'Come, gentlemen, can't I do anything with you?' He called us Gentlemen—it was complimentary, for we were rather a mixed lot; it was a cheap way of flinging half-pence among us.

'I'll back Pem,' said a husky voice; it belonged to a very decayed-looking groom, with one eye only, a plaid cap, and a stable fragrance about him. He held out a shilling.

The man with the book looked at the coin with a sublime air of pity. 'No, no!' he said, still affable, but just the slightest degree in the world offended, and a small sneer stealing up from his animal lip to his fish eye. 'No—I should like to oblige you, but I can't take shillings.—What will you do, sir?'—to another portion of the crowd. 'Shall we say thirteen to one against Semiramide? or will you back an outsider? Long odds given—long odds. Ah! you're laughing; you're a winner already, I see—those laugh that win. No? Backed Annie did you? Never mind; we shall all win this time—we shall all win. What can I do for you, sir?'

'It's an infernal shame,' a loud voice was exclaiming in the enclosure—'an infernal shame! What will they do next? Hippopotamus is scratched!'

It was the bishop. He was talking to a man with a globular body and very attenuated legs—something like an overgorged spider altogether. He had a speckled red face, seemingly tattooed and well rubbed in with red ochre, a heavy jaw closely shaven, coarse mouth, depressed nose, and eyes like little black beads on a bloodshot ground.

'Do you know who that is?' asked the decayed groom in an odorous whisper.

'That's the race-prophet of the *Sunday Ostler*.'

It was evident my notions of prophets had been of

an overcharged and Michael Angelesque character. I had entertained thoughts of flowing robes, patriarchal forelocks, crumpled foreheads, and mane-like beards. That a prophet! A compound of the poacher, the prize-fighter, and the stable-help, with a slight dash, by way of flavour, of the low comedian.

'He calls himself Joe Nuggins's Cat. He mewed last Sunday.'

'Who does he say will win?' I asked.

'Ali Baba, one; Blunderbore, two; Pentapolis, three.'

Here the prophet, recognising a friend in the crowd, came down quite close to me.

'How are you, old Flick?' he said with a coarse guttural voice.

'Give us the tip,' was his friend's only remark.

The prophet put up two dingy, horny, hairy hands to his ugly mouth, and in a husky whisper said: 'Put the pot on Hoopeddoodendoo, ten to one. It's safe.'

And he was gone to make bets with another spider in the enclosure. 'O false prophet,' I thought, 'and what about Ali Baba?'

Past the densely crowded grand stand, and its not less crowded satellite stands—past the serried phalanx of carriages, filled with bewitching pink bonnets and French gray frilly fringing parasols, and pretty faces beneath, now busily engaged in taking bird-sips of champagne, and bird-pecks at diamond edition, forty-eight-mo sandwiches—past a closely packed line of carts, filled with people very hot and very jolly, laughing loudly, boisterously mirthful, tilting up huge stone-bottles of stout, and packing away comfortably whole libraries of slices of bread and meat in quarto and folio volumes, thick proportionately—past and in the rear of these we come upon all the paraphernalia of a fair. Here are the three throws again; dirty *rouge-et-noir* gambling apparatus; more rifle-firing for nuts; the land-sailors and the *Bay of Biscay*; the man with his tongue in the bottle; an amazing band of Ethiopians, dressed in union-jack trousers, and shirt-collars sticking out like flying jibs; and even once again the blind man, dragged into all sorts of dilemmas by his hard-hearted and inconsiderate dog. Here, too, is a wild-beast show, with a man dressed as a fair Chinaman in a suit of chintz, making a hideous din with a French horn, while a brother Chinaman administers cruel blows to a cracked gong. The result is deafening, not to say deadening. Other Chinamen have dragged on to the platform a sample of the menagerie—a brown, threadbare-looking, dingy object like an animated old door-mat, which, being a bear, opens a fearful mouth, and emits a horrible clamour, while one of his attendants waves above a disgusting-looking scarlet intestinal article of animal consumption. Adjoining this delicious attraction, are rival sparring-booths, also with platforms in front. On these, men in dirty cotton fleshings and with dirtier boxing-gloves go through fighting positions. One, it may be noted, a black man, is, with most unartistic perception, still clothed in a white fleshing. 'The Noble Art of Self Defence,' writes up one booth; 'Real Sparring Tallent,' inscribes the other; and the boxing attitudes go on, and the essence of science seems to be, to an ordinary observer, quite as much not to hit as not to be hit. 'Come and see fighting Sambo, the real champion of the ring,' shouts one ill-looking proprietor, with a very asthmatic voice, and putting his dirty hand on the shoulder of his dirtier black subordinate. 'Don't be deceived, gents,' roars the rival ill-looking proprietor. 'Here is the real thing. Just a going to begin. Now—all in, all in!' It may be remarked, that while by far the greater portion of the crowd collected on the course is distinguished by the broad dialect of the northern provinces, all the public

exhibitors, performers, conjurors, and mountebanks, generally speak without the slightest provincialism. Are they all Londoners, then, these vagrant professors of a hundred arts, or do the hard toils of their Arab life erase every evidence of their places of nativity? And now the bell rings for saddling, so back to the course to see the running for the Gr-reat St Cadger Sweepstakes.

A stout gentleman on horseback, scarlet-coated, and with a long hound-whip, is dashing and lashing about in an impassioned way, aiding the police to clear the course of stragglers. And now come the horses for their preliminary canter. 'That's Pen! that's Pen!' cry a thousand voices as the satin-coated favourite bounds past. 'Here's Sally! That's Archipelago! The red cap? No, the blue. Who's this? The black one? Oh, that's Uncle Ned. He hasn't much chance. Here's Semiramide; she's a stunner, she is. Here's Hoopeddoodendoo, and Arethusa, and Little Stranger, and Camaralzaman; and that's Blunderbore—he's a good horse. Here's Dandy Jim, and Tommy Tucker, and Ali Baba, and Fuzboz, and Potheen, and Epaminondas, and Trovatore.' And so they pass along, springing over the smooth turf, stretching out their taper necks, wonderful in their exquisite proportion, and their capacity for the speed they are called upon to exert, in their length and strength and wiriness of limb, the veins standing out in maps and patterns on their sleek coats, which gleam in the sun as though recently French-polished; and pleasant to look upon those trim, spruce, little jockeys, amazing light weights some of them, radiant in satin jackets and caps, and dainty cream-lined, tight-fitting small—very small—clothes. What children, what toys they look, but clean in their build, and very neatly turned about the limbs; what firm, sinewy management of their horses; what tight sticking to their saddles, as, bowing down their heads over the horse's neck, the wind bellies out their satin jackets, and they whirl past. How the impression comes to one that, as a matter of drawing, it would hardly be possible to make the horse with legs too long, or with a jockey too small!

And now we at the winning-post are in a great state of mental anxiety, in a great state of bodily discomfort, and yet the while strangely and joyously excited. Will they never get the horses off? 't' harses' or 't' hoorses,' as the words are pronounced by the crowd. They're off, they're off! 'Noa, noa, bock agin.' False start. Another, and another, and another. Will they never let them go? Now, now, off! A great stir in the grand stand, a great change in its colour, like the removal of a black mask from a white face. It is the general taking off of hats and the turning of all heads to one particular point. They're off, they're off! Look, you can see them. No, not yet. Now, by the hill, by the trees—now they're lost. Wait a bit—now again, by the Red House, rounding the corner. Here they come—here, here, here they are. Goo it! goo it! Bravo! hurrah! Pen, Pen, Pen! Bounding, tearing, pulsing along, with the quick *thud thud* of their hoofs beating musically on the turf, a stream of horses flashes past, more as a phantom than a reality, but that the ground trembles beneath them, and the bright jockey-colours glare past the eyes like a rainbow travelling express. Great cries of 'the favourite, the favourite.' More shouting, screaming, hubbub, and confusion. The great race is won and lost. Jump over the barriers, and on to the telegraph post. Hurrah! Camaralzaman, 1; Archipelago, 2; Uncle Ned, 3; Pentapolis, 4. Won cleverly by a neck. Bad third; a length between third and fourth; the rest nowhere. A tempest of noise; the roar reaches a crescendo.

The details of the race, I of myself should have had great difficulty in arriving at. I must own that

the horses were to me indescribably indistinguishable. Often I was prompted to give utterance to the suggestion, that it would be an excellent plan to inscribe each horse's name in large type on its flanks. The colours, and the perpetual reference to the card, to ascertain what horse bore them, and what, therefore, was his name, was bewildering. Fortunately, however, the sporting paper of the week supplied particulars that struck me with amazement as to how they could possibly have been ascertained. I was informed that after four failures the lot got away on good terms, Tommy Tucker slightly in advance, and closely clustering in his wake, Semiramide, Fuzboz, Blunderbore, Camaralzaman, Epaminondas, Pentapolis, Dandy Jim, and Archipelago, in the order set down. After the first seventy yards, however, Uncle Ned went to the front, Semiramide and Pentapolis following on close to his heels, with Potheen, and Hoopeddoodendoo, and Little Stranger lying in the extreme rear. At the top of the hill, Arethusa emerged from the rack, and gained a place next to Pentapolis. On turning into the straight, Uncle Ned declined, and Semiramide and Arethusa fell off. The issue of the race then rested with Archipelago, Pentapolis, and Camaralzaman; Uncle Ned still leading the beaten lot. Soon Pentapolis began to evince signals of distress, and Camaralzaman put on the steam. Uncle Ned then passed the favourite, and made a bold spurt for a first place, running very game, and evidently seriously tried. The race was then a very exciting one between Camaralzaman and Archipelago, the former winning cleverly by a neck, &c.

A stout form with a purple face, in the neighbourhood of the winning-post, is expostulating violently to a small group of hearers. 'It'sh an infernal shame. Infamushrasche—infamush. Wheresh Hoopeddoo (hic) doodendoo? Infamush. Fernalshame.' It is the bishop, and he has taken a little, just a little, too much refreshment. He is held up by the prophet, who is hot and greasy, but comfortable. I think that, upon the whole, he is a winner.

There are more races—the Corporation Pot, 200 sovereigns; the Swellington Stakes, 200 guineas. But who cares for these? Soda-water upon champagne. Let's get away. Beds at the Ewe Inn are one pound for the night, to sleep in a double-bedded room, perhaps with the bishop or the prophet in the other bed. No, thank you; I'm for London.

AN APOLOGY FOR OUR AUGUSTAN AGE.

ALTHOUGH there is little more than a lifetime between us and the glorious dead of our Augustan age, what a gulf there is between their manners and our own; what a singular scene of revelry, bluster, and intemperance we picture in our minds when we ponder on their lives! How different from the peaceful, calm, and contemplative life we love to think peculiar to the scholar! Why is it that the memory of these men is always tainted with an atmosphere redolent of excesses and the diseases consequent on over-feeding? Who imagines Johnson without his constant companions, dropsy, tumours, gout, and palsy? Who remembers Addison without a sad recollection of a trembling hand and a flushed face? When we think of Steele, is it not with wonderment that he could ever have been sober enough to write a line? Swift was so selfish in his gratifications, that we cannot even pity the infirmities his habits brought upon him. It is useless to recapitulate: it is too evident we can scarcely find one pure life among the brilliant names that gilded our Augustan age.

Why is this? It cannot be that literary men were

fall into these errors. It cannot be that the fine thoughts conceived by these noble souls have any tendency to drag them down to the level of our most degraded fellow-creatures. Surely the lives of our living authors utterly falsify any such idea. We do not shudder at the home-life of our teachers at the present day. They are not rendered different from the rest of us by any extraordinary vices. Beyond a trifling peculiarity in the way of a loose sleeve here, a protuberant collar there, and an occasional eccentricity in hirsute decoration, there is nothing about our great men to excite surprise. It is therefore unfair to attribute the sad memories of drunkenness and disorder that encircle the writers of the eighteenth century, to their pursuits. Let us compare their lives with those among whom they lived, and judge them by that standard, not our own.

The necessity for this comparison is forced upon us by an *Essay of Health and Long Life*, written by George Cheyne, M.D., F.R.S., in 1725; and from it we see that we have been shaking our heads, and holding up our hands at a few men, who were after all but the type of the many, and who, from their prominent position, have had fastened upon them a stigma due to the nation.

Dr Cheyne was born in 1670, when the ruins of London's Great Fire were not yet removed, and living during the reigns of Charles II., James, William and Mary, and Anne, saw the Brunswick line firmly established by the accession of George I. He was a very fashionable physician, and as he must have had ample opportunity for acquiring experience, we may rely upon his testimony. His book was much read, we know; and the need there existed for it, is fully established in the broad statement with which the doctor commences, that 'there is nothing that the better sort of people so lavishly and so unconcernedly throw away as health, except eternal felicity;' and he sufficiently accounts for the continental reputation awarded to us at that time, from the evil effects of which we still suffer, by giving us to understand that 'most of the chronic diseases, the infirmities of old age, and the short periods of the lives of Englishmen, are owing to repletion.'

The fact is, our ancestors knew nothing of physical laws. The light that had begun to shine in Germany and France, had not yet reached them. They could not conceive that any ill effects could ensue from rioting and gluttony; and the utter heedlessness of consequences we see now only in particular cases, was then the result of ignorance, and not persisted in, as at present, contrary to reason and judgment. That the little medical knowledge then existing was so loaded with errors that it did not afford sufficient food for expansive intellects, may be learned from the fact, that such men as Goldsmith and Mark Akenside, Smollett and Hartley, abandoned their professions, and gained their reputation in the wider fields of literature. It is rather curious that the same period during which the future truths of physiology lay hidden, should have given birth to the most masterly delineations of man's moral nature.

Much occupied as Dr Cheyne was in his profession, medicine did not possess monopolising charms for him, for we find him in the preface to his *Essay on Health*, speak with much contrition of a book he published on geometry and algebra, which he declared to have been 'brought forth in ambition, and bred up in vanity.' Notwithstanding the modesty with which Cheyne speaks of this 'sally,' as he calls it, Dr Isaac

Watts, in his *Improvement of the Mind*, mentions it with praise, and proclaims the author to have been 'a good proficient and writer.' Dr Cheyne says further, in reference to this book, with a quaintness that is quite bewitching, that a 'long time since I was forced to forego these barren and airy studies for more substantial and commodious speculations: indulging and rioting in these so exquisitely bewitching contemplations, being only proper for public professors, and those born to estates. Besides, to own a grievous truth, though they may sharpen the invention, strengthen the imagination, and refine the reasoning faculties; yet, having no tendency to rectify the will, sweeten the temper, or mend the heart, they often leave a stiffness, positiveness, and sufficiency on weak minds, much more pernicious to society, and the interests of the great end of our being, than all the advantages they bring them can recompense. They are, indeed, edge-tools, not to be trusted in the hands of any, but those who have already acquired an humble heart, a lowly spirit, and a sober and teachable temper.' These extraordinary sentiments concerning geometry and algebra, have been so far endorsed by Isaac Watts, that he gives the whole of this long quotation in his work just mentioned.

Dr Cheyne's *Essay on Health* is dedicated to his 'good and worthy friend,' Sir Joseph Jekyll—master of the rolls to Queen Anne, and principal manager of the trial of Dr Sacheverell—and it was at his desire that Cheyne drew up some rules for a 'confirmation of his health, and in the manner of supporting his spirits free and full under the great business he is engaged in.' These rules were afterwards extended into this essay; but Cheyne fears no endeavour of his could make 'a change in the nation, whilst the devil, the world, and the flesh are on the other side of the question.' Another stumbling-block in the way of improvement is the fact, that 'the British nation does not admire a self-denial,' and so will indulge in so much 'animal food and strong fermenting liquors, that scarce any one before they arrive at old age but becomes crazy, or suffers under some chronic distemper.' Do we not recognise here the colours that have been so plentifully daubed over the portraits of our great men, and which we have thought harmonised only with their characters?

Dr Cheyne complains that 'the variety of dishes, the luxurious artfulness of cookery, and swallowing rich wine after every bit of meat, so lengthen out the appetite, the fondness of mothers and the cramming of nurses have so stretched the capacities of receiving, that there is no security from the appetite;' and that his patients may not exceed, the doctor limits them to the following allowance for what he rightly calls the great meal: 'the two wings of a middling pullet, or one wing and both legs; three ribs of a middling neck of mutton; two middling slices of a leg or shoulder, throwing away the fat and the skin, and somewhat less of beef!' Can we imagine Kitty of Queensberry eating thus prodigiously, and charmingly petulant with Dr Cheyne for not allowing her more? He excludes from the table altogether all 'hog's flesh;' and fish is so hard of digestion that he reminds 'all valetudinary and studious people' how they are generally 'forced to have recourse to spirits and distilled liquors to carry it off, so that it is become a proverb among those who live much on it, that brandy is Latin for fish'—a pleasantry we can imagine Dick Steele to have revelled in.

Dr Cheyne draws for us a picture which we would rather not contemplate. He says: 'There is nothing more ridiculous than to see tender, hysterical, and vapourish people perpetually complaining, and yet perpetually cramming; crying out they are ready to sink into the ground and faint away, and yet gobbling down the richest and strongest food, and highest

cordials, to oppress and overlay them quite.' All this is so opposed to our conventional ideas of suffering Chloes, Stellas, and Lucindas, that we would fain shut our eyes and remain deluded.

We are more disturbed to learn from this book also, that not only did 'the profligate, the scoundrel, the abandoned, run into these excesses, but that the vice is become epidemic among persons of the brightest genius, the finest taste, and the most accomplished parts; and—O that I could give my conscience the lie in mentioning them—even among the first and least fallen part of the creation itself, and those of them, too, of the most elegant parts, and the strictest virtue otherwise.' The dreadful disenchantment is completed when we find that the 'poor pretty creatures,' as Cheyne calls the fair sex, were in the habit of flying to drams for consolation when afflicted with 'a fit of the cholice, or of the vapours, a family misfortune, a casual disappointment, the death of a child, or of a friend.' It would be well, perhaps, when we next feast our eyes on Sir Peter Lely's smiling beauties of Charles II.'s court, to remember these habits of theirs, and to imagine them all palsied, cramped, and tottering with premature age, as Dr Cheyne must have seen them, when they would have consulted him in fond hope that he could, by some elixir, help them to live on a little longer. Dr Cheyne confirms his own statements by recording that some years before, Sir Charles Scarborough, physician, who was wrecked off the coast of Scotland when in attendance on James II., and pulled ashore by Pepys, was obliged to reprove the then beautiful La Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, in the following Abernethian manner: 'You must eat less, or use more exercise, or take physic, or be sick!'

We know that Dr Johnson read this book of Cheyne's, for Boswell relates that the great lexicographer recommended it to him. Can we not fancy, then, that Johnson determined to make tea his usual drink, when he read that 'strong liquors inflame the blood into gout, stone, and rheumatism, raging fevers, pleurisies, small-pox, or measles, enrage the passions into quarrels, murder, and blasphemy, dry up the juices, and scorch and shrivel the solids.' Does not this reveal to us likewise a reason why we hear so much of these diseases in the history of the time; and is it not evident that we have not yet become quite free from the impurities that have been handed down to us by our ancestors? Let us believe that flesh was never intended to be heir to these infirmities, and that it is in our own power to save our children from the inheritance.

In spite of these 'distempers,' which nothing but 'cupping, bleeding, blistering, issues, vomiting, and sweatings' will remove, the doctor writes: 'I have no intention here to discourage the innocent means of enlivening conversation, promoting friendship, comforting the sorrowful heart, and raising the drooping spirits by the cheerful cup and the social repast; still he cannot approve of punch, which 'universally afflicts persons with palsies, cramps, and convulsions, and cuts them off in a few days.' To this he adds, with a twinge of self-reproach, called forth, no doubt, because it was well known that he was himself unable to resist the pleasures of the table, and had had three times in his life to be limited to an entirely vegetable diet—'Perhaps I may like the harmless frolic, the warm reception of a friend, and even the *dulce furore* itself more than I ought;' and he calls upon his readers to take a lesson from the experience he has had in his 'own crazy and untunable carcass.'

As a companion to the advice about the substantial part of the great meal, we are warned to take but 'one spoonful of wine in three glasses of water with it; and, as Sir William Temple has it, "one for yourself, another for your friends, a third for good-

humour, and a fourth for your enemies after it." If this rule were carried out at Moor Park, it must have been more salutary than agreeable to Jonathan Swift, who, from his position as chaplain, had to retire before the arrival of the sweets.

Cheyne does not 'admit any danger in the foreign infusion some great doctors have condemned by bell, book, and candle,' and to which Johnson became so much attached; but he has great objection to coffee, because 'those who debauch in it turn stupid, feeble, and paralytic. A dish or two is a present relief; but to dabble in it two or three times a day is as ridiculous, and more hurtful, than drinking so much lime-water.'

We find malt-liquors had not attained their present celebrity; 'they were only in use among mechanics and fox-hunters;' and our French neighbours ridiculed them under the name of 'barley soup.'

The next time we suffer ourselves to be enraptured with the numerous heroes of the last century, who as Philanders sighed for Delias, and as Dorimels swore by Altheas' eyebrows, let us remember that it was positively necessary for Dr Cheyne to implore them to 'duly once a week wash in warm water, rub, scrape, and pare their feet and nails.' And, beneath the wig that was so universal, the condition of the head must have been anything but sightly, as the doctor is obliged to remind his public that it will be conducive to their health if they will keep it well washed and shaved!

It is interesting to find contemporary testimony that Londoners could not even then enjoy a bath in their own noble river; for we read that 'the foreign matter with which rivers which have much filth drained into them abound, will sometimes ferment, as is manifest in the Thames.'

We are prepared to find doctors differing, but should hardly have expected to hear Cheyne ridiculing a German proverb that favours warm clothing, and telling us that 'much and heavy clothes attract and draw too much perspiration.' Without doubt, the doctor approved of the airy costume patronised by the ladies of his time.

Let us imagine one of the most enlightened of these, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, applying to Dr Cheyne for relief from cold, caught perhaps from lingering too long in Pope's pretty garden at Twickenham, with a proper deference to Dr Cheyne's dislike of flannel, and she would have been told 'to lie much abed, drink plentifully of small warm sack-whey, with a few drops of spirits of hartshorn, posset-drink, or water-gruel, and to take a scruple of Gascoign's powder night and morning.' When we discover that this Gascoign's powder—which must have been swallowed in large quantities by every one at that time, for we learn it had 'repute among physicians of the best note as a mighty cordial'—was compounded of an ounce each of prepared pearls, crab's eyes, red coral, amber, and oriental bezoar, we are brought back to the point from which we started, and can at once realise the ignorance that surrounded physiology at this time. Nearly all the remedies then in use were mixed with large quantities of arrack, canary, sack, hermitage or brandy, so there was no help for our invalided ancestors; they were pursued by these burning liquors, and having become ill from taking too much, were expected to get well by taking more.

We wish it could be said that over-eating and over-drinking had entirely disappeared from England—that the good seeds sown by Dr Cheyne had spread wider than they have done. The people of the last century may be excused for having fallen into error, because they were ignorant of the laws they were transgressing. This cannot be said of us. If we sin, we do so in spite of warning and in spite of knowledge; and instead, therefore, of reproaching the ignorant

excesses of our Augustan age, it would be well for us to imitate the example of Cheyne, and do everything in our power to check the wilful infringement of the laws of heaven in our own.

LABOUDIE, THE CYMBAL-PLAYER.

ST MICHAEL'S fair, held at Angers, the *chef-lieu* and assize-town of the department of the Maine-et-Loire, France, drew thither, in 1846, a much larger concourse of persons than usual, from the circumstance that to its ordinary attractions was to be added the exciting spectacle of the *guillotine en action*—a great moral lesson which authority had declared could not, upon this particular occasion, have too large an audience. Among that thronging, eager crowd, the name of Jean Gossot Laboudie was bandied about in every variety of emphasis and tone, expressive of scorn, indignation, abhorrence; and at his appearance in the *charrette*, with a priest by his side, a yell of execration burst forth, so fierce, so terrible, that the doomed wretch, whose pallid face and wildly gleaming eyes were calming into hopeful resignation beneath the influence of the priest's prayers and promises, was actually smitten down by the overwhelming anathema, falling on his face with a loud cry of despair, as if, whispered the near bystanders, as if recognising that the unanimous judgment of his fellow-men was prophetic of the swiftly coming doom of God!

The *charrette* moves on the while—the irredeemable moments flit past, and suddenly another shout, more intense, more terrible than that which struck down Laboudie, rings through the air. This hurricane-outcry, commencing at the upper corner of the Place, communicates itself with electric rapidity to the whole of the vast assemblage, swaying them to and fro in billowy eddies; and so confused, so deafening is the multitudinous uproar of voices, that it is some moments before you make out that they are shouting, screaming—'Stop! stop! It is murder! It is she! Thunder of heaven! it is Cécile! It is his child! Break down the scaffold!' and the like frantic outcries. Not only is the crowd in the Place thus furiously agitated, but superior functionaries, and others of the *élite* of Angers, handsomely attired ladies among them, seated at the windows of the prefecture, whence a capital view of the grim and ghastly guillotine is obtained, display equal commotion. More especially excited is the venerable, white-haired *conseiller à la Cour de Cassation*, who officiated as president of the Cour d'Assises which condemned Laboudie to death; and, although his words are inaudible, you perceive that he is gesticulating like a madman to the busy officials of the scaffold.

The apparent cause of the frenzy which has seized the people is a fair young girl, tall of her age, which cannot be more than seventeen, attired with picturesque fantasy in a bright-coloured dress, and holding a tambourine in her hand, who is standing up by the side of the driver of a lofty, gaily-painted, wood-roofed wagon, which has just come into view at the upper corner of the Place. She gazes from her conspicuous standing-place with wondering curiosity at the excited crowd and the grim scaffold, with which, or with what is passing there, the gestures and vociferations, by which she is stunned and stupefied, seem to connect her in some inexplicable manner.

'What can have happened?' she murmurs be-

wildered. 'Why do they cry murder, and ejaculate, "It is Cécile—Cécile, her very self?"'

The reply to those questions could not have been rendered briefly intelligible to the girl herself; and to the reader, ignorant of preceding circumstances with which she was familiar, it must needs be a much more lengthened one. I will, however, give it as briefly as may be, and as far as possible in the words of the original record.

Jean Gossot Laboudie, a man, by his own account, of little more than forty years of age, but, judged by appearances, fifty at least, was a discharged soldier, who had served in the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, had been dismissed the army for some offence without a pension, and refused admission to the *Invalides*, although severely wounded in the head—a hurt which, when his blood was inflamed with drink or passion, manifested itself by paroxysms of rage, approaching, in unreasoning violence, to absolute insanity. He had been known in the neighbourhood of Angers, Beaufort, Jumelles, and the adjacent hamlets, for the previous ten years, as a strolling musician—he himself playing the Turkish cymbals and Pandean reeds, to which his daughter Cécile, a pretty blonde, with bright blue eyes, sparkling with vivacity and intelligence, sang and danced; of late years, assisting her father's instrumentation with the tambourine. This girl, who was about seven years old when they first appeared in that part of France, was fondly beloved by her father; and if anything could have weaned him from a vagabond-life, and the debasing tastes which had probably sunk him to the low level of such an existence, and now bound him thereto, it would have been his anxiety to assure her a happier, worthier future than for himself he cared for. For Jean Gossot Laboudie was a confirmed drunkard and reckless gambler; save when, under the pressure of necessity, or the fitful stimulus derived from his ardent love of Cécile, he broke away for a few days or weeks from the corrupting routine of his daily pursuits, only to fall back therein more inextricably enthralled than before. At such times, glimpses of a former and better life, of careful educational culture, clearly manifested themselves, and many efforts were made by worthy persons to win him back to honest if humble respectability. It was pious labour thrown away; habits of vagabond idleness are rarely conquered in mature life; and except during these brief, remorseful intervals, Laboudie remained constant to his peripatetic vocation, which, moreover, became comparatively profitable with the development of Cécile's vivacity and talent; and several propositions were made to him that they should both, since separation from each other appeared out of the question, join a regular *troupe* of itinerant performers. All such offers, however, were angrily rejected by Laboudie, who could not bear the thought of Cécile's association with *men* of his own calling, though of a considerably higher grade. Thus dreaming, sinning, repenting, Laboudie continued to squander life and health till the summer of 1846, when it was remarked that a great change had come over the girl, now in her seventeenth year. Her buoyant spirits had vanished with the bright bloom of her cheeks, and were succeeded by chagrin and lassitude. They had been absent from that part of France during the previous winter and spring, and the change consequently struck the numerous friends and admirers of *La Belle Tambourine*, about Angers, the more forcibly. Laboudie was questioned over and over again as to the cause of so ominous a transformation; but his answers were as petulant and fierce as they were unsatisfactory.

'He knew nothing of the cause of Cécile's megrims. *Parbleu*, how should he? It was the girl's waywardness, caprice; and, bah! she would be gay enough

again before long: and if not,' he once added in terrible tones, 'I would prefer seeing her in her grave to—— But this, *ma foi*,' he went on to say, changing his tone and manner by a strong effort—'this, after all, is but silly bavardage. Cécile is a good girl, and will soon regain her charming vivacity; and, by the way, Maître Guiton, I will trouble you for another *petit verre*.' Laboudie tossed off the liquor, and immediately left the place—a *cabaret*, near Beaufort, called *Le Coq*.

This occurred on the 19th of August 1846; and at about eleven o'clock on the evening of that day—six hours only after Laboudie had left *Le Coq*—two lads—Jacques Broussard and Simon Vesset, both between twelve and thirteen years of age, were met by a party of *gardes champêtres* (rural police), as they, the lads, were hastening to warn the authorities of Beaufort of a tragical event that had just occurred at a place about half a league from where they met the *gardes*. The story related by the boys, stripped of surplussage, was as follows: They were both swine-herds in the employ of a cultivator named Perron, and, now that beech and oak mast were beginning to fall, passed the night alternately with two other lads, in the woods bordering the Loire between Jumelles and Beaufort, in charge of their master's swine. The *local* to which they were restricted was very solitary and dismal, even in daytime, and of course much more so at night, brief and fine as the nights were at that season; and the boys usually kept close by each other for companionship. They were so at between nine and ten that evening, in one of the temporary huts constructed to shelter them in case of foul weather, when they heard footsteps approaching, accompanied by voices pitched in a loud and angry key. Peeping forth at the unglazed apertures which admitted air and light to the hut, they perceived that the steps and voices were those of Laboudie and La Belle Tambourine, whom they of course knew well by sight. They passed close by the hut, and the boys observed that Cécile was weeping bitterly—an emotion which, there could be no doubt, was excited by the angry abuse of her father, who seemed desperately enraged by the girl's refusal, as the boys gathered from the few sentences they distinctly made out, to give him a sum of money she had earned that afternoon by assisting at a marriage-fête. Cécile carried her tambourine as usual, and Laboudie his cymbals; and it was subsequently ascertained that they were proceeding to a hamlet a considerable distance off, where their services were required, early in the morning, at another nuptial-fête. Curiosity induced the boys to follow the father and daughter, the sinuous path leading through the thick woods enabling them to do so very closely without any risk of being observed. The rage of Laboudie continued to increase in violence, and the lads were soon quite sure that it was excited by Cécile's refusal to part with the money she had earned, for he frequently broke off in what he was saying—which, for the most part, they could not comprehend, from his rapid, passionate way of speaking—to exclaim, pausing in his walk as he did so, and shaking the cymbal in his right hand fiercely at the girl: 'Donnez le moi, malheureuse; donnez moi l'argent ou je t'assomme.' Cécile would not do so; and on they went, till close by the rocky turn about a quarter of a league from the Vallée des Vaux, which, of course, Messieurs les Gardes Champêtres knew perfectly well, leads precipitately down to the edge of the Loire, obliging the traveller to take the narrow footpath on the right. There Laboudie again halted, exclaiming in a fiercer voice than ever: 'Donnez moi l'argent, je te dis; si non'——

The girl, interrupting, said something inaudible to the boys, which had the effect of throwing Laboudie

into a transport of ungovernable rage; and accompanying the cruel deed with a wild, savage imprecation, he struck her a violent blow on the head with the edge of a cymbal, and Cécile fell to the ground dead—murdered!

'Dead—murdered! can it be possible?' exclaimed the *gardes* in a breath. 'But how did you ascertain that?'

'Very easily,' replied Broussard, the most intelligent of the boys. 'Laboudie had no sooner committed the fell act, than he seemed paralysed with horror; but presently recovering his self-possession, he threw himself on his knees beside his daughter, down whose face the blood was profusely streaming, and called frantically upon the senseless corpse to speak to him—forgive him—feeling her wrists and heart the while, with the hope, no doubt, of finding that she yet breathed.' Convinced, however—so the lads concluded—that she was indeed slain, he rose to his feet, and raged, cursed, gnashed his teeth with maniacal fury. By and by, a sense of his own peril seemed to flash upon him; he glanced eagerly about on all sides, as if to assure himself that the bloody scene had no witnesses; then snatching up the corpse, he made off with it down the precipitous ravine to the river, which in that part of its course is very swift and deep, and vanished from the view of the boys, who stood gazing at each other in mute dismay. Laboudie soon reappeared, looked searchingly about as before, and went rapidly off to the right, in the direction of the hamlet of Ponçereau. Full ten minutes must have passed, Broussard thought, before they, fearing the furious man's return, ventured forth from their hiding-place, and crept down the ravine. The body of the unfortunate Cécile was nowhere to be seen, and had doubtless been thrown into the Loire by the unnatural assassin. The boys had hardly gained the concealment of the wood when they saw Laboudie hurrying back to the spot, and they themselves at once set off to apprise justice of what had occurred.

The reader will understand, that while this revelation was being made, the *gardes champêtres* and their youthful informants were hurrying to the spot where the frightful crime was alleged to have been perpetrated. It was scarcely concluded when they arrived, and obtained abundant confirmation of its truth. Laboudie was still there, and they contrived to approach within half-a-dozen yards of him unobserved. The wretched man had his daughter's tambourine in his hands, which he would one moment kiss and apostrophise with frenzied tenderness, as if addressing his child; the next, he burst into hideous laughter, said she was condemned to death, and it was no use praying, or words, as the horrified auditors understood, to that purpose; then bethinking himself, he hastened to finish his work of fastening a heavy stone to the inside of the tambourine by means of his braces, which he had fastened across the instrument through the bell-apertures. The instant he was satisfied the stone could not slip away, he hurried with the instrument towards the river, with the obvious intention of throwing it in—the idea suggesting the act being of course that the finding of the tambourine would lead to inquiries as to the fate of its owner. He reached the bank of the river, poised the tambourine with both hands, exclaimed: 'Va, suis ta malheureuse maitresse' (Go, follow thy unhappy mistress), when he was seized by the *gardes*. His glaring eyes rested for a moment, as if fascinated by fear, upon the official ministers of vengeance, and then shrieking out: 'Ha, ha! the assassin is caught then!' fainted.

The Cour d'Assises for the department of the Maine-et-Loire commenced its trimestrial sittings on the 12th of September 1846, at Angers, under the presidency of M. Ponthieu, conseiller à la Cour de

Cassation, a magistrate of high character and great experience. Laboudie's trial was appointed for the 14th; and five minutes after the doors were opened on the morning of that day, the *tribunes, prétoire*, every nook and cranny of the court, where sitting or standing room could be obtained, were filled by an excited auditory, anxious to witness, and, as it were, participate in the condemnation of the monster that had slain his own child for the purpose of possessing himself of her hardly won earnings!

Upon the appearance of the prisoner, he was greeted with a murmur, which the commands of the president with difficulty prevented from swelling into a shout of execration. Laboudie shrunk back from the scrutiny of so many angry eyes; but silence and order being at length enforced, his self-possession returned, and in reply to the president, he said his name was Jean Gossot Laboudie; that he was born in Clermont-Ferrand, Puy-de-Dôme; was a widower; had served as a Chasseur d'Afrique, was now a musician by profession, and in his forty-first year: he pleaded not guilty.

Messieurs les Jurés were then called and sworn; and that ceremony over, the *acte d'accusation* was read by the *greffier*, as also the *procès verbal* in the case. (Minutes of preliminary evidence, taken by a *juge de paix*, or a commissary of police.) M. Bernard had been, it was angrily remarked, engaged for the prisoner; and immediately after the formal proceedings had closed, he took his seat upon the *banc de la défense* with an *avoué*. 'Scoundrels seldom want eloquent defenders,' growled one of the audience, loud enough to draw upon himself the official rebuke of a *huissier*.

As soon as the *greffier* had finished reading the *procès verbal*, the *procureur-général* was about to call witnesses to substantiate the averments of the *acte d'accusation* by *vivâ-voce* testimony, when the prisoner interfered.

'Pardon, Monsieur le Président,' he said, in a subdued respectful tone. 'There is an error, involuntary, no doubt, in one of the *procès verbaux*, that drawn up by Monsieur le Commissaire de Police, Tascher. The *garde champêtre* has deposed that he heard me apostrophising, in imagination, of course, *l'infortunée*, who, I admit, came by her death at my hands. Perhaps Monsieur le Greffier will have the complaisance to read the passage.'

'That Jean Gossot Laboudie exclaimed, as if addressing his victim,' so the *greffier* read, at a sign from the president, 'that she was condemned to death, and it was of no use praying or crying.'

'C'est ça. Well, Monsieur le Président, et Messieurs, that is a misapprehension. I remember every circumstance pertaining to that fatal night now. My memory, after scenes of violence and passion, becomes clear and exact, slowly, but completely. I was merely repeating to myself, in my utter despair, the fine verses with which Monsieur le Président is no doubt well acquainted:

La mort a des rigueurs à nulle autres pareilles;
Nous avons beau prier;
La cruelle qu'elle est, bouche ses oreilles,
Et nous laisse crier.'

'It may be as you say, Laboudie,' remarked the president; 'but the correction you supply is only of consequence as shewing that you have not the excuse of want of education for your misdeeds.'

'Be it so,' rejoined the prisoner; 'it is none the less the exact verity. *Au reste*, the depositions of the *gardiens champêtres* and others are correct. I did, there is no doubt, cause the death of Cécile, but not,' added Laboudie with extreme emotion—'not with intention: not, as Thou knowest, O God of mercy—not with intention—with malice! I would have

freely given my own life a thousand times for hers.'

'You believe in God, then, Laboudie,' said the president, taking at once the decided part, or apparently so, on the side of the prosecution, which so utterly scandalises an Englishman. 'You forgot Him on the night of the 19th of August.'

'Yes, yes,' replied the accused mournfully; 'it is true. The demon possessed me wholly then. He often does; always after his agent and forerunner, brandy—water of death, not life (*eau de vie*), it should be called—has prepared the way for him.'

The hearing of the witnesses was next proceeded with; and that over, the *duel* between the president and the prisoner, that most revolting feature in the criminal procedure of France, commenced.

'According to your own story, Laboudie,' said the president, 'you, after striking Cécile to the earth with a cymbal, carried her to the brink of the river, in order to try the effect of cold water in restoring her senses. Failing in that, you hurried off towards Poncecreau in quest of medical aid; but after traversing about a third of the distance, the thought occurred that help so tardy would be of no avail. You retraced your steps, and upon reaching the spot where you had left the body of your daughter, found it had disappeared. A kerchief that had hung loose upon her neck was floating upon the water, and you thence concluded, either that Cécile upon partially recovering consciousness, had fallen accidentally into the river, upon the slippery, precipitous brink of which you had left her; or that, in a paroxysm of grief and despair, excited by your brutality, she had wilfully drowned herself. This is, I think, a fair *résumé* of your version of the affair?'

'*Remerciements*, Monsieur le Président. It is reproduced with the exactest fidelity.'

'How do you reconcile that statement with the exclamatory confession that escaped you when surprised by the *gardiens champêtres*: "The assassin is caught then?"'

'I accused myself at that bewildering moment, as I do now, of having been the involuntary assassin of the unfortunate Cécile.'

'Why, if innocent in intention, did you endeavour to destroy all traces of the deceased by sinking her tambourine and otherwise?'

'Eh, Monsieur le Président, the love of life beats strongly in the breasts of the most fallen and wretched of mankind. I feared, and justly it has proved, to be misinterpreted. Besides, the dreadful catastrophe brought on an access of insanity. I knew not what I said or did.'

'You admit that the immediate cause of quarrel was the refusal of your daughter to give up a sum of money she had received from the *famille* Coquard?'

'Yes, the immediate apparent cause of quarrel, not the real one. I wished to obtain the money because I knew that by it Cécile would be enabled to accomplish a design I would have given my own life to frustrate.'

'What design was that?'

The accused hesitated for a few moments, and then said in a low, determined voice: 'To state that would avail nothing. I have unwittingly slain my child, but I will cast no stain upon her memory.'

A murmur of indignation from the audience followed this apparently hypocritical declaration, but it was suppressed by the president, who, at the same time, echoed it in his rejoinder.

'This is excellent, Laboudie. You, not only a confirmed vagabond and drunkard, but who, not long since, attempted to steal a silver flagon from an *aubergiste* of Beaufort, seek to shelter yourself under a plea of delicacy, forsooth!'

The sallow countenance of the accused had the hue and heat of flame as he replied: 'Vagabond!

drunkard! Yes; but thief, never! The concealment of the cup was a mischievous trick played me by a drunken comrade. It was found, and Meudon the aubergiste has since acquitted me of all blame in the matter."

Enough of these interpellations, so opposed to our notions of fair-play. As soon as they were concluded, the procureur-général sustained the accusation in an able and elaborate address. M. Bagnard made an impassioned speech in defence, in which he questioned the legal soundness of the procureur-général's *dictum*, that the *corpus delicti* had been sufficiently established by the evidence of the boys, and the *quasi* confession of the accused. At all events, a verdict of guilty must be accompanied, he contended, by the qualification of 'extenuating circumstances.'

The avocat-général replied, insisting upon the sufficiency of the *corpus delicti* as established—evidently the weak point of the case. The corpse had no doubt been carried away by the river, or so weighted by the assassin, that it had sunk deep into its soft, muddy bed—a common occurrence, he said. M. Bagnard rejoined in a few words, and then Monsieur le Président, a few minutes before the ablest counsel for the prosecution assumed to hold the balance equally between the accuser and accused, 'summed up,' as we say—*résumoit les débats* is the French term; and that done, Messieurs les Jurés, after deliberating for a few minutes, pronounced a simple verdict of guilty, by a majority of nine to three. The procureur thereupon drew his conclusions on behalf of the *vindicta publica*, that Jean Gosset Labondie be condemned to death—and the costs of the proceedings. The court acquiesced, and Monsieur le Président pronounced sentence accordingly; and ordered the execution to take place on the first day of the *foire de St Michel* (29th September), 'in order that the punishment of the assassin might be as public as his crime was unnatural and horrible.'

I have now brought this sad story down to the moment of the startling appearance of the supposedly murdered Cécile in the Place d'Angers, with the exception of relating how it happened that she had not perished, as everybody, her father included, believed she had. That is told in a few words. The cause of quarrel on the night of the 19th of August was her expressed determination to rejoin a *troupe* of strollers, to one of whom, Etienne Lafont, she was strongly attached. The money she had received would enable her to do so. Some words that escaped her during the altercation revealed to her father the extent to which her intimacy with Lafont had been carried; but the furious blow which instantly followed prevented him from learning that it had been sanctioned by marriage. The stroke of the cymbal, though severe, was but a flesh-wound: Cécile had been stunned only, and, upon regaining consciousness, found herself alone on the edge of the river. Partially divining what had occurred, she, agile and sure-footed as a goat, clambered round a rugged projecting cliff, and hastened away at her best speed, travelling all night and next day by little-frequented paths, and ultimately reached her husband's troupe, just about to depart for a distant part of France. She, of course, accompanied them, and the more readily that they were to return to Angers at the *foire de St Michel*, when she nothing doubted that a reconciliation with her father would be of easy accomplishment.

One only inquiry remains to be answered. Did the fierce outcries of the sight-seeing mob congregated on the Place d'Angers, the frenzied gestures of Monsieur le Président, arrest in time the mechanical action of the guillotine? Enough to reply that in every one of the churches of Angers, Beaufort, and Jumelles, a priest, on every recurring Sunday within the octave of St Michael's Day, addressing the hushed

congregation, says: 'The prayers of the faithful are requested for the repose of the soul of Jean Gosset Labondie, the anniversary of whose death occurs about this time.'

COUSIN JONATHAN UPON HIS TELEGRAPHIC CABLE.

THE heading of this paper may possibly surprise many readers who have entertained the notion that England had some slight share in the matter of the laying of the Atlantic telegraph, but the fact is as above; we have Cousin Jonathan's own word for it, in that disinterested witness Mr John Mullahy, 'Official Historian of the memorable Expeditions.' In this volume of his,* which is as big as a quarterly, there are nine pages devoted to the biographical notice of Mr Cyrus Field, and six lines to that of Mr Charles Bright; half-a-dozen pages to Professor Morse, and half a page to Mr Whitehouse. It is only casually, and rather in spite than because of the Official Historian, that we come across the trifling facts, that the Telegraphic Cable was made in England; that the British government offered at once very liberal arrangements to the promoters of the scheme, while similar terms requested of the government of the United States were vehemently opposed, and only carried in the Senate by a majority of one; and that the telegraphic squadron, consisting of five vessels, was composed of four 'Britishers,' and only one 'Yankee.' That one, however, if we may trust the narrator in such a matter, did whip all nautical creation. This book is interesting as being the record of her voyage, and as affording a comprehensive view of the whole enterprise seen from the American point of sight. It is written, where the author's national vanity—too ridiculous to be offensive—does not shew its coxcomical head, with a graphic power little inferior to that of the historian of the *Agamemnon*, and contains very interesting incidents, which are new to most of us, connected with the various expeditions. Here is a curious twofold coincidence to begin with. In the autumn of 1856, after Lieutenant Berryman had surveyed and sounded the plateau between Ireland and Newfoundland, and made his report to Mr Cyrus Field (who was procuring specimens and samples of cable on this side the water), that gentleman set off from Cork to London by way of Milford Haven in Wales. 'In the cars that started from Milford Haven was Mr Brunel, the celebrated engineer, whom Mr Field recognised, and to whom he introduced himself. The subject of conversation was the cable, and in course of it Mr Field brought forward a portion of the cable submerged in the Gulf of St Lawrence, the core of which is composed of seven twisted strands, which form the conductor. "Why not have the outer covering of the Atlantic cable formed of twisted strands as well as the conductor?" said Mr Brunel. "By that means you will have a stronger, lighter, and more flexible cable than if you retain the outer covering or armour of solid wire." By one of those strange coincidences that often happen in everyday-life, Messrs Glass and Elliott, the well-known gutta-percha manufacturers, were also in the cars, and overhearing the conversation,

* *The Laying of the Telegraphic Cable*. D. Appleton, New York.

joined in. During a ride of three hundred miles, the party so opportunely thrown together discussed this subject, and the result was an order to Glass and Elliott to manufacture a specimen cable after the plan suggested by Mr Brunel.' Sometimes, indeed, the Official Historian, in his liking for anecdotic narration, lets go both ends of the Telegraphic Cable, and grows discursive indeed. Yankee-like, he cannot rest without having a glimpse at Queen Victoria—whose personal appearance Mr Mullaly is unhappily not entirely satisfied with—and Yankee-like, he publishes a fac-simile (with border and all) of the Lord Steward's card of admittance, which gave him (Mr Mullaly) entrance into Buckingham Palace. He stood in the great hall with the mere Thursday crowd to see her pass, it is true, but only 'was not at her drawing-room, nor honoured with an introduction from our minister,' he explains, 'for the simple reason that the favour was not requested of him.'

The thing which Mr Mullaly seems really to have had some right to boast of, is the United States Steam-frigate *Niagara*; although even here the praise is laid on with so broad a brush, that we cannot for the life of us help suspecting such egregious merit. A cynical philosopher of our acquaintance protests that he never hears of 'an eternal truth,' without his mind reverting instantaneously to 'an infernal lie;' and whenever the trumpet of transatlantic self-glorification assails our tympanum, we are prone to look upon the miracle about which the noise is made with the like incredulity.

The spar-deck—so called because all the masts and rigging are visible from it—of the *Niagara* 'presents perhaps a greater extent of clear and unobstructed space than is to be found in any other ship-of-war in the world. In nautical language, it is what is called "a flush-deck," which, reduced to plain English, means that it is as free from all obstructions as it is possible to make it on a vessel of such a character. This is a most essential object in the case of a ship like the *Niagara*, which differs in many points from war-steamer. She is the largest steam-frigate in the world, and exceeds in tonnage the heaviest of the line-of-battle ships in the British navy. While, however, she surpasses them in size, she numbers but twelve guns; but these are of such great calibre, and are capable of doing such terrible execution, as to place her, it is claimed, on a perfect equality with any of them, if they should not render her superior. Each of these guns weighs fourteen tons, including the carriage, and is capable of throwing a shell of one hundred and thirty pounds a distance of three miles.' The following arrangements for saving the life of a man overboard seem to us particularly good, 'when even the loss of five minutes would be too long, and the best swimmer might not be able to keep himself above water till a boat could reach him. To meet such an emergency, there are two life-buoys attached to the stern, and connected by means of wires to two handles, which are within the reach of either of the two men stationed at this part of the vessel. By pulling this handle, the buoy is immediately detached, and falling into the sea, is, in nine cases out of ten, effective in the saving of life. The instant the cry of "a man overboard" is heard by the watch upon this station, his hand is on the handle, the buoy falls from its place, and it not unfrequently happens that it is seized before it is a minute afloat. All this is accomplished in less time than is taken in the description. During this operation, the ship is arrested in her course, the gang of men who are stationed at the life-boat are engaged in unmooring and launching it, and

in about ten minutes from the moment the man has fallen overboard, he is rescued and restored to his shipmates. As the life-buoy would not be visible at night, it is lighted by means of a trigger, which ignites a sort of roman-candle or blue-light that continues burning ten or fifteen minutes. To prevent the possibility of mistake, the following words are inscribed above both handles—"LIFE-BUOY—PORT-FIRE."

More than 1250 miles, or half the entire length of the cable, was coiled in the *Niagara*, and the same enormous amount in the *Agamemnon*; and a sectional view of each of those ships is given, shewing how the various masses were stowed away, from the first inch on the spar-deck, to the 1250th mile in the hold with the electrician sitting in his scientific box at the end of it. It was on the changing of one of these coils of cable to another, during the paying-out, that the chief danger lay. We will leave out all that concerns the first two unsuccessful expeditions, here narrated at fullest length; as well as the description of the paying-out machines, of the cable-guards, &c., which the most graphic pen could scarcely make intelligible without the aid of the pencil. We will omit even the detailed account of the royal and distinguished personages who visited the *Niagara* while at Plymouth, and that very particular account of the carriage and liveries of Mr Dallas, which we are happy to learn make up 'a respectable affair, simple and unpretending,' and one not likely to plunge the American government into debt. And let us suppose ourselves, at once, on board the Yankee steam-frigate in mid-ocean, awaiting with impatience the arrival of the *Agamemnon*. All her cable is snugly coiled and disposed of, 'every foot of which has been laid down with as much precision, as much regularity, and as much neatness, as thread is wound upon a spool.' Mr Everett, the engineer, who developed the admirable plan for 'paying it out,' is himself on board to watch proceedings, having been kindly 'loaned' to the company by the American government, in whose service he is engaged. The *Agamemnon* is detained some days behind, which naturally frets the rest of the squadron, with the thought of so much fine weather wasted; but at last, on July 28th, 1858, she looms in sight. All has been made ready for the splicing, long ago; and in those vessels, a thousand miles from land, the marriage of the Old and the New World, of January and May, is being begun. 'The men were at their posts by the machinery, the stoppers were all arranged, the electricians were on watch in the long vacant office, the tar-tubs were put in their proper places, the scrapers adjusted, and nothing was left undone that human foresight could do. . . . Captains Freedy (*Agamemnon*) and Aldham (*Valorous*) came on board of our ship, before commencing, and Mr Field, and one of the electricians, visited the *Agamemnon*, to make further arrangements in regard to the work before us. After the necessary time, these are made, and it is concluded that if the cable should be broken after 150 miles shall have been paid out from each ship, both vessels shall at once proceed to Queenstown, there to await orders from the company regarding the final disposal and stowage of the cable. The captains have returned to their ships, the splice is made, and the work of paying-out proceeds, while the two ships move so slowly through the water that their motion is hardly perceptible. The rate of the cable is certainly much faster than that of either of the vessels, for the simple reason that it has to descend to a depth of about two miles, and it will take a considerable time to do that. The announcement comes from the electrician's office soon after the splice has been lowered, that the continuity is perfect, and with this assurance the engineers go on more boldly with the work. In fact,

the engineers may be said to be under the control of the electricians; for if they report anything wrong with the cable, they are brought to a stand, until they are allowed to go on with their operations by the announcement that the insulation is perfect and the continuity is all right. The sailors, who are somewhat in the dark as to the scientific definition of the term, are generally supposed to have a particular animosity to it, under the belief that it is it which causes all the difficulty. "Darn the continuity," said an old sailor, at the end of a scientific but rather foggy discussion which a number of his messmates had on the subject—"Darn the continuity; I wish they would get rid of it altogether. It has caused a darned sight more trouble than the hull thing is worth. I say they ought to do without it, and let it go. I believe they'd get the cable down if they didn't pay any attention to it. You see," he went on, "I was on the last exhibition" (expedition he meant, but it was all the same—his messmates did not misapprehend his meaning), "and I thought I'd never hear the end of it. They were always talking about it; and one night, when we were out last year, it was gone for two hours, and we thought that was the end of the affair, and we would never hear of it again. But it came back, and soon after the cable busted. Now, I tell you what, men, I'll never forget the night, I tell ye; we all felt we had lost our best friend, and I never heard the word continuity or contiguity mentioned but I was always afraid something was going to happen. And that's a fact."

The work of paying-out the cable commenced at one o'clock, and 'the speed of the vessel was gradually increased after sufficient had been lowered over the stern to reach the bottom; by two o'clock, five miles had left the ship, and she had gone two miles from the starting-point. The observation taken by the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara* showed the position of both ships as follows: Lat. 52° 09', long. 32° 29'. To accomplish the work, the former has eleven hundred nautical miles, and three hundred tons of coal; while the latter had the same amount of cable, and five hundred tons of coal. This will give our ship from ten to fifteen days' steaming; while the *Agamemnon* has sufficient for ten days, should she burn at the rate of thirty tons per day. But, if we should find that we have not enough to reach the land with, we will, if necessary, burn the spare spars; and should we be still further pressed, we will take down even the bulkheads for fuel."

Nothing, indeed, is more gratifying in this account of life on board the *Niagara*, than the intense interest which every human being on board takes in the success of the enterprise; the personal honour of each individual, as well as that of America, seeming to be concerned in the achievement of success. "The sea is smooth; the barometer well up; and if we can only do for the next seven days as well as we have done since one o'clock, we will be at Newfoundland by the 5th of August, and to New York some time between the 15th and 20th of the same month. But we have been somewhat too hasty in our calculations, for our ship has just slowed down, and the propeller has ceased working for the last ten minutes. There must be something wrong to cause this interruption. Let us take a look at the machine. The cable still goes out, which certainly would not be the case if it had parted. Ah! the continuity! that's it—there's where the difficulty lies. And as the electricians are the only parties who can inform us on that point, we at once go in search of them. A visit to their office explains the whole matter. The continuity is not gone altogether, but is defective—so defective that it is impossible to get a signal through the cable. Still, there is not "dead earth" upon it, and all hope, therefore, is not lost.

'When dead earth, as it is termed, is on the conductor, then indeed the difficulty is beyond remedy, for it shews that the conductor must be broken, and is thrown under the influence of terrestrial magnetism. But the continuity is not gone, and although with darkening prospects, we are still safe while it remains, even imperfect as it is. The old adage, that "bad news travels fast," was never more fully realised than in this instance. The sad intelligence was known to every one on board the ship about fifteen minutes after it was announced to Mr Field, and those who predicted the failure of the expedition fell back upon their prophecy, and hinted in a modest way at their own perception. It would be absurd to say that the occurrence was not discouraging; it was painfully so, for the hopes of some of us had really begun to revive, and we were gaining confidence every hour. Now nothing could be done. We must wait until the continuity should return, or take its final departure. And it did return, and with greater strength than ever. At ten minutes past nine p.m. the electrician on duty observed its failing, and at 11.30 he had the gratifying intelligence for us that it was "all right again." . . . It was supposed, however, that it had broken on board the *Agamemnon*, and that the end was secured and spliced before it could get out of the ship. This is favoured by the fact, that it would take an hour or so to make the splice, which was about the time that elapsed from the moment the continuity became imperfect, till it was restored. . . . We were alarmed by no more unpleasant reports this night, and retired to bed—some to sleep, and some to spend a restless night in anxious fears about the safety of the cable and in feverish hopes of success.'

To nervous folks, the information which was so perpetually being received, as to how matters were going on, must have been excessively trying. 'An interchange of electric currents is sent alternately during a period of ten minutes by each ship, which not only serve to give an accurate test of the continuity and insulation of the conducting wire, but also to give certain signals which are required to be sent when the ships are far apart. For instance, every ten miles of cable paid out is signalled from ship to ship, as also the approach to land or momentary stoppage for splicing, shifting coils, &c. The electrical apparatus employed on board the two vessels is not very complicated, and is simply composed of testing instruments, wholly different from those to be used for the transmission of messages when the ends of the cable shall be landed.'

All through the first night the satisfactory sound of the machinery never ceased, and the continuity remained perfect. 'At half-past three this morning the last flake of the forward spar-deck coil began to run out, and considerable anxiety is manifested in regard to the change to that on the forward main-deck, which is immediately beneath. Every precaution, however, has been taken to guard against accident, and by a quarter to four, the agony is over; the first turn of the new coil has been reached, and the cable is going out in splendid style. The interest is now transferred to the main-deck, for there is nothing further to attract the attention in the appearance of the circle which has just become vacant—nothing but the thick tar that covers the floor, the broken cone, and the rings or fair-lead-ers through which the cable passes before it runs over the bobbins that lead to the machine. Yet it would be wrong to say that there is little of interest in this circle, for have we not successfully paid out all the cable it contained; and who doubts we would find more pleasure in looking at all the circles when empty? The ease with which the line runs out of the ship at this distance from the stern, for we are now about two hundred and seventy feet from that point, is

calculated to infuse new confidence into every one who sees it; but it is, after all, a confidence terribly shaken by vague fears of the future. We have five or six days to run before we get into Trinity Bay, and in that time, which, in our state of suspense, seems so many years, what may not occur? We are afraid even to think of success, so often have our hopes been blasted by disappointment; the very thought of the magnitude of the undertaking brings with it a feeling almost akin to discouragement. . . . Follow the course of the cable as it comes out of the coil, passes over the bobbins, round the sheaves of the paying-out machine, and so on till it goes overboard, and you will be fully impressed with its practicability. Yet what is the reason that all the attempts hitherto made have failed, you may ask? . . . At any moment we may hear that the cable has parted, and sleeping or waking, the fear that it will, haunts us like a nightmare. Oh, how we long to see that bleak and barren, but, to us, more desirable coast than any that ever met the gaze of enraptured voyager.'

If Mr Mullaly really experienced, night and day, all these terrible doubts and fears, he must have worn himself to a thread not thicker than the cable itself before he came to the end of it. A gale threatens upon the second day, and fills all souls with dread—for the crew has become scientific instead of nautical by this time—but the menace of the barometer proves idle. 'Confidence is rising rapidly, and the bids in favour of success are becoming quite heavy in the imaginary stock-market which has been established on board. When it was reported that the continuity was not so perfect as we could wish, stocks went down with a terrible rush, and there were no bidders at any price. But twenty-four hours decided the matter; the Atlantic telegraph ran up to fifty per cent., and continued going up till it reached the remarkable figure of seventy-five. The cable is, indeed, the absorbing subject of conversation on board, and other things are only spoken of as they bear some relation to it. That group of sailors near the cook's galley are engaged in an animated discussion on the all-prevailing topic. One of the number is trying to persuade his messmates that it is impossible to lay it; but they lend him a rather unwilling ear, and are evidently more strongly inclined to the other view of the subject.'

The great point of attraction is of course the coil, since, if that is moving freely, all is well. 'The coilers who sit on the margin of each flake are amusing themselves in the intervals of their work by manufacturing little balls out of the tar, which has become hardened by exposure to the air, and throwing them down before each turn as it is taken up from the coil. As the cable passes out at the rate of from seven to eight miles an hour, it strikes these balls with considerable force while it courses round the circle, sending them before it with still greater speed. The rate at which they run depends to a great extent on their spherical form, and he who makes them roundest is generally the winner. . . . As it is impossible for any accident to occur from this, and as it affords a harmless amusement to the men, without interrupting the work, they are not interfered with. They are always ready at the end of each flake to lead the cable into the centre, and perform the operation so well that a kink is almost a matter of impossibility. It is a pleasure to look upon their earnest, eager faces, and observe the care with which they handle the line while passing it from the outer edge of the circle to the cone. Although this operation requires to be repeated about fifty times a day, they always perform it successfully. If they allow a single kink to take place, the expedition might be considered as at an end, for it would be next to impossible to remedy the damage. Not a man among them who

does not know that, and who does not realise the full importance of the duty with which he is intrusted.' The change from the main-deck coil to that on the deck immediately below, took place at 5.30 on the third day. 'At least an hour before it was effected, the outer boundaries of the circle in which the cable lay was literally crowded with men, and never was greater interest manifested in any spectacle than that which they exhibited in the proceedings before them. There were serious doubts and misgivings as to the successful performance of this important part of the work, and these only served to increase the feeling of anxiety and suspense with which they silently and breathlessly await the critical moment. The last flake has been reached; and as turn after turn leaves the circle, every eye is intently fixed on the cable. Now there are but thirty turns remaining, and as the first of these is unwound, Mr Everett, who has been in the circle during the last half-hour, gives the order to the engineer on duty to "slow down." In a few moments there is a perceptible diminution in the speed, which continues diminishing till it has reached the rate of about two miles an hour.

"Look out now, men," says Mr Everett, in his usual quiet, self-possessed way. The men are as thoroughly wide awake as they can be, and are waiting eagerly for the moment when they shall lift the bight of the cable, and deliver it out safely. One of the planks in the side of the cone has been loosened; and just as they are about taking the cable in their hands, it is removed altogether, so that as the last yard passes out of the now empty circle, the line commences paying out from the circle below, or the "orlop"-deck coil, as it is called. . . . They have hardly passed the cable out of the circle before they are received with as enthusiastic a demonstration of approval as the rules of the navy will permit.'

The sound of the machinery has by this time become as familiar to all as the sound of their own voices, and when it is drowned in any other noise, they listen with eagerness to hear it again. As success gets to become probable, they can hardly think of anything else.

"Well," said a member of one of the messes, approaching some of his associates, "well, it is done at last."

"What is done?" said half a dozen, with the most impatient haste—"what is done—the cable?"

"The cable? No, dinner is done!" he replied, with a tone of disgust that shewed, however his comrades might regard his remark, he certainly did not intend it as a joke.'

During the fifth night, the continuity was again affected. 'Both Mr Laws and Mr De Sauty, the two electricians on the *Niagara*, were of the opinion that the insulation was broken in some part of the ward-room coil, and on using the tests for the purpose of ascertaining the precise point, they found that it was about sixty miles from the bottom of that coil, and between three and four hundred from the part which was then paying-out. The cable was immediately cut at this point, and spliced to a deck-coil of ninety miles, which it was intended to reserve for laying in shallow water, and was therefore kept for Trinity Bay. About four o'clock in the morning the continuity was finally restored, and all was going on as well as if nothing had occurred to disturb the confidence we felt in the success of the expedition.

The sixth day, August 8, is the anniversary of the day on which Columbus sailed for the New World; may the omen be prosperous. And yet they are still two hundred miles from land, and a 'kink in the cable, or a hole running through the gutta percha into the conductor—and through which you could not even force a hair—would render the labour of years all unavailing.'

The change from the forehold coil to that in the wardrobe (for the officers have given place to the cable, and are on half-allowance of room) took place at eight o'clock, and with the utmost success.

On the morning of the seventh day, the *Niagara* first came in sight of the island outpost of the American continent; but before that, the *Gorgon*, her consort, telegraphs by flag: 'I congratulate you on your success.' The *Porcupine* meets them in the Bay of Bull's Arm, and leads the way up through the darkness, for it is night. 'The bleak mountains loom up through the night, and a huge bonfire, which has been built up in honour of our arrival on a neighbouring hill, throws out columns of dense black smoke and great tongues of flame.' Before it is light, the electricians report that 'a telegraphic dispatch, or signal, has been sent from the *Agamemnon*, informing them that a thousand and ten miles of cable have been paid out from that ship up to the last hour. The intelligence is peculiarly gratifying at this time, and adds to the enthusiasm which every one feels.'

At five o'clock, the boats of the *Niagara* are ranged in line and connected with a hawser, to tow that on which the cable was coiled to the landing-place. 'All the officers of the *Niagara*, with the exception of those on watch on the ship, were in the boats, the crews of which numbered altogether about sixty men. These, with the crews from the boats of the British ships, and all the officers, English and American, made a total of about one hundred men. The demonstration was certainly anything but a pageant, for there were none of those accessories which make up what is generally understood by the word; but there could be none who were imbued with a higher appreciation of the character of the occasion, nor who were better qualified to do it honour; and it is doubtful whether the presence of thousands would have added anything to its importance or solemnity. It would be a difficult matter for one who has seen nothing but civic processions to form an idea of that which attended the last act in the completion of this enterprise. The scene, the circumstances; all conspired to render it totally different from any celebration the world has ever seen.'

The electric chain soon binds the two worlds together. The continuity is as perfect now as ever it was. 'Mr D. Laws and Mr De Sauty, the two chief electricians, who have accompanied us from England, have "tasted" the current, and about a dozen others at the head of the procession have done the same thing. The writer himself is a witness on this point, and will never forget the singular acid taste which it had. Some received a pretty strong shock—so strong that they willingly resigned the chance of repeating the experiment.' Alas, alas! although we suppose Mr Whitehouse has still the opportunity of tasting the telegraph, he can do with it little else. A voice comes to him yet from more than two thousand miles away; but it is as the voice of a drunkard—of one more than 'half-seas over.' The electric spark hastens, unquenched and as swift as ever, with the message committed to it, but forgets it on its way, and babbles idly when it reaches its destination. Have, then, all this time and money, this labour and pain, this patience, and care, and skill, been thrown away? Most certainly not. Though the 'continuity,' so objected to by our nautical friend, should entirely cease—which great and wise men have still good hope, at this present writing, that it will not do—yet none of these things will have been thrown away. The Atlantic Telegraph is no longer a dream, a chimera, an idea too tremendous to be carried out by flesh and blood, and wire and gutta-percha. It has been an accomplished fact, and it is only a question of time and money when it will become a fact again. It would be hard to find, throughout the entire history

of the world, a success so honourable, so encouraging to mankind, as this (so-called) failure of the Atlantic Telegraphic Cable.

THE MOLE FROM AN AGRICULTURAL POINT OF VIEW.

THERE is a certain little quiet philosopher who dwells in snug retirement beneath the surface of our fields; he seldom shews himself abroad, because he is aware that nature has behaved like a niggard towards him in the matter of personal graces. His eyes are small, dull specks, almost devoid of organisation; his face is a queer long muzzle, tipped at the end with a lump of bone; his limbs are ungainly and short; and his coat is rough and of uncouth cut; yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, he is far from repining. With a spice of practical wisdom that is beyond all praise, he sets to work to make the most of the circumstances in which he finds himself placed. Sensible that he never could have been intended for a gay denizen of the daylight, he keeps himself close at home in his underground retreat, and there contrives to turn strong arms, hard, brawny hands, a pair of sharp ears, and a keen, sensitive nose, to excellent account. He bores and delves for his living, and lucky, indeed, is the insect or worm that escapes his notice when his burrow chances to take the direction in which it lies. Behind his track, a long course of tunnelled galleries is stretched, attesting at once the ingenuity of his operations and the activity of his industry.

The old-fashioned tillers of the soil have, from time immemorial, regarded the proceedings of this subterranean worker with marked hostility. They never could bring themselves to tolerate his presence within their demesnes. If, by accident, they crossed him in his labours at any time, they dragged him forth and hung him up at once, without the benefit of judge or jury. Occasionally, they even went to the length of preaching a crusade against him, and organising extensive schemes of indiscriminate massacre for the extinction of his race. Yet, in reality, this sorely oppressed creature was guiltless of all offence. He did no harm to the interests of his assailants, but rather made them his especial care. The objects he appropriated from the ground were neither useful nor harmless things; they were positively injurious pests that levied a tax upon the crops by most insidious forays. It would almost seem, indeed, that the persecution must have been instigated by the spirit of envy, rather than by that of retaliation; that it must have been the result of shame rather than of revengeful feeling. The farmers found the soil where the mole had worked not injured, but altogether too good for their liking. They saw the most barren earth changed beneath his touch into rich productive mould. The wettest swamp dried itself up, as if by magic, after his operations. He did effectually and well without eyes, what they bungled over miserably and did inefficiently with them. His every step made their incompetency only so much more manifest by contrast. He therefore received an abundant share of the meed that is too often awarded at first to the world's teachers and benefactors. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, were the recompense of his useful and suggestive labours.

All this has, however, in these table-turning days, been changed. Agriculturists now begin to reverence the mole, and look up to him for practical lessons; they study his mode of tunnelling, with heads intent upon gleaning some hint which may be applied in their own practice of draining; and they look upon the finely-ground material which he flings behind him, as he burrows on, with hearts set upon finding some means whereby they may imitate his doings upon an extended scale. Some enthusiasts among

them even take his name as the symbol of future successes, and inscribe it upon their banners as the inspiriting word that is to lead to victory.

The amusing little volume which takes the generic name of the mole—*Talpa*, or the *Chronicles of a Clay-farm*—narrates that the author, having a stiff clay-farm of about 250 acres, which no one could do anything with, he was driven in self-defence to take it in hand himself; and he then goes on to chronicle how he vanquished difficulty after difficulty, until a stagnant waste became a series of fertile and valuable fields.

In the course of the work, we learn on what principle the teachings of the mole are applicable to agriculture: The natural food of vegetable life is water and air, not, however, water and air in their purest states; the water must contain minute quantities of saline and ammoniacal matters, and the air must be contaminated with slight proportions of the heavy carbonaceous gas that is exhaled from animal lungs. The water and air are in fact only vehicles of conveyance; they are not themselves really nutritious. They seem to be so merely because the substances they carry are, under ordinary circumstances, altogether inappreciable to the senses. Plants are helplessly fixed to the spots on which they grow; they cannot roam about in search of food as animals can; consequently, provision must be made for bringing constant supplies to them. The rain that falls into the porous soil dissolves the saline and ammoniacal matters it finds there, and flows with its load through the rootlets into the interior of vegetable structures. Air takes up carbonaceous substance—of the nature of charcoal—into a sort of gaseous solution, and then is blown by every puff of wind into the open mouths that gape upon the surfaces of vegetable leaves. Of water and saline, ammoniacal, and carbonaceous substances, all vegetable bodies are composed. A dilute solution of the fixed and ammoniacal salts is sucked up by the roots. An abundance of leaves is then pushed forth, and carbon drunk in by their myriad mouths. No other demand is made of the soil than a sufficient supply of saline and ammoniacal substances, and water enough for their solution and transport.

In order that the soil may be able to furnish these requisite matters, it is essential, in the first place, that it should have them ready for use in its substance; and in the second place, that its texture should be so loose and porous, that both water and growing roots may find an easy passage through it. In the old practice of farming, the strength of the soil was kept up by burying in it saline ammoniacal and carbonaceous matters mixed indiscriminately together. So soon as Liebig had shewn that the great proportion of the carbon found its way into the plant through the leaf, and not through the root, it was seen that there was great want of economy in the proceeding. When farm-yard manure is ploughed into the land, tons upon tons of carbonaceous substance are placed beneath the surface, which can effect nothing else there but their own escape from a useless position. Hence the custom was slowly introduced of using only concentrated saline and ammoniacal manures, in the stead of the more bulky product of the straw-yard. Now a refinement upon even this refinement is advised. Professor Way says that the soil requires no manuring at all during many years, and that ultimately it will need only a slight dressing of saline materials. He has discovered that it can keep itself rich in ammonia. Clay is, according to his views, mainly composed of a series of ingredients that have the power of attracting this volatile and pungent body continuously from the air.*

* These compounds are called, in the language of the chemists, double silicates of alumina and potash—alumina and soda, and alumina and lime.

The ammoniacal constituents of vegetable nutrition are therefore given to the soil by the air, just as the carbonaceous constituents are to the leaves. The atmosphere is the grand reservoir of nourishment, and the soil plays a very subordinate part indeed. Out of its substance, nothing else is contributed than the very trifling proportion of saline or earthy matter that remains in the form of ash after any vegetable structure has been submitted to the process of burning. Even the poorest soils contain within themselves saline ingredients for multiplied crops of the richest kinds of grain.

It follows, from these data, that the only requirements in a good seed-bed are, that it shall be a layer of loosened and finely comminuted earth, which has been well turned over in the process of preparation. Break up the soil thoroughly, and open out its substance to the air, and it will maintain its own productiveness through lengthened years. In the first place, it will constantly throw more and more of its reserved bullion into active circulation; and in the second place, it will keep a sufficient quantity of floating capital always within call for the safe transaction of affairs. If Professor Way's notions are correct, abundant harvests of grain may be taken off the land, year after year, without any addition of manure at all, provided only a sufficient quantity of labour be judiciously bestowed in pulverising its substance.

But, here again, if improved comminution of the soil, and not increased manuring, is the thing required, a great revolution must be made in a very important particular. A new form of apparatus must be contrived for attaining the end. The plough now in use is merely a barbarous implement, planned in rude days for enabling horses to do man's work. The spade lifts up the soil in mass, turns it over, and leaves it evenly spread as a loosened porous bed; but the ploughshare, on the other hand, squeezes down and condenses one part, while it loosens and turns up another. It is simply a compromise of accurate principle, for the sake of insuring the horizontally acting service of the horse. It is a matter of familiar knowledge that spade-husbandry answers very much better than plough-tillage, whenever it can be employed.

Spade-husbandry cannot, however, be much in use in these luxurious days; human labour has now too high a value in the markets of the world for this to be the case. Some agent must therefore be sought that shall combine in itself the skill of the biped and the strength of the quadruped, and that shall also admit of economical application; in other words, the animal drudge must be exchanged for a mechanical one. That potent slave of the wonderful lamp of science, who never fails to accomplish all that the possessor of the radiant spell enjoins, must be summoned to the agriculturist's aid; steam, ever so ready to transform coarse materials into fine, must now be put in commission to grind down the soil, as it has before ground down hosts of stubborn things, in order that nourishing grain may multiply as fast as hungry mouths.

Assuming that steam has once been enlisted in the service of agriculture, the consideration yet remains of how its enormous power may best be employed. Clearly, it must not be harnessed to the obsolete plough, as some have thought; it would be as much out of place if set to drag, as a horse would be if put to dig. Man works best with an upward lift, the horse with an onward pull; but the genius of steam is rotatory. It likes to have the resistance it is to conquer placed at the circumference of a wheel, the spokes of which it is allowed to drive. The steam cultivator must wear the form of a compact locomotive, carrying behind it a revolving cylinder, fully armed with case-hardened claws of steel. As this

machine travels onwards, it must cut out its trench as the mole digs its burrow, and it must cast back into this trench the mould that results from its abrading influence, 'comminuted, aërated, and inverted,' all at one stroke, just as the 'worthy pioneer that works it' the ground so fast flings behind him the earth his restless claws have scraped away.

The author of *Talpa* foretells the speedy approach of the time when the children of the present generation shall be as familiar with the spectacle of locomotives stalking about over the surface of the fields, on agricultural work intent, as we are with the sight of ships of a couple of thousands of tons burden, driving themselves, duck-like, through the water with their invisible web-feet. Already the prophecy begins to be realised; and on behalf of our bread-feeding, fast-multiplying race, we venture to express a hope that the consummation will speedily arrive.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A short time ago, an act of parliament was passed in relation to bankruptcy, in virtue of which a person in desperate circumstances may come from England to Scotland, and having resided at any spot he pleases in that country for the space of forty days, pass through the bankruptcy court. This is found to be an exceedingly simple and rather an agreeable method of getting rid of debts. Instead of running the gantlet of a bankruptcy process in the city or district where he is known, all that an insolvent Englishman has to do is to make a trip to Scotland, and there, at the distance of four hundred or five hundred miles from his creditors, go through a few trifling forms, which relieve him from his pecuniary obligations.

When this convenient law came into operation, English insolvents—some of them notorious for their transactions—tried to pass through the bankruptcy court at Edinburgh; but that was short-sighted. Edinburgh has newspapers with a corps of reporters, who are on the outlook for interesting events, and accordingly, reports of the examinations of the would-be bankrupts before the sheriff were duly paraded for public edification and amusement. Then, as a matter of course, followed comments of the London newspapers, and there was no peace for the unhappy English visitors, who might as well have stayed at home and become bankrupt in the old-fashioned way.

At length, a great discovery was made. This consisted in the plan of selecting a retreat in some obscure Scotch town provided with a resident sheriff, but without that pestilent thing, a newspaper. And be it known, there are a number of towns of this primitive nature. Two of the most pleasant are Tobermory, in the island of Mull, and Peebles, situated on the upper part of the Tweed. At all events, Tobermory and Peebles seem to have been fixed on for carrying through this species of business, and are likely to become the Gretna Green of English insolvents, should no new law interfere. Tobermory may possibly secure a preference; for it can be reached only by performing a voyage to the Hebrides, which London creditors, however keen, may not like at all seasons of the year. It is true, that in one or two instances, English creditors have been provoked into the adoption of measures to prevent their debtors from walking the course through even a Tobermory bankruptcy; but according to the old Argyleshire saying, 'it is a far cry to Lochawe;' and he must be a very resolute sort of person, who will either go himself or employ an agent to watch over law-proceedings in the distant island of Mull.

We do not usually allude to parliamentary doings—it is not our vocation to do so. In the present instance, we may be excused for drawing attention to

a very flagrant legislative abuse. Reader, think of a man carrying on business in Regent Street, or some other well-known thoroughfare in the metropolis, and at his good pleasure walking off to a remote and isolated town in the Western Islands of Scotland, and by a few manoeuvres, getting completely rid of his debts. Now, this is no fiction; the law allows it, and it is done. What are we to think of the wisdom of senators in concocting and passing so odious a law—a law as ridiculous as anything in the usage of Laputa, only it is rather too painful to laugh at. We can understand the propriety of assimilating the legal practices of England and Scotland, and of opening English and Scotch courts to all parties indifferently, but in the matter of bankruptcy, it is but reasonable that insolvents should resort only to courts within the district where they have chiefly incurred obligations, and which are easily accessible to their creditors. Far be it from us to counsel anything like severity in disposing of bankruptcy cases. We can have no objection to the tender and considerate treatment of persons who from sheer misfortune have fallen into a state of insolvency. All that is insisted on is, that each case as it occurs shall be examined into in its own proper locality, and that Scotland shall not be scandalised by being made the chosen resort of every one who wishes to pass through the Gazette, but dislikes the publicity which is incidental to the process. We might indeed add something more. The practice referred to must, we fear, have the unpleasant tendency to make respectable persons in Scotland shy of receiving and paying attention to English strangers, who are not particularly well introduced. If the law remains as it is, which can scarcely be imagined, every Englishman who takes up his quarters for a short time in a country town in the north, will be presumed to be a refugee from his creditors, and shunned accordingly.

MOSS.

Calm sleeper 'long the mould'ring of
Whereon the robin rests his foot,
And warbles out his love-note sweet,
While golden elm-leaves round him twirl.

Fair circlet of the woodland well,
Where water-jewels softly gleam,
Like glowworm lamps by beamed stream,
Or pearls in Beauty's coronal.

Lone hermit—such to me thou art—
That on the old oak's root recliest,
And thy warm arms around him twine,
As if thou'dst clasp his folded heart.

Companion of lone churchyard stones,
Where oft thy velvet hand is seen
Hiding the quaint words from our ken
That sweetly speak of absent ones.

High dweller on the hoary tower,
Screener, yet emblem of decay—
Where Ruler's fingers pick away,
Thou lovest best to build thy tower.

But there's a Queen of fragrant breath,
And fresh as floral child can be,
Thou seem'st to love most tenderly,
And dower with thy brightest wreath.

So I will cull a sweet moss-rose,
And twine it in my lady's hair;
And thus contrast, and prove more fair
My love than fairest flower that bloometh.

J. E.

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CHRISTMAS CEREMONIES AT ROME.

A SUDDEN influx of visitors at the hotels, a jostling of carriages in the streets, and a certain indescribable air of bustle and activity which prevailed during the Christmas-week last year, announced that many foreigners were congregated at Rome to witness the ceremonies pertaining to the festival of the Nativity at the high seat of Roman Catholicism. Most people, I believe, wished eagerly to be for once free from that human infirmity which, as night draws on, calls more or less imperatively for sleep—sleep, as the great restorer of jaded mind and body. How else would it be possible to hear the Christmas-eve vespers with the choir of well-attuned voices at one church, and the nuns' singing at another; the midnight mass at St Peter's, and the Shepherds' Hymn at two o'clock in the morning, and still rise before dawn so as to secure seats in St Peter's during the celebration of the grand Christmas Mass? Our party not being endowed with frames of twenty-women-power, but all needing some modicum of rest and sleep in the course of the four-and-twenty hours, endeavoured to moderate their desires, and contented themselves on Christmas Eve with passing two hours at the Sistine Chapel.

The Sistine Chapel was built in 1478 by the command of Sixtus IV., and subsequently adorned by many great painters; but it is perhaps most famous as enshrining some of the master-pieces of Michael Angelo, especially his world-renowned Last Judgment. We had visited the chapel by daylight on a previous occasion, and had been impressed by a certain grand simplicity in its design. It may be called, I suppose, with propriety the pope's private chapel, being in reality a lofty oblong chamber attached to the Vatican. It measures about 135 feet in length by 45 in width, and has a gallery running round three sides. A sort of barrier divides it into two unequal parts, the smaller portion—that near the door—being reserved for ladies, who, during religious services, are not permitted to pass beyond. It is the fashion to rave about the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel with an indiscriminating admiration; and I believe them to be master-pieces of design and colouring—the subjects among the grandest that pertain to humanity, and bodied forth by genius that was adequate to its task; but the simple truth is, that these frescoes are so blackened with the smoke of ever-burning lamps, and the vapours of often-rising incense, that hardly the designs, and certainly not their colouring, can be fairly estimated even by the patient examiner, much less by the hurried visitor

who 'does' Rome in a month, and judges of such things as these by the piecemeal revelations of an opera-glass, and by the dim light which ordinarily alone penetrates the chapel.

The wall on the left side as one enters is devoted to fresco-paintings by some of the early masters, of subjects taken from the life of Moses; that on the right side, to subjects from the life of Christ, illustrated by Perugino, Ghirlandajo, and others. It was not till the year 1508 that Michael Angelo, at the entreaty of Pope Julius II., undertook the painting of the roof. At this time, the great artist's triple gifts of genius as architect, sculptor, and painter, were not recognised; but his success as a sculptor had made many rivals envious; and it is said that this commission, though coming from the pope, emanated, in the first instance, from a cabal who had a double aim—that of causing him, by the distraction of his energies, to neglect a grand mausoleum he had recently undertaken to execute, and to venture on an enterprise in which they believed he would fail.

It was already known that Michael Angelo considered oil-painting as worthy only of the powers of 'women and idlers,' and that the grander style of fresco-painting was the one he avowed to be the more congenial to his own genius. Yet so ignorant was he of the necessary process of this branch of art, that he sent to Florence for certain mediocre but practical painters in fresco, and set them to work from his own designs, and under his personal direction. As might have been expected, such assistants proved only artisans, and, however skilful and painstaking, failed in carrying out and embodying the thoughts of the master. After a disappointing trial of a few weeks, he sent these men back to Florence, and shutting himself up alone in the chapel, set vigorously to work, excluding every one, and often painting with scarcely any intermission from dawn till sunset.

This laborious and self-sustained life continued for many months; no one knew what progress was made; and even the pope himself desired that the public, not a clique of artists, should decide on the merit of the paintings. Accordingly, in the beginning of 1511, the chapel was opened, the scaffolding removed, and the work was found sufficiently advanced for a true judgment on its merits to be formed. The people were enchanted; and the little envious band who had plotted the ruin of their rival, found they had elicited from his hand a *chef-d'œuvre*, and been the means of crowning him with fresh laurels. The designs of the roof form a continuation of the Scripture history commenced on the

walls; and by far the larger portion of the subjects are drawn from the Old Testament. Indeed, the 'divine' Raphael, as it has been said, was essentially the painter of the Gospel, and Michael Angelo the grand illustrator of the Old Testament. There was something in the terrible histories associated with the Fall of Man, the Deluge, and the Jewish dispensation, into which he threw his sympathies more readily than he could lend them to the seraphic purity of the Virgin Mother, or the patience, humility, and love, which warmed the hearts of the early converts to Christianity.

Nearly thirty years afterwards, when Clement VII. occupied the papal chair, the same great artist was commissioned to execute the fresco of the Last Judgment. This marvellous work is sixty feet high, and thirty broad, and occupies the end-wall of the Sistine Chapel; but it has suffered from damp as well as from smoke, and is, moreover, partially hidden by the high-altar; consequently, I really believe that ordinary people may derive more pleasure from examining a good copy or good engraving of it, than from seeing the fresco itself. The great painter is said to have acknowledged that he sought his inspiration in the pages of Dante, rather than in the Bible itself, and the treatment he chose to adopt tempted him to introduce the portraits of friends and foes in paradise or in the infernal regions, according to the measure of his love or hate. The curious may still observe in the lower right angle of the picture a figure with ass's ears, and a body twined round by a serpent. This form, represented as writhing in the lowest depth of hell, is the likeness of the pope's master of the ceremonies, Biagio by name, who had raised certain objections to this great work while it was in progress. Biagio, on finding himself thus caricatured, complained to the pope, who requested that the figure might be altered; but Michael Angelo declared that it was impossible, adding, that though his holiness might be able to effect a release from purgatory, he had no power over hell.

This grand fresco, commenced by Michael Angelo in his sixtieth year, occupied him for eight years, and was completed in 1541, during the pontificate of Paul III. In the Colonna Palace, in Rome, there is shown an ivory carving of the Last Judgment; it is about two feet high, the figures appearing in alto and bass-relief, and is said to have cost two brothers the labour of thirty years to execute.

It was eight o'clock on Christmas-eve when we arrived at the Vatican. Passing up the Scala Regia—that grand staircase by Bernini, so famous for its imposing perspective—we entered the Sala Regia, a large and richly decorated apartment, intended as an audience-hall for ambassadors, but which also forms a vestibule to the Sistine Chapel. When the massive folding-door of the chapel was opened from within, in answer to our tap, we perceived at a glance that the seats reserved for ladies were nearly all occupied, and yet the service was not to commence for nearly an hour. However, by dint of a little patient perseverance, we edged our way on, and at last procured tolerably advantageous places. As perhaps many of my readers are aware, a rigid rule prevails that ladies of all nations and of all ages who appear in the presence of the pope, must be attired in black, and wear black veils. It may be

imagined how funeral was the aspect of about two hundred ladies crowded together thus costumed. A few paces distant from us, a sort of platform or gallery was reserved for the dowager of Spain, Queen Christina, and her suite, who in due time arrived to perform their devotions. Meanwhile, I had time to look about me.

The chapel was lighted with innumerable candles. Massive candelabra, each with many burners, were ranged round the galleries, and lighted up the frescoes of the walls and ceiling in a manner that gave them something of a weird effect. Our end of the chapel was dim, if not dark; but we looked forward to the comparatively vacant space before us, which seemed to rest in a blaze of light, and shewed to advantage the uniforms of the pope's noble guard, and the rich vestments of the priests, as from time to time they made their way to the places apparently reserved for them. By and by, the pope and several dignitaries of the church, entered, the Holy Father being conducted to a throne-like seat beneath a canopy. Then the organ poured forth a swelling strain, and many silvery voices rose and fell in measured cadences. The service in the Latin tongue commenced, ever and anon interrupted by genuflections and pantomimic ceremonies, of which a Protestant can hardly be expected to give a faithful account. We lent ourselves to the free enjoyment of the music; but apparently the monotony of the scene soon became wearisome to a large proportion of the ladies present. By half-past nine o'clock, some of the best seats were vacated, and we were able to push forward almost close to the barrier which separated us from the great body of the chapel. Occasionally, we heard a few words spoken in a foreign tongue; but so frequently did a buzz of English conversation break on the ear, that we concluded at least three-fourths of the ladies present must be English or Americans, who, like ourselves, were attracted by curiosity to see the sight—not drawn to the Sistine Chapel to join in a religious service. I believe this celebration of high-mass lasted till nearly midnight; but probably few strangers remained till the conclusion, for, in retiring about ten o'clock, we ourselves only seemed following a general example.

I know the fine things that have been said and ought to be said in favour of early rising; nevertheless, I persist in considering candle-light rising and candle-light breakfast among the disagreeable incidents of travelling and sight-seeing. I had desired to be called at half-past five in the morning; and when the sharp tap at my door aroused me, I opened my eyes on pitchy darkness; but that very intimacy of night revealed what would never have shewn itself in the dawn, a single topaz-like spark that shone from out the wood-ashes. I had not had the heart to desire a fire to be lighted for me at that early hour, but here was the thing beautifully arranged—three puffs from the bellows, and the skilful adjustment of some slender logs, were all that was necessary for my purpose; and in five minutes, a bright flame and a crackling music dispelled the mists of gloom I had experienced. By the by, a pair of bellows, usually asthmatic, and a pair of tongs, always rusty, constitute the 'fire-irons' to be found in such Italian apartments as boast the luxury of a

open chimney. Nor are these all-sufficient weapons to be despised: the management of a wood-fire is not a thing to be rashly or unadvisedly undertaken; and though, when masterly instruction is bestowed on a genius apt to receive and constant to retain, the accomplishment may be acquired in a few practical lessons, I have known unfortunates who, after suffering the severities of many transalpine winters, were still imbeciles at their own hearth-stone.

Even in December the daylight comes and goes in Rome with a visible celerity that reminds a northern traveller of the latitude into which he has passed. There is, in fact, little or no twilight; but Christmas morning rose foggy and dull, and when we left the hotel between seven and eight o'clock, the aspect of the streets was more murky than I have often known London to be at the same season. Then the streets are so narrow, and the shops so mean, that there is nothing to relieve the gloom. As we crossed the Ponte di St Angelo, we observed that the fog crawled and clung about the Tiber even as a London fog crawls and clings about the Thames.

It may easily be believed, that a faithful description and a historical account of St Peter's would fill a thick volume. Nothing of the sort is here attempted: I shall do little more than endeavour to convey to the untravelled reader some of my own passing impressions. This magnificent structure—certainly the largest, and by some critics declared to be the most beautiful church in the world—marks the spot where the martyr-apostle St Peter was interred after his crucifixion, head downwards, on a hill about two miles distant. In the year 90 A.D., a bishop of Rome, who was said to have received ordination from St Peter himself, erected an oratory on the site of the present cathedral; and in 306 Constantine the Great built a basilica here, which henceforth continued a centre of attraction to the Christian world. It lasted till the end of the fifteenth century; and some curious representations of it exist among the paintings of the early Italian masters. Ruin had, however, long threatened the building, and various plans for a new structure had been submitted to different popes, when, in 1503, the assistance of Bramante was secured. In 1506, Julius II. laid the foundation-stone of the new building under the pier against which the statue of St Veronica now stands. This pope indeed entertained the ambitious desire of rendering the new St Peter's a shrine for his own mausoleum, on which Michael Angelo was then engaged, and to which allusion has already been made as a work which gave rise to malicious envy: a work destined never to be completed, but which, in its fragmentary state, rests in another church in Rome—the well-known Moses, a copy of which is placed in the Crystal Palace, being the central and most remarkable statue.

Only four piers, and the arches which spring from them, were completed when Bramante the architect died, and by this time Leo X. filled the papal chair. New architects were chosen, and the assistance of Raphael obtained. The original plan had been that of a Greek cross. Raphael preferred the Latin cross; but Raphael died in 1520, and among the changes of purpose and of patrons which ensued, time passed on; and it was not till the year 1546, when Michael Angelo had completed his seventy-second year, that to this great artist was confided the task of altering, modifying, and completing the work so many hands had attempted to carry out. Michael Angelo returned to the form of the Greek cross, enlarged the tribune and the two transepts, strengthened the foundations, and commenced the dome on a plan suggested by the

dome of the cathedral at Florence*—saying that he would lift the Pantheon into the air. He kept his word; for the external measurement of the dome—diameter 195½ feet—exceeds that of the great heathen temple by nearly two feet. It is true that, though he reached his ninetieth year, Michael Angelo did not live to see the completion of his work; but so far as this portion of the building is concerned, succeeding architects adhered exactly to his plan. We must remember that the building of St Peter's occupied more than a century—at a period when death seemed unusually busy in high places, so that the generations of men in power succeeded each other with strange rapidity. Hence proceeded the frequent changes of purpose which occurred in the erection of this cathedral. Many critics regret that Michael Angelo's design of a Corinthian portico, combined with the Greek cross, was not followed, as this arrangement would have permitted the whole dome to be visible from the piazza. But, on the contrary, succeeding architects returned to the form of the Latin cross, and built a façade which, however beautiful in itself, has the unfortunate effect of so screening the dome, that there is no point of the piazza from which the cupola can be combined with the rest of the building, so as to exhibit all parts in their just proportions.

In fact, it is necessary to ascend above the cupola in order to realise the gigantic proportions of the building. Yet it may give some idea of the height to mention that, on the roof, wooden houses are erected for the convenience of workmen, who seem always occupied on the mosaics or in executing other repairs, such houses being quite shrouded by the angle of the parapets, and consequently invisible from below; and that the thirteen statues of Our Saviour and the Twelve Apostles which crown the façade do not strike the eye as colossal, although they are really 17 feet high.

An inside gallery runs round the base of the cupola, and from this gallery the visitor looks down on the bronze baldacchino resting far below; and up to the colossal mosaics which line the dome, and which are of necessity executed in large squares, though, when seen from below, they look highly finished and delicate. I was sorry to perceive a crack in the mosaics many inches in width and many feet in length, which indicated too surely a dangerous strain, though this large crack was quite invisible from below. On mentioning the circumstance, I discovered a certain superstitious feeling to prevail in Rome in connection with the dome of St Peter's—a feeling that its permanence and the permanence of the papal power were in some way connected.

It is the interior of St Peter's that in most hearts kindles the sentiment of admiration to intensity. Byron says:

Enter; its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.

Indeed, some wondrous law of harmony must prevail in St Peter's, which takes from it that stern, if not rude aspect which commonly belongs to immensity in works of art—a law similar to that which rules in nature, for the beautifully rounded and developed tree will always appear smaller than it really is when brought into comparison with those of less graceful

* It is curious to observe how reverential true genius is. Michael Angelo used to gaze for hours in admiration of Brunelleschi's dome at Florence, and often exclaimed when studying it: 'Like it, I will not do; better, I cannot.' and in accordance with his desire, Michael Angelo's tomb in Santa Croce, at Florence, is so placed that if he can see the wondrous dome he so admired.

growth, and a man or woman of perfectly symmetrical figure never looks the same height as a giant sort of person of the same inches. In my own case, I never could realise the vastness of St Peter's except by a sort of child's play. I would measure off by my eye a certain space, and say: 'Surely that might be the site of a large church;' and then making the extreme limit of that measurement the starting-point of another, would mentally portion out a second allotment, and so on, till I satisfied myself that many fine churches might stand within the walls of that one. Or I would walk up to the marble cherubim that support the vase for holy-water, and satisfy myself that these figures, which look so infantile, were in reality five feet in height.

I always found St Peter's a particularly comfortable place in cold weather, but never appreciated its warm and pleasant atmosphere more thoroughly than on that chilly foggy Christmas morning. We had been correctly informed that it was only necessary to present ourselves attired in black, with black veils on our heads instead of bonnets, to claim seats at the side of the high-altar, where benches rising one above the other had been placed, capable, I should think, of accommodating from four to five hundred ladies. We were in such good time that we saw at a glance we might choose our places, so we walked leisurely up the nave, enjoying the warmth of the many lamps, and the fragrant remains of the incense. One of the most famous objects in St Peter's is the notorious bronze statue of the saint, which some antiquaries declare to be an ancient Jupiter with the keys added, and the name changed; others say it was the statue of a slave; but the majority of critics, I believe, consider it to be the work of the early Christians, who perhaps melted down a Jupiter, and used the metal for their purpose. I confess I cannot believe the old pagans, who have left us so many forms of beauty, ever made anything half so hideous as this seated image, which resembles a Hindoo idol more than anything else. On Christmas-day, a ring—apparently an enormous sapphire surrounded with large diamonds—blazed upon one of the brazen fingers; and two soldiers were stationed, one on each side, a guard of honour for St Peter—and the ring.

Most people are familiar with the interior of St Peter's, if only by means of drawings and engravings, and I need scarcely remind my readers that the high-altar, with its beautiful bronze baldacchino, or grand canopy, stands immediately beneath the dome. The relics of St Peter are said to rest beneath the altar; and the confessional, where Canova's kneeling statue of Pius VI. is placed, is surrounded by a balustrade of marble, on which are suspended eighty-nine lamps, kept burning night and day. Leaning over this balustrade, we look down on the statue which represents the pope praying at the tomb of the apostle, and likewise on the double flight of steps which lead to the shrine. The baldacchino, which is 94 feet high, and which is profusely ornamented and gilt, was partly composed of bronze stripped from the Pantheon, in those days when there seemed little reverence for the beautiful remains of ancient art, and when the Colosseum itself was used like a quarry to supply building materials for medieval palaces. It is conjectured that tin from our Cornish mines was a component part of that Pantheon bronze; brought from the island of the barbarians by the Romans, when Rome was the seat and centre of civilisation. How strangely do the generations clasp hands, and weave the chain which stretches through all time!

The great dome is mainly supported by four piers, each pier having a colossal statue at its base, and the seats appointed for ladies stretched on our side from the statue of St Helena—represented bearing

the cross, of which her dream led to the discovery, and other instruments of the Saviour's passion—and the statue of St Longinus—the soldier who pierced His side; opposite, the seats extended between the statue of St Andrew and that of St Vermon. We were by no means too early, for ten minutes after we had secured seats in the first and second rows, ladies thronged in so fast that I began to pity a certain official, a sort of master of the ceremonies, whom duty it appeared to be to superintend the accommodation of the black-robed visitors. The functionary was a gentleman evidently, and one who spoke three or four languages fluently; but he wore a dress that belonged to the Elizabethan period; and by the starched ruff, which gave his head a distinguished appearance, the clasped sleeves and ruffs, and numerous chains hanging about him, he reminded one of some ancient knight, that I found myself indulging in a sort of waking dream, and fancying that I saw before me an old picture that had stepped out of its frame, and become vivid for the moment. But the living picture was a character with definite opinions of his own. His abhorrence of novelties became painfully evident as he marshalled the ladies to their places, and used hard words about the 'lil-loons' that so troubled him. He did not but like a married or paternal personage, and, moreover, I believe, believes as chiefly in favour near the 'last Siege;' but he spoke as severely of the work of a Benedict might have done who had to provide food to cover the crinolines of a wife and half-a-dozen daughters. Then his temper certainly was tried by the pertinacity with which people would entangle themselves just in the way where the new-comers had a pass, on the seat that he insisted must be filled up last. The uninitiated fancied this third row a particularly good place, which it was not, as its comfort discovered later in the day; but our friend of the starched ruff had to renew his explanations and dislodge new-comers every five minutes. On an occasion, when he had spoken to some ladies in three languages, without making the slightest impression, he lost his patience, but startled them into comprehension by abruptly exclaiming, in good English: 'Of what country are you, that you don't understand me?' However, all troubles come to an end some time or other, and his tiresome duty seemed ended by about nine o'clock. I should mention that the very best seats, the extra-reserved, were made of, and apportioned to the 'ladies of the French garnison,' who, later in the morning, came in by two and three on the arms of French officers. A trifling courtesy this, no doubt, and yet significant of the condition of modern Rome, where a foreign military keep guard over her most time-honoured monuments, exercise in the piazza of her cathedral, and take the wall when passing her citizens in the streets, who very names ring with a rhythm of past glories; the soldiery who seek to drown the audible murmur of discontent with the drum and the fife, and maintain by sheer force an outward calm that can be only the precursor of national convulsion. Ladies of the French garnison, enjoy your reserved seats while you may. I fear the scorn that gleams from the bright eyes of many a Roman maid and matron as you and husbands pass by, glances also sideways at you!

Soon after nine o'clock, St Peter's began—I was going to say to fill—but that is a mistake. I cannot imagine St Peter's to be ever filled. It seemed to absorb the crowds who entered, they looked so small, and were so quickly scattered. Now a party of Sisters of Charity arrived, and, before taking their places, bent their knees in profound reverence to some object of their worship; then came the pope's Swiss Guard in their clown-like uniform of black, red, and yellow—said to have been designed by Michael Angelo; the

bare-legged friars with their sandalled feet, serge frocks, and rope-girdles, spitting as well as praying, and giving unmistakable evidence of their standing quarrel with, and separation from, soap and water. Later came more soldiers, and officers in brilliant uniforms, and ambassadors in official costumes, and priests, whose costly vestments and jewels eclipsed every other decoration. I thought, too, that the black dresses of the ladies, serried into masses, formed a contrast or background which set off those brilliant costumes to advantage. It is true there were many ladies in ordinary walking-dresses—especially those who came in for half an hour before proceeding to the English Protestant church—but they were not admitted beyond a certain barrier.

At ten o'clock precisely, the massive centre door was thrown open; and at the same moment, a strain of music was heard. Then began the grand procession of the day, every incident of which has, I believe, some symbolic meaning. It is, I think, a pity that these types are not more generally explained and understood; were their hidden meaning made apparent, these ceremonies would be more instructive and suggestive to the Roman Catholic laity, and more interesting to us heretics. Priests of many denominations walked two and two, generally with hands placed together, and pointed upwards, as if in prayer; then came cardinals in their rich robes, and in the same attitude, which permitted us to see their jewelled rings worn on the third finger. More immediately preceding His Holiness, three jewelled crowns, or mitres, were borne, each on a separate cushion; and two large fans of white feathers, in which the eyes of peacocks' feathers are set, were waved to and fro. I understand these eyes are symbolic of the vigilance expected from the pontiff; and, likewise, that the eyes of all men are turned towards him.

The pope was carried in his chair, or portable throne, and raised high on the shoulders of his bearers; and, with thumb and two extended fingers—said to symbolise the Trinity—he gave his blessing to the people as he passed along. Not believing in the infallibility of any human being, my feelings of respect were not so absorbing as to exclude other emotions; and I must confess a sentiment of compassion for this frail old man was that most prominent with me. I know not how one can go over one of his palaces and mark the arrangements which indicate his isolated existence without pity taking possession of the heart. Why, if it were only that an old man must fade away, and fall into the grave without the intimate companionship and tender care of woman, he must be an object of compassion. Is there no Christian symbol to be traced in the fact that, in our Saviour's history, women were found 'last at the cross,' and 'earliest at the grave,' that may sanctify this Protestant compassion?

Pius IX. has a benevolent expression of countenance, mingled with weakness and indecision. I have seldom seen any countenance so colourless; his closely shaven face on Christmas-day had that peculiar pallor which, in the decline of life, is said to indicate great vitality, and consequently the prospect of a long life. The pope's vestments were of white silk, richly embroidered with gold; and he wore on his head the famous triple crown, which blazed with jewels. It may be worth while to remark that the lower circlet of this crown typifies temporal dominion, while the mitre represents the spiritual; the second circlet shadows forth the union of the spiritual and temporal authority; and the third, the union of the pontifical, imperial, and royal power. In the large space behind the high-altar, the pope descended from his chair, and received the homage of the cardinals—and then commenced the ceremony of High Mass. The music, somewhat dramatic in its character, was exquisite;

a choir of well-attuned voices proceeded from a sort of balcony, with close trellis-like gilded railings, which concealed the persons of the singers—and I for one could not help thinking of birds singing from a gilded cage. I need not express my Protestant feelings about the ceremonies of the mass; but I must confess the scene was impressive when the pope, standing at the high-altar with his assistant-priesthood around him, advanced a step or two forward, and elevated the host for the faithful to worship. By some well-concerted signal, the next instant the cannon of St Angelo thundered out to all Rome the intelligence, so that doubtless multitudes of believers who were not within the cathedral bowed themselves in adoration at the same moment. But that very ceremony, imposing and impressive as it was, had also its disenchanting power; for as every believer in the doctrine of transubstantiation knelt at the elevation of the host, they thus picked themselves out from among that vast throng, and proclaimed how small their number in comparison with the foreign visitors who had been attracted hither from curiosity to see the show. Of course, with only this transient opportunity of observation for one's guide, it is difficult to speak with precision on such a subject; but I certainly think that not more than one out of every fifteen or twenty persons who were in St Peter's on Christmas-morning, exclusive of priests and nuns, acknowledged themselves Romanists at the moment to which I refer.

When the ceremony was over, the pope was again carried in his chair; but this time he passed down the opposite side of the nave, and thus was seen closely by the people congregated in that part of the church, towards whom he extended his hand with the gesture of benediction as he passed along. The crowd now began to move, following the pope like the billows of a receding tide—all but those who paused to worship at the shrine of St Peter, or to kiss the extended toe of the bronze statue.

It was nearly one o'clock when we reached the open air, and looked upon a scene not easily to be forgotten. Slanting rays of sunlight had gleamed through the windows of the cathedral, and had proclaimed with their pencils of light that the morning mist had cleared away; but we were not prepared for a literally cloudless sky of dark, clear blue—a sky that in the rarefied depth and intensity of its ether has no parallel in our northern latitude; a true 'Italian sky,' the memory of which dwells in the mind 'a joy for ever.' The sun blazed from the clear blue vault as from a throne—and pitilessly on the unbonneted heads exposed to its power, as we stood on the cathedral steps waiting for our carriage to draw up. But as this was a tedious process, necessity waived ceremony; and ladies were seen hurrying to whatever shade they could find, or raising shawls from their shoulders to their brows, by way of protection. And yet in the shade so many sought, the north wind was found keenly cutting, so that the alternative for that odd quarter of an hour lay between the chance of a *coup de soleil*, or a severe cold. The scene meanwhile continued to be sufficiently interesting; the bright sunshine gleamed on the cardinals' red carriages, as one after another they rolled away with their priestly burdens, and on the ambassador's gay dresses, and on the Swiss guard and French soldiers stationed in the piazza; and it made rainbows in the bright fountains there which seemed to leap up with a spirit of innocent gladness. The clear blue ether also formed a matchless background for the white statues that crowned the colonnades of the piazza—peopling their entablature to the number of nearly two hundred. These statues represent duly canonised saints, and though really twelve feet in height, appear

only lifeline; but then we must remember that the colonnades are above sixty feet in height.

In due time, our turn arrived, and thankful we were for the shade of a close carriage as we stepped into it. But driving home was no very easy matter; we had to fall into the long line of carriages that was forming, and to proceed at a walking-pace until long after we had crossed the Tiber. High Mass at St Peter's was the great event of Christmas-day in Rome; and the procession that crowded the main lines of the thoroughfare for an hour after it was over, demonstrated how numerous and motley had been the congregation beneath that wondrous dome!

IN RE, MIND AND MATTER.

BONNIE was the name of an old bachelor Scotchman and odd character who kept an old-book shop in a certain university town of North Britain. He was a little man, with keen gray eyes under a high wrinkled forehead, over which straggled one or two friendless hairs, of which there never were so many on his head since I knew it, but that they might have been counted. His features were sharp, with a constant look of care; his whiskers white and thin; his voice shrill; and his lips thin, as if worn with use. Everything was sharp and thin about him, from his knees to his nose. His black coat was tight and bare, and his black trousers yellow and snuffy. He kept himself as he kept his favourite authors—whom he wouldn't disgrace by binding afresh—no, not to make them fetch double the money.

He never had any other name than Bobbie; or if he had, nobody knew it. Something about him forbade inquiry: there was no sign over his door; and he never gave receipts or credit. My instincts told me he was a Smith—Mr Robert Smith. He had the tread of a Smith—laid his feet on the world's soil like one with a right to do it—steadily, frankly, fladly, deliberately. He had the humanity of a Smith—that feeling for the species which, however it may be with other persons, is always perfect in the breast of a Smith. So it ought to be. Aren't the Smiths, in a sort, human society? Others may have the feeling, but it is only among the Smiths that humanity can rank with the family affections. And lastly, he had that reserve about his name which characterises the Smiths: he never told it to anybody; nobody knew it. Not that the Smiths generally deny themselves, but none of them ever had so fine a sense of what was due to the family. 'Homo sum,' &c. 'Smith sum,' &c. There is no occasion to mention the particular genus; he lived and died as Bobbie the Bookseller.

No one knew what he was in the beginning, or when the raw material of him was cast into the mould of the old-book shop. But the casting was perfect—he fitted it exactly. A cubic foot added to its space—an inch to the counter—would have made harmony impossible between him and it. As it was, he harmonised, soul and body of him, with everything in it. With the stock-in-trade, indeed, his mind had a sort of Coriolan brotherhood. Like it, he smacked of every system and of all knowledge; his kaleidoscopic views changed with its changes, whether made by sale or purchase. When nothing was doing, and there was no new book to be assimilated, he would sit for hours as steadily as the books on their shelves, and looking as straight before him, brooding over some owlish question in metaphysics—Did the owl come from the egg, or the egg from the owl? He had always food for reflection.

Of his many peculiarities, only one is to the purpose. In the flux of his mind, two things were as firmly fixed as posts in a river—his belief in the

supremacy of reason, and his sense of duty. 'Vivere convenienter naturam' was his sum of all the commandments; and wherever reason pointed the way, Bobbie put his best foot forward—a dreadfully practical little man. But as his own reason—which was none of the best—and not reason in general, was his guide, he was continually falling into extravagance. It was his folly to be always illustrating the power of mind over matter—if mind couldn't triumph over matter, where was reason's supremacy or the solid doctrine?

The said doctrine had hardly fair-play from Bobbie—he understood it so literally. Nature was something less than a blanket, and included neither cowards nor stall-oxen, opinion nor laws. We were all right in a state of nature—so said Rousseau—when entered the world with inventions and conventions, especially the latter. Wherever he got the notion—most likely from some forgotten work of the eighteenth century, long since gone out of stock, Bobbie had it, that all the most deplorable evils were due to conventions (meaning conventionalities); and from this sprang, in the obscurity of his brain, a string of heresies as long and sticky as the shoots of a potato in a dungeon. It would shock you to enumerate them. There was sum to fear marriage was a convention. Polygamy, too, monogamy there; here many wives, there many husbands: bah, it was a convention! Property was a convention—any proof wanted for that!—the rule were less if the law were clearer; it was a point muddle of a convention! The very order of society was a convention—pampered aristocracies, high nobles, low caste, humane institution of American slavery! Of course it was a convention! Religion—ya weep to record it—religion was a convention. Satan in it?—why, on the face of it, it was supernatural!—and Bobbie would array all the religions of the world, from Mumbo-Jumboism to Mormonism, and level the folly of mankind. It wasn't much one human man could do; but he would do it. He trusted nature, and not conventions, and, while there was life in him, he would stand up against conventions!

One day he stumbled on a syllogism, which nearly proved the death of him, by knocking him up against a hitherto unsuspected convention. 'Loss of time is an evil'; the major, good. 'Sleep is a loss of time'; the minor, bad, but not so to Bobbie. 'Therefore sleep is an evil!'—conclusion quite alarming! Being an evil, sleep was a convention! Bobbie, who loved his night's rest, and never opened till ten A.M., was distressed at the prospect of this new martyrdom to principle; for him to discover a convention was to stand up against it; he was far too practical and moral a man not to suffer from his false conclusion. So he banged at the joints of that syllogism with all his logic to see whether they were sound, and still the inexorable major and minor turned round on them to the conclusion. He consulted a student of metaphysics on the subject, who attacked the minor with the vigour of eighteen, denied it, and had language to it, called it a *peritio principis*; and said, in short, that sleep, so far from being a loss of time, was one of the most healthful and necessary ways of employing it. Bobbie's pride of intellect was touched. He defended the minor. Sleep was time lost to activity—an evil—a convention; and he would show that and the power of mind over matter by doing without it.

The night following his conversation with the gownsmen, Bobbie opened the campaign against the newly detected tyranny. He took no one into his secret, and meant to surprise the world by a discovery that would add a third to human life, if it would not pave the way to a triumph over death itself. Filled with these great ideas, he saw to his coat—

drew down the blinds on the windows of his room over the shop, and adjusted himself for the night. He went it on the whole pleasantly, reading a rusty *Locke on the Understanding* before midnight; writing out the fatal syllogism, and a note of his faith and feelings, till three in the morning; drank a glass of cold water, and exercised himself in leaping over the chairs placed at intervals in a circle round the table till half-past three; sat a while at the fire; feeling drowsy about four, went down to the shop for Tom Paine, where he was thoroughly roused by a conversation, in a screaming voice, through the shutter, with a policeman, who was surprised by seeing the light through the chinks; read Tom Paine till seven; cooked his breakfast and ate it till eight, and surprised the neighbours by opening shop for the day at a quarter past eight. During the day he felt very drowsy, but was able to go through the ordinary routine of buying and selling, and conversing with the gowns-men who dropped in, as if there were nothing particular on foot.

Next night, he commenced by continuing the note of his feelings and experiences. The record is before me, but too long and rambling for quotation. It begins (I alter the dialect, which was a bewildering mixture of Scotch and English): 'So far forth I have holden on, and not without hope of triumph. Why should I, the divine *Ego* [Bobbie deified his reason], for a moment be lost in the unfathomed— [A gap here.] Arms of Morpheus, forsooth! the pagan hypothesis. O man! how can you have led us, with your vagaries, into this time-destroying convention—this curious putting of ourselves by in sleep—this voluntary exile of consciousness and power which we nightly suffer—this— [Gap again.] But I am throwing off the thrall.' And then came the particulars. He had to rub his eyes many times before finishing his scribbling; and when the clock struck twelve, and he rose for a change of employment, they were red and hot, and his head was aching. But he firmly believed that the majesty of the will being once asserted, nature would interfere to readjust matters, and he should be free, nor longer liable to be caught and clasped to the bosom of the insinuating pagan hypothesis! When, thereafter, he tried to read, the print danced on the page, and colours red, blue, and black, came and went upon it; and when he shook his head to rid himself of these impediments, he shook out long webs and strings of gauze that spread and hung before his eyes, with broken edges, rents here and there; here blotches of black, and there of blood, always shifting, always going downward out of sight, and reappearing immediately from above on their way down again; while numerous flies went in and out, and up and down, in the gauze, and completed his distraction. Reading became quite impossible. He now bethought him of the shop again. He went down, lit the gas, kindled the fire, and gave the place every appearance of business, save that the door was shut and the shutters on the windows. He set himself in his customary seat, as if he were expecting customers, just as he had done any time for twenty years; and doing nothing, held himself awake, if not by sheer force of habit—it was never heard of that he napped in the shop—at least by a strong effort of will. At three, another change became necessary: his feet were sleeping, if he wasn't—O weakness of matter!—and he had some difficulty in trailing himself up stairs. Once there, he put on the kettle, made and drank a cup of strong tea, ate some bread and butter; and it now being after four, he spent the remainder of the morning till breakfast-time in playing loo with himself for high stakes, working Dumby's cards with great anxiety for that imaginary individual's interests. The shop was opened at eight. The issues in the great cause, 'Mind and Matter,' Bobbie for the

plaintiff, were now rapidly evolving themselves. As the day advanced, he felt like one in an uncomfortable dream. His fancy became active, and twisted everything at its will into the maddest grotesqueries; his thoughts played leap-frog in the chambers of his brain, and congested on his tongue, striving for expression. It was mooted about that day that Bobbie had lost his wits. He stood up as usual to the business of conversation, and the students who dropped in could make nothing of him. The little man's gray eyes were red; the wrinkles on his brow were deepened; and there was a stoop on his back, that used to be straight as a rush. Alas! for the supremacy of Reason! His absurdities and inconsistencies, that spread over many weeks, were amusing, exhibited in so many minutes, were terrific—sheer insanity. In the same breath, he was a baboon with Monboddo, and recollected with Plato the state of pre-existence! In the same breath he agreed with Hume and Berkeley. Conscience was at once the divine monitor and a convention; and he went in for the Ptolemaic system against an intending purchaser of the *Principia*. He shut the shop that night an hour before his usual time, and thus confirmed the suspicions which his behaviour had already awakened in the minds of his neighbours.

The third night opened with a game at 'loo.' No notes, no feelings, no particulars of his experiences. If his crotchets had not been so firmly rooted in him, he would have given up the cards by this time in re, 'Mind and Matter,' as well as literally. But Bobbie was no common litigant. He had foreseen and provided against the weakness of matter leading mind, through sheer pity, into a compromise of its claims. He had printed the fatal syllogism in fatal red ink, in a large hand, and pasted it on the four sides of his room. It stared him into a sense of duty on which-ever side he turned:

NO COMPROMISE!

Loss of time is an evil.

Sleep is a loss of time.

Sleep is an evil.

So on he went with his loo; Dumby now victor, now himself; strict regard for interests of Dumby; double; Dumby sweeps the pool; languid 'Bravo, Dumby!' hitch in reckoning with Dumby; pause to consider; head drops forward; not done yet; game to the last; splashes the cards on to the floor, and paces up and down over them pitilessly, as hearts, clubs, spades, and diamonds, look up at him, deprecating his anger. It is past midnight. He is on the alert now; avoids chairs, tables, sofas, everything that suggests sitting, leaning, lying. It is one o'clock; he is weak and yielding; thinks of tea, but has not the energy to go and make it. It is two o'clock; how heavily and drowsily the great church-clock sounds the hour! This cannot last. Now, then, for his grand effort. He drags himself down stairs, passes through the shop, and into the street, and in the direction of the fields.

He never reached them. He had bravely wrestled with his enemy, but it threw him. His brain and blood were full of dreams that should have been three days old by this time, and they weighed upon him till he sat down on a cold stone by the wayside, when they made brief work of him, and stretched him his full length on the ground. The divine 'Ego' of him went into exile, while the pagan hypothesis roughly held the mortal part to earth! Verdict for the defendant.

It was well for Bobbie that the watchman, who had been for three nights puzzled by his extraordinary proceedings, over and in the little shop, had satisfied himself that all was not right; and being a kind soul, not to say inquisitive, had kept an eye on the

premises, and dogged the little man when he saw him issue haggard as a maniac from his door. His first idea, on coming up to him where he lay, was that he had poisoned himself, and was dead; so he sprang his rattle, and having procured assistance, had Bobbie conveyed to the nearest house, where he was stretched out, apparently lifeless, on a bed vacated for him by the humane landlord, who hurried away for a doctor. The doctor, when he came and inspected him, pronounced him a living man, swore a round oath or two at the watch for their stupidity, and tried to arouse him. This was more than could be done, however. They pulled him, nipped him, poured water on him to no purpose. At last they took him home, put him safely into his own bed, and left him.

It was Friday morning when Bobbie was put to bed. When he awakened, the sun was streaming in upon him, and the church-bells were ringing their last peals, all over the city. Bobbie sat up in bed, bewildered, trying in vain to recall what had happened, when his door opened, and the neighbour-body who, for a consideration, kept things right about him, entered and threw up her hands: 'Thank Heaven, Bobbie, ye've wakened, a' thought ye wis gaen to sleep till doomsday!' The true nature of the catastrophe flashed upon him, and he buried his face, crimson with shame, under the bedclothes.

Bobbie continued in after-times to believe as firmly as ever in the majesty of the will, the supremacy of reason, triumph of mind over matter, and in the diabolical nature of conventions; but it was observed that he always qualified his creed by a saving-clause to the effect that there were some particulars—sleep, for example—in regard to which, from the extreme weakness of the flesh resulting from confirmed habit, the mind was not to be expected to exercise its dominion. He affirmed of this subject to the last, that the thing might be done, under fair conditions: 'Just gie me a bairnie wha haena been quite spoilt, an' a' warrant a'll mak' it doe w'oot sleep; that a' wull.' He never had a chance of making the experiment; so he continued in his self-complacency and hatred of conventions, till the grand smasher of all conventions removed him.

VISITANTS OF SHIPS AT SEA.

ALL persons who have made long voyages, especially in land-locked seas and on board of sailing-vessels, must remember painfully the wearisomeness of protracted calms. But travellers who have a turn for natural history, often find amusement in circumstances which kill others with ennui. At particular seasons of the year, a ship proceeding, for instance, to the Mediterranean, has no sooner been two or three days out at sea, than the passengers observe birds of various kinds perched upon the rigging. Fatigue is generally supposed to be the cause of these visits, though we cannot always have recourse to this explanation, since even when the shore is near at hand, these little explorers of strange things will come and display their beauty to the mariner, reminding him of green woods and sunny glades, in the midst of vast billows, and the watery waste.

We believe that hawks and falcons are not usually reckoned among migratory birds; yet it is certain that they sometimes cross the Mediterranean where it is broadest, as well from Africa to Europe as from Europe to Africa. One day in summer, lying almost midway between Marmarice and Greece, we observed a golden falcon coming up swiftly from the south, and resting upon the top-gallant-sail-yard. As he remained there a considerable time, we inferred that

he meant to make the passage to Europe in our company; and a young sailor went up to do the honour of the ship, and invite him to descend. Having evidently had enough of flying, the falcon made no objection. He suffered himself to be taken without the least resistance; and when brought down to the deck, looked about him, as we thought, with tokens of pleasure. Perhaps he detected the smell of meat; and certainly when some was offered him, the voracity with which he fell upon it suggested the probability that we were indebted for the pleasure of his company to hunger rather than weariness.

Being treated with much kindness, he showed us desire to quit us, though allowed his full freedom. He flew fore and aft, soared up to the mast, and then, when he thought proper, came down like an eagle.

Everybody on board was amused with him, and loved to gaze at his large bright piercing eyes as he watched everything around him, or turned up quick glances at the clouds. We began to think him as tame as a kitten, gave him, by way of peacocking, bits of meat with our fingers, and some of the bolder among us even ventured to stroke his speckled breast. This, however, was not done without some apprehension, for he had sharp claws, and his tail was formidable.

When he had already been with us eight or ten days, we came in sight of Etna, towering ten thousand feet into the blue firmament, and with us deep away cap looking like a stationary cloud. The falcon no doubt saw it much sooner than we did, for he had been kindly treated, and was doubtless bent to look hospitable ties. But when liberty or warmth was the question, he could not long hesitate, and, wheeling twice or thrice about the ship, as if to take an affectionate leave of us, he rose aloft, plunged into space, and disappeared in the direction of the great mountain. We could not blame him, though as he had grown friendly and familiar, we much regretted his departure.

Some of the old Dutch navigators being, like the rest of their countrymen, possessed strongly by the love of gardening, often used to make it attempt to indulge in the pleasures of horticulture on board ship. They made large, long, and deep boxes, filled them with fine earth, and raised for themselves crosses and other salads during their voyages to the east. When the keen-eyed birds perceived, as they could see a great distance, these little floating patches of verdure, they often alighted on the vessels to examine them. But most of the visits paid to ships by birds are owing to precisely the same motive as makes wayfarers pause at an inn on the road—they have travelled far, and need a little repose.

Unfortunately, sailors have formed a strange theory respecting the appearance of birds in the neighbourhood of their vessels, on their sails, or among the rigging; they look upon them as the sure forerunner of storms. Even the most observant travellers are sometimes betrayed—by putting confidence in old seafaring men, usually full of prejudice and superstition—into sharing this belief. An able naturalist, sailing out of the Baltic, observed, just before leaving sight of the island of Gothland, a small gray bird of the sparrow tribe following the ship, upon which the captain said they should certainly have had weather. Accordingly, in less than half an hour the wind rose, the sea ran high, and the waves broke fiercely over the bulwarks. The same writer remarks that, in the North Sea, the Baltic, and on the coast of Spain, whenever birds came on board, a tempest was sure to follow, which led him to infer that the petrel is not the only bird whose visits portend storms.

We have not yet sufficiently investigated the laws of instinct to know by what signs birds forewarn the

coming on of bad weather, though it is certain they do, long before the human eye can discover in sea or air the slightest indication of its approach. The most interesting point connected with this subject is the light it may serve to throw on the migration of birds. We know that many species disappear from the northern parts of Europe early in the autumn, and that they reappear a little later in Africa and Southern Spain. From these facts we might reasonably conclude, that in the interval they perform the passage from one of these parts of the world to the other. Ships bound in the same direction as the birds are often alighted upon by these little voyagers, when the rough wind precipitates them from the upper regions of the atmosphere, through which they would otherwise prefer to fly. Among these are the redstart, the swallow, and others, which the first harbinger of the nipping cold of winter sends hastily away to the beautiful slopes of Mount Atlas, or the southern acclivities of the Sierra Nevada. Sometimes on the Spanish coast the linnet puts forth to sea, either caught by the vortices of the atmosphere, and carried away against its will, or tempted by curiosity to make acquaintance with the ships that sail down the Atlantic towards the Strait of Gibraltar.

Naturalists have observed that the rock of Gibraltar forms, for the English short-winged summer-birds, a resting-place and rendezvous, where they meet in spring and autumn, on their way to and from the north. In this fact, we discover an explanation of the facility with which these feeble voyagers pass from one quarter of the world to another. If they choose, they may avoid long sea-passages, and flit from hill to hill, and grove to grove, all the way from Kent or Sussex to the extremity of Andalusia. Occasionally, however, for reasons not easy to be discovered, or in obedience to some law of instinct altogether unknown, they not only avoid the land, but set out at night to traverse the sea. When overtaken by hard weather, they are sometimes dashed against light-houses, or the rigging of ships, and in the morning have been found dead on the deck, or among the rocks. It has been conjectured, that, disliking the gloom in which they are enveloped by the storm, they make voluntarily towards the strong beacon-light in search of an asylum; but it is quite as probable that amid the fury of the winds, they lose the power of directing their own flight, and are dashed accidentally against the lofty tower.

The nightingale is undoubtedly to be reckoned among birds of passage; yet we know of no instance of its being taken on shipboard. No doubt, it crosses the Mediterranean from Europe to Africa, because the season in which it is found on the northern slopes of the Atlas is precisely that in which it disappears from our latitudes. So, again, in Persia, the bulbul, or nightingale, is only observed to sing during those months in which its song is never heard with us. To Asia, however, it may easily migrate, along the soft valleys of Roumelia and Asia Minor; but to the Barbary States it could hardly travel otherwise than by sea. It may, indeed, proceed to the specular Rock of Gibraltar, and from thence see its way clearly into Morocco. Most ornithologists are of this opinion, as also that it comes over to us from the continent by the narrowest part of the Channel; and this they imagine to be the reason why it does not stroll so far westward as Devonshire and Cornwall. A much more probable reason is that they do not find their proper food in those counties; because, in reference to distance, Carlisle, which they do visit, is much further from Dover even than the Land's End.

Navigators in the Indian Ocean sometimes observe upon the yards and rigging of their ships unknown

birds of the richest plumage, which come to them when they are so far out at sea, that nothing but experience could prove the possibility of a bird's flying to so great a distance. There are two species of cuckoo, natives, it is said, of Hawaii, which are known to fly across the ocean all the way from Australia to New Zealand, a distance of a thousand miles, without once resting, because there is no land between on which they could alight. As swift birds, however, fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour, they can perform this formidable passage in less than five hours and a half.

An eastern mariner once related to us a curious anecdote of a bird-visitor which he had many years before on board his ship. Having left the vicinity of Danger Island, he sailed away almost due east for upwards of a thousand miles, when, early one morning, he observed among the cordage a bird, in shape like a swallow, but of the most exquisite and delicate colours; its breast was bright azure, its tail green, its wings were of scarlet, from its head rose a golden crest, and its eyes were surrounded by a circle of pink feathers. It had been subdued, no doubt, by means of hunger, to a temper of the greatest tameness. He held out to it a little rice upon a plate. The bird descended, perched upon his arm, and ate with extreme voracity. It was evidently much used to man, took fright at no one, but at dinner walked coolly about upon the cabin-table among the plates and dishes, now taking a bit from one hand, and now from another. Happening by chance to approach the cabin-door noiselessly, when, as he thought, the bird supposed itself to be alone, he heard it singing in the most plaintive manner, and at intervals pausing to talk in an unknown language. Watching it more narrowly, he observed that it was standing before a looking-glass, and holding a tender colloquy with its own image. On his entering, it seemed ashamed, and flew to the other side of the cabin.

At length the ship arrived at a small island, where, during its stay, several chiefs came on board, and were invited into the cabin. The mariner was surprised to behold them fall on their knees, bow their heads, and mutter a prayer to this bird. Upon inquiry, the mariner found it was their god, who, having gone out upon the ocean for an airing, had lost his way, and owed his preservation to the fortunate accident of meeting with a ship. The chiefs offered a large sum of money for his ransom; but the generous mariner, respecting their prejudices, or else pitying their weakness, restored them their divinity, without even charging for his board and lodging.

Here in Europe—though the plumage of the birds be less brilliant, which may account, perhaps, for their being held in less respect—ships sometimes present the appearance of a moving aviary. A vessel sailing through the Bay of Biscay, a considerable distance from land, became the resting-place of a goldfinch and chaffinch; snipes also, and a white owl, flew round the ship; and, what was more surprising, a hawk appeared in the midst of large numbers of swallows and martins. To explain this phenomenon, we must suppose that the migratory instinct subdues for a season the instinct of ferocity, otherwise the white owl and the hawk would have feasted forthwith upon their companions. Finding themselves to be fellow-travellers with smaller and more defenceless birds, and looking upon the ship as a wandering caravansary, they respected the rights of hospitality, and for several days lived among their inferiors with equal gentleness and condescension. Another visitant to the same ship was a hen redstart, which entered through the port-holes over the guns, and was daily fed by the sailors. Having reposed as long as was needful, these little wayfarers took their leave—we may presume on their way to Africa, since

the ship seems to have been descending from a higher to a lower latitude, and thus afforded the emigrants a welcome lift. On board the same vessel, a small gullinule and a kestrel hawk were caught at a distance of four hundred and twenty-four miles from land.

It is highly probable that, if our naval officers were in general fonder of natural history, we should obtain from them extremely curious particulars respecting the habits of migratory birds. The oldest of the Greek poets alludes, in many parts of his poems, to the migration of cranes, which are so strong of wing that it may be presumed they never have reason to alight for rest on ships. After having passed the winter amid the warm marshes of the White Nile, or those of the Tigris and Euphrates, they traverse the scented valleys of Syria, and move in spring along the picturesque shores of Asia Minor. A learned traveller has an extremely interesting passage on their migration northward. A company of cranes, returning from their winter-quarters, flew in orderly array over Smyrna, on the 9th of March, northward. Another soon followed, and then many; some by day, when they are seen changing their figure and leader; some by moonlight, when they are heard, high in air, repeating their noisy signals. The same writer, sailing in autumn southward from the Hellespont, again saw his old friends on their way to their winter-quarters. Being near Tenedos, he says he was amused by vast caravans or companies of cranes passing high in the air from Thracia, to winter, as he supposed, in Egypt. He admired the number and variety of their squadrons, their extent, orderly array, and apparently good discipline.

Other migratory birds of strong wing scorn the aid of man in their flight, and dart from one continent to another, depending exclusively on the force of their own pistons. Thus the pelicans, though birds of great weight, ascend into the atmosphere, and forming themselves into one compact wedge, cleave the air like an arrow, and traverse the whole Mediterranean at one flight. They present a sight of rare beauty when preparing for their departure. Differing in this from many other birds, they commence their journey in the morning, collecting in myriads on the marshes of the Nile, and soaring aloft with a scream, they form a vast canopy overhead, while the sun playing on their white feathers, delicately tipped with pink, remind the traveller of the snows of the higher Alps, which are often rendered rosy by the touch of dawn.

These powerful birds, as we have said, need no other resting-places in their migrations than such as have been supplied them by nature. It is otherwise with the smaller winged tribes. These, when caught by the foremost blast of high winds, in their attempt to cross the sea, invariably take refuge in ships. A Swedish naturalist, entering the Mediterranean early in the morning, observed that the *Motacilla Hispanica* (a beautiful species of wagtail) almost immediately came on board. It had become conscious of the approach of a storm, and endeavoured to escape from it by flight. Observing beneath it the white sails of a vessel, while Africa was a long way off, it descended boldly, to make friends, and demand hospitality of the Swedish mariners. They seem, however, to have thought more of the high winds, which the arrival of these little pilgrims portended, than of the beauty or habits of their visitors. The wind which brought these aerial voyagers was a strong north-easter, and it came accompanied by thunder and lightning, things little familiar to Scandinavians in the month of October. But it being the migrating season, the birds would not defer their journey on account of stress of weather; but mounting amid atmospheric and electric

currents, undismayed by the thunder's roar or the lightning's flash, they sought to fulfil faithfully the behests of nature. In the morning, however, the waves were covered with the bodies of larks and wagtails, which had been killed by the fury of the elements during the night. Two only, one of either species, reached the ship in safety.

Sometimes birds seem to be induced by mere curiosity or love of mankind to put out from their native shore, and alight on ships at sea. The sparrow, it is well known, has an inveterate fondness for hopping and chirping about human beings, whether on land or water. They will even cling to the dwellings long after the dwellers therein have passed away, and sit sally on the eaves at dawn, as if expecting the appearance of some new inhabitant. We are not at all surprised, therefore, to find the African sparrow, on beholding a vessel, flying out to it, in order to take a crumb with its inmates. Sicily abounds with sparrows, which, during winter, sun themselves in large troops upon the beautiful old ruins of Grecian temples, where they will go round with you, as if they were quite interested in the antiquities. As soon as they see a ship, they fly away to it in great multitudes, as if delighted to examine anything new; and on reaching it, sit about the sails, perch upon the yards, masts, and rigging, descending frequently to share the meals of the sailors, in whose rough humanity they place the most complete confidence.

Many species of birds love to construct what Shakespeare calls their procreant cradles on the islands of the Mediterranean. Egina is a favourite spot, where, but for the policy of the inhabitants, they would multiply so fast as to produce a famine. Accordingly, as soon as the breeding-season sets in, the worthy natives disperse themselves over the island, peer into every nook and cranny of the rocks, in search of the nests of doves, pigeons, and partridges, whose eggs they collect and take away, or destroy on the spot without mercy. In this part of Greece, the partridge is reckoned among singing-birds. Its note, they say, is extremely sweet; and, contrary to the instincts of its kind, at least as observed elsewhere, it perches at night. Now and then, the solitary thrush—a peculiar species—alights on the barks that ply among the Cyclades. The Turks set a high value upon this bird, whose song is unrivalled save by that of the nightingale.

It has been suggested by an able naturalist, that a most interesting Fauna might be written on the visitors of ships at sea; and the waters of our own coast would supply considerable materials for such a work. The wheatear, identical with the *ortolan* or *baccico*, often rests upon vessels running up along the western coast of England, sometimes remaining on board for twenty-four hours together. This suggests a pleasant idea of sailors, who, instead of killing the little strangers, as many other classes of persons would, are almost invariably kind and hospitable towards them. If they could be induced to apply their leisure hours to the study of natural history, they would be able to furnish the world with innumerable curious particulars respecting the habits of birds. Perhaps the most interesting source for such observations is the Mediterranean, because of the vernal and autumnal voyages made by all the migratory birds across its waters. About the Lipari Islands alone it would be easy to find materials for an instructive chapter, since many rare birds are often found resting, as if on shipboard, upon their ruined cones and pinacles. But when the swallow touches at these isles, it must be for pleasure, not through weariness, since it would be easy for it, with its strong wings, to proceed onward to Sicily. Yet it is often seen diving, so to speak, through the white smoke of Vulcano, or skimming along the rocky

shores of Felleudi. Having performed these feats to its satisfaction, it plunges away towards the Faro, as if in search of the misty glories of the fata morgana.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MANY noteworthy things are floating about in the talk of artists and savans: the statue to be erected in honour of George Stephenson at Newcastle-on-Tyne; the Stephenson memorial schools now building at Willington Quay, where George lived as engineman; the statue of Isaac Barrow set up in the same Trinity College ante-chapel with Newton and Bacon; the monument which is to perpetuate Hugh Miller's name and fame at Cromarty; the statue of Tollens, a celebrated Dutch poet, about to adorn a public place in his native town of Rotterdam; the bestowal of the Sheepshanks collection of engravings on the South Kensington Museum, where the Sheepshanks collection of paintings so worthily supports the donor's reputation. There is talk about the Royal Academy, and what some call their prejudicial monopoly—on which we may remark in passing, that while the R.A.s comprise only forty, the artists, who are numbered by hundreds, cannot all be R.A.s at once; about the safe hanging of the bells, big and little, in the clock-tower at Westminster; about the reopening of the course of lectures to workmen by Professor Huxley, at the School of Mines; and the evening-classes opened for young men at King's College; and about the twenty-one alpaca sheep shipped to Melbourne, that Australia may raise ship-loads of alpaca wool: of the *Great Eastern*, and the hope that now prevails that the huge steamer—of which it was said so long: 'There go the ships, and there is that *Leviathan*'—will be ready for sea by next June; of the steamer built of steel-plates for the navigation of the Kuban by the Russians, who hope thereby to finally circumvent the Circassians; of the improved method of making telegraph cables by plaiting instead of twisting the wire, combining greater strength with more flexibility; of the telegraph which Signor Bonelli proposes to lay from Genoa to Buenos Ayres; of the industrial and agricultural exhibition at Bridgetown, Demerara; of the discovery of gold at Port Curtis, north of Moreton Bay, on the east coast of Australia; of the ship-canal which, by a cut to Lake Ontario, is to connect Lake Huron with the sea; of a certain silky kind of cotton which, as is said, Canada can supply in any quantity; and of the new regulation of the Russian government, which opens the Academy for the instruction of civil engineers at St Petersburg to youths of all classes.

In the last number of their *Journal*, the United Service Institution publish a paper on an important subject—Military Dietetics; another on the rifles and small-arms of England, the United States, and France; and one by Mr Bourne on the Internal Communications of India, in which is forcibly shewn, that to develop the river-navigation with properly built steamers to tug trains of barges, will be more for the immediate good of the country than railways. The length of railway sanctioned in India is 4000 miles, at an estimated cost of £84,000,000; there are 10,000 miles of rivers that may be opened and navigated at an outlay far below this, while the traffic would be cheap and enormous.—From the Pacific, we hear that King Kahmehameha's minister of the interior has issued an official recommendation that English, which is already the language of the court and commerce, shall become the national language of the Sandwich Islands. After this authoritative announcement, we may expect that the time will not be long before

Anglo-Saxon shall have displaced the fluent and musical Kanaka; and especially as there are a *New Era*, an *Argus*, and a *Monthly Magazine* already published at Honolulu. There seems something very like progress in the publication of the Transactions of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society at their fifth annual meeting. Truly we can foresee nothing but good in the spread of the English language; and we think the suggestion a good one that the Roman character should be adopted in printing and writing the native languages of India. It would be as easy to teach this to children as any other; and if generally adopted in the schools, a few years would see a numerous youthful population familiar with the alphabet of the west. If John Chinaman would but exchange for it his present complex and cumbrous symbols, his gain would be great.

Another explorer has started on the track of Barth and Vogel—Baron von Kraft, who will penetrate Soudan from Tripoli, in the guise of a Turkish physician, and on reaching Timbuctoo, should he prove so fortunate, will then strike out new routes to complete the discoveries of his predecessors.

The Zoological Society have had a notice of a talking canary—the second instance of the kind on record. The bird in question was, owing to the neglect of its parents, brought up by hand, and so became more familiar with human speech than ornithological warblings. At the age of three months, it began to talk, saying *kissie! kissie!* and since then it has gone on adding to its vocabulary, and now repeats for hours a succession of phrases comprehending about a dozen words, whistling from time to time a bar of *God Save the Queen*.—The Society of Arts have opened their 105th session with an address from Mr Dilke, wherein what they hope to do is made to appear worthy of what they have done; they gave medals for the employment of steam-power in the cultivation of the soil, for a paper on the progress of the light-house system, and other practical subjects, and on New Zealand and Canada and their resources.—The Meteorological Society of Scotland is now organised, and fairly at work, Professor Piazz Smyth, astronomer-royal for Scotland, having consented to give his attention to the arrangement and reduction of the observations that may be sent in.

The Royal Society, at their anniversary meeting, elected Sir Benjamin Brodie as their president, a measure which will probably satisfy those who think that the chair of that ancient corporation should not be filled by a lord. The Fellows should choose the best man, regardless of all other considerations. The retiring president, Lord Wrottesley, drew attention to the scientific questions in which government and the society may be said to co-operate—a co-operation highly beneficial to science—and, as exponent of the sentiments of the meeting, he presented the Copley medal to Sir Charles Lyell, in recognition of his eminent services to the science of geology, a royal medal to Mr Albany Hancock of Newcastle-on-Tyne for studies in natural history and zoology, chiefly as regards the mollusca; a royal medal to Mr Lassell of Liverpool for his astronomical researches; and the Rumford medal to M. Jules Jamin, professor at the Ecole Polytechnique, for investigations and discoveries by which optical science has been greatly enriched. This latter was founded by Count Rumford, to be given every two years for the most important discovery in heat or light, and is worth, with the dividends accruing on the fund, which go with the medal, more than a hundred pounds.

Every week brings to light some new application of that yet novel substance—glycerine. To say nothing of its applications to photography, it serves many purposes in domestic economy and mechanical

operations. It has properties in common with oil, but, unlike oil, will bear mixture with water and alcohol, and does not solidify in a temperature which freezes even mercury. It is useful in pharmacy, harmless as a medicine, and not disagreeable in taste. Some kinds of food which are injured by becoming dry, might be kept moist for months if coated with glycerine, more or less diluted according to circumstances. Confectionary and other things, now protected by tinfoil, might in many instances be better preserved by glycerine; indeed, we hardly see an end to its application in this way. Mustard mixed with glycerine will not dry up rapidly, as housewives know it does when mixed with water. Hitherto, tobacco-manufacturers have used treacle to moisten and sweeten the leaf, and find it at times ferment and turn sour; but with glycerine it may be kept moist and sweet for any length of time—a matter of no small importance to those who indulge in the filthy practice of chewing. Again: gas-meters are liable to get out of order by freezing or evaporation of the water with which they are charged; these inconveniences are obviated by glycerine, diluted until it will absorb no water from the gas on its passage through the meter. For the lubrication of delicate machinery, for watches and chronometers, glycerine will probably be found preferable to oil; it may be used in water-colour painting, and for copying purposes, and in keeping specimens of dried plants in a flexible condition. Moreover, we hear that tincture of iodine and glycerine is a cure for even the most inveterate corns.

An operative chemist at Caen announces that coffee-grounds make an excellent manure, because of the nitrogen and phosphoric acid which he discovers therein. Does he include the chicory which forms so large a proportion of coffee-grounds in France?

Medical and physiological science presents a few noticeable facts. Dr Theophilus Thompson, in a paper communicated to the Royal Society, endeavours to trace the action of cod-liver oil upon consumptive patients, shewing that it largely increases the quantity of the red corpuscles of the blood. Consumption, as is well known, drains away these red corpuscles; thereby depriving the system of much of its vitality; but here we see a means of repairing that loss while taking measures to restore the general health. The fact is a valuable contribution to scientific medicine. Some authorities, however, are of opinion that cod-liver oil is an aliment, and not a medicament, and that its beneficial effects are solely due to nutrition, and not to any special influence which it is supposed to exert on diseases of the chest.

Dr Dickinson of Liverpool has written a paper in which, from personal experience, he recommends the climate of Egypt and Nubia as preferable for invalids to that of any place in Europe or Algiers; care being taken to pass the first part of the winter in Cairo, and then journey up into Nubia for the second part. Rheumatism, diseases of the lungs, indigestion, and other consequences of a sedentary life, there find relief; 'in,' as the doctor observes, 'a brilliant and balmy climate, where mere existence is felt to be a positive luxury, and where the mind enjoys a serenity almost unknown in our foggy land, and the traveller scarcely ever experiences any feeling of ennui, even when confined to his boat.' This is doubtless the truth as regards persons in ill health; but we happen to know a considerable number of persons who find it perfectly possible to preserve a serene disposition even in our foggy land. Health now-a-days is sacrificed to social conventionalities, and the climate gets the blame.

M. Piorry shews that in some cases of defective respiration, enlargement of the heart, and congestion of the liver, a simple and beneficial remedy is to be

found in deep inspirations, filling the lungs full of air several times a day. In a paper published at Paris, he enters at length into the rationale of the question; but we have only space to notice the essential point of his theory, which, at all events, may be adopted without danger.

In the *Proceedings* of the 'Med. Chi.' as the Medical and Chirurgical Society is familiarly called among the profession, Dr D. F. Rennie of the convict establishment, Western Australia, calls attention to what, in plain English, means the harmful consequences of being careful overmuch about the prisoners in our jails. He found the convicts liable to eruptions and dysentery, when all the rest of the colony was in health, and seeking for the cause, discovered it in the undue quantity of food allowed to each man—27 ounces of bread, and 16 ounces of fresh meat, daily. He remonstrated with the convict authorities, but they would not believe that the food was in excess; he appealed to Governor Fitzgerald, who appointed a committee to examine the question; and they confirmed his views. A reduction was made, which brought down the quantity of food to 1½ lb. a day, and with the best results on the health of the convicts. These men, moreover, as the doctor points out, were of impaired constitution, with imperfect respiration, lungs more or less diseased, occasioned by their sedentary imprisonment in hot cells before transportation. Not only those who had been some time in the colony, but fifty men examined immediately on their arrival, shewed the same impaired respiration. There is something here which, as Dr Rennie thinks, 'strikes at the root of the whole dietetic system pursued during the earlier period of their confinement in England; the state of these convicts with respect to sickness contrasting strongly with that of the inmates of the military prison, who have a simple, wholesome, and yet ample diet, and plenty of exercise in the open air; whereas the convicts, during the first twelve-months of their imprisonment, are shut up like hot-house plants in a warm cell, employed at a sedentary occupation, and placed on a diet double that allowed to the military prisoners.' Apart from its importance as a question of prison-discipline, this subject of excess in food is one deserving of consideration by thousands who are not prisoners.

Dr Pidduck, whose paper on the *Osteophosphate of Lime* as a dietetic remedy for curvature of the spine, and the long bones of the limbs, we noticed a year ago, now discusses the properties of iodide of calcium, as a valuable addition to the *materia medica*. This substance, a combination of iodine and lime, is an inexpensive and remarkably useful medicine, particularly in cases of chronic metallic poisoning, as with painters, plumbers, brass-founders, and others. 'It is highly probable,' says the doctor, 'that the antidotes of every poison is to be found in the several kingdoms of nature whence the poison is derived; as, for example, ammonia is the antidote to animal poisons; potash to vegetable, and soda to mineral poisons; so iodine, chlorine, and bromine may be, and facts lead to the conclusion that they really are, antidotes to the metallic poisons.' The subject, however, is one that requires patient investigation; and much is yet to be learned concerning the symptoms and effects of 'chronic medicinal poisoning of the blood and tissues.'

M. Ozanam has been trying experiments with diluted vapour of prussic acid, shewing that diluted and in moderate doses, it produces a species of *anæsthesia*. But a very slight increase of strength causes immediate death, and were it not for the microscope, death without any signs of poisoning; with this instrument, however, there is discoverable a rupture of the minute nerve tubules which sufficiently betrays the fatal cause. In cases where the effect is alarming, but short of actual death, the remedy is oxygen;

respiration of oxygen until the last trace of the acid is eliminated.

The subject of Chinese poisons is treated of by Dr Macgowan in an interesting article in an American journal. It is one of which at present but little is known. We find that wholesale destruction of the English troops by an inoculating poison has been a favourite project with the Celestials, and sanctioned by the military authorities; but the opportunity for trying it never came. Another scheme proposed to Commissioner Lin was to inoculate all the Europeans in Canton with leprosy, as a sure means of getting rid of them. It was rejected as too slow in its operation.

The poisons which kill by inhalation are employed in a way which gives us a strange notion of Chinese morality—in *filicide*. Dr Macgowan coins a word to express the fact. It appears that parents do not scruple to put out of the way a grown-up son who is likely to disgrace his family. We quote a case in point by way of conclusion: a government functionary had a son whose misconduct was such that his removal was determined on. 'To effect the object without publicity, no small finesse was requisite on the part of his father and friends. Suspecting their designs, the young man became excessively wary. On the day agreed upon for his execution, the father feigned to be withholding the son's much-loved opium, until he could induce the hapless youth to take a draught of tea, which he was artfully led to suppose was drugged. At length, affecting to be wearied by the son's contumacy, the father gave him his opium-pipe, having mixed with the genial *papaver* another drug intensely poisonous. After a few inhalations, the victim fell into a stupor, followed by convulsions, to which his athletic frame succumbed in less than six hours.'

ABOUT THE PANTOMIME.

THIS is Christmas-day, and Monday night will be boxing-night, when a hundred pantomimes, new or old, will be conjured into existence throughout the country, in celebration of the event—the event of the year to the masters and misses of the juvenile world. A countless host of little boys and girls are on that evening gratified with their annual visit to the theatre, and witness, in a paroxysm of excitement, the manifold delights of the ever-after-well-remembered pantomime of 'Harlequin and the Tyrant King Gobblemupandskrunshemdowno, or the Doomed Princess of the Fairy Hall, with the Forty Blood-red Pillars'—full of the usual tricks and transformations, and, if we may believe the bill, 'resplendent with new scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations.'

We often wonder if our juvenile friends ever think of the enormous amount of industry which must be evoked before the pantomime can be presented to the audience—before Clown can knock down Piecrust the baker, or before Pantaloon can rob the simple-minded butcher, who has been robbed every Christmas in every pantomime that has been produced in the three kingdoms, from the earliest period of their existence down to the present time. Even grown-up people, we have often thought, have a sort of idea that the Christmas pantomime is a thing produced by accident, or that it is knocked together on the spur of the moment, just because people want a hearty laugh for their children on boxing-night; and also, *sub rosa*, a little cachinnatory exercise for themselves. The pantomime is not, however, got up by accident, but is the result of intense labour, mental and bodily, on the part of all

concerned, managers, authors, scene-painters, designers, carpenters, property-makers, costumiers, spangle and lace makers, and pantomimists—that is to say, clowns, harlequins, pantaloons, columbines, sprites, harlequins, ballet-girls, musicians, and supernumeraries of both sexes. The preparations for the pantomime may be assumed to commence in the large London theatres about the beginning of August, or even earlier, when 'the house-author' and the manager determine what it is to be, and upon the principal ideas for which it is to be made the vehicle. As the autumn progresses into winter, it—having as yet no name, or the name being for a period a profound secret, the pantomime is always, by those interested, spoken of as it—gradually gets into shape; scenes are invented, and tricks planned; advertising tradesmen are arranged with, some of whom willingly pay L.50 or L.100 for a scene which advertises their goods—that is, a scene having a view of their premises, wherein clown and pantaloons carry out a deal of practical fun with the articles in which they deal. The house-author, of course, only prepares what is called the introduction, or literary part of the harlequinade, which is usually made a vehicle for fine scenery, gorgeous processions, incidental ballets, panoramas, &c. Some one of the pantomimic corps usually take charge of what, in technical phraseology, is called the 'comic business;' but there are persons in London, such as the far-famed Mr Nelson Lee, who make it their special business, for a 'consideration,' to get up this department of our Christmas entertainments.

In the fulness of time the pantomimic corps are summoned to the theatre—they have most of them been engaged since last season, if they are public favourites—and a time is fixed for the commencement of the necessary rehearsals. A troupe of fifty ballet-girls has been engaged for the processions and tableaux. Beverly, the inimitable scene-painter, has promised to do a couple of his finest scenes of fairyland. Dykwykin has promised designs for the masks and costume of the fifty guards of the tyrant king Gobblemupandskrunshemdowno; and by and by things are so far advanced, that the name of the piece is no longer kept secret, and the bill—the bill of the pantomime, with all its comicalities, is drawn up, and is very privately got into proof for the consideration and criticism of the author and manager; for, be it known, the bill is a most particular item of the pantomime, and has been frequently known to be a great deal funnier than the piece it professes to describe. But, previous to all this, when the author has got the piece into something like shape, the stage-manager assembles those who are to take part in the acting or getting-up of the pantomime in the green-room, and reads what is called in theatrical parlance the 'opening,' in order that the mechanists, tailors, artists, &c., of the theatre may each know what is required of him. For this purpose, the necessary explanations are made, and the chief of each department is provided with a list, or 'plot,' as it is called, of everything which will be required in his line of duty; and after this has been given them, there is no excuse for idleness; so these heads of departments at once set to work, assisted by a swarm of *aides* of all kinds; for the gigantic preparations will require every hour of their time, from the date of that reading till boxing-night, before the productions of these working *gens* can go before the public, with their fairy scenery, their comic masks, their elaborate dresses, and all the spangles and golden glitter which are incidental to the creation of a successful pantomime.

Let us imagine, then, that it is the middle of December—the best time for making the tour of that part of the house, from which so many metaphors

talk so enthusiastically. Grimaldi was thus apostrophised by James Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*:

Facetious mime! thou enemy of gloom;
Grandson of Momus, blithe and débonnaire,
Who, aping Pan with an inverted broom,
Can brush the cobwebs from the brows of care.

But we are forgetting the present in these reminiscences. What a buzz there is when the curtain rises, and the tyrant king's band of Christy minstrels are seen, ay, and heard too, playing a serenade before the great entrance to the palace. This morning, no person could have supposed it possible that the piece could come out at all—but here it is, ay, and a great success into the bargain, as might indeed be expected from what we already know of the preparations that have been gone through to insure its 'going' well. 'Could we not go behind to-night?' asks some one. Heaven forbid! we have more sense than to venture behind the scenes on the first night of a new Christmas piece. We know from experience what kind of treatment we should receive, how we should be knocked about at the various entrances of the stage, or perhaps shoved 'on' in some of the mobs in *proprid personâ*, without being called by the audience. The bustle and animation behind the scenes during the run of a popular Christmas piece can scarcely be described, and every available inch of space is blocked up with the necessary properties. Here a basketful of mock vegetables; there, a lot of chairs; in another place, a heap of kitchen utensils. 'Now, then, by your leave,' and a fierce giant, carrying his head under his arm, twists you aside—not very ceremoniously. Then the shrill treble of a trembling fairy says: 'Please, sir, will you allow me to pass?' Then the stage-manager asks some one who you are. Next, a carpenter condescends to inform you that it is very warm, and hints at 'beer.' 'Take care of your feet!' shouts the prompter, and looking down, you see two gigantic warming-pans ready to be shoved on for the next scene. As you pass up the narrow path between the side-scene and the wall, in order to gain the door, harlequin and columbine, reeking hot, bound from the stage, and nearly overthrow you; while just as you recover your perpendicular, you receive a blow on the cheek from a soft turnip, and a furious knock on the shins from a wooden cheese.

It is said that the spell of pantomime is broken, and that this kind of entertainment will speedily be numbered among the things of the past. But the same thing was said a quarter of a century ago. Just at that date, a public journalist stated that 'ingenious tricks, startling transformations, surprising feats of agility, grotesque masks, smacks, thumps, and tumbles, astonish without amusing, unless they are made to bear upon the action of the story. Wanting purpose, the wit of the concocters, the cleverness of the machinist, and the humour of the performers, are of no effect: strange, that those most concerned in

the prosperity of pantomime will not see what is so obvious to everybody else!' Notwithstanding these predictions, we still find pantomime in vogue; and since some of the London Christmas pieces ran for a period of sixty or seventy consecutive nights, drawing large audiences on each representation, we must conclude that there is yet life in that amusement.

HOLLY BERRIES.

Holly berries, holly berries,
Red, and bright, and beaming,
Through the dusky evergreens
Like sprays of coral gleaming;
Ye have power to fill the heart
With memories of glee:
Oh, what happy thoughts can cling
Round the holly tree!

When I see the holly berries,
I can think I hear
Merry chimes and carols sweet
Ringing in my ear.
Christmas, with its blazing fires
And happy hearths I see:
Oh, what merry thoughts can cling
Round the holly tree!

Bring the glowing holly berries;
Snow is lying deep;
All the gay and blooming flowers
Till the spring-time sleep.
Let them grace our happy homes
With their crimson light,
Mingling with the sombre fir,
And the laurel bright.

Keenly blows the icy wind,
Shorter grows the day,
Winter scatters cold and gloom
In his dreary play.
Yet we love the closing years
For the joy they bring,
And the holy memories
That round the holly cling.

Holly berries, holly berries,
Red, and bright, and beaming,
Through the dusky evergreens
Like sprays of coral gleaming;
Ye have power to fill the heart
With memories of glee:
Oh, what happy thoughts can cling
Round the holly tree!

C. M. P.

The present number of the Journal completes the Tenth Volume; a title-page and index prepared for it may be had of the publishers and their agents.

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1904

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